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A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE day was warm, and there was no shade; out of the olive woods which they had left behind, and where all was soft coolness and freshness, they had emerged into a piece of road widened and perfected by recent improvements till it was as shelterless as a broad street. High walls on one side clothed with the green clinging trails of the mesembryanthemum, with palm-trees towering above, but throwing no shadow below; on the other a low house or two, and more garden walls, leading in a broad curve to the little old walled town, its campanile rising up over the clustered roofs, in which was their home. They had fifteen minutes or more of dazzling sunshine before them ere they could reach any point of shelter.

Ten minutes, or even five, would have been enough for Frances. She could have run along, had she been alone, as like a bird as any human creature could be, being so light and swift and young. But it was very different with her father. He walked but slowly at the best of times; and in the face of the sun at noon, what was to be expected of him? It was part of the strange contrariety of fate, which was against him in whatever he attempted, small or great, that it should be just here, in this broad, open, unavoidable path, that he encountered one of those parties which always made him wroth, and which usually he managed to keep clear of with such dexterity—an English family from one of the hotels.

Tourists from the hotels are always objectionable to residents in a place. Even when the residents are themselves strangers, perhaps, indeed, all the more from that fact, the chance visitors who come to stare and gape at those scenes which the others have appropriated and taken possession of, are insufferable. Mr Waring had lived in the old town of Bordighera for a great number of

years. He had seen the Marina and the line of hotels on the beach created, and he had watched the travellers arriving to take possession of them—the sick people, and the people who were not sick. He had denounced the invasion unceasingly, and with vehemence; he had never consented to it. The Italians about might be complacent, thinking of the enrichment of the neighbourhood, and of what was good for trade, as these prosaic people do; but the English colonist on the Punto could not put up with it. And to be met here, on his return from his walk, by an unblushing band about whom there could be no mistake, was very hard to bear. He had to walk along exposed to the fire of all their unabashed and curious glances, to walk slowly, to miss none, from that of the stout mother to that of the slim governess. In the rear of the party came the papa, a portly Saxon, of the class which, if comparisons could be thought of in so broad and general a sentiment, Mr Waring disliked worst of all—a big man, a rosy man, a fat man, in large easy morning clothes, with a big white umbrella over his head. This last member of the family came at some distance behind the rest. He did not like the sun, though he had been persuaded to leave England in search of it. He was very warm, moist, and in a state of general relaxation, his tidy necktie coming loose, his gloves only half on, his waistcoat partially unbuttoned. It was March, when no doubt a good genuine east wind was blowing at home. At that moment, this traveller almost regretted the east wind.

The Warings were going up-hill towards their abode; the slope was gentle enough, yet it added to the slowness of Mr Waring's pace. All the English party had stared at him, as is the habit of English parties; and indeed he and his daughter

were not unworthy of a stare. But all these gazes came with a cumulation of curiosity to widen the stare of the last comer, who had besides twenty or thirty yards of vacancy in which the indignant resident was fully exposed to his view. Little Frances, who was English enough to stare too, though in a gentlewomanly way, saw a change gradually come, as he gazed, on the face of the stranger. His eyebrows rose up bushy and arched with surprise; his eyelids puckered with the intentness of his stare; his lips dropped apart. Then he came suddenly to a stand-still, and gasped forth the word 'WARNING!' in tones of surprise to which capital letters can give but faint expression.

Mr Waring, struck by this exclamation as by a bullet, paused too, as with something of that inclination to turn round which is said to be produced by a sudden hit. He put up his hand momentarily, as if to pull down his broad-brimmed hat over his brows. But in the end he did neither. He stood and faced the stranger with angry energy. 'Well?' he said.

'Dear me, who could have thought of seeing you here. Let me call my wife. She will be delighted.—Mary!—Why, I thought you had gone to the East. I thought you had disappeared altogether. And so did everybody. And what a long time it is, to be sure. You look as if you had forgotten me.'

'I have,' said the other with a supercilious gaze, perusing the large figure from top to toe.

'O come, Waring! Why—Mannering; you can't have forgotten Mannering, a fellow that stuck by you all through. Dear, how it brings up everything, seeing you again! Why, it must be a dozen years ago.—And what have you been doing all this time? Wandering over the face of the earth, I suppose, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, since nobody has ever fallen in with you before.'

'I am something of an invalid,' said Waring. 'I fear I cannot stand in the sun to answer so many questions. And my movements are of no importance to any one but myself.'

'Don't be so misanthropical,' said the stranger in his large round voice. 'You always had a turn that way. And I don't wonder if you are soured—any fellow would be soured.—Won't you say a word to Mary? She's looking back, wondering with all her might what new acquaintance I've found out here, never thinking it's an old friend.—Hillo, Mary!—What's the matter? Don't you want to see her? Why, man alive, don't be so bitter. She and I have always stuck up for you; through thick and thin, we've stuck up for you.—Eh! can't stand any longer? Well, it is hot, isn't it? There's no variety in this confounded climate. Come to the hotel, then—the *Victoria*, down there.'

Waring had passed his interrogator, and was already at some distance, while the other, breath-

less, called after him. He ended, affronted, by another discharge of musketry, which hit the fugitive in the rear. 'I suppose,' the indiscreet inquirer demanded breathlessly, 'that's the little girl?'

Frances had followed with great but silent curiosity this strange conversation. She had not interposed in any way, but she had stood close by her father's side, drinking in every word with keen ears and eyes. She had heard and seen many strange things, but never an encounter like this; and her eagerness to know what it meant was great; but she dared not linger a moment after her father's rapid movement of the hand, and the longer stride than usual, which was all the increase of speed he was capable of. As she had stood still by his side without a question, she now went on, very much as if she had been a delicate little piece of machinery of which he had touched the spring. That was not at all the character of Frances Waring; but to judge by her movements while at her father's side, an outside observer might have thought so. She had never offered any resistance to any impulse from him in her whole life; indeed, it would have seemed to her an impossibility to do so. But these impulses concerned the outside of her life only. She went along by his side with the movement of a swift creature restrained to the pace of a very slow one, but making neither protest nor remark. And neither did she ask any explanation, though she cast many a stolen glance at him as they pursued their way. And for his part he said nothing. The heat of the sun, the annoyance of being thus interrupted, were enough to account for that.

Before they could reach the shelter of their home, there was this broad bit of sunny road, made by one of those too progressive municipalities, thirsting for English visitors and tourists in general, who fill with hatred and horror the old residents in Italy; and then a succession of stony stairs more congenial to the locality, by which, under old archways and through narrow alleys, you got at last to the wider centre of the town, a broad stony piazza, under the shadow of the Bell Tower, the characteristic campanile which was the landmark of the place. Except on one side of the piazza, all here was in grateful shade. Waring's stern face softened a little when he came into these cool and almost deserted streets. Here and there a woman at a doorway; an old man in the deep shadow of an open shop, or booth, unguarded by any window; two or three girls filling their pitchers at the well, but no intrusive tourists or passengers of any kind to break the noonday stillness. The pair went slowly through the little town, and emerged through another old gateway on the further side, where the blue Mediterranean, with all its wonderful shades of colour, and line after line of headland cutting

down into those ethereal tints, stretched out before them; ending in the haze of the Ligurian Mountains. The scene was enough to take away the breath of one unaccustomed to that blaze of wonderful light, and all the delightful accidents of those purple hills. But this pair were too familiarly acquainted with every line to make any pause. They turned round the sunny height from the gateway, and entered by a deep small door sunk in the wall, which stood high like a great rampart rising from the Punto. This was the outer wall of the palace of the lord of the town, still called the Palazzo at Bordighera. Every large house is a palace in Italy; but the pretensions of this were well founded. The little door by which they entered had been an opening of modern and peaceful times, the state entrance being through a great doorway and court on the inner side. The deep outer wall was pierced by windows only at the height of the second story, on the sea-side, so that the great marble stair up which Waring toiled slowly was very long and fatiguing, as if it led to a mountain top. He reached his rooms breathless, and going in through antechamber and corridor, threw himself into the depths of a large but upright chair. There were no signs of luxury about. It was not one of those hermitages of culture and ease which English recluses make for themselves in the most unlikely places. It was more like a real hermitage; or, to speak more simply, it was like, what it really was, an apartment in an old Italian house, in a rustic castle, furnished and provided as such a place, in the possession of its natural inhabitants, would be.

The Palazzo was subdivided into a number of habitations, of which the apartment of the Englishman was the most important. It was composed of a suite of rooms facing to the sea, and commanding the entire circuit of the sun; for the windows on one side were to the east, and at the other the apartment ended in a large loggia, commanding the west and all the glorious sunsets accomplished there. We northerners, who have but a limited enjoyment of the sun, show often a strange indifference to him in the sites and situations of our houses; but in Italy it is well known that where the sun does not go the doctor goes, and much more regard is shown to the aspect of the house.

The Warings at the worst of that genial climate had little occasion for fire; they had but to follow the centre of light when he glided out of one room to fling himself more abundantly into another. The Punto is always full in the cheerful rays. It commands everything—air and sea, and the mountains and all their thousand effects of light and shade; and the Palazzo stands boldly out upon this the most prominent point in the landscape, with the houses of the little town withdrawing on a dozen different levels behind. In the warlike days when no point of vantage which a pirate could seize upon was left undefended or assailable, it is probable that there was no loggia from which to watch the western illuminations. But peace has been so long on the Riviera that the loggia too was antique, the parapet crumbling and gray. It opened from a large room, very lofty, and with much faded decora-

tion on the upper walls and roof, which was the *salon* or drawing-room, beyond which was an anteroom, then a sort of library, a dining-room, a succession of bedchambers; much space, little furniture, sunshine and air unlimited, and a view from every window which it was worth living to be able to look out upon night and day. This, however, at the moment of which we write was shut out all along the line, the green *persiani* being closed, and nothing open but the loggia, which was still cool and in the shade. The rooms lay in a soft green twilight, cool and fresh; the doors were open from one to another, affording a long vista of picturesque glimpses.

From where Waring had thrown himself down to rest, he looked straight through over the faded formality of the anteroom with its large old chairs, which were never moved from their place, across his own library, in which there was a glimmer of vellum binding and old gilding, to the table with its white tablecloth, laid out for breakfast in the eating-room. The quiet soothed him after a while, and perhaps the evident preparations for his meal, the large and rotund flask of Chianti which Domenico was placing on the table, the vision of another figure behind Domenico with a delicate dish of mayonnaise in her hands. He could distinguish that it was a mayonnaise, and his angry spirit calmed down. Noon began to chime from the campanile, and Frances came in without her hat and with the eagerness subdued in her eyes. 'Breakfast is ready, papa,' she said. She had that look of knowing nothing and guessing nothing beyond what lies on the surface, which so many women have.

She was scarcely to be called a woman, not only because of being so young, but of being so small, so slim, so light, with such a tiny figure, that a stronger breeze than usual would, one could not help thinking, blow her away. Her father was very tall, which made her tiny size the more remarkable. She was not beautiful—few people are to the positive degree; but she had the prettiness of youth, of round soft contour and peach-like skin, and clear eyes. Her hair was light brown, her eyes dark brown, neither very remarkable; her features small and clearly cut, as was her figure, no slovenliness or want of finish about any line. All this pleasing exterior was very simple and easily comprehended; and had but little to do with her, the real Frances, who was not so easy to understand. She had two faces, although there was in her no guile. She had the countenance she now wore, as it were for daily use—a countenance without expression, like a sunny cheerful morning in which there is neither care nor fear—the countenance of a girl calling papa to breakfast, very punctual, knowing that nobody could reproach her as being half of a minute late, or having a hair or a ribbon a hair's-breadth out of place. That such a girl should have ever suspected anything, feared anything—except perhaps gently that the mayonnaise was not to papa's taste—was beyond the range of possibilities; or that she was acquainted with anything in life beyond the simple routine of regular hours and habits, the sweet and gentle bond of the ordinary, which is the best rule of young lives.

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Frances Waring had sometimes another face. That profile of hers was not so clearly cut for nothing; nor were her eyes so lucid only to perceive the outside of existence. In her room, during the few minutes she spent there, she had looked at herself in her old-fashioned dim glass, and seen a different creature. But what that was, or how it was, must show itself further on. She led the way into the dining-room, the trimmest composed little figure, all England embodied—though she scarcely remembered England—in the self-restrained and modest toilet of a little girl accustomed to be cared for by women well instructed in the niceties of feminine costume; and yet she had never had any one to take counsel with except an Italian maid-of-all-work, who loved the brightest primitive colours, as became her race. Frances knew so few English people that she had not even the admiration of surprise at her success. Those she did know took it for granted that she got her pretty sober suits, her simple unelaborate dresses, from some very excellent dressmaker at 'home,' not knowing that she did not know what home was.

Her father followed her, as different a figure as imagination could suggest. He was very tall, very thin, with long legs and stooping shoulders, his hair in limp locks, his shirt-collar open, a velvet coat—looking as entirely adapted to the locality, the conventional right man in the right place, as she was the woman. A gloomy look, which was habitual to him, a fretful longitudinal pucker in his forehead, the hollow lines of ill-health in his cheeks, disguised the fact that he was, or had been, a handsome man; just as his extreme sparseness and thinness made it difficult to believe that he had also been a very powerful one. Nor was he at all old, save in the very young eyes of his daughter, to whom forty-five was venerable. He might have been an artist or a poet of a misanthropical turn of mind; though, when a man has chronic asthma, misanthropy is unnecessary to explain his look of pain and fatigue and disgust with the outside world. He walked languidly, his shoulders up to his ears, and followed Frances to the table, and sat down with that air of dissatisfaction which takes the comfort out of everything. Frances either was inaccessible to this kind of discomfort, or so accustomed to it that she did not feel it. She sat serenely opposite to him, and talked of indifferent things.

'Don't take the mayonnaise, if you don't like it, papa; there is something else coming that will perhaps be better. Mariuccia does not at all pride herself upon her mayonnaise.'

'Mariuccia knows very little about it; she has not even the sense to know what she can do best.' He took a little more of the dish, partly out of contradiction, which was the result which Frances hoped.

'The lettuce is so crisp and young, that makes it a little better,' she said with the air of a connoisseur.

'A little better is not the word; it is very good,' he said fretfully; then added with a slight sigh: 'Everything is better for being young.'

'Except people, I know. Why does young mean good with vegetables and everything else, and silly only when it is applied to people?—though it can't be helped, I know.'

'That is one of your metaphysical questions,' he said with a slight softening of his tone. 'Perhaps because of human jealousy. We all like to discredit what we haven't got, and most people you see, are no longer young.'

'Oh, do you think so, papa? I think there are more young people than old people.'

'I suppose you are right, Fan; but they don't count for so much, in the way of opinion at least.—What has called forth these sage remarks?'

'Only the lettuce,' she said with a laugh. Then, after a pause: 'For instance, there were six or seven children in the party we met to-day, and only two parents.'

'There are seldom more than two parents, my dear.'

She had not looked up when she made this careless little speech, and yet there was a purpose in it, and a good deal of keen observation through her drooped eyelashes. She received his reply with a little laugh. 'I did not mean that, papa; but that six or seven are a great deal more than two, which of course you will laugh at me for saying. I suppose they were all English?'

'I suppose so. The father—if he was the father—certainly was English.'

'And you knew him, papa?'

'He knew me, which is a different thing.'

Then there was a little pause. The conversation between the father and daughter was apt to run in broken periods. He very seldom originated anything. When she found a subject upon which she could interest him, he would reply, to a certain limit; and then the talk would drop. He was himself a very silent man, requiring no outlet of conversation; and when he refused to be interested, it was a task too hard for Frances to lead him into speech. She on her side was full of a thousand unsatisfied curiosities, which for the most part were buried in her own bosom. In the meantime, Domenico made the circle of the table with the new dish, and his step and a question or two from his master were all the remarks that accompanied the meal. Mr Waring was something of a *gourmet*, but at the same time he was very temperate, a conjunction which is favourable to fine eating. His table was delicately furnished with dishes almost infinitesimal in quantity, but superlative in quality; and he ate his dainty light repast with gravity and slowly, as a man performs what he feels to be one of the most important functions of his life.

'Tell Mariuccia that a few drops from a fresh lemon would have improved this *ragoût*—but a very fresh lemon.'

'Yes, Excellency, *freschissimo*,' said Domenico with solemnity.

In the household, generally nothing was so important as the second breakfast, except, indeed, the dinner, which was the climax of the day. The gravity of all concerned, the little solemn movement round the white-covered table in the still soft shade of the atmosphere, with those green *persianis* shutting out all the sunshine without, and the brown old walls, bare of any decorations throwing up the group, made a curious picture. The walls were quite bare, the floor brown and polished, with only a square of carpet round the table; but the roof and cornices were gilt and painted with tarnished gilding and half-obliterated pictures. Opposite to Frances was

a blurred figure of a cherub with a finger on his lip. She looked up at this faint image as she had done a hundred times, and was silent. He seemed to command the group, hovering over it like a little tutelary god.

PRISON LITERATURE.

THE prison, which was intended for the lawless, has been the birthplace of ennobling as well as striking literature, whose claim to be brought into prominence is all the greater because it has usually been produced under circumstances the least favourable to it, and not rarely by men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Consolation of Philosophy, the work of a Latin philosopher of the fifth century, may well stand first on the list. Charles Kingsley calls it 'a noble work;' and Gibbon, 'a golden volume not unworthy the leisure of Plato or Tully.' Until the fourteenth century, it ranked with the best classics; and at times, even amongst scholars, it was placed next only to the Bible. Granted that the period during which it obtained this exalted reputation was marked by literary poverty, it is surely not a little remarkable that such a book came into existence in a prison. Its author, Anicius Manlius Severinus Boëthius, was throughout the greater part of this time claimed by the Church as saint and martyr, the friend of St Benedict, the instrument of a miracle, and the author of several theological treatises. Appointed 'Master of the Offices' in the court of Theodoric, king of the Goths, who had made Rome the seat of his government, his purse, as of old, was open to the poor, his eloquence was employed on behalf of the oppressed, and his influence was exercised with Theodoric on behalf of his country, in a manner which cannot but have saved it from much misery. His fearless and uncompromising love of justice compelled him to speak out against the unscrupulous misgovernment of the barbarians around him. This aroused their wrath, and their opportunity came. Albinus, a senator, having been charged with treason, Boëthius chivalrously became his defender; the reward of which was to find himself, along with his father-in-law, Symmachus, placed under the same accusation. The evidence produced against him was letters, which he declares to have been forged. But Theodoric's mind had been poisoned, and so the philosopher was doomed to die—a sentence which was cruelly carried out.

The Reformation in England produced many men of literary capacity and learning, but few of them could have produced such work in prison as did John Fryth. Suspected of the Lutheran heresy soon after he was brought from Cambridge to Oxford by Wolsey, he was allowed to escape to Germany. There he associated himself with Tyndale, and sent forth a reply to Sir Thomas More's *Supplication of Souls* and to two works in defence of purgatory by Bishop Fisher

and Mr Rastall. Returning to England soon afterwards, he had the best proof of the power of the pen he had thus wielded, for Sir Thomas More, who was the Chancellor, found a place for him in the Tower. Here he wrote a treatise on the Eucharist, which was destined to be replied to by the fagots of the executioner. It was extracted from him by one Holt, a tailor, who professed great anxiety for his instructions, but who probably had much greater anxiety to serve More, for the treatise soon found its way to the Chancellor, who sent forth a brief reply to it. Fryth's rejoinder, considering that it was written without books and in prison, must always be regarded as a remarkable effort, including in its arguments, as it does, the testimony of the Fathers. The bishops handed him over to the civil authority for death by fire. It is satisfactory to know that the action of the bishops, and the martyrdom by which it was followed, were not indorsed by the country. Parliament almost immediately passed an Act which made it illegal for bishops to proceed *ex officio* against heretics.

As the long struggle waged by William of Orange against the power of Spain drew to its close, the silent Prince lost one of his bravest soldiers in the capture of De la Noue, who was made a prisoner in an action near Ingelmunster. His personal worth was attested by Parma, who, when offered Count Egmont and De Selles in exchange for him, said that he could not give a lion for two sheep. Yet, this lion-hearted warrior was consigned to the donjon keep of the castle of Limburg, where an aperture in the roof admitted a little light and much rain, snow, and wind, whilst the floor was the home of rats, toads, and other obnoxious vermin. Here he was immured for five years, and here he composed his political and military discourses, and made annotations upon Plutarch and other works.

The prisons of the French Revolution could not be crowded with their doomed thousands, representative of every section of the community, without producing a literature quite distinctly its own. But that such a work as Madame Roland's *Mémoires* was begun and ended in one of these houses of arrest is one of the extraordinary phenomenal facts of literature, and proves its author to have been a most remarkable woman. Face to face with death, she reproduces her life from the days of childhood, with a precision and fullness that are equally surprising. The horrors endured by her country at times almost overwhelm her, but fear of personal peril or danger is unknown to her. She remains to the last an angel of light, pure, sweet, generous, and pitiful. Without books and under the surveillance of jailers, her resources are exhaustless. 'I must despatch this book,' she says, 'to be free to go on with another.' But the material so crowds upon her that she can scarcely get away from it. 'To follow things thus step by step, I should have to write a long work, for which I have not the time left to live.' When they took her to the scaffold, they also took Lamarche. His dejection made her his

consoler, and then she asked to die first, to show him how peacefully this could be done. Before the guillotine could do its work, she asked for a pen 'to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her.' They refused her this last request, and the world is so much the poorer; but let it at least be thankful for the woman and for her prison *Mémoires*.

When, in 1716, Voltaire was thrown into the Bastille on suspicion of having libelled the government, they were afraid to allow him either pen or paper; but he there planned and in part composed the *Henriade*, one of the greatest of the very few great epics of the world. Robert Southwell, the Jesuit priest, who was three times imprisoned, ten times racked, and at last executed, wrote his two longest poems in prison, namely, *St Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*. In his Autobiography, Leigh Hunt, referring to his imprisonment of 1813-15, says, 'I read verses without end, and wrote almost as many.' Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World* in the Tower of London; and it was whilst a captive in the prison-fortress of Ham that Napoleon III. put together his *Napoleonic Ideas*. Rossel, who resigned the post of chief of the corps of engineers at Nevers to join the Commune during the last struggle of France with Germany, because it did 'not number among its adherents the generals guilty of capitulation,' and was arrested by the party he joined, and finally shot when Versailles became triumphant, occupied his prison hours in committing to paper his thoughts, theories, and experiences. Some of his descriptions throw a lurid light on the revolutionary leaders, and make it quite easy for one to understand how rapid was his disenchantment with the men from whom he had hoped so much.

The literature of the prison is in other respects exceedingly varied and suggestive. It was whilst immured in the Tower of London that Penn composed *No Cross, No Crown*. During his imprisonment, Savonarola wrote Commentaries on the thirty-first and fifty-first Psalms, as also his *Rule for a good Christian Life*. This last work was written at the request of his jailer, who, observant of his sanctity, had asked for a help to attain to it himself. Very beautiful, too, was the life of Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, who, whilst acting as a missionary in India, was thrown into prison by the governor of Tranquebar. Not only were books refused him wherewith to continue his translation of the New Testament, but even pen and ink were forbidden, and a guard set over him to prevent any communication with the outer world. When, therefore, he one morning found writing materials on his table, he concluded that some angel had supplied his want; hence he declared on the title-page of *The Christian Life* and *The Christian Teacher*, which he proceeded to compose, that they were written under the immediate direction of God. In the very year in which Ziegenbalg had been born (1683), the Hon. Algernon Sidney was beheaded for alleged complicity in the Ryehouse plot. Whilst in prison, he wrote a *résumé* of his life and trial, which production is a strong testimony both to his patriotism and honour.

If we have said nothing yet of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by far the most remarkable book which

can be classed under prison literature, it is because it is so well known and so universally accessible, while the circumstances under which it was written are familiar to all.

MY EXTRAORDINARY FRIEND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I WAS only an assistant-master in a private school in the south of England, but my position was a very comfortable one. My salary was small, but so were my expenses. I had sufficient leisure time. The boys were as a body of a very good class, and best, perhaps, of all, I agreed thoroughly with the head-master, who treated me rather as a companion and an equal, than in the manner usually associated with the profession of usher. I believe I was popular with the boys because I entered with zest into their sports and pursuits; and having been educated at a large public school myself, I understood them, and possessed that tact in treatment and management which so few of the many men who groan at the slavery of 'cub-taming' seem to possess. Naturally, I did not intend to devote the remainder of my life to cub-taming; but I was a stern believer in the old axiom, that 'All things come to him who waits,' probably because I had a very tangible something to wait for in the shape of a little fortune compiled by an old Indian relative, who, humanly speaking, could not possibly live very many years longer.

I was popular amongst the boys, yet I think the only real friend I had amongst them was a young Russian named Ivan Dolomski. I believe I took a fancy to him simply because no one else did. He was a very extraordinary being; a very intellectual giant with the frame of a boy of sixteen. Why he was shunned by his schoolfellows I could never satisfactorily make out, unless it was because his ways were mysterious; because he took no part in the active healthful sports of the others; did not know the difference between square-leg and cover-point, or between a drop-kick and a punt; and perhaps because he was reputed to be 'awfully' clever—the word 'awfully' in his case being taken in its literal, and not its colloquial sense.

The few boys who had been able to get a peep into the desk, which he kept, as a rule, rigidly locked up, declared that it was a regular engine-room inside. Whilst his mates were reading or skylarking during the hours of indoor leisure, he would be absorbed in the gloom of this desk, hammering, tinkering, sawing, nailing; now and then creating a terrible smell, and more than once causing a small explosion. He spent all his pocket-money—and he had plenty—in odd bits of iron, tubes, models of engines, mysterious substances wrapped in paper. In fact, he was as unlike the average English schoolboy of his own age as could be imagined, and was regarded much in the same way as a wise-man or necromancer of the middle ages was regarded by the ignorant populace, saving in one respect—no one dared to interfere with him. Quiet and harmless when left alone, forbearing even when chaffed and taunted, if he was roused by a more than ordinarily bold

move on the part of his schoolfellows, such as a grab at his keys, or the sudden plunging of a head into his desk, his black eyes would flash, his brow would contract into an almost diabolical frown, and, no matter what weapon was within reach, or who was present, he would use it with the frenzy of a madman. Hence, he was an object of awe and suspicion, as well as of ridicule, to the school.

But to me he was different. I don't think there was much in common between us, for I had no taste for mechanics; but I used to speak to him, and try to take an interest in his pursuits. I used to take his part against the young 'bull-dogs' who were everlastingly yapping and snapping about him; and he would refer to me upon scientific questions in a manner which only served to bring out the astonishing ignorance of one who was supposed to be his teacher, but which bound him closely to me. In the school, he was sullen, silent, morose. At my desk, at my side in the playground, in my private room, he was bright, enthusiastic, and cheerful.

But there was another bond of unity between us. Ivan evidently came of wealthy and patrician parents. Every other Saturday afternoon, a magnificently appointed carriage drove up to the playground from the neighbouring watering-place of Hythe, and the word was passed that 'young Bear's' friends had come for him. In the carriage there were usually an elderly lady and a girl of eighteen. As I was invariably on playground duty during Saturday afternoons, I became in some sort acquainted with Madame Dolomski and her daughter Olga, especially as I had generally to be employed as an agent between them and Ivan; for if the latter happened to be engaged upon some interesting experiment or new problem, the most endearing of maternal messages could not drag him away; and even I, with all my influence, had sometimes to return to the carriage without him.

My conversation was chiefly with the elder lady; but my regards, I must say, were entirely for the younger. She was, as I have said, about eighteen, the possessor of one of those open, smiling faces which make us resent all that cynics and satirists have said against woman, a face set in an aureole of clustering curls; of a figure which some might say was too square and full developed to be within the category of feminine delicacy and grace, but which I rightly estimated to be the outcome of cold water and fresh air; of faultless hands and feet; and, perhaps best of all, of the sweetest and most musical of voices. I don't suppose she would have been looked at in a Belgravian drawing-room; but to me, a poor schoolmaster, shut up during nine months of the twelve within the school-boundary walls, who seldom saw a fairer face than that of Betty Housemaid, she seemed an angel. And although I was a dreamy young enthusiast of four-and-twenty, I knew more than to believe that any but a kind, good heart could be enshrined within so attractive a frame.

Once smitten, I began to regard these Saturday visits as epochs in my existence, and was always hovering about the gate at about the usual hour of the carriage's arrival; and I do not believe I had ever passed two more wretched ten minutes in my life than once when I happened

to be at the other end of the ground stopping a fight, and the French master played my rôle to the occupants of the carriage; and another time when Madame arrived alone. I suppose Ivan must have told his mother and sister of his respect and affection for me, for not only were they invariably polite and gracious, but they asked me to dine with them at Hythe one evening; and from their surroundings I could see that they were very great people. I believe the French master could have eaten me when I returned that night.

Of course it was all very absurd, although there might have been something romantic in the love of a humble usher with a hundred a year for the daughter of a Russian colonel with a 'Von' before his name; but there it was. I found Olga so amiable, so intelligent, so interested in all that I told her about English school-life and traditions and pastimes and eccentricities, that I am afraid when the carriage came, I did not pay one half the attention to the good Madame that I paid her daughter.

My joy may be imagined when one Saturday the carriage came with Olga alone in it. I do not know what I said or how I looked during the half-hour I stood beside it; but I remember that I did not hurry to execute the usual errand of fetching Ivan until the expiration of that time. There was not a trace of coquetry about Olga's bearing towards me; but I impressed myself with the notion that she reciprocated my passion, and built for myself castles in the air which in extravagance surpassed the wildest dreams of romancists.

The more I saw of Ivan, the less I understood him. When I watched him amongst his schoolfellows there was a set scowl on his face, and an ugly line on each side of his mouth, which proclaimed that his hand was against every one's, and every one's hand against his. When he saw me, the dark, almost truculent face would light up, the bad lines would fade from his mouth, and a smile would break out, which made him look positively handsome. Yet, strong as was my influence over him, I never could get him to assimilate himself to the surroundings of his life, and when I suggested cricket or football, he would answer: 'Mr Cornell, such sports are for barbarians, not for thinkers.'

I gazed at my young thinker of sixteen, as well I might; but he was unmoved and serious.

One day—a wet day, and the school consequently confined within doors; I was writing at my desk—I rather think it was an ode to my charmer, when I heard above the din of laughing chattering restless boys, a tremendous commotion at the other end of the room, scuffling, cries of 'Young blackguard!' 'Beastly young foreign cad!' 'Coward,' and so forth. I could not see much beyond the agitated waves of boys' heads; but instinct told me that Ivan was there or thereabouts. I cast away the gentle look of the amorous composer, put on my magisterial air, and went to the scene of disturbance. Arrived there, I saw Mr Ivan standing with his back to the door like a wild beast at bay, with an open pocket-knife of large size in his hand; and in the midst of a knot of white-faced boys sat one whom I knew to be a frequent tormentor of the young Russian—Quayle Major by name, his coat

off, and bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder.

I asked what the matter was. As usual, nobody answered. Probably every one imagined that verbal explanation was unnecessary, seeing that the cause was so patent. However, I insisted upon an answer, so a big boy stepped forward and said: 'Please, sir, Quayle Major wanted to see what young Bear—I mean Dolomski—was up to in his desk. Dolomski wouldn't let him. Quayle made a dash with his arm, and young Bear chopped into it with a knife.'

Fully aware that my young protégé had received far greater provocation than was stated in the words of the ingenuous speaker, and with half an inclination to remark that it served Quayle Major right for interfering with the business of other people, I of course felt that such a state of affairs could not be tolerated in an English school. If Dolomski had caught Quayle a blow with his fist, there would have been a fight then or afterwards, and an end to the whole affair; but when knife-using began, something not far short of murder might be the result.

I sent Quayle off to the matron, and told Dolomski to follow me up to my desk.

'Ivan,' I said, 'don't you know that this sort of thing can't be allowed in an English school?'

'Don't they know that a boy's desk is his private property?' he answered. 'What harm was I doing to them? If any of them were writing a letter home, should I go and look over to see what they were saying? No. Very well. I've served Quayle Major out. I've stood a lot from him, and I wouldn't stand any more; and the next time I'll strike harder, and in another place.'

A murmur of disgust from the boys assembled round my desk followed this declaration. Dolomski smiled at it, and added: 'Just any of you try it on, that's all.'

'Come, come,' I said sternly, 'that will do. Don't make matters worse.' And I led him from the room amidst a perfect storm of yells and hoots and hisses.

The story of course reached the head-master's ears; the result being, after a long consultation between us, that the only course open was to have Ivan removed as soon as possible.

On the day of his departure, he came to me, and holding out his hand, said: 'Mr Cornell, you've been the only friend I've had amongst this crew of savages. You think I'm a brute; but I shan't forget your kindness. Perhaps you may want a friend some day; perhaps I shall be your friend some day.'

The carriage came. Madame and Olga were in it. Olga was crying; probably at the disgraceful termination to her brother's school career. Because she would not see me again, I flattered myself. At any rate, my parting with Madame and her daughter and Ivan was of the most tender description. Madame, who spoke but indifferent English, said: 'Good-bye, Meester Cornell. You have been one good, kind friend to my poor boy here. I feel—Olga here feel dat we are say Good-bye to an old friend. I cannot know if we sall meet again. Perhaps yes; perhaps no. But if you do find you in St Petersburg at any day, do you make a call *chers*

Colonel Dolomski, Nevski Prospect, and you sall see how glad we sall be to see you.'

Olga did not say anything, but sobbed bitterly. As for me, I murmured out a few commonplace about only having done my duty and so forth, and stood fidgeting like a great booby, filled with an insane desire to jump into the carriage and go off with them. Then Ivan shook hands with me, actually with tears in his eyes; the carriage sped away, and I felt that I was alone in the world, separated from all I held most dear in it.

There was a rush to see the interior of Ivan's desk after he had gone. I didn't know what the boys expected to find; but they raised the lid as carefully as if they were opening an infernal machine; and after all, there was nothing but a scrap of newspaper describing the attempt to blow up the steamer *Mosel* in Bremen harbour, a treatise on the Hidden Forces of Nature, a tattered chemical book, and a few bits of iron and steel.

SOME INDIAN HERBS AND POISONS.

No country is better supplied with medicinal as well as poisonous herbs than India. Along waysides and ditches, harmless-looking plants flourish abundantly, yet possessing, some strange, and some the most deadly qualities. It is one of the mysteries of creation how side by side with plants and cereals the most valuable and necessary to life, nature has also scattered abundantly plants so deadly; as if along with an element of good, there must also be one of evil. But it is only during a long residence in the country that the ordinary Anglo-Indian grows into acquaintance with this feature of the vegetable world around him, which previously he has only recognised as rank, troublesome weeds, intruding where not wanted, and having to be cut down and cast away. Many if not all of these become convertible, however, according as they are used, into some medicinal purpose or other; as if, after all, even the most seemingly useless or noxious have their value, if properly treated.

One of the most common plants by ditch-side or cactus-hedge is the *datoora*, with its large white flower, and leaves resembling the hollyhock, and now well known as a valuable medicine for asthma, for which its leaves are used in the shape of cigars or 'tobacco.' The seeds, on the other hand, are a subtle and powerful poison, in small quantities causing temporary insanity, and in large, either permanent injury to the brain or death. By an accident, I became aware of the peculiar properties of the *datoora*. A robbery occurred in a neighbouring village, and an alarm spread that this had been effected through the agency of *datoora*-poisoning by an organised gang of robber-poisoners. It seemed the gang had put up at the village the night before in the guise of travellers, and succeeded in getting on friendly terms with one of the wealthiest families there, whom they entertained to a feast of sweetmeats—the only eatable in which different castes may join. As night advanced, the family allowed them to put up in their veranda; and when the village was sunk in sleep, the effects of the poisoned sweetmeats gradually placed the house and all it contained at the mercy of the

robbers. Next morning, when the hue and cry arose in the village, and native inspectors, *thannahdars*, and constables had arrived from far and near to investigate the case—and turn to what profit they could the opportunity—they found the family of eight lying helpless and dangerously ill, semi-idiotic, and unconscious of what had occurred or was going on around them. The house had been ransacked, and money dug out of the ground (the natives' purse) amounting to about thirty thousand rupees; and the suspicion of datoora-poisoning was confirmed. No trace of the gang could be found, in spite of the official raids made by the police, and the levy of blackmail on those who could afford to 'pay' to escape suspicion. The family gradually recovered to find themselves almost penniless, the time they had been under the poison being a blank to them.

A sad case of datoora-poisoning occurred some time after this. My gardener's child, a fine little fellow of two years, whom I had often seen in the garden, had swallowed a few datoora seeds while playing with some children by the roadside. This was first suspected by his parents from some of the seeds being found in his hand; and after being taken home, the fatal result too soon confirmed their fears. From being in perfect health, in a few hours he was a memory of the past; and one of the saddest sights was the distracted grief of the parents for their only son. Sadder if anything was the fact of the body being kept for three days in the hot weather under the shade of a large sacrificial banyan tree close by, covered only with a light cloth and some leaves, waiting till the *thannahdar* of the nearest station could find leisure to come and report on it before burial, while the mother was rushing off at all hours of the night and day to take another look at her dead child.

Though the plant is to be found everywhere, this is the only case I know of accidental poisoning from datoora. The native belief, however, is that it is commonly used by professional robbers instead of the terrible *roomal* (handkerchief-strangling) of the old Thugs.

Another plant, called the *madār*, from two to four feet high, grows in isolated groups along roadsides and in open sunny places. It is soft and branching, with broad, thick, dark-green leaves covered with down, and large white waxen flowers faintly tinged with pink towards the centre. The first time I discovered it to have a curative value was on getting a sprained thumb through an upset out of my dogcart, causing swelling of the whole hand with severe pain. While trying in vain the ordinary home resources, my bearer, Jhoti, who stood a stoical witness of the ejaculations and contortions which the pain and failure of remedies elicited, at length suggested the *madār* leaf. Glad of any chance, though placing little faith in his nostrum, I agreed readily enough; and he soon appeared with a *madār* leaf, which he applied hot to the hand and tied firmly round. The relief seemed almost to begin from the moment of application; and in a quarter of an hour the pain had nearly subsided, while the hand felt more elastic with the rapid decrease of the swelling. In an hour or two there was no perception of pain left, and the hand felt much like the other, except for a little stiffness.

Keeping on the leaf, by his advice, for twenty-four hours, with one or two fresh changes during that time, there appeared afterwards a minute crop of watery pustules, which itched for a day or two, and then disappeared. No trace of pain or swelling remained. After such an experience, my incredulity in native remedies was somewhat shaken, and the plant, which had hitherto seemed but a useless weed, now rose into new interest. The hurry of the native for his *madār* leaf, his neem-tree leaf or bark for poultices, his castor-leaf, &c. for sprains and swellings, now savoured less to me of native simplicity, and inspired a desire to test their remedies before condemning them. On other occasions I have used the *madār* leaf with the same result, often wondering whether its efficacy were known to our medical faculty, or ever tested for employment in a wider and more scientific sense.

But it is the *milk* of the *madār* which, like the poppy, contains its strangest and most powerful property, and exudes abundantly on the slightest scratch of its succulent leaf or stem. When dried in the sun, the milk becomes hard and brittle. The natives profess to use it for any obstinate sore, especially in the nostril, and it was when used for this ostensible purpose, that I witnessed its effects among my servants, caused either from absorption in the blood or accidental swallowing. Finding the *khansamah* absent one evening from duty at dinner, and the *masalchā* arrayed in his *pugri* officiating for him, I learned that he was in a very bad way, from accidentally swallowing some of the *madār* milk, which he had applied to a sore in his nostril. With some fear, from the description given, that he might be poisoned, and as he was an old and valued servant, I left dinner and went to see him. He was sitting in front of the cooking-house, with his face buried in his hands in an attitude of the deepest dejection, from which nothing could rouse him or elicit a word of answer to my inquiries. In eight or ten minutes, the first change I noticed was a slight movement of the head to one side and a distinct leer at his fellow-servants who were standing by. This was repeated in a few seconds, and again at lessening intervals, accompanied by sounds of suppressed chuckling, as if the whole affair were a grand joke which he was playing at the expense of those present. Shortly, the leers, which expressed the most intense mirth, developed into bursts of laughter loud and ecstatic, with looks of indescribable enjoyment, and I began to doubt whether, after all, we were not being fooled. The 'blowing-up,' however, which I began to give him received no notice—if anything, it seemed but to increase his merriment; but while I yet stood by, the fits of laughter grew less violent, the merriment decreased, soon ceased altogether, and the fit of dejection supervened. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the hilarious mood gradually came on as before, but always of less duration than the depressed mood. The paroxysms continued for some hours, till at last the man fell into a deep sleep. Next morning, he was at his work as usual, none the worse, looking fresh as ever, but without any recollection of his exhibition the night before.

As on several occasions I had found one or

other of the servants in the *same state*, I began to wonder whether it *was* 'sores in the nostril,' or whether the drug had not been taken to produce the effect I had witnessed. The inquiries I made brought no confirmation of the suspicion, or showed that the drug was known or used for that purpose. However that may be, the frequent recurrence of the accident with the same individuals, and on so improbable a pretence, forced the inference that the madār was used as an intoxicant. One peculiarity of it was that highly exciting or intoxicating though it seemed, there was no visible reaction of nervous depression, disordered stomach, &c., as in the case of intoxicating liquors. The terrible effect of larger quantities on the brain, on which it seems specially to act, may be imagined.

It is stated by the natives as a familiar fact, that if a probe is formed from a mixture of the madār milk with a pounded ruttee-seed—a recognised weight of the country used by jewellers—dried and hardened in the sun, and if the skin be pricked with this and the point left, death will follow imperceptibly and painlessly in two or three days, leaving no trace of the cause medically or otherwise but the faintest speck like a mosquito bite where the skin was probed.

The wild *ganja* grows profusely wherever it is permitted, and somewhat like the home nettle without the sting, its flower is small and insignificant. Though very different in appearance from the cultivated ganja—the *Canabis Indica* of the pharmacopœia and famous *hashish* of the East—its intoxicating effects are nearly similar, except that the ganja proper is less injurious to the system, and is therefore correspondingly prized. This difference between wild and cultivated plants is seen to a stronger extent even among cereals. The wild rice, or that which has sown itself from a previous crop, if in good ground, looks like the cultivated in every respect, rich and heavy, and is really equally good; but the moment it is touched with the hook, the grains shed themselves into the water in which it has grown, and are lost. A different peculiarity is found in the *kodo*—a small grain like turnip-seed, much grown in dry soil, and with a peculiar pleasant flavour—the self-sown or wild crop of which, though easily gathered, and undistinguishable in appearance from the cultivated, yet causes giddiness when used for food, and is often fraudulently mixed with the cultivated. In noting this difference between wild and cultivated grains, one realises indeed that the bread we live by must be tolled for. The cultivated ganja is somewhat like the caraway plant, but stronger and more leafy; and while the wild ganja has a strong pungent smell, the cultivated is odourless. Being a government monopoly, it is subject to a high duty, is rarely grown, and owing to its expense, the wild ganja is often made to do duty for it. At the same time, the ganja proper can always be bought at the rural bazaars, while a good deal is understood to change hands *sub rosa*, which accounts for its reaching the poorer classes.

A confirmed ganja-smoker was a Bengali baboo (English bookkeeper) I had, whose weakness came to my knowledge through a quarrel he had with the Persian accountant. The latter mentioned as an instance of the baboo's moral degradation that not only was he a ganja-smoker, but had fallen

so low as to use the common ganja of the ditches. True enough, one day I saw a large supply of the dried leaf on a shelf, which he had inadvertently left behind. He was an active writer, however, and must have used the drug abstemiously, as it neither interfered with his work nor showed the usual signs of havoc in the face. Whether the continued use of the ganja incapacitated him from discriminating between his own property and another's, I cannot say, but for this reason I had to part with him, which also accounted for his losing his previous situation.

Another of his class whom I was unfortunate enough to have later in the same post, so yielded to the allurements of the drug, that latterly he rarely appeared except in a semi-muddled, dreamy state; his shrivelled yellow face, bleary eyes as of a film drawn over them, and cracked voice, though he was a young man, showing the lengths he was going and the terrible havoc it was making of him. Premature age had already come upon him, the excitement and visions of a few years of the ganja having condensed into them the measure of a lifetime. I had also to part with him from incapacity caused by his habit.

The next of those around me whom I discovered to be a worshipper of the weed was the gardener. He had been with me at the same time as the latter baboo, and had turned a secluded corner of the garden to account to supply both his own and the baboo's needs in the way of ganja, with perhaps a surplus for the bazaar. He was an old, tall, lean man, with shrivelled face, but clear strong eyes, and wiry and strong, with an amount of activity in him which got him over as much work in an hour as took many younger men three. Whether the ganja had anything to do with his long-sustained energy is doubtful, but he used to assert that it was it that gave strength to his old age and enabled him to work as he did.

Once I had occasion to use the ganja medicinally in the shape of some of the extract, sent to me by a bachelor friend, prepared by him—as he said—according to a well-known pharmacopœia. The dose I took was ten drops, just before setting out for a neighbouring bungalow where I was expected to spend the evening. During dinner, I became aware of an increasing risibility at the merest trifles, causing surprise especially to some young ladies present, who I could see put it down to the sparkling lager-beer. This tendency increased as the evening advanced; and though conscious of the figure I was making, I felt powerless to exercise the necessary control. After bidding adieu to my friends, as I mounted my horse in front of the veranda, suddenly the whole place, the familiar bungalow, walks, shrubberies, all seemed changed, and only the voices of my friends remained the same. The transformation was even greater as I rode homewards through the woods and quiet villages asleep in the moonlight. Now I seemed to be in Spain, acting the hero of the *Romance of War*; then I seemed to be shooting over the moors of Scotland; and from one part of the world to another was but the flash of a moment. Now the pale moonlight showed all the vegetation crisp and sparkling with hoar-frost, or covered with snow; while the moon herself appeared a dull yellow speck in the

heavens. The whole way home I found myself for ever diverging from the well-known road into bypaths; and it was only after the *syce*, who trotted beside me, had brought back the horse for the twentieth time, that I saw the necessity of taking his advice and dropping the reins on the horse's neck, to trust to the surer guidance of his instinct. At times, with a strong effort, I endeavoured to recall my whereabouts; but it was only for an instant, and the memory was gone, to be replaced by the unreal. At length, after a period that seemed an age, though only extending over a ride of four miles, I reached my bungalow, the sight of which was the first thing that began to bring back reality. Getting into an easy-chair, with the lamplight swimming dim and yellow before me, I began to reflect with some alarm that I was suffering from an overdose of ganja. Though drowsy, I dreaded to sleep; so, drinking off a strong cup of tea, I resolved to keep awake till the effects wore off. Reading and staring at the lamp in turn was all I remembered, till I awoke next morning quite well, and without the least reaction from the night's experience. Considering the different scenes I was transported to, all of a gorgeous and fairylike nature, and minutely remembered, I could easily understand the prevalent belief that it was the ganja that gave birth to the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

The natives chiefly use ganja spiced for the hookah, or as an infusion for drinking, and much more so than appears on the surface. From long continuance or excess, it is a frequent cause of insanity, which may pass away on discontinuing it, or leave more or less permanent imbecility. Medicinally, it does not seem to be used by the natives, though the wild ganja is used as a medicine for cattle.

Akin to the ganja is the poppy, whose sheets of white flower surrounding every village in the cold season form one of the prettiest features of the landscape; and which, being a government monopoly, supplying a large share of the revenue, is extensively cultivated in India. The richest portions of land—namely, those closest to the houses—are always allotted to it; and though a most laboured crop from beginning to end, in the careful weeding and incisions and gatherings of the opium from each separate bulb—from which the milk or opium exudes—it is, even at the fractional price fixed by government, by far the most paying crop to the native. Like the ganja, it is much more used than is superficially seen, especially in towns and by Moslems (of both sexes) of the upper class, though there prevails among natives generally a sort of dread of it, and stigma attaching to the eaters, as if its dangers were fully known and appreciated. The facility of obtaining it illegally where it is universally cultivated is obviously great. Here and there, a prematurely sharpened and haggard face, unintelligible to others, may owe its cause to this. Opium-eating, however, among the dense population of India is not so great as to mark a national evil, and is not used in the systematic way, or nearly to the stupefying extent, that it is in China. It does not appear to be much employed by them curatively beyond the use of the seed-husks—used also for smoking—externally for sprains or tumours. Unlike the datooira, whose

seeds are its poison, the seeds of the poppy are harmless, are used in native confectionery, and their oil in cooking—besides being a well-known article of commerce and adulterative of olive oil; whereas the milk of the poppy is its active principle, a poison, narcotic, or valuable medicine, according as it is used.

Least hurtful of narcotics, the tobacco-plant, largely grown wherever the soil is rich enough, is universally used over India, and though indigenous to the country, is consumed in much milder forms than at home. In the shape of a paste of mixed spices and charcoal—by some Europeans considered fragrant—it is prepared for the hookah, which, like the calumet of the Red Indians, is socially passed round by the natives while discussing their village news and gossip as they sit circled near their doorways in the evening. But it is more constantly used for eating; a bit of the dry leaf being powdered in the hand as required, along with a little moist quicklime the size of a pea, is deftly conveyed to the mouth by a jerk of the wrist, and swallowed. In smoking and eating, it is used in a much milder form than even the lightest home tobacco; the water of the hookah purifies and mellows the smoke; the leaf as eaten is so dry and crisp, that half its strength is gone; while the accompanying quicklime is considered counteractive of any harm from the tobacco.

With regard to the medicinal herbs and cures of the natives, they are endless. Hardly a weed grows but they find some virtue in it for some ailment or other. The large leaf of the castor-oil plant heated and applied externally is used for allaying local inflammation and pain; the leaf and bark of the *neem* tree a well-known and similar valuable appliance; a small weed like clover gathered among the grass is applied to the temples to allay headaches, or otherwise as a counter-irritant, as we use mustard; the *chireita*, also a well-known tonic and fever preventive; the milk of the *chutuan* tree for tooth-stuffing—though little needed in a country where tooth-brushing, like a part of their religion, precedes and follows every meal, and pearly-white teeth are the result, despite the free use of sweetmeats.

During a long residence in the country, I have on many occasions observed and experienced the value of native herbs and medicines. The mention of these to medical men, however, have received but little notice beyond an incredulous smile, or a contemptuous allusion to such 'crude cures.' One out of those coming under my personal notice I may mention. A child of one of my servants that appeared to be dangerously ill of incipient smallpox was given to the old gardener before referred to, to be treated for the disease, a bargain having been struck for a fee payable only on the child's recovery. There was every symptom of a severe attack; the child's breath was fetid, skin parched, lips and nose seamed and bleeding. The gardener commenced by smearing the child's body over with fresh herbs pounded in goats' milk, and then wrapping him up in a blanket, watched him the whole night, now and again reapplying the herbs and carefully guarding him against cold. The result of his treatment was that in twelve hours

all the dangerous symptoms had disappeared, the child had complete ease, and there was no relapse from rapid convalescence. The free rush of spots that came out soon faded and disappeared. I could hardly imagine that nature, unless aided by these herbs, could work so rapid a change. At the same time, it may be added that, had government taken the home precaution of vaccination, the treatment would probably never have been needed.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE IN LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WE wonder if those who have never visited our Lancashire manufacturing towns can possibly, even in imagination, realise the nature of the surroundings amidst which thousands of 'mill-hands'—boys and girls, men and women—are condemned to pass their lives. The bitter cry of outcast London has stirred the nation to its depths; the voiceless groanings of prosperous yet squalid Lancashire, should they ever find an utterance, would have about them the genuine ring of utter despair. In the metropolis, there are at least light, sunshine, and air, which to one from the cotton districts seems deliciously and, for a town, almost impossibly, pure. The parks with their leafy verdure; the river, flowing grandly by the spacious Thames Embankment; the stately piles of architecture which lie around on every side; museums, picture-galleries, cheap river steamboats—all these facilities for seeing much that is beautiful in nature and art, make the life of a well-to-do metropolitan workman something very different from aught which can be attained by his fellows in our northern manufacturing towns.

Imagine street after street, each uglier than its neighbour, lined with tiny houses in hideous unending uniformity; the only variation being caused by some gigantic many-storied mill with its rows upon rows of windows, and the continuous roar of its mighty machinery; to crown all, a chimney towering high into the air, and belching forth volumes of thick black smoke, which, aided by contributions from scores of similar chimneys, covers the whole place with a gloomy pall, through which the sun's rays but dimly penetrate, Sunday being the only day when blue sky can be seen. In such a town as we are thinking of, the Act which provides for and compels the consumption of smoke is to all intents and purposes a dead letter; and any one who has lived in one of these places—there are many such—knows full well that it is rarely if ever put into operation so far as regards the worst offenders. On rare occasions, some one is made a scapegoat of, to the extent of having to pay a modified penalty; but this practically acts as a license to others, who, knowing that appearances have so far been kept up, feel tolerably safe for some time to come. Put a piece of clean white paper out of doors, and in five minutes it will be black with soot. The very river flowing through the town, and which, rising in the breezy hill-country, should be a pure and health-giving stream, is so polluted by the waste from different chemical works built along its banks, that it is a common saying, when any one falls

in and is rescued, that he might just as well have been left to drown, for he is quite as certain to die, though not perhaps so swiftly, from swallowing some of the filthy water and noxious gases which have converted what was once a trout-stream into a fetid sewer.

Talk of London fogs! Bad though these be, they are at any rate not surcharged with impurities to the same extent as in these manufacturing towns, where a fog has almost the feeling of solidity, and from whose effects eyes and throat smart unbearably, as though syringed with a weak solution of vitriol. Then, too, these fogs are by no means confined to the winter months. We retain vivid recollections of having to light the gas by half-past five on some June evenings; days which in the country would be radiant with sunshine, but whose brightness was hidden from us by the heavy, impenetrable veil of smoke. How, with so much to contend against, any man or woman manages to keep even a semblance of decency either in house or person, has sometimes struck us as being little short of miraculous. And yet some of them do this to a really wonderful extent, so that you may see the factory lasses going to their work by six o'clock in the morning, looking clean and fresh in their white aprons, with bright-coloured shawls worn over the head and pinned closely about the chest. This, the universal work-a-day headgear in these districts, though to a southerner it has at first a poverty-stricken appearance, is in reality much more sensible than either a bonnet or hat would be, and forms a perfect protection from the biting winds which sweep from across the moors, and are apt to be felt as unpleasantly searching by those who come fresh from the over-heated atmosphere inside a cotton mill.

Then as to health—that, in our sense of the term, is simply unrealisable. Amidst such surroundings, can it be otherwise? The filthy atmosphere too often begets a hopeless despair as regards cleanliness, and paralyses the very springs of effort. Comfortless and untidy homes present a dark contrast to the warmth and brightness offered by the public-house, and literally drive men to the latter; a further craving for drink is induced by imperfect nutrition, the result not so much of poverty, as ignorance of cooking and domestic management on the part of wives and mothers—lack of time also, for most of them work in the mills. The drink demon finds a further ally in the hot and thirst-producing atmosphere of mills and workshops. Thus the chain of causation goes round in never-ending sequence. Its effects are visible in the rickety children with distorted limbs who meet the gaze on every side; women, pallid-faced, and young in years it may be, but who have never known what girlhood means; men, grown old before their time, with bleeding lungs, and puny, stunted frames. This premature ageing is one of the most marked and sadly significant features of the factory population. Returning once to hospital after a brief absence, I made some inquiry respecting a fresh patient, describing her as 'the elderly woman in bed number seventy-nine.' Perceiving that the nurse looked somewhat amused, I inquired the reason, and found that she whom on the first glance I had mistaken

for an elderly woman, was in reality not yet twenty-five years of age! Early marriage—sixteen being not at all an unusual age—hard work at the mills, especially at those times when, of all others, the woman needs rest and care; an entire absence of sanitary surroundings both in and out of doors—all these tell their bitter tale, and produce this premature look of age, so that a woman of thirty is old; and by forty, when she ought to be in the plenitude of her powers, has become a withered old woman.

True, there are in London deeper depths than any to be found in the manufacturing districts, where men and women but seldom have to work at starvation prices, and where, except in times of 'strike,' or during the ever memorable 'cotton famine,' there is usually a sufficiency of well-paid employment for all. Indeed, those with the largest families are the best off pecuniarily, for immediately the children get old enough, they are sent to the mill as half-timers, and henceforth regularly contribute their quota to the family income. A London workman and his family, gaining an equal amount in wages, would, however, have far different and very much greater possibilities of health and of rational enjoyment. With an atmosphere which offers no inducement for outdoor recreation, and makes gaslight more cheery than daylight, the dwellers in our smoke-laden factory towns are heavily weighted in the race for health; and the pressure of their outward surroundings—those which result from no act of their own, and, so far as regards any power which they may have, are fixed and unchangeable, constitutes a burden beneath whose constant presence all but the very robust in spirit must sink into hopeless apathy, losing even the wish for, or the ambition of ever attaining to, better things.

Thus, with much of material prosperity, the dark side of the shield more often than not comes into view. We remember talking to a mill-owner about a man in his employ who had been brought into hospital with his hand badly injured as the direct result of carelessness produced by intoxication. The man was tipsy when admitted. It turned out that he and his family took home something like six pounds as their weekly earnings, and could do this regularly; and yet, when a daughter died, their employer had to advance the sum necessary for funeral expenses. Time after time he had tried to induce the man to save; but no! a certain amount would be got together, and then the whole of it drawn out and spent on some 'spree.' 'And really,' this mill-owner continued, with a frankness somewhat unusual, 'I hardly see how we can expect things to be otherwise; the gloomy monotony of our workmen's lives is so intense, that an occasional outbreak must be looked for. In fact, it seems to act as a safety-valve, without which the pressure of forces would be so great as to result in an explosion and terrible social disruption. I myself,' he went on to say, 'could not endure life in such a place even with all the ameliorations which wealth can supply, were it not for a run into the country now and then, or a month abroad, either of which alternatives is a splendid way of letting off the steam.'

The speaker himself was a much younger man than is usually to be found amongst the race of

mill-owners. We could not help wondering whether he, with the rest, would in time get so inured to his surroundings as to accept them with passive acquiescence.

Any stranger walking through the streets at a time when the mills 'loosed,' might well be excused for fancying himself amongst a rude people, their very speech being as an unknown language to him. And yet the horse-play, if a little rough, really means nothing more than does the frolicsomeness of a lot of schoolboys just released from their tasks. We should, however, recommend a very thin-skinned person, or one who stood much upon his dignity, to keep out of the streets at such an hour. You will be certain to hear, unasked, the whole truth about your personal appearance. The cut of your clothes, your every gesture and feature, will be commented upon; the amusing part being that all this is done without the slightest idea or intention of giving offence. To one who will take these people as they are, such frankness is positively refreshing, and a splendid cure for latent conceit, which has small chance of developing amidst so outspoken a people.

The lady superintendent of a hospital in one of our Lancashire towns where the distinctive characteristics of the people come out even more broadly than usual, told us that at first she hardly knew what to make of such a state of things, and was almost afraid to venture out of doors, for she could neither understand the speech of the people nor make herself understood by them. Being a gentlewoman in every sense of the word, and possessed of much tact, with a strong reserve of common-sense, she soon became a great favourite with the rough men and women by whom she was surrounded, but could never get over the sense of amusement at being now and then stopped in the streets by a knot of mill-girls—all perfect strangers to her, and she told them—and told that she had on a very pretty gown and they would like to know where it was made. 'In London,' she usually had to answer; and would further good-naturedly gratify their curiosity by telling them to take a good look at it, so that they might not forget the way in which it was made. To have felt, or at any rate shown, annoyance would have been the height of absurdity, as these girls really intended to be complimentary.

There was a story told of two ladies—one an American—who, when walking along one day, heard the comments which were freely passed upon their appearance and attire; some bright buttons which the American lady had on her coat being as a very focus of attraction, and particularly taking the mill-girls' fancy. Foolishly enough, the lady turned round and soundly rated them, with the very unpleasant consequence that she and her companion were followed and hooted at by an ever-increasing crowd of men, women, and children, so that they had at length to take refuge in the police station, which by good fortune chanced to be close at hand. In this case, too, no rudeness had been intended: the girls themselves would have felt pleased for any one to remark upon their clothes, and they could not imagine that for them to do so would be disagreeable to others.

Rough as is their outward appearance, and free

though their manners may be, these girls often show an amount of tact and innate good-breeding which would not disgrace a high-born dame. Their real good-heartedness and utter absence of all self-seeking are as conspicuous as those more obtrusive and less desirable mannerisms which cause a stranger to shrink from them with something like dismay. Nor is it only to their own people that this thoughtful kindness comes out. We remember hearing of a newly-made widow who obtained a situation in Lancashire, and came down from London to enter upon it. Her previous experiences having been entirely confined to south-country life, she had not the least idea of the sort of people amongst whom she would be thrown. Feeling very sad in her utter loneliness, and quite tired with the journey—a longer one in those days as measured by time—she was somewhat alarmed when the carriage-door was opened and a whole bevy of factory girls got in. Their uncouth appearance, boisterous manners, and unintelligible form of speech amazed her. Suddenly one girl turned to her and said: 'Art starved?' To this abrupt question, totally misapprehending its import, she managed to stammer out: 'O no, thank you; I have plenty to eat.' 'Who thinks tha means clemmed?' put in another girl. Whereupon the first, in order to render her meaning quite clear, and to show that she did not ask from merely empty curiosity, took off her own shawl—it was a bitterly cold, frosty day—and wrapped it round the stranger. It was a trifling act, perhaps, but showed such hearty good-will as warmed the heart of this poor widow for many a long day.

We wonder what a southerner would make of the following dialogue. A number of ladies and gentlemen walking home from a friend's house one evening, separated into groups, one lady and gentleman being a little in advance of the others. On waiting for their friends at a point where some of the party would have to diverge, these two—who were, as it happened, perfect strangers until that evening—were surprised to see the rest almost convulsed with laughter, but could get no clue to its meaning. The friend with whom the stranger-lady was staying afterwards told her their amusement was caused by some mill-girls, who, not knowing that the different groups were members of one party, freely commented on the first lot in the hearing of the others. Alluding to the lady and her escort, one girl said—it happened that they were all in the gentleman's employ, but he had not noticed them—'Yon's th' measter.'—'Ay; but who's her?' from another girl. Then the first, in a voice expressive of intense scorn, mingled with contemptuous pity for her companion's scant perceptive powers: 'Dunnot tha see he's gotten?' A third hereupon chimed in: 'Ah, I tellt thee he'd gotten.' We venture to think that never was more meaning compressed into fewer words; the interpretation thereof being, that 'th' measter,' who was a widower, had taken to himself another wife!

As a rule, hospital life in these manufacturing towns brings us chiefly into contact with the darker phases of humanity. Even here, there are occasional gleams of brightness; but for the most part, one sees the rougher side of life, in its results at least. Hurts received in drunken

brewls constitute a very common form of injury; and on Saturday nights more especially—a dread time this, when the house-surgeon is sure to be roused once or twice before daybreak—a most ordinary and, as to its frequency, very puzzling kind of accident is a broken limb or fractured skull, caused by falling down-stairs when in a state of intoxication. When we learn that in the majority of these poorer houses the stairs are without handrail or any other protection, the mystery is one no longer. Then, too, as might be expected, terrible machinery accidents are fully represented amongst the cases in hospital, so that in one year a doctor sees more out-of-the-way surgical practice than he might do during a lifetime spent in a London hospital. Deeply, nay, entrancingly interesting as these cases are, when regarded from a purely scientific standpoint, they are yet unutterably saddening, as being in too many instances the more or less direct result of drinking habits, which beget a recklessness too often leading to terrible results.

VICTUALS IN SCOTLAND IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

IN these days, when we read and hear so much about free trade and fair trade, it may not be uninteresting to take a look back to the olden times and see how things were managed then. Our 'rude forefathers' were not always a semi-savage or barbarous race, for as early as the times of David I.—more than seven hundred years ago—they had a considerable commerce with other nations, and the trade among themselves was regulated by a carefully drawn-up code of laws. Nor was their food always of a humble kind. They had not only the necessaries of life, but they also enjoyed many of its luxuries. The burghs had special privileges granted to them by royal charter. The magistrates were bound to see that the traders acted according to the laws, and those failing to do so were fined by the chamberlain at his *ayre*. Traders were not allowed to interfere with one another's liberties; and the chamberlain had to make a strict examination of all weights and measures. Sellers were to sell to all comers, and were not to keep more than fourpence-worth for their own use during the night.

The prices of the various commodities were fixed by the good men of the town. Besides gray or brown bread, there was the wheat 'white and well bolted.' Bakers who did not show their bread in their windows or in the market were fined, and their bread dealt out to the poor folk. Those who had a proper oven could have no more than four servants in their bake-house—namely, the 'master, twa servandis, and a knave' (that is, apprentice). The lord of the oven received each time for his oven, one half-penny; the master, one halfpenny; the two servants, one penny; and the 'knave,' one farthing. It was also ordained that bakers and other tradesmen were to sell on credit. Fleshers were to keep good flesh—beef, mutton, or pork,

and to expose it at their windows, so as to be seen of all men. They were to give their services to the burgesses at killing-time—when the latter were in the habit of salting their meat for prolonged use—during which time they were to board with the servants of the burgesses. A butcher was not allowed to be a pastrycook; and among other matters that the lord chamberlain had to inquire into was whether the cooks prepared their food in a state fit for human use. The sale of fish was subject to the same stringent laws. As to ale, it was ordained that any woman who would brew ale for sale was required to have a sign put up in front of her house; she was to brew it all the year through according to the custom of the town; the ale had to be of good quality; and if she made 'evil' ale and be 'convykkyt,' she had to pay a fine of eight shillings,* or 'thole the laugh of the tounne,' and the ale given to the poor folk and to the brethren of the hospital. No magistrate was allowed to brew ale for sale during his term of office. By a tenure under the monks of Kelso, the brewer was bound to furnish the abbot with beer at a halfpenny a gallon, being half the price charged to other people.

The great monasteries throughout the country possessed large tracts of land, either under cultivation or used for pastoral purposes, and by them were reared cereal and fruit crops of much value, besides numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The barons paid less attention to agriculture than did their ecclesiastical brethren; but they lived in splendid style in their baronial halls, and entertained visitors in the most sumptuous manner. In short, Scotland was at that time in a prosperous condition, and continued to be so until the unfortunate death of Alexander III., when the country was plunged into the disastrous war of Independence, and 'Oure gold was changyd into lede.' The blot upon the prosperity of those times was, that the greater portion of the agricultural workers were not free men or women, but slaves. They were bought and sold, sometimes as families, sometimes as individuals, but most frequently they passed from owner to owner with the estates to which they belonged. After the war of Independence, slavery had greatly decreased in rural Scotland.

In olden times, as now, supply and demand had a good deal to do in fixing the prices of the various commodities for sale; but the legislature paid much attention to the subject. Knowing the aptness of human nature to make the best of any special occasion, the legislature enacted in 1424 that victuals were not to be sold at higher prices during the king's stay at any place than they had been sold at for ten days previously.

Victuals were 'richt scaunt' in 1478; importation was encouraged, and importers were to be 'honourably receivit.' Another season of great distress afterwards came; there was great want of victuals and other merchandise, arising partly from the circumstance that a large amount of counterfeit money was in circulation, and that it was impossible to know the good from the bad. In 1496 barons, magistrates, and 'hostellers'

were appointed to fix the prices of victuals, ale, and other necessities, and workmen who took exorbitant prices were to be punished. Notwithstanding this, we find that some years afterwards prices of craftsmen's work had doubled and trebled in consequence of the neglect of magistrates to control the deacons of crafts who raised the prices. Reasonable prices were now to be fixed, and hostellers were to charge a reasonable price for dinner and supper. But during this and the following century there were seasons of dearth, and persons buying and holding victuals until there was a dearth were to be punished. A prohibition was made against storing corn until harvest, and old stacks were not to be kept longer than Christmas. Later still, all corn was to be thrashed out before the end of May; no victual was to be held in the 'girnle' more than was necessary for the support of the owner's household until Michaelmas, the rest to be sold at the market; all extra had to be sold within nine days, and searchers were appointed. No oxen or sheep were to be sold out of the realm.

In the sixteenth century it was ordained that, to prevent dearth, no white fish were to be 'packed or peeled' until the country was supplied; and later on, the exportation of fish was prohibited. Prelates, barons, and gentlemen were to be served in the sale of wine and salt before others. But while some had difficulty in procuring the food necessary for their proper sustenance, there were others who, like the rich man, seem to have fared sumptuously every day. Hence the legislature, considering that the superfluous cheer partaken of both by small and great men was hurtful not only to their own bodies, but also to the commonwealth, enacted that an archbishop, bishop, or earl was to have at his 'mess' but eight dishes of meat; an abbot, a prior or dean, six dishes; a baron or freeholder, four; and a burgess or other 'substantial' man, either spiritual or temporal, three; and but one kind of meat in each dish. This Act, however, was not to strike at Yule, Pasch, patron-days, nor banquets to foreigners; such banquets to be given only by archbishops, bishops, earls, abbots, deans, barons, and provosts and magistrates of burghs. No lambs were to be killed for three years, except in nobles' and great barons' houses; and none were to kill young rabbits or partridges except gentlemen and nobles with hawks. The dearth increased, and another law was passed regarding the killing of lambs, but on this occasion there was no exception as to the nobles or gentlemen. Keepers of taverns were not to mix old and new wine, nor mix water with their wine; and ale-tasters were sworn to do their duty. Justices were ordered to see that good wholesome beer and ale were brewed; no salt was to be used in the brewery nor in washing of brewers' vessels. There was still an increase of the dearth of victuals, and flesh and tallow were not to be exported; but bread, ale, and aqua vitæ might be exported to the isles for barter. No one was to keep stacks after the 10th day of July, under pain of confiscation. Flesh was to be eaten four days in the week only; but the magistrates had the power to grant it to the sick who could not eat fish.

In 1574 the circulation of bad money again

* The sums mentioned in the above article are in Scots monies, the old Scots money being one-twelfth the value of money sterling.

caused a dearth, in consequence of which victuals were withheld. Five years afterwards, victuals were again 'skant;' and as great quantities of malt were consumed in making aqua vitae, it was ordered that none be made from the first day of December till the first day of October following, except earls, barons, or gentlemen of sic degree to make it from their own malt within their own house for themselves and friends. It was found that one cause of the dearth was the keeping of horses at hard meat (corn) all the year through by persons of mean estate. This was prohibited; and only earls, prelates, lords, great barons, members of privy-council, lords of Session, or landed gentry that might spend of their own one thousand marks of yearly rent, all charges deducted, were excepted.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century there was an enactment by the Scottish Privy-Council to check 'the grit wastrie of wyne drukin in tavernis be a number of common artisans and rascall multitude;' and the price of wine in Edinburgh was fixed at six shillings per pint. About this time the common table in the College of Glasgow had two dietaries, one for the 'upper table at which the principal and the four regents were served,' the other for the 'lower table' of the eight bursars. At the upper table there were for breakfast 'ane quhyte breid of ane pund wecht in a sowpe, with the remains of a piece of beif or mutton resting of the former day, with thair pynt of aill amanges them;' and for dinner, white bread 'with ane dische of brose and ane uthor of skink or kaill,' boiled beef or mutton, a roast of veal or mutton, with a fowl or rabbit, pigeons or chickens as a second roast, and five choppins of better ale than that commonly sold in the town. The supper was 'siclyke' as the dinner. The bursars had less variety, but a liberal supply, and were allowed a quart of ale among four both at dinner and supper.

In 1644, victuals having become so very scarce that they could not be had except at extraordinary prices, Sir Andrew Hepburn, treasurer of the army, brought the matter before the Estates, and asked for some persons to advise with him as to how victuals were to be procured for the forces. This request was granted. Three years after, the price of victuals had become so much reduced that exportation was permitted; but two years more and a sad change took place. There was a supplication by the Commissioners of the General Assembly as to the condition of the mean and poor people; and in consideration of this, exportation was again prohibited. For several years there was a great scarcity, and in 1698 a national fast was ordered. The harvest of that year became altogether disastrous; there were great winds, rains, and snowstorms, and a great part of the corn could not be cut down, so that in consequence of the want of food people died in the streets and highways, and in some parishes more than half of the inhabitants perished.

Such were some of the experiences of the people in the 'good old times;' and although, within comparatively recent years, there have been periods of depression and scarcity, there can be no doubt that we enjoy in respect to the necessities and luxuries of life many blessings which our fathers never enjoyed.

THE CITY WAIF.

WEARY and pale, a little child
Stole softly through the dreary street,
And evermore he faintly smiled,
As some child-fancy, quaint and sweet,
Thrilled his young heart with wondrous bliss,
Holy and calm as angel's kiss.

More eagerly his little feet
Sped o'er rough stones and reeking flags,
As wind and rain in fury beat
On naked limbs and scanty rags,
While shone a ray of heavenly grace
Round prayer-clasped hands and wistful face.

'Tis true the world had been unkind,
That hunger, cold, and cruel blows
Had been his lot—he did not mind
The brimming cup of earthly woes,
Since he had heard the 'Preacher' tell
Of that bright land where angels dwell.

'Neath ragged cap, weird locks of brown
Strayed o'er wan cheek and mournful brow.
He sighed: 'O for an angel's crown,
To clasp these throbbing temples now!'
Then sought with dim appealing eyes
Some token in the frowning skies.

A pitying hand was kindly laid
Upon his head. With cheek aglow,
He trembling shrank, as if afraid
Of brutal curse or sudden blow;
For pitying glance or kindly tone
His wretched life had seldom known.

'Nay; do not turn away, poor child!
But tell me where thy home may be?
The hour is late, the night is wild,
Some anxious mother waits for thee.
From her fond care no longer roam.'

'Nay, sir,' he cried: 'Heaven is my home!
'I see its fields of shining light,
As 'neath some dripping arch I creep;
And in that land so calm and bright,
The little children never weep;
But evermore they sweetly rest
Close to their heavenly Father's breast!

'They never hear fierce curses there
(O sir, the "Preacher" told us so);
And each a lovely robe may wear,
Who love "Our Father" here below.
*It must be true, for I have seen
In happy dreams their silvery sheen!*

Tears trembled in the strong man's eyes;
He sighed: 'Earth's dearest gifts are mine!
Thy treasure lives beyond the skies:
O for such simple faith as thine!
More faintly rose that childish prayer,
'Heaven is my home; oh, take me there!'

'Heaven is my home!'—Saint Paul's old bell
Tolled from afar the midnight hour;
A quivering ray of moonlight fell
On prayer-clasped hands, while Pomp and Power
Slept calmly on. Why should *they* hear
The songs of angels hovering near?

A pitying God alone could see
That upward glance of rapt delight—
The spirit struggling to be free,
And then that spirit's heavenward flight!
But in the 'Morning News' they read—
'A little city waif found dead.' FANNY FORRESTER.

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FINISH.

In the execution of any work of art or creative design, it is generally the beginning and the ending of the task which respectively present the gravest difficulties to the worker, be he craftsman, author, or artist. When the preliminary matter of commencement has been satisfactorily disposed of, the equally important questions, how and when to conclude, have yet to be considered. 'Well begun : half-done,' is the proverb. But even with this moiety granted as accomplished, the remaining half—that which includes the ending—has still to be faced, and may present difficulties as great as those which beset the inception. We may begin to build, and yet be unable to finish, either from lack of resources, or, still more probably, from a superabundance of material, coupled with inability on our part to dispose of it to advantage. Yet it is the end which unquestionably 'crowns the work,' if the beginning lays the broad foundations.

In the sense we have in view, however, the 'finish' of any work, mechanical, artistic, or purely intellectual, is something above and beyond the actual conclusion of the effort producing it. It is the top-stone of the edifice; but it is more, and includes, possibly, much of the modelling throughout, and of the working plan itself, from the commencement. It is the style and manner of the entire volume, and not merely the author's latest emendations, or the words preceding the 'Finis' on the last page. It is the arrival at perfection of anything upon which labour has been bestowed, be it statue, painting, treatise, or poem, independent of the period at which that ideal stage has been reached. And each part of the completed whole may be viewed as contributing to this attained perfection, which we call 'finish.'

Thus, when we describe any piece of, say, literary work, as in this sense lacking the quality of finish, we do not mean that it concludes abruptly, and that the fitting ending is wanting, but that, from a certain crudeness of execution characterising it, or from the want of taste shown

in the details, it is, to a greater or less extent, faulty and, as a whole, below par. The conception of it may be passably good; it may even be striking and original; but the development is defectively managed, and the whole, when placed before us, does not satisfy our ideal of the harmonious and the beautiful. The finish is wanting. However complete it may appear to the author, it is yet unfinished. Something remains to be imparted, in order to perfect the work, and this desideratum may or may not be within the scope of the author's powers.

In order to show that this quality of finish is independent of mere conclusion or finality, so far as execution is concerned, it is only necessary to consider that the fault of what we may call over-finish also exists. It is quite possible that a work of real genius, the production of a gifted author or artist, may be effectually marred by too much elaboration. The zealous care to avoid every possible error, which criticism might discover, being overdone, and too painfully evident upon the surface, artistic completeness is thereby lost. The anxiety of the worker to attain excellence has been such as to defeat its own purpose. The details are too daintily rechiselled to have been executed by the unfailing touch of genius. Over-carefulness has degenerated into stiffness, and destroyed the spontaneity of the creation.

Between these two extremes of excess and defect, lies true finish, as the golden mean. Avoiding immaturity of execution on the one hand, and the error of too much retouching on the other, it contributes unity and completeness to the perfect work of art. It is not a superficial coat of varnish laid on at the last moment, to hide deficiencies; least of all is it the hurried conclusion, the 'raw haste,' which is content to scamp details if only the ending of the task be arrived at.

It is scarcely necessary to state in this connection that the classic polish which adorns so many of the treasures of English literature is variable in quantity and quality, according to the method of the author and the requirements

of his subject. There are exceptional themes, of which a rugged and impetuous style is the fitting vehicle, and in connection with which a highly polished and ornate diction would be out of place. Finish is not necessarily polish alone; it is only such polish as the subject fitly demands.

If we go beyond the limits of actual work-results, and inquire whether our definition of 'finish' obtains in other spheres, we shall find the same generalisations holding true in the matters of education, character, and conduct. Nothing, accordingly, can be more fallacious than the idea of imparting a finish to an originally defective education by a superficial addition, in the shape of a smattering of the higher branches. These are only rightly desirable when their study is based and built upon humbler elementary acquirements, honestly gained—when the foundation is in accord with the superstructure. True finish, in the case of hitherto imperfect training, would consist in a careful revisal of studies originally engaged in, but defectively mastered, and in the perfecting of acquaintance with them ere any further advance be essayed. The student who is impatient of difficulties in the preliminaries of any branch of learning, and who endeavours to lessen his labour by 'skipping' the orderly routine of groundwork, is not likely to attain to excellence. Sooner or later, he will find that the rudiments of his knowledge being defective, the advanced stages are beyond his reach.

There is a peculiarly attractive charm in the easy grace and quiet certainty of touch of a supreme work of genius. It is the characteristic of all masterpieces in art and literature, whether it be the *chef-d'œuvre* of a Raphael or a Guido, the lyric of a Shelley or the sonnet of a Wordsworth, to convey the impression of an unstudied ease in workmanship. This has its danger, in the way of example, if not rightly understood. The art in these instances lies in the concealment of the art employed; and the tyro who imagines that every random inspiration of his own, will necessarily suffice to produce effects as perfect, deceives himself, alike in regard to the measure of his own abilities and as to the painfully acquired excellence of finished work. Even with the highest development of the spontaneous lyrical faculty—perhaps the least laboured of all—the direct and happy improvisation of true genius is largely indebted to the finish of the intellect which gives it birth. Much, however, of mediocre ability really loses itself by lack of care in execution. Paradoxical as it may seem, the weakness of defective finish lurks in the very beginnings of effort, or even in advance of actual setting to work. The absence of plan and method in commencing a course of study frequently ruins the best intentioned endeavour. Without a clear idea formed beforehand, and without the necessary lines laid down in advance, the task is grappled with in haphazard fashion, only to prove in the end a failure. A little methodical foresight and ordered calculation at the outset, including in composition the essential thought-process in advance of using pen and paper, would have made all the difference. The purpose being 'infirm,' has lacked finish to begin with, and the execution will never possess it in the result.

To glance at another aspect of our subject—

that of manners. How different the courteous demeanour, finished throughout, from the thin veneer of an acquired polish which reveals itself by its superficiality! To mistake, as young persons are sometimes apt to do, a polite address alone—possibly acquired from doubtful models—for the real finish with which genuine refinement and natural grace of manner, even without adventitious aids, are permeated throughout, is but to confuse the surface quality with that which is far deeper. Such superfine elegance, on the exterior alone, is sure in the end to betray itself. It runs the risk of being overdone, and of being detected by that test. It is a varnish merely, and the material underneath is generally of sorry grain. True finish is the enemy of all shows and make-believes in conduct, as in work-results.

The application of our subject might be much more prolonged. We might extend it to the whole of the lifework of the individual, including in it singleness of aim and endeavour—which we might term concentrated finish—a lofty purpose inspiring a career; everything noble in disinterested philanthropy, everything exemplary in self-denying perseverance toward worthy aims. All these have their peculiar finish, inasmuch as they are instances of the best being done in each particular sphere of duty.

Finally, this element of finish being complete, and not one-sided in its requirements, excludes such excessive devotion to any particular pursuit as may impair the symmetry of the lifework, and also anything which tends to disturb the equipoise which ought to subsist between the mental and physical energies. The truest finish, alike in the conduct and the results of the life-task, is attained by the harmonious development and interaction of our several powers, each to its end.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER II.

THE Warings had been settled at Bordighera almost as long as Frances could remember. She had known no other way of living than that which could be carried on under the painted roofs in the Palazzo, nor any other domestic management than that of Domenico and Mariuccia. She herself had been brought up by the latter, who had taught her to knit stockings and to make lace of a coarse kind, and also how to spare and save, and watch every detail of the *spese*, the weekly or daily accounts, with an anxious eye. Beyond this, Frances had received very little education; her father had taught her fitfully to read and write after a sort; and he had taught her to draw, for which she had a little faculty: that is to say she had made little sketches of all the points of view round about which, if they were not very great in art, amused her, and made her feel that there was something she could do. Indeed, so far as doing went, she had a good deal of knowledge. She could mend very neatly, so neatly, that her darn or her patch was almost an ornament. She was indeed neat in everything, by instinct, without being taught. The consequence was that her life was very full of occupation, and her time never hung heavy on

her hands. At eighteen, indeed, it may be doubted whether time ever does hang heavy on a girl's hands. It is when ten years or so of additional life have passed over her head, bringing her no more important occupations than those which are pleasant and appropriate to early youth, that she begins to feel her disabilities; but fortunately, that is a period of existence with which at the present moment we have nothing to do.

Her father, who was not fifty yet, had been a young man when he came to this strange seclusion. Why he should have chosen Bordighera, no one had taken the trouble to inquire. He came when it was a little town on the spur of the hill, without either hotels or tourists, or at least very few of these articles; like many other little towns which are perched on little platforms among the olive woods all over that lovely country. The place had commended itself to him because it was so completely out of the way. And then it was very cheap, simple, and primitive. He was not, however, by any means a primitive-minded man; and when he took Domenico and Mariuccia into his service, it was for a year or two an interest in his life to train them to everything that was the reverse of their own natural primitive ways. Mariuccia had a little native instinct for cookery such as is not unusual among the Latin races, and which her master trained into all the sophistications of a *ordon bleu*. And Domenico had that lively desire to serve his padrone 'hand and foot,' as English servants say, and do everything for him, which comes natural to an amiable Italian eager to please. Both of them had been encouraged and trained to carry out their inclinations. Mr Waring was difficult to please. He wanted attendance continually. He would not tolerate a speck of dust anywhere, or any carelessness of service; but otherwise he was not a bad master. He left them many independencies, which suited them, and never objected to that appropriation to themselves of his house as theirs, and assertion of themselves as an important part of the family, which is the natural result of a long service. Frances grew up accordingly in franker intimacy with the honest couple than is usual in English households. There was nothing they would not have done for the Signorina, starve for her, scrape and pinch for her, die for her if need had been; and in the meantime, while there was no need for service more heroic, correct her and improve her mind, and set her faults before her with simplicity. Her faults were small, it is true, but zealous Love did not omit to find many out.

Mr Waring painted a little, and was disposed to call himself an artist; and he read a great deal, or was supposed to do so, in the library, which formed one of the set of rooms, among the old books in vellum, which took a great deal of reading. A little old public library existing in another little town farther up among the hills, gave him an excuse, if it was not anything more, for a great deal of what he called work. There were some manuscripts and a number of old editions laid up in this curious little hermitage of learning, from which the few people who knew him believed he was going some day to compile or collate something of importance. The people who knew him were very few. An old clergy-

man, who had been a colonial chaplain all his life, and now 'took the service' in the bare little room which served as an English church, was the chief of his acquaintances. This gentleman had an old wife and a middle-aged daughter, who furnished something like society for Frances. Another associate was an old Indian officer, much battered by wounds, liver, and disappointment, who, systematically neglected by the authorities (as he thought), and finding himself a nobody in the home to which he had looked forward for so many years, had retired in disgust, and built himself a little house, surrounded with palms, which reminded him of India, and full in the rays of the sun, which kept off his neuralgia. He, too, had a wife, whose constant correspondence with her numerous children occupied her mind and thoughts, and who liked Frances because she never tired of hearing stories of those absent sons and daughters. They saw a good deal of each other, these three resident families, and reminded each other from time to time that there was such a thing as society.

In summer, they disappeared, sometimes to places higher up among the hills; sometimes to Switzerland or the Tyrol; sometimes 'home.' They all said home, though neither the Durants nor the Gaunts knew much of England, and though they could never say enough in disparagement of its gray skies and cold winds. But the Warings never went 'home.' Frances, who was entirely without knowledge or associations with her native country, used the word from time to time because she heard Tatie Durant or Mrs Gaunt do so; but her father never spoke of England, nor of any possible return, nor of any district in England as that to which he belonged. It escaped him at times that he had seen something of society a dozen or fifteen years before this date; but otherwise, nothing was known about his past life. It was not a thing that was much discussed, for the intercourse in which he lived with his neighbours was not intimate, nor was there any particular reason why he should enter upon his own history; but yet now and then it would be remarked by one or another that nobody knew anything of his antecedents. 'What's your county, Waring?' General Gaunt had once asked, and the other had answered with a languid smile: 'I have no county,' without the least attempt to explain. The old general, in spite of himself, had apologised, he did not know why; but still no information was given. And Waring did not look like a man who had no county. His thin long figure had an aristocratic air. He knew about horses and dogs and country-gentleman sort of subjects. It was impossible that he should turn out to be a shopkeeper's son, or a *bourgeois* of any kind. However, as has been said, the English residents did not give themselves much trouble about the matter. There was not enough of them to get up a little parochial society, like that which flourishes in so many English colonies, gossiping with the best, and forging anew for themselves those chains of a small community which everybody pretends to hate.

In the afternoon of the day on which the encounter recorded in the previous chapter had taken place, Frances sat in the loggia alone

at her work. She was busy with her drawing—a very elaborate study of palm-trees, which she was making from a cluster of those trees which were visible from where she sat. A loggia is something more than a balcony; it is like a room with the outer wall or walls taken away. This one was as large as the big *salone* out of which it opened, and had therefore room for changes of position as the sun changed. Though it faced the west, there was always a shady corner at one end or the other. It was the favourite place in which Frances carried on all her occupations—where her father came to watch the sunset, where she had tea, with that instinct of English habit and tradition which she possessed without knowing how. Mr Waring did not much care for her tea, except now and then in a fitful way; and Mariuccia thought it medicine. But it pleased Frances to have the little table set out with two or three old china cups which did not match, and a small silver teapot, which was one of the very few articles of value in the house. Very rarely, not once in a month, had she any occasion for these cups; but yet, such an occasion did occur at long intervals; and in the meantime, with a pleasure not much less infantine, but much more wistful than that with which she had played at having a tea-party seven or eight years before, she set out her little table now.

She was seated with her drawing materials on one table and the tea on another, in the stillness of the afternoon, looking out upon the mountains and the sea. No; she was doing nothing of the sort. She was looking with all her might at the clump of palm-trees within the garden of the villa, which lay low down at her feet between her and the sunset. She was not indifferent to the sunset. She had an admiration which even the humblest art-training quickens, for the long range of coast, with its innumerable ridges running down from the sky to the sea, in every variety of gnarled edge and gentle slope and precipice: and for the amazing blue of the water, with its ribbon-edge of paler colours, and the deep royal purple of the broad surface, and the white sails thrown up against it, and the white foam that turned up the edges of every little wave. But in the meantime she was not thinking of them, nor of the infinitely varied lines of the mountains, or the specks of towns, each with its campanile shining in the sun, which gave character to all; but of the palms on which her attention was fixed, and which, however beautiful they sound, or even look, are apt to get very spiky in a drawing, and so often will not 'come' at all. She was full of fervour in her work, which had got to such a pitch of impossibility, that her lips were dry and wide apart from the strain of excitement with which she struggled with her subject, when the bell tinkled where it hung outside upon the stairs, sending a little jar through all the Palazzo, where bells were very uncommon; and presently Tasie Durant, pushing open the door of the *salone*, with a breathless little 'Permessa?' came out upon the loggia in her usual state of haste, and with half-a-dozen small books tumbling out of her hand.

'Never mind, dear; they are only books for the Sunday school. Don't you know we had

twelve last Sunday? Twelve! think! when I have thought it quite large and extensive to have five. I never was more pleased. I am getting up a little library for them like they have at home. It is so nice to have everything like they have at home.'

'Like what?' said Frances, though she had no education.

'Like they have—well, if you are so particular, the same as they have at home. There were three of one family—think! Not little nobodies, but ladies and gentlemen. It is so nice of people not just poor people, people of education, to send their children to the Sunday school.'

'New people?' said Frances.

'Yes; tourists, I suppose. You all scoff at the tourists; but I think it is very good for the place, and so pleasant for us to see a new face from time to time. Why should they all go to Mentone? Mentone is so towny, quite a big place. And papa says that in his time Nice was everything, and that nobody had ever heard of Mentone.'

'Who are the new people, Tasie?' Frances asked.

'They are a large family—that is all I know; not likely to settle, more's the pity—O no. Quite well people, not even a delicate child,' said Miss Durant regretfully; 'and such a nice domestic family, always walking about together. Father and mother and governess and six children. They must be very well off, too, or they could not travel like that, such a lot of them, and nurses—and I think I heard, a courier too.' This, Miss Durant said in a tone of some emotion; for the place, as has been said, was just beginning to be known, and the people who came as yet were but pioneers.

'I have seen them. I wonder who they are. My father'—said Frances; and then stopped and held her head on one side, to contemplate the effect of the last touches on her drawing; but this was in reality because it suddenly occurred to her that to publish her father's acquaintance with the stranger might be unwise.

'Your father?' said Tasie. 'Did he take any notice of them? I thought he never took any notice of tourists.—Haven't you done those palms yet? What a long time you are taking over them. Do you think you have got the colour quite right on those stems? Nothing is so difficult to do as palms, though they look so easy: except olives: olives are impossible.—But what were you going to say about your father? Papa says he has not seen Mr Waring for ages. When will you come up to see us?'

'It was only last Saturday, Tasie.'

'—Week,' said Tasie. 'O yes; I assure you; for I put it down in my diary: Saturday week. You can't quite tell how time goes, when you don't come to church. Without Sunday, all the days are alike. I wondered that you were not at church last Sunday, Frances, and so did mamma.'

'Why was it? I forget. I had a headache, I think. I never like to stay away. But I went to church here in the village instead.'

'O Frances! I wonder your papa lets you do that. It is much better when you have a headache to stay at home. I am sure I don't want to be intolerant, but what good can it do you going there? You can't understand a word.'

'Yes, indeed I do, many words. Mariuccia has shown me all the places; and it is good to see the people all saying their prayers. They are a great deal more in earnest than the people down at the Marina, where it would be just as natural to dance as to pray.'

'Ah, dance!' said Tasie, with a little sigh. 'You know there is never anything of that kind here. I suppose you never was at a dance in your life—unless it is in summer, when you go away?'

'I have never been at a dance in my life. I have seen a ballet, that is all.'

'O Frances, please don't talk of anything so wicked. A ballet! that is very different from nice people dancing—from dancing one's ownself with a nice partner. However, as we never do dance here, I can't see why you should say that about our church. It is a pity, to be sure, that we have no right church; but it is a lovely room, and quite suitable. If you would only practise the harmonium a little, so as to take the music when I am away. I never can afford to have a headache on Sunday,' Miss Durant added in an injured tone.

'But Tasie, how could I take the harmonium, when I don't even know how to play?'

'I have offered to teach you, till I am tired, Frances. I wonder what your papa thinks, if he calls it reasonable to leave you without any accomplishments? You can draw a little, it is true; but you can't bring out your sketches in the drawing-room of an evening, to amuse people; and you can always play'—

'When you can play.'

'Yes, of course that is what I mean; when you can play. It has quite vexed me often to think how little trouble is taken about you; for you can't always be young, so young as you are now. And suppose some time you should have to go home—to your friends, you know?'

Frances raised her head from her drawing and looked her companion in the face. 'I don't think we have any—friends,' she said.

'O my dear, that must be nonsense,' cried Tasie. 'I confess I have never heard your papa talk of any. He never says "my brother," or "my sister," or "my brother-in-law," as other people do; but then he is such a very quiet man; and you must have somebody—cousins at least; you must have cousins; nobody is without somebody,' Miss Durant said.

'Well, I suppose we must have cousins,' said Frances. 'I had not thought of it. But I don't see that it matters much; for if my cousins are surprised that I can't play, it will not hurt them; they can't be considered responsible for me, you know.'

Tasie looked at her with the look of one who would say much if she could—wistfully and kindly, yet with something of the air of mingled importance and reluctance with which the bearer of ill news hesitates before opening his budget. She had indeed no actual ill news to tell, only the burden of that fact of which everybody felt Frances should be warned—that her father was looking more delicate than ever, and that his 'friends' ought to know. She would have liked to speak, and yet she had not courage to do so. The girl's calm consent that probably she must have cousins was too much for any one's patience.

She never seemed to think that one day she might have to be dependent on these cousins; she never seemed to think— But after all, it was Mr Waring's fault. It was not poor Frances that was to blame.

'You know how often I have said to you that you ought to play, you ought to be able to play. Supposing you have not any gift for it, still you might be able to do a little. You could so easily get an old piano, and I should like to teach you. It would not be a task at all. I should like it. I do so wish you would begin. Drawing and languages depend a great deal upon your own taste and upon your opportunities; but every lady ought to play.'

Tasie (or Anastasia; but that name was too long for anybody's patience) was a great deal older than Frances; so much older as to justify the hyperbole that she might be her mother; but of this fact she herself was not aware. It may seem absurd to say so, but yet it was true. She knew, of course, how old she was, and how young Frances was; but her faculties were of the kind which do not perceive differences. Tasie herself was just as she had been at Frances' age—the girl at home, the young lady of the house. She had the same sort of occupations—to arrange the flowers; to play the harmonium in the little colonial chapel; to look after the little exotic Sunday school; to take care of papa's surplice; to play a little in the evenings when they 'had people with them;' to do fancy-work, and look out for such amusements as were going. It would be cruel to say how long this condition of young-ladyhood had lasted, especially as Tasie was a very good girl, kind and friendly and simple-hearted, and thinking no evil.

Some women chafe at the condition which keeps them still girls when they are no longer girls; but Miss Durant had never taken it into her consideration. She had a little more of the house-keeping to do, since mamma had become so delicate; and she had a great deal to fill up her time, and no leisure to think or inquire into her own position. It was her position, and therefore the best position which any girl could have. She had the satisfaction of being of the greatest use to her parents, which is the thing of all others which a good child would naturally desire. She talked to Frances without any notion of an immeasurable distance between them, from the same level, though with a feeling that the girl, by reason of having had no mother, poor thing, was lamentably backward in many ways, and sadly blind, though that was natural to the hazard of her own position. What would become of her if Mr Waring died? Tasie would sometimes grow quite anxious about this, declaring that she could not sleep for thinking of it. If there were relations—as of course there must be—she felt that they would think Frances sadly deficient. To teach her to play was the only practical way in which she could show her desire to benefit the girl, who, she thought, might accept the suggestion from a girl like herself, when she might not have done so from a more authoritative voice.

Frances on her part accepted the suggestion with placidity, and replied that she would think of it, and ask her father; and perhaps if she had time— But she did not really at all

intend to learn music of Tasie. She had no desire to know just as much as Tasie did, whose accomplishments, as well as her age and her condition altogether, were quite evident and clear to the young creature, whose eyes possessed the unbiased and distinct vision of youth. She appraised Miss Durant exactly at her real value, as the young so constantly do, even when they are quite submissive to the little conventional fables of life, and never think of asserting their superior knowledge; but the conversation was suggestive, and beguiled her mind into many new channels of thought. The cousins unknown, should she ever be brought into intercourse with them, and enter perhaps a kind of other world through their means; would they think it strange that she knew so little, and could not play the piano? Who were they? These thoughts circled vaguely in her mind through all Tasie's talk, and kept flitting out and in of her brain, even when she removed to the tea-table and poured out some tea. Tasie always admired the cups. She cried: 'This is a new one, Frances. Oh, how lucky you are! What pretty bits you have picked up'—with all the ardour of a collector. And then she began to talk of the old Savona pots, which were to be had so cheap, quite cheap, but which she heard at home were so much thought of.

Frances did not pay much attention to the discourse about the Savona pots; she went on with her thoughts about the cousins, and when Miss Durant went away, gave herself up entirely to those speculations. What sort of people would they be? Where would they live? And then there recurred to her mind the meeting of the morning, and what the stranger said who knew her father. It was almost the first time she had ever seen him meet any one whom he knew, except the acquaintances of recent times, with whom she had made acquaintance, as he did. But the stranger of the morning evidently knew about him in a period unknown to Frances. She had made a slight and cautious attempt to find out something about him at breakfast, but it had not been successful. She wondered whether she would have courage to ask her father now in so many words who he was and what he meant.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FIFTH ARTICLE.*

THE administration of food and medicine is amongst the most important of a nurse's duties, and much of her success will depend upon the amount of careful attention she devotes to this branch of her work. As to the giving of medicines, a nurse's duty is very simple; all she has to do is to carry out the doctor's orders to the very letter. We have already pointed out that a nurse's part is to yield implicit obedience to higher authority, and that it is never her place to turn critic; to this we add, that no nurse has a right to give, or withhold, even one dose on her own responsibility; nor to make the slightest alteration in treatment, unless she has received

express permission to exercise her own discretion. Truism as this may sound, experience teaches that the caution is anything but superfluous, especially where the nurse's ignorance makes her fancy herself capable of forming an independent judgment on matters of which she knows virtually nothing. As illustration, take a case where a sleeping-draught having been ordered to a patient worn out with pain and want of rest, the nurse remarked to a friend who expressed a hope of speedy relief: 'Oh, I daresay he will soon be better. The doctor is coming early to see the effect of his medicine; but I don't believe in such things, so I shall not let John have any.'

Poor, unfortunate John paid the penalty; and I believe the doctor was fairly puzzled over the failure of a remedy he had reckoned upon as certain. Indeed, I have often thought that if doctors knew half that goes on in sick-rooms, they would find the clue to many a puzzle. At the same time, of course, a doctor's time is valuable; and in dealing with a nurse of average intelligence, he has a right to expect that his orders are being faithfully carried out, without the pressure of constant questioning.

But with the best will in the world, the inexperienced nurse is apt to undervalue precision in the administration of medicine, and one occasionally hears, when a dose has been forgotten, some such remark as: 'Oh, well, I can give double next time.' Yet, the double dose, instead of doing good, may cause positive injury, especially when very powerful drugs are being used. So necessary, indeed, is exactitude, that I would urge every nurse to make a rule of reading the directions on the medicine bottle *each time* a dose is poured out, and never, under any circumstances, to deviate from the prescribed quantity. This plan has the additional advantage of lessening the probability of mistaking external for internal remedies. But it will not do to rely upon this only; all preparations for external use, even if not marked 'Poison,' must be kept in a separate place, and should be put into bottles of a different colour from those containing medicines for internal use. It is also desirable to have them fluted, so as to be recognised by touch as well as by sight; and on no account should they be left about after being used. Every bottle, too, that has held either medicine or lotion should be thoroughly washed out, and the label removed before it is used again for any other purpose. Minute, even fidgety, as these directions sound, they are not at all too particular, in view of those terrible results of carelessness which are to be found in the records of even hospital work. If the trained nurse needs to be on her guard against such mistakes as giving a fatal dose of carbolic acid, it surely follows that the inexperienced can hardly be too scrupulously particular in taking every possible precaution against misadventure.

In all cases where the quantity of medicine ordered is not a divisional part of the bottle, each dose should be poured into a graduated medicine glass or spoon. If the former is used, it should be held in such a position as to bring the indicating marks just on a level with the nurse's eye; and in using divisionally marked bottles, the bottle should always be held up to the light. In both cases the object is to make sure that the fluid just reaches the desired point, and this

* The first four articles were issued during 1834.

cannot be accurately ascertained if the bottle or glass is held below the nurse's eye. In no case is it safe to trust to ordinary spoons for measuring medicines, as they differ so much in size. Thus, the tablespoon in some households will be hardly larger than the dessert-spoon in others; and consequently the dose given to a patient would vary according to the family plate. The medical teaspoon means one drachm, and contains sixty drops; the dessert-spoon holds two drachms; and an ounce is equivalent to the familiar 'two tablespoonfuls.'

When drop-doses are ordered, they should invariably be measured in a minim-glass, for a drop will vary considerably in size, according to the consistency of the fluid and the shape and thickness of the bottle used. In cases of emergency, when no minim-glass is at hand, wetting the edge of the bottle will help to regulate dropping, and it will also be found easier if the hand rests upon something steady.

It is well to make a rule of shaking the bottle each time a dose is poured out, and of immediately replacing the cork. The medicine-glass must also be thoroughly washed out after each time of using; a good many home-nurses seem to consider that, with only one patient, it is quite enough if the glass is washed out once a day; but, apart from graver considerations, a dirty, smeary glass will by no means sweeten either the medicine or the patient's temper. When oily or very strong-smelling liquids are being used, a separate glass should be kept for their benefit. It is really astonishing how long the flavour of oil will cling to a glass or spoon. I well remember thinking a cod-liver oil glass had been made thoroughly clean and free from smell, and then being undeceived by the next victim, who anything but appreciated his oiled tonic.

But not only must medicine be given in proper quantities; it is equally important that it should be given at the right times. Unless special directions are given, the usual hours for 'three times a day' are eleven, three, and seven. 'Bedtime,' to a bed-ridden patient, means from ten to eleven, according to previous habits. Before or after food means within twenty minutes of a meal. When ordered 'every three or four hours,' medicine is to be continued through the night; and it is always well, in such cases, to ask whether the patient is to be roused out of sleep when a dose is due. It is also important to know whether, if medicine ordered after food has been forgotten at the proper time, it may be given when remembered. Should the doctor's wishes not be known, it is better to wait till the next meal, and not to risk giving a dose that might be injurious.

When the patient is too weak to sit up, it is a good plan to give the medicine in a small 'feeder,' to be obtained at any chemist's; or when small doses only are being given, a china spoon made for the purpose, and covered all but a little bit at the thin end, will be found convenient. Never tease a patient by such remarks as 'It's nearly medicine-time;' he is probably quite aware of the fact, and if not, is hardly likely to be cheered by a reminder. Of course, there is a vast difference in the way in which patients take medicine, but, as

a rule, it is a trial, especially where there is great weakness; and a nurse should spare no pains to make this necessary penalty of illness as light as possible.

To some persons, the taking of pills is a regular *pons asinorum*, and not a few people will gravely declare that they 'cannot' take a pill; yet they are in the habit of taking food many times the bulk of the innocent little article which they make such ridiculous and exaggerated efforts to swallow. It is just these efforts that create the difficulty, and if taken simply and quietly, there is really no medicine easier to manage. If the pill is tasteless, let it be taken lightly between the lips, and a drink of water will carry it down with no trouble. If disagreeable to the taste, it is better to place the pill as far back as possible on the tongue, and then take a good draught of water or any light beverage. Let the most inveterate of pill-haters give this simplest of methods a fair trial, and he will be quite an exception if he does not own his difficulties gone. Should he, however, remain obdurate, another plan may be tried: envelop the pill in a small piece of rice or wafer paper; place this in a tablespoon; fill up with water; put the spoon as far back in the throat as possible, and the whole mass will be swallowed with ease.

And here, let me remind my readers that pills are apt to become dry and useless if kept for any length of time; and this accounts for the wonder often expressed over the failure of such a remedy, which 'always used to do me good,' and which probably would again if the pills were freshly made up.

Powders are frequently ordered, and to some people, form the easiest way of taking medicine; whilst, speaking from personal experience, I should say there is nothing more objectionable, unless carefully managed. If small, a powder may be taken dry by putting it far back on the tongue; or it may be mixed in a little milk or water, and swallowed quickly, dregs and all. A better way is to mix with a very little water into a stiff paste, and gradually add about a wine-glassful more water, stirring all the time, till the powder is thoroughly dissolved. To those who take pills easily, the best way of administering a powder is to place it in just enough moistened rice-paper to fold round it, and swallow whole with a draught of water. I have known a patient able to take a dessert-spoonful of powder at a time, in this way, who shuddered at the idea of half a teaspoonful in water.

In dealing with children, if the old-fashioned spoonful of jam, honey, or treacle is used, be sure the powder is carefully placed in the middle and well covered over; otherwise, the only effect will be to turn the patient against both powder and sweetener. I speak with feeling on the subject, having never lost the impression produced by badly managed efforts to 'take her in.' Powders are sometimes ordered to patients in a semi-conscious state, and unable to bear raising in bed; in such cases, the best way is to place the powder on the end of an ordinary paper or fruit knife; pass this as far back in the mouth as possible,

and invert; and the act of swallowing thus set up, will complete itself with no further trouble.

Saline purgative medicine should be given with plenty of warm water, and on an empty stomach. The saline waters, such as Hunyadi, Janos, &c., should also be given warm, and this can easily be done by pouring the dose into a cup, placed in boiling water. Doctors often omit to mention such details, of which many intelligent patients are quite ignorant.

Sleeping-draughts should not be given till all preparations for the night are completed; and after the dose has been administered, the patient should be told to try and compose himself for sleep. On no account must talking be allowed, and the room should be darkened and kept perfectly quiet. Only under such conditions does the medicine get a fair chance; and it is useless to follow a sleeping-draught with bustling, setting to-rights, and ceaseless chatter, a practice only too common in home-nursing.

Castor oil is another test of a nurse's skill; and in large doses it is undoubtedly a difficult thing to give to a patient in bed, especially when there is a rooted aversion to oil in any shape. There are many vehicles in use for its administration, such as brandy, milk, soup, or coffee. The last-named is perhaps the best, and may be taken as typical, the method of giving being the same, whatever medium is chosen. Take some strong coffee, without sugar or milk; thoroughly wash out the medicine-glass with it, leaving a couple of tablespoonfuls at the bottom; on to this gradually pour the oil, being very careful that none shall touch the sides; give the patient a little coffee to drink, and then the oil in one draught, followed quickly by some more coffee. Taken thus, there will be scarcely any perceptible taste; but if lemon is liked, a still better plan is to suck a slice before and after the oil. Much of the difficulty of retaining castor oil is due to the disgust produced by its mal-administration; but if the same difficulty arises in spite of care, it is better to leave the question of perseverance for the doctor's decision.

Cod-liver oil is another troublesome remedy, at least with adults, and yet it is so valuable in many cases, that a nurse may well devote her best energies to making it agree with her patient. It may be given in the same way as castor oil; but a good many people prefer the lighter wines, as ginger, raisin, or orange, to other mediums. As a rule, it should be taken after meals; but some patients can manage better by beginning with a dose just before going to bed.

In commencing a course of oil, the amount ordered is frequently a teaspoonful; but if the patient cannot retain even this, try him with less and less, till you find how much or how little he can really manage; continue with this for a few days, and then very gradually increase to the full dose. In this way, many patients who declared they never could take oil, have been brought round to managing it easily. Should, however, bilious symptoms appear, the oil had better be discontinued for two or three days, and begun again with a lesser dose. I have known patients persevere in spite of warnings, and pay the penalty in such a severe bilious attack as to set them for ever against a remedy that,

properly managed, would have been invaluable. Indeed, without waiting for warning, it is always well, in a long cod-liver oil course, to drop taking it every now and then for a few days; and it is a good plan, on re-commencing, to adopt a fresh medium.

All nauseous medicine should be taken in one draught, with the mouth well open, and in many cases compressing the nostrils will entirely do away with disagreeable flavours. I have insisted upon the fact that it is not a nurse's place to interfere with the patient's treatment; but should she happen to know of any particular idiosyncrasy, it will do no harm to mention the fact. Some people are easily affected by medicine in general, and some by special drugs, and a doctor will be glad to know of any peculiarity, provided the information is properly given.

MY EXTRAORDINARY FRIEND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

My life at the school ceased to be what it had been, after the departure of Ivan. The Saturdays seemed long and dreary. I had no pleasant fourteenth day to look forward to during thirteen. I presumed that the Dolomskis had returned to Russia, as I neither saw nor heard anything of them.

Two years passed thus, during which time I kept my eyes about me for a berth, for the old relative still clung to life, and I had no other friends to help me. I had almost made up my mind to try my luck in Iowa or Manitoba, or at the Cape diamond fields, when one morning a letter was handed to me bearing the official seal of the Russian Embassy in London. I opened it with trembling fingers and a bounding heart, and read:

SIR—A very old friend of mine, Madame von Dolomski, has mentioned you to me as being in every way qualified for the position of tutor in a private family, and states that a friend of hers, Colonel Koltorf, Inspector of Criminal Police in St Petersburg, is desirous of engaging a young Englishman to instruct his two sons in the English language, literature, and history. If you should deem this opportunity worthy of notice, I should be obliged if you would communicate with her or call to see me at your earliest convenience.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant, A. VON ROBELEFF, *Secretary*.

'If I should deem this opportunity worthy of notice!' I almost scornfully repeated to myself. 'If! The only "if" in the matter is, that if I'm not tutor in Colonel Thingammy's family in less than a month, my name isn't Richard Cormell.'

I had no ties; I longed to see the world, for I believed in another old axiom to the effect that 'home-keeping youth have ever homely wit;' and, of course, I should come across a certain damsel with golden hair and kind blue eyes, and— In fact, I worked myself into such a state of ecstasy that I was utterly unfitted during the rest of the day for anything in the shape of teaching or keeping order, and my young friends the boys had a 'high old time of it' both in class and out.

In a week's time I had arranged matters with

my employer, who expressed genuine concern at the prospect of losing me. In a fortnight's time I had received a most flattering testimonial from the boys, and had been sent off to the station with three ringing cheers. In three weeks' time I was ready. In a month I was at my new home; and in six weeks' time, I found that I had great reason to congratulate myself on my good fortune.

Colonel Koltorf lived in one of those huge stone palaces which line both sides of the Nevski Prospect; and I soon discovered that not only did his family occupy a high social position, but that in them were to be found all those refined and fascinating arts and graces which make the society of St Petersburg perhaps the most charming in Europe. Moreover, I was treated as a gentleman, and not as a superior kind of upper servant. My hours of work were light. I was received as one of the family circle. I attended the banquets and entertainments which the colonel, as a high official, was expected to give with sufficient frequency; and it was almost pardonable, therefore, that in my intoxication at such sudden elevation, I should sometimes wonder how I had ever managed to exist for five years as usher in a school, much less have been contented and happy.

I had not been long in St Petersburg when I learned with the deepest regret that, for some reason not known, the Dolomskis had moved to Paris during the past year. The colonel's family, however, knew them well, with the exception of Ivan; about him there was a mystery, for he had taken a commission in the Guard, had suddenly resigned it, and had since almost disappeared from social life. I was curious to see him, for I had often wondered what sort of a mark the 'young Bear' of old days would make in the world, being well assured that a mark of some sort he *would* make. But of course I was longing to see Olga, who, I learned to my supreme happiness, was still Mademoiselle von Dolomski.

Everybody knows—or perhaps does not know—that for seven weeks preceding Easter the Russian capital mortifies itself by a rigid fast, during which not only fish and flesh are forbidden, but also dairy produce. However, the good people fortify themselves for this period of gloom by the merriest, jolliest carnival in the world. During the month of February, St Petersburg is one vast fair; business sinks into a matter of secondary importance; people who can but just make ends meet at other times of the year, contrive to find a lot of spare cash for feasting and frivolity; balls, dinners, entertainments of all kinds follow each other in constant succession. This was a period of genuine hard work for me, inasmuch as my past life had been one of very unusual monotony and sedateness; for three nights of the week the colonel gave a dinner or a ball, at all of which I was present, when I would much rather have been enjoying a quiet read in my room, or a game of billiards at the English Club. On the last night but one before the fast, the colonel gave a grand ball. I had half resolved to plead a headache, but Madame Koltorf said to me: 'Some old friends of yours are coming—the Dolomskis.'

I do not know if she noticed how my colour

rose; I think she must have, the impression these few words made on me was so deep. At anyrate, it may be imagined that from the very first I stationed myself where I could observe the arrivals; and that half-a-dozen times in a minute my heart leaped when I fancied that amongst the glittering parties constantly being set down at the door I recognised Olga. At length my patience was rewarded. I saw her, and to my intense delight, I noticed that as she recognised me a light of genuine pleasure broke upon her face. Our greeting of course was cordial in the extreme—so cordial, in fact, that for a minute or so I entirely omitted to take any notice of Olga's father and mother who were waiting until it should please their daughter to accompany them into the reception-room.

That was a delightful evening. Olga, although she was incessantly sought after by swaggering young officers of the Guard and *attachés* of the various Embassies, was more with me than with any one else. We had so much to say to one another, and the rooms were so crowded, that we preferred sitting in sheltered alcoves to mingling with the glittering, struggling throng of dancers.

I asked after Ivan.

'I can tell you very little about him,' replied Olga, 'and that little makes me wish that he had never left England. He is an extraordinary young man.'

'He was an extraordinary boy,' I said, laughing, 'so that I am not surprised.'

'He is so mysterious,' she continued. 'Papa tries to find out what he does and where he goes; but he cannot. He had to leave the army, you know, because of certain opinions he expressed concerning the government. He keeps strange company; is often away from home for days together; mixes in none of our society; and is barely civil to any one with a title or in a government position. I can't tell you where he is at this moment; but nothing would induce him to come here with us, because, if there is one man in the world he hates more than another, it is Colonel Koltorf.'

'Then he has changed for the worse.'

Olga assented with a mournful shake of the head.

'I used to have some influence over him,' I said; 'but I suppose, as he thinks himself a man now, he would laugh at any efforts on my part to keep him straight. I should like to see him, however, for, somehow or other, I have great fears about him.'

'I wish you could see him and talk to him,' said Olga. 'He makes poor papa's life quite unhappy. We never know what may happen in Russia, when a man gets under the eye of the government.'

And so, with lounging and talking and sipping tea, the night sped too rapidly away.

Colonel Dolomski's carriage arrived, and I had to say good-night to Olga; but I said it with a lighter heart than when last I had bid her good-bye, for I could see her now whenever I pleased. I attended her to the carriage, and was turning back into the house, when I felt a hand on my arm. Turning, I saw in the uncertain light of the door-lamp, Ivan! He was closely clad from head to foot in furs, and his dark eyes gleaming

from under his shaggy cap gave him the appearance of some wild animal.

'Mr Cormell,' he said, 'I'm glad and I'm sorry to see you. I'm glad to see a man who has never been anything but a friend to me. I'm sorry to see him under this roof. How is it you are here to-night?'

'Why, my dear Ivan,' I replied, 'I live here; I'm tutor here. Didn't you know it? Didn't Olga or your mother tell you?'

'Olga! my mother!' he exclaimed almost in a tone of disgust. 'I haven't seen them for days. I didn't know they came here, of all places in the city.'

'Then how is it you are here?' I asked.

'I—I have business here,' he said shortly. Then he walked up and down, as if in deep thought. Suddenly he turned to me again. 'Look here, Mr Cormell,' he said; 'I want to see you, to have a talk with you about the old school, and Quayle Major, and a lot of things.'

'Very well,' I said; 'I'll see you when I call at your house, or I'll make an appointment to see you there.'

'No; that won't do,' he said abstractedly. 'Look here. Suppose you come and breakfast with me to-morrow. There's going to be a meeting of the heads of the police here to-morrow. Your precious colonel, your lord and master, Mr Cormell, is going to preside. Madame and your pupils will be out; you won't be wanted. Suppose, I say, you meet me at the *Warsaw Restaurant*, near the Nevski Monastery, close by the canal, you know, at mid-day to-morrow. Eh?'

'But why at such an out-of-the-way place?' I asked.

'Because there is nowhere else,' he replied; 'at least, nowhere suitable for me.'

'All right,' I said; 'to-morrow at twelve.'

He nodded his head and disappeared in the darkness.

'Well,' I said to myself, 'he is more extraordinary than I imagined he could have been. He was before his age at school; but now, at nineteen, he looks and speaks like a man of forty.'

I turned into the house and to bed; but even the sweet vision of the girl I loved was driven out by this strange, mysterious, old-young man. Then I recalled his former peculiarities—his mechanical genius, the strange relics found in his schoolboy desk. I put two and two together. His general hatred to the government; his particular hatred to my patron as chief of police; his acquaintance with the arrangements and movements of the house; his anxiety to get me away on the morrow. The result of the consideration was summed up in two words—Nihilists, Dynamite.

I started from my bed, dressed myself, and knocked at the colonel's door. He appeared armed with a revolver, but laughed heartily when he saw me. 'Why, Mr Cormell,' he said in French, 'what is it?'

'Colonel,' I said, 'there is to be a meeting of police officers here to-morrow, is there not?'

The colonel looked astonished. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'how did you know that? Not a soul out of the police bureau knows it.'

'Anyhow, I know it,' I said. 'Please, be warned. Hold the meeting elsewhere.'

'Ha!' said the colonel, looking at me in a strange manner. 'Many thanks. I will take care. Good-night.'

CHAPTER III.

The next day I was at the appointed place at the appointed time. Ivan was a few minutes later.

'Strange place,' he said; 'but we are safe here, and that's more than can be said of many houses in this city.'

When I surveyed his face in full daylight, I was struck by the change which less than three short years had worked on it. He had left me a boy, a sullen, morose, pensive boy, but still a boy; now he was a haggard, careworn man; three years had written the marks of twenty on every line of his face; he had jumped from sixteen to forty.

When the man handed us the bill of fare, Ivan looked at him searchingly. 'You are a new servant,' he said. 'Where is Alexis?'

'Alexis died last week,' replied the man; 'I replace him.'

Then we talked of old times and old places and old acquaintances; and of course I spoke of Olga.

'Poor Olga,' sighed Ivan; 'she is a good girl, a loving girl, a fine girl; but a fool, a fool!'

'Olga a fool!' I exclaimed, rather warmly, although I was speaking to her brother. 'I never thought that of her.'

'Ay, but she is, for all that,' said Ivan. 'Why, she would lay down her life for Alexander II.'

'Well, and so would any good Russian, I should suppose,' I said.

'No—no good Russian would,' replied Ivan sharply.

Up to this moment he had been pretty calm; but when we had finished our breakfast and lighted our cigars, and the monastery bell had tolled the note of one, he became uneasy, restless, abstracted, and excited alternately; answered my questions in a hurried and off-handed way; seemed to be waiting or listening for something. Suddenly there was a dull boom as of a distant gun. Ivan sprang up, with a strange fierce light in his eyes. 'Where are you going to sleep to-night?' he asked suddenly; and then, as if he had said something he had not intended, added: 'I mean, hadn't you better sleep at our house to-night?'

'What do you mean, Ivan?' I asked in astonishment. 'Of course I shall sleep at the colonel's; I have my duties to perform.'

He smiled a smile I shall never forget—a smile in which pity, irony, contempt, and satisfaction were all blended, and said: 'Yes, if you find a room to sleep in.'

At that moment the new servant edged in. Ivan noticed the movement; threw down a piece of gold, and, without a word of farewell to me, hurried off.

I arose, wondering, and, full of all sorts of strange fears and doubts, took my way towards the Nevski Prospect. Long before I arrived there, I became aware that something unusual had happened; people were hurrying in the same direction as myself; a regiment of infantry passed me at the double; mounted orderlies were galloping

hither and thither; and when I reached the Prospect I saw a large crowd, kept in by a cordon of soldiers, in front of the colonel's house.

In reply to my question, a bystander said: 'There has been a serious explosion at the house of the chief of police.'

'Any one hurt?' I asked eagerly.

'No,' replied the man. 'The chief was at a meeting elsewhere.'

I edged my way to the line of military and told the officer in charge that I belonged to the household. He allowed me to pass; and I then saw what a narrow escape my patron had had, for one entire side of the house was in tottering ruins.

The colonel himself was, in company with a number of officers, standing amidst the shattered remnants of his dining-room. When he saw me, he came forward, seized me by the hand, and said to the officers in French: 'Gentlemen, we may say that we owe our lives to this Englishman here, for, assuredly, had he not warned me in time, not one of us would have escaped.'

At that moment a soldier approached and whispered in the colonel's ear. The colonel looked strangely at me, I thought, and replied to the man. The latter went away, and presently reappeared, bringing with him the waiter at the *Warsaw Restaurant* whom Ivan had questioned. A long conversation in Russian took place between them. I did not understand it, but I could see sufficiently that I was a topic.

The colonel was evidently very much agitated, although he was chief of police in as cold-blooded and unsympathetic a capital as there is in Europe. He strode up and down with his arms folded, his gaze fixed on the ground, except when now and then he raised it to cast a keen, vifful glance at me. At last he stopped short and said: 'Mr Cormell, you must consider yourself a prisoner.'

I was astounded. Then the ideas flashed across me one after the other: that I was held to be a Nihilist accomplice; that the fact that I had received information about what was to be done, added to the fact that this spy-waiter had seen me in the company of one of the most notorious Irreconcilables, were sufficient proofs of complicity; that I was supposed to have entered the service of the colonel on purpose to give information to the plotters of all police movements.

In vain I asked to be heard. I was seized respectfully but firmly by the arms and escorted to my room, which was in the untouched part of the house. Alone here, I came to the conclusion that my position was serious. Ivan had virtually saved my life by getting me away from the house at the hour when the explosion was arranged to take place. I owed him a debt of gratitude. The only way by which I could exculpate myself would be by inculpating him.

Late in the evening, after I had had my meal passed in to me by a sentry, the colonel, attended by a couple of Cossacks, entered my room and interrogated me in French. He asked me if I knew Peter Ivanovitch. I declared that I had never heard the name before. Would I swear that the man with whom I had breakfasted was not Peter Ivanovitch? Yes, I would. Who was he, then? I hesitated. If I gave Ivan's real name, he and his family were doomed. He had

saved my life. With Olga I was passionately in love. I was silent.

The colonel apparently was perplexed. But for my warning, he and the chief police officers of the capital might have been destroyed. Still, I was evidently in league with that political body in the dispersal and annihilation of which he was principally engaged. I watched his face, and I saw the victory of duty over sentiment. I dared not make an appeal, declaring who I was, and how I became acquainted with Ivan, for his family and that of the colonel were intimate. He had probably heard of Ivan's eccentricities, of his resignation of his commission, although he had perhaps never dreamed that a youth of nineteen, son of a colonel in the imperial service, could be one and the same as the dreaded Peter Ivanovitch, upon whose head a price had been set, and who was known to be constantly engaged in scheming and plotting. He left the room without another word.

In a few minutes a soldier entered and ordered me to follow him. I did so, and was conducted to a *drojki*, waiting outside. I got in. The soldier—who held a revolver in his hand—placed himself by my side, and we drove off rapidly. I had some idea that the colonel, taking into consideration the facts of my being an Englishman, and my having warned him of his danger, might intend merely to deport me; but all hopes vanished when, after half an hour's drive in the keen night-air, the vehicle drew up opposite the entrance to a building which in the weird moonlight seemed to me a tomb. I was hurried in through a double line of soldiers, who had turned out at the sound of the *drojki* bells, and in spite of my serious situation, could not repress a smile to think that all this careful watching and guarding was being bestowed on one who a few months before had been an obscure schoolmaster in a distant land.

I could not complain of my treatment as a prisoner, for the cell into which I was introduced was spacious and airy. There was a bed in it, a washing-stand; and in a few minutes a man brought me a steaming bowl of the national cabbage-soup; but I was a prisoner awaiting examination, and unless something unlooked for should turn up, I saw nothing between me and Siberia. I remained here two days, unable to communicate with any one, even with my nation's representative; indeed, unable to make any one understand that I wished to make a communication, for my guards were all Cossacks of the Don.

On the third day my door was opened, and an officer appeared. 'Now's my time,' I thought, 'to save myself and betray Ivan, or to let him go and get Siberia for myself.'

But I noticed that the officer was polite. I followed him through a labyrinth of icy-cold stone-walled passages, until we came to a little room, which I remembered to have noticed upon entering the prison, and here, to my amazement and joy, I saw Olga.

For the first time in our acquaintance, we embraced, and our lips met. I could not express my thanks; my heart was too full.

'This lady has brought a liberation permit from the chief of police,' said the officer; 'you are at liberty, monsieur.'

Amazed and overjoyed as I was at seeing Olga, who, I supposed, had merely come to visit me, it may be imagined how my feelings were intensified when I learned that I was free. I don't think I saluted the officer, or thanked him, or took notice of anybody; I simply walked out into the clear cold spring air, with the lady on my arm, like a man in a dream. Then I began to thank her; but she stopped me.

'No,' she said; 'you must thank Ivan. He brought me the news, and gave me a letter stating where you were, and the assumed name under which he himself was known to the police; and applying for your release. He told me to remind you of what he had said when he left the school, that he would show himself grateful for your kindness to him. So he is now known to be Ivan Dolomski, instead of Peter Ivanovitch. It was terrible news to me. I have often heard of Ivanovitch, but never dreamed that he was my own brother!'

'Then Ivan has gone off?' I said.

'Yes,' replied Olga. 'He only saw me for a few minutes. He was in great haste, and disguised.'

I shook my head sadly. 'I fear he is desperate,' I said; 'yet he is a noble fellow.'

'He has only done his duty,' said Olga. 'He got you into this trouble, and it was fair he should get you out of it.'

'Yes, that's right enough, Olga,' I said. 'But how many men would have acted as he has done, under similar circumstances? Besides, I don't think I should have been in prison long. You or your father or the ambassador would have heard that I, an innocent man, was confined.'

'Ah, Richard,' exclaimed Olga—this was the first time she had called me by my Christian name—'you don't know what it is to put your head into the mouth of the Russian Bear.'

The colonel received me of course with the most profuse apologies. He urged as his sole excuse the fact that circumstances were so entirely against me, and whispered confidentially: 'Not that I believe you would have been kept prisoner for long.' Then he expressed his utmost surprise that the notorious Peter Ivanovitch should be none other than his old friend Colonel Dolomski's son; admitted that but for this accident his identity would probably never have been established; and complained that in his position as chief of police it was hard to be so continually wounding the hearts of friends and acquaintances.

And so I settled down to my usual life. Olga and I were constantly together, and before long it was no secret that we were betrothed. Of Ivan I heard and saw nothing, and his parents knew not even whether he was in Russia or not.

A year passed, during which time my relative died, and I found myself comfortably off, if not rich. I went to England for the funeral and to attend to the winding up of his affairs; but my heart was in Russia, and I determined to return thither as soon as I could. This was in 1881, the year of the assassination of Alexander II., when, after that terrible tragedy had been enacted, the bloodhounds of the government were let loose upon all suspected persons with a keenness and ferocity hitherto unexampled. I returned to St Petersburg at a moment that was both unlucky

and lucky. Olga, to whom I had telegraphed, met me at the station with swollen eyes and a tear-stained face. Ivan had not been at home for months; he had appeared suddenly a few nights previously, and had been arrested the next day, as being implicated in the plots against the late Czar.

'Perhaps you can save him, Richard,' said the girl; 'and I believe it will change him, if you could but take him away from those terrible men, in whose hands he is too pliant a tool. I think your influence over him is sufficient to alter him for the better.' This was all she said; but the sorrowful earnestness with which she spoke went to my heart.

I went to the colonel's directly. After our first greetings, I said to him: 'Colonel, I hear very bad news of young Dolomski.'

The old soldier shook his head confirmingly.

I continued: 'I want you to do me an extraordinary favour'—

'If it is to release him, it is impossible,' interrupted the colonel.

'But remember,' I went on, 'if he had not told me about that attempt on your house, I could not have warned you. If you had not thus been given time to go elsewhere, nothing could have saved you and the other officers.'

'That is true,' said the officer; 'but it was not out of affection for me that he did it, remember.'

While we were conversing, a servant brought in a message. The colonel read it and changed colour. He translated it aloud thus: 'From the Governor of the Citadel to Colonel Koltorf, chief officer of police.—The prisoner Dolomski has been attacked by a fellow-prisoner, and is dying.'

The colonel and I hastened to the Citadel, that huge fortress built by Peter the Great as a protection for the city, now used as a state prison, and were shown into the cell wherein Ivan lay.

He was deadly pale, and his head was bound with bloody rags; in his eye still burned that energetic fire which had led to his destruction. He said with difficulty: 'I have just asked for you, colonel, so that I may leave you and every one else with a better impression of me than you can have had hitherto. Three years ago, I bound myself by the most terrible oaths—oaths which cannot be broken—to serve and stand by the people's cause. I was a red-hot enthusiast. I hated the government, and would have risked any danger to subvert it. Then, when it was too late to repent, I cooled down. It was my lot to place that machine against your house. The machine was of my own invention. I tried to evade the terrible duty, but could not. I was able, however, by the accident of meeting and warning my old friend, Mr Cormell, to minimise the chance of awful results as much as possible. The Brotherhood suspected me, when it was known that you and the other officers had escaped; and by way of further testing me, they deputed me to cast the bomb at the Czar. I escaped. The government and the Brotherhood were equally in pursuit of me, and I was captured by the government emissaries. In the Brotherhood, there is but one punishment for the renegade—that is, Death! A man recognised me as I was being conveyed

hither to-day; he got himself arrested, and attempted my life. He has succeeded!' His voice was faint now, but he gathered his strength with an effort and said: 'Do you forgive me? Tell Olga'— Then his head sank back, and he was dead.

I had to break the news to Olga; and a heart-rending scene ensued. However, I did my best to mitigate her grief, and to enable her to bear more bravely the loss of a brother whom she loved in spite of all his mad ways, by reminding her, firstly, that he had been wicked latterly from terror rather than from evil design; and secondly, that in me, whom she had blest with her love, she would possess more than a brother.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

THE supervision which is now exercised over the inscriptions upon tombstones has caused a great change from the epitaphs of a hundred or more years ago. In 1799 an essayist wrote: 'Too frequently do we see reason and truth set at open defiance in the very monuments which, in respect to art, are indeed elegant, but are neither consonant to the faith of the Christian spectator, nor to his recollections of the character of the person to whom it is dedicated.' Certainly when an inscription is sixty lines in length, as in the case of an epitaph upon Sir Thomas Dennison, from the pen of the Earl of Mansfield, there is no lack of room for adulation. The old essayist goes on to wish for the very supervision which is now exercised. He says: 'I wish that the minister of every parish would exert himself to prevent such epitaphs as we generally see from appearing upon tombs;' and in justification of his wish, he quotes several in which orthography, metre, sense, or decency, is violated. Among them are the first four.

In Wear-Gifford churchyard, Devon:

God left us not to mourn
one for the other,
We was laid here
Both in one day together,
Were we must sleep
untill our heavenly King
Doth call us up
his praises for to sing.

In the same:

In learning was my study most,
Of it I did not brag nor boast:
Arithmetic do that I could
And keeping of an English school.

After this vain and absurd effusion, comes the lament of an intended bride over her lover. In Bideford churchyard, Devon:

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sick'n'd and he die'd did.

In strong contrast to the foregoing were the nuptial experiences of William Rich:

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies WILLIAM RICH of Lydeard Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five;
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grandchildren five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, yet Fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

Southwell churchyard, Nottinghamshire, is said to contain the following:

WILLIAM CLAY,

died 4th Oct. 1775, aged 53 years.

Here lies a sportsman, jolly, kind, and free
From the cares and troubles of this world was he;
When living, his principal and general pride
Was to have a fowling-bag slung at his side,
And in the fields and woods to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game with Pero, Cobb and gun;
But now, poor mortal! he from hence is gone,
In hopes to find a joyful resurrection.

Thomas Tipper appears to have been popular. Perhaps he was an innkeeper; if not, it is difficult to say what he was, his knowledge appears so extensive, if we are to believe his epitaph in the churchyard of Newhaven, Sussex:

He departed this life May 14th, 1785, aged 53 years.

Reader! with kind regard this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where TIPPER'S ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt and kind,
And dar'd to do what few dare—speak his mind;
Philosophy and Hist'ry well he knew,
Was versed in Physic and in Surg'ry too;
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold;
He play'd thro' life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal *Hudibras* by heart.
Reader! in real truth such was the man;
Be better—wiser—laugh more if you can.

In the Old Churchyard, Plymouth, is the following:

Grieve not for me, my parents dear;
Grieve not for me, I pray;
For the thing which proved to be my death
I received upon the Quay.

John Bidwell's epitaph at Datchet, near Windsor, reads almost like the rollicking chorus of a song:

Here lies the body of JOHN BIDWELL,
Who when in life wish'd his neighbour no evil:
In hopes up to jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph over Death and the Devil.

The following punning eulogium graces an actor's grave in the churchyard of Gimmingham, Norfolk. Jackson belonged to the Norwich Company of comedians, and in 1777 was engaged by Colman at the Haymarket:

Sacred to the Memory of THOMAS JACKSON, Comedian, who was engaged, December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, The World; for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March, 1798, in the full assurance of being called once more to Rehearsal; where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt for the Love he bore to performers in general.

Very few men or women have the privilege of reading their own epitaph, but this was enjoyed by a famous huntsman named Amos Street, at Bristol, near Leeds. The stone was bought and the epitaph inscribed on it while he was yet living, and placed over his grave when he died, which event occurred in 1777.

This is to the memory of old AMOS,
Who was, when alive, for hunting famous;
But now his chases are all o'er,
And here he's earth'd, of years fourscore.

Upon this stone he's often sat,
And oft perused his epitaph;
And thou who dost so at this moment,
Shall ere long somewhere be dormant.

The following punning verse is on a tombstone in a Sheffield churchyard, erected above the grave of John Knott, a scissors-grinder :

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.
Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And here he lies,
And yet was Knott.

The epitaphs in which—we presume, for the sake of rhyme, or to give vent to a spiteful feeling—the character of the deceased is defamed, are legion. A Scottish churchyard furnishes the following specimen of this kind of epitaph :

Here lyes MESS ANDREW GRAY,
Of whom nae muckle good can I say.
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was nae Papist, for he had nae merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine.
For forty years he preached and lee'd,
For which God doom'd him when he dee'd.

On a tombstone in St Nicholas' churchyard at Brighton is the following story, which speaks for itself :

PHOEBE HESSELL, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet-wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to that of King George the IV., by whose munificence she received support and comfort in her latter days. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged 108.

A Cornwall churchyard is enriched with the following dainty verses :

Here lies entombed one ROGER MORTON,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.

The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

A Welsh husband thus sings above the grave of his better-half :

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

And in Eldon churchyard another greatly-relieved individual says :

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still;
She had, but now I have my will.

In Worcester churchyard is the following affecting double kind of compliment :

Martha and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first, and I followed after—
The cow before the calf.

An Irishman wrote the following oft-quoted lines for his epitaph :

Here I lays,
PADDY O'BLASE,
My body quite at its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

A tailor has the following epitaph :

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know;
And Fate cut his, though he so well could sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravell'd when our course is run.

In a French cemetery there are the following concise inscriptions on one tombstone. The epitaph is on husband and wife :

I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827.
Here I am!—A.D. 1837.

At Eling, near Southampton, is the following circumstantial statement :

Pray, reader, stop, and read my fate,
What caused my life to terminate;
For thieves one night, when in my bed,
Broke in my house and shot me dead.

The following, which is rather hard upon the deceased lady, is said to adorn some churchyard in Manchester :

Here rests in silent clay
Miss ARABELLA YOUNG,
Who on the 21st May
Began to hold her tongue.

This other one is slightly invidious :

Here lies MARGARET SEXTON,
Who never did ought to vex one;
Not like the woman under the next stone.

At Ockham, Surrey, a wood-cutter thus describes his final exit :

The Lord saw good ; I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree ;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

A photographer has this rather pat inscription over him :

Here I lie, taken from life.

In St Peter's churchyard, Isle of Thanet, is an epitaph written by some elegiac rhymster who was very careful not to stand committed to the facts :

Against his will,
Here lies GEORGE HILL,
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff.

When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mentioned on this stone.

The following refers to an individual who, though placed in a menial situation, was celebrated in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange for his arithmetical knowledge and accurate information respecting the funds, lotteries, finance, &c. :

In Memory of a faithful servant of a kind and benevolent master. Placed in a humble station, he Added the strictest Sobriety to inflexible Honesty, allowing no Subtraction from his Vigilance and Care, but Dividing with his master all his anxious thoughts, although he thereby Multiplied his own. He always made his own Sum a Stock of Intelligence, a fund of Information to others. He Consolidated his mind by

Fortitude, and *Reduced* every Calamity by Patience. Whether *things were better or worse*, he constantly *looked upwards*; and with that serenity which marked him truly wise, he was not to be *raised by a Fraction*, nor *depressed with a Shade*. As it was his master's *Interest*, so he made it his *Account to satisfy* all, and to render to every one his *due*. Though surrounded by the advocates of *Chance*, he never denied the dispensations of Providence. Valuing the *hits of fortune* as unexpected *prizes*, no *blank* would he ever suffer in his mind; but was ever full of gladdening hope, and cheerful expectation that he should, on the great *Settling Day*, either *first or last*, be *drawn* from the grave, to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant.

The following on Robert Gray is of an entirely different stamp:

Taunton bare him; London bred him;
Piety trained him; virtue led him;
Earth enriched him; heaven possessed him;
Taunton blessed him; London pressed him.
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity.
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor, and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, may heaven strike
Thy tender heart to do the like;
And now thy eyes have read this story,
Give *him* the praise, and *God* the glory.

The last six lines of this epitaph are exceptionally good, and it would be well if grave-stones always exhibited similar sentiments, instead of so dubious an expression as occurs on a massive tomb in an ancient churchyard in the south of Ireland:

In Memory of JULIA MOORE, who departed this life on the 16th day of July 1793, aged 49 years.—This stone was erected by her loving husband, James Moore. We have both found peace at last.

The next example differs from those preceding it in one important particular—that is, it was written by the person to whom it referred, and was evidently after the pattern of that on Robert Gray above quoted. He was one of the vicars of Kendal in Westmoreland, and the epitaph was inscribed on his tomb by his friends:

London bred me; Westminster fed me;
Study taught me; living sought me;
Learning brought me; Kendal caught me;
Labour pressed me; sickness distressed me;
Death oppressed me; the grave possessed me.
God first gave me; Christ did save me;
Earth did crave me, and heaven would have me.

The following, which has been frequently quoted, may be seen in Crayford churchyard, Kent:

Here lieth the body of PETER ISNELL (thirty years Clerk of this Parish). He lived respected as a pious and a mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March 1811, aged seventy years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this clerk was just 3 score and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
In his youth he was married like other young men;
But his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took—she departed—what then?
He married and buried a third with—Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were Treble; but then
His voice was deep Bass as he sung out Amen.
On the Horn he could blow as well as most men,
So his Horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
But he lost all his wind after 3 score and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

In the churchyard of the Old Parish of Church-of-Braddan, Isle of Man, fastened to the wall near the eastern door, may be seen a tombstone with the following inscription on it: 'Here underlyeth ye Body of ye Reverend Mr PATRICK THOMPSON, Minister of God's word forty years; at present, Vicar of Kirk-Braddan. Aged 67, Anno 1678. Deceased ye 24th of April 1689.' So that the vicar apparently had his tombstone erected eleven years before his death!

At Kirk-Santon churchyard, the following epitaph is placed on the gravestone of a man named Daniel Teare:

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb.
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
How strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her tears.

DANIEL TEARE, December 9th, 1707, aged 110 years.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM WOOD.

MOST visitors to the late Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition must have noticed the series of exhibits from Norway, Sweden, Germany, and other countries relating to a comparatively novel industry—the manufacture of paper-pulp from wood. There were shown sections of decorticated pinewood side by side with rolls of paper made exclusively from this material; specimens of various kinds of wood-pulp used by the British paper-maker to blend with esparto, straw, or rag; and bottles containing curious pulpy solutions illustrative of the stages which a pine-log has to pass through to become a sheet of paper. As few persons are aware of the extent to which wood is now used for paper-making, a brief account of this industry may be of interest to our readers.

It has long been known that any vegetable fibre which can be freed from its incrusting materials—gums and resins—is fit for paper-making. The only question which had to be solved in the case of wood was, how this could be done at a cost to enable it to compete with waste products such as rags and esparto grass. In a measure, this difficulty was overcome when the system of grinding the wood in contact with water by pressure against revolving grindstones was introduced in Germany about the year 1846. The product thus obtained was, and is, cheap enough; and at the present day, about fifty thousand tons annually are imported into Great Britain from the producing countries, which are those where pinewood is most abundant. Its value is six pounds per dry ton, or thereabouts, and even this low price may be surpassed, as new mills are constantly springing up in Norway, Sweden, and elsewhere to utilise the valuable water-powers which are running to waste in proximity to the pine-forests. But although mechanically prepared wood-pulp must now be admitted to rank as a paper-making material—it was at first considered an adulterant—it is by no means the best that can be made from wood. The fibres being forcibly broken away, are not fine enough to possess that felting property which is essential for good paper. Examined under the microscope, they present the

appearance, not of ultimate fibres at all, but of bundles of fibre; of a certain length, it is true, but of too large diameter to yield a tough, well-woven sheet of paper. Another point is, that they still contain the incrusting material of the wood, which renders them practically unbleachable. Notwithstanding these defects, however, mechanical pulp of sufficiently good quality and whiteness is now produced to serve as an important adjunct for cheap news and printing papers; and there are few daily journals that can afford to use better material and dispense with wood altogether.

We may now say a few words about the newer, more expensive, and almost perfect fibre for paper-making known as chemical wood-pulp, or cellulose. Wood is perhaps the most refractory of vegetable materials from which cellular tissue is extracted. For a long time it resisted the efforts of chemists and practical men to find a satisfactory method of dealing with it. Until recently, the only system generally known was that of boiling with caustic soda solutions of great strength at a pressure of six to twelve atmospheres. Under this treatment the wood becomes soft; and at the end of the cooking, the gums and resins are found to be separated from the fibrous part of the wood, and transferred to the caustic solution, which thus acquires a black colour. The black liquor is drawn off, and the pulp turned out of the boiler and washed. It is then found to consist of fine fibres of almost pure cellulose, which may be bleached with chlorine, and made into printing, writing, or even tissue and bank-note papers. At the present time, this process is the one in general use; but it may ultimately have to yield to another known as the acid process, in which sulphurous acid is the reducing agent employed. The advocates of the latter claim that it is more economical in cost of chemicals, can be worked with lower pressure, and gives a greater yield of fibre. These statements have still to be practically demonstrated; but we must not omit to mention that the patentee of one of the acid processes—for there are several—obtained the award given by the jurors of the Forestry Exhibition for 'the best paper-making material derived from wood.'

When we consider the ubiquity and abundance of wood suitable for pulp-making, it becomes evident that this industry is one which is sure to be yet further extended and developed in the near future. Out of about five million tons of wood imported annually into Great Britain, only one per cent. comes as pulp. It seems unlikely, therefore, that any sensible impression can be made on the price, by the demand which may arise for pulp-making. Already many mills have been erected abroad for making paper and pasteboards from wood alone, and these articles are being imported to the detriment of the British manufacturer. The number of mills making wood-pulp either in connection with paper-mills, or for sale as a raw material, is approximately as follows: Germany, 488; Austria-Hungary, 154; Sweden, 53; Norway, 34; Switzerland, 11. During the last few years, the trade has also developed wonderfully in the United States and in Canada, but not to such an extent as to enable those countries to compete in the markets of Europe.

The consumption of paper per head of the

population forms a pretty faithful measure of a people's intelligence and enlightenment, and happily, what with Board Schools and the cheap press, it is increasing in this country at a rapid rate. We cannot better conclude this brief sketch than with the advice of the old Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son, and adopted as the motto of the Forestry Exhibition: 'Be aye stickin' in a tree: it'll be growin' when ye're sleepin'.'

AT THE FIRESIDE.

I.

Around the hearth when raving storms and bitter winds
do blow,
When all the wintry wolds are wrapped in shroud of
whitest snow,
When closer to him doth his rags the shivering outcast
draw,
Who dreams not of a single meal, and prays but for a
thaw.

II.

Pile on more logs; the brighter that our cheery hearth
doth glow,
The more our hearts shall warm to those who no such
blessings know
As hearth and home, and kith and kin, and love of
humankind,
Poor wanderers, who on this earth no jot of joy can
find.

III.

Poor we may be, yet not so poor but that a penny fee
We have for such; and know, O Lord, we lend it unto
Thee;
Who aideth not his brother when he knocketh at the
door,
Is none of Thine: for Thou, O Lord, wast gracious to the
poor.

IV.

Pile on more logs; draw closer in, O grandsire, gray and
old;
Climb, toddling darling, to his knee, and lay thy locks of
gold
Upon his breast, and listen whilst the fairy tale he tells
Of the Elfín Queen who holds her court amid the flower-
bells.

V.

Now youths and maidens, one and all in sweet home-tasks
engage,
Smiled on approvingly by those who own a riper age:
No harm can injure those who safe at the home-anchor
ride;
No worldly pleasures yield to peace that gilds the home-
fireside.

VI.

Our own fireside, our bright fireside, there's music in
the sound,
Heart-sunshine in each well-loved face our table grouped
around:
Bless Thou, O God, that fireside dear, that it may happy
be,
Since every blessing we enjoy we owe that boon to Thee.

A. H. B.

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OUTSIDE LONDON.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

THERE was something dark on the grass under an elm in the field by the barn. It rose and fell; and we saw that it was a wing—a single black wing, striking the ground instead of the air; indeed, it seemed to come out of the earth itself, the body of the bird being hidden by the grass. This black wing flapped and flapped, but could not lift itself—a single wing of course could not fly. A rook had dropped out of the elm and was lying helpless at the foot of the tree—it is a favourite tree with rooks; they build in it, and at that moment there were twenty or more perched aloft, cawing and conversing comfortably, without the least thought of their dying comrade. Not one of all the number descended to see what was the matter, nor even fluttered half-way down. This elm is their clubhouse, where they meet every afternoon as the sun gets low to discuss the scandals of the day, before retiring to roost in the avenues and tree-groups of the park adjacent. While we looked, a peacock came round the corner of the barn; he had caught sight of the flapping wing, and approached with long deliberate steps and outstretched neck. 'What's this? What's this?' he inquired in bird-language. 'My friends, see here!' Gravely, and step by step, he came nearer and nearer, slowly, and not without some fear, till curiosity had brought him within a yard. In a moment or two a peahen followed and also stretched out her neck—the two long necks pointing at the black flapping wing. A second peacock and peahen approached, and the four great birds stretched out their necks towards the dying rook—a 'crowner's quest' upon the unfortunate creature.

If any one had been at hand to sketch it, the scene would have been very grotesque, and not without a ludicrous sadness. There was the tall elm tinted with yellow, the black rooks high

above flying in and out, yellow leaves twirling down, the blue peacocks with their crests, the red barn behind, the golden sun afar shining low through the trees of the park, the brown autumn sward, a gray horse, orange maple bushes. There was the quiet tone of the coming evening—the early evening of October—such an evening as the rook had seen many a time from the tops of the trees. A man dies, and the crowd goes on passing under the window along the street without a thought. The rook died, and his friends, who had that day been with him in the oaks feasting on acorns, who had been with him in the fresh-turned furrows, born perhaps in the same nest, utterly forgot him before he was dead. With a great common caw—a common shout—they suddenly left the tree in a bevy and flew towards the park. The peacocks having brought in their verdict, departed, and the dead bird was left alone.

In falling out of the elm, the rook had alighted partly on his side and partly on his back, so that he could only flutter one wing, the other being held down by his own weight. He had probably died from picking up poisoned grain somewhere, or from a parasite. The weather had been open, and he could not have been starved. At a distance, the rook's plumage appears black; but close at hand it will be found a fine blue-black, glossy, and handsome.

These peacocks are the best 'rain-makers' in the place; whenever they cry much, it is sure to rain; and if they persist day after day, the rain is equally continuous. From the wall by the barn, or the elm-branch above them, 'Pa-ong, pa-ong' resounds like the wail of a gigantic cat, and is audible half a mile or more. In the summer, I found one of them, a peacock in the full brilliance of his colours, on a rail in the hedge under a spreading maple bush. His rich-hued neck, the bright light and shadow, the tall green meadow grass, brought together the finest colours. It is curious that a bird so distinctly foreign, plumed for the Asiatic sun, should fit so well with English meads. His

splendid neck immediately pleases, pleases the first time it is seen, and on the fiftieth occasion. I see these every day, and always stop to look at them; the colour excites the sense of beauty in the eye, and the shape satisfies the idea of form. The undulating curve of the neck is at once approved by the intuitive judgment of the mind, and it is a pleasure to the mind to reiterate that judgment frequently. It needs no teaching to see its beauty—the feeling comes of itself.

How different with the turkey-cock which struts round the same barn! A fine big bird he is, no doubt; but there is no intrinsic beauty about him; on the contrary, there is something fantastic in his style and plumage. He has a way of drooping his wings as if they were armour-plates to shield him from a shot. The ornaments upon his head and beak are in the most awkward position. He was put together in a dream, of uneven and odd pieces that live and move, but do not fit. Ponderously gawky, he steps as if the world was his, like a 'motley' crowned in sport. He is good eating, but he is not beautiful. After the eye has been accustomed to him for some time—after you have fed him every day and come to take an interest in him—after you have seen a hundred turkey-cocks, then he may become passable, or, if you have the fancier's taste, exquisite. Education is requisite first; you do not fall in love at first sight. The same applies to fancy-pigeons, and indeed many pet animals, as pugs, which come in time to be animated with a soul in some people's eyes. Compare a pug with a greyhound straining at the leash. Instantly he is slipped, he is gone as a wave let loose. His flexible back bends and undulates, arches and unarches, rises and falls as a wave rises and rolls on. His pliant ribs open; his whole frame 'gives' and stretches, and closing again in a curve, springs forward. Movement is as easy to him as to the wave, which melting, is re-moulded, and sways onward. The curve of the greyhound is not only the line of beauty, but a line which suggests motion; and it is the idea of motion, I think, which so strongly appeals to the mind.

We are often scornfully treated as a nation by people who write about art, because they say we have no taste; we cannot make art jugs for the mantelpiece, crockery for the bracket, screens for the fire; we cannot even decorate the wall of a room as it should be done. If these are the standards by which a sense of art is to be tried, their scorn is to a certain degree just. But suppose we try another standard. Let us put aside the altogether false opinion that art consists alone in something actually made, or painted, or decorated, in carvings, colourings, touches of brush or chisel. Let us look at our lives. I mean to say that there is no nation so thoroughly and earnestly artistic as the English in their lives, their joys, their thoughts, their hopes. Who loves nature like an Englishman? Do Italians care for their pale skies? I never heard so. We go all over the world in search of beauty—to the keen north, to the cape whence the midnight sun is visible, to the extreme south, to the interior of Africa, gazing on the vast expanse of Tanganyika or

the marvellous falls of the Zambesi. We admire the temples and tombs and palaces of India; we speak of the Alhambra of Spain almost in whispers, so deep is our reverent admiration; we visit the Parthenon. There is not a picture nor a statue in Europe we have not sought. We climb the mountains for their views and the sense of grandeur they inspire; we roam over the wide ocean to the coral islands of the far Pacific; we go deep into the woods of the West; and we stand dreamily under the Pyramids of the East. What part is there of the English year which has not been sung by the poets? all of whom are full of its loveliness; and our greatest of all, Shakspeare, carries, as it were, armfuls of violets, and scatters roses and golden wheat across his pages, which are simply fields written with human life.

This is art indeed—art in the mind and soul, infinitely deeper, surely, than the construction of crockery, jugs for the mantelpiece, dados, or even of paintings. The lover of nature has the highest art in his soul. So, I think, the bluff English farmer who takes such pride and delight in his dogs and horses, is a much greater man of art than any Frenchman preparing with cynical dexterity of hand some coloured presentment of flashy beauty for the *salon*. The English girl who loves her horse—and English girls do love their horses most intensely—is infinitely more artistic in that fact than the cleverest painter on enamel. They who love nature are the real artists; the 'artists' are copyists. St John the naturalist, when exploring the recesses of the Highlands, relates how he frequently came in contact with men living in the rude Highland way—forty years since, no education then—whom at first you would suppose to be morose, unobservant, almost stupid. But when they found out that their visitor would stay for hours gazing in admiration at their glens and mountains, their demeanour changed. Then the truth appeared: they were fonder than he was himself of the beauties of their hills and lakes; they could see the art *there*, though perhaps they had never seen a picture in their lives, certainly not any blue and white crockery. The Frenchman flings his fingers dexterously over the canvas, but he has never had that in his heart which the rude Highlander had.

The path across the arable field was covered with a design of birds' feet. The reversed broad arrow of the fore-claws, and the straight line of the hinder claw, trailed all over it in curving lines. In the dry dust, their feet were marked as clearly as a seal on wax—their trails wound this way and that, and crossed as their quick eyes had led them to turn to find something. For fifty or sixty yards the path was worked with an inextricable design; it was a pity to step on it and blot out the traces of those little feet. Their hearts so happy, their eyes so observant, the earth so bountiful to them with its supply of food, and the late warmth of the autumn sun lighting up their life. They know and feel the different loveliness of the seasons as much as we do. Every one must have noticed their joyousness in spring; they are quiet, but so very, very busy in the height of summer; as autumn comes on they obviously delight in the occasional hours of warmth. The marks of their little feet are

almost sacred—a joyous life has been there—do not obliterate it. It is so delightful to know that something is happy.

The hawthorn hedge that glints down the slope is more coloured than the hedges in the sheltered plain. Yonder, a low bush on the brow is a deep crimson; the hedge as it descends varies from brown to yellow, dotted with red haws, and by the gateway has another spot of crimson. The lime-trees turn yellow from top to bottom, all the leaves together; the elms by one or two branches at a time. A lime-tree thus entirely coloured stands side by side with an elm, their boughs intermingling; the elm is green except a line at the outer extremity of its branches. A red light as of fire plays in the beeches, so deep is their orange tint in which the sunlight is caught. An oak is dotted with buff, while yet the main body of the foliage is untouched. With these tints and sunlight, nature gives us so much more than the tree gives. A tree is nothing but a tree in itself; but with light and shadow, green leaves moving, a bird singing, another moving to and fro—in autumn with colour—the boughs are filled with imagination. There then seems so much more than the mere tree; the timber of the trunk, the mere sticks of the branches, the wooden framework is animated with a life. High above, a lark sings, not for so long as in spring—the October song is shorter—but still he sings. If you love colour, plant maple; maple bushes colour a whole hedge. Upon the bank of a pond, the brown oak-leaves which have fallen are reflected in the still deep water.

It is from the hedges that taste must be learned. A garden abuts on these fields, and being on slightly rising ground, the maple bushes, the brown and yellow and crimson hawthorn, the limes and elms, are all visible from it; yet it is surrounded by stiff straight iron railings, unconcealed even by the grasses, which are carefully cut down with the docks and nettles, that do their best, three or four times in the summer, to hide the blank iron. Within these iron railings stands a row of *arbor vite*, upright, and stiff likewise, and among them a few other evergreens; and that is all the shelter the lawn and flower-beds have from the east wind, blowing for miles over open country; or from the glowing sun of August. This garden belongs to a gentleman who would certainly spare no moderate expense to improve it, and yet there it remains, the blankest, barest, most miserable-looking square of ground the eye can find; the only piece of ground from which the eye turns away; for even the potato-field close by, the common potato-field, had its colour in bright poppies, and there were partridges in it, and at the edges, fine growths of mallow and its mauve flowers. Wild parsley, still green in the shelter of the hazel stoles, is there now on the bank, a thousand times sweeter to the eye than bare iron and cold evergreens. Along that hedge, the white bryony wound itself in the most beautiful manner, completely covering the upper part of the thick brambles, a robe thrown over the bushes; its deep cut leaves, its countless tendrils, its flowers, and presently the berries, giving pleasure every time one passed it. Indeed, you could not pass without stopping to look at it, and wondering if any one ever so skilful, even those sure-handed Florentines Mr

Ruskin thinks so much of, could ever draw that intertangled mass of lines. Nor could you easily draw the leaves and head of the great parsley—commonest of hedge-plants—the deep indented leaves, and the shadow by which to express them. There was work enough in that short piece of hedge by the potato-field for a good pencil every day the whole summer. And when done, you would not have been satisfied with it, but only have learned how complex and how thoughtful and far-reaching, Nature is in the simplest of things. But with a straight-edge or ruler, any one could draw the iron railings in half an hour, and a surveyor's pupil could make them look as well as Millais himself. Stupidity to stupidity, genius to genius; any hard fist can manage iron railings; a hedge is a task for the greatest.

Those, therefore, who really wish their gardens or grounds, or any place, beautiful, must get that greatest of geniuses, Nature, to help them, and give their artist freedom to paint to fancy, for it is Nature's imagination which delights us—as I tried to explain about the tree, the imagination, and not the fact of the timber and sticks. For these white bryony leaves and slender spirals and exquisitely defined flowers, are full of imagination, products of a sunny dream, and tinted so tastefully, that although they are green, and all about them is green too, yet the plant is quite distinct, and in no degree confused or lost in the mass of leaves under and by it. It stands out, and yet without violent contrast. All these beauties of form and colour surround the place, and try, as it were, to march in and take possession, but are shut out by straight iron railings. Wonderful it is that education should make folk tasteless! Such, certainly, seems to be the case in a great measure, and not in our own country only, for those who know Italy tell us that the fine old gardens there, dating back to the days of the Medici, are being despoiled of ilex and made formal and straight. Is all the world to be Versaillesised?

Scarcely two hundred yards from these cold iron railings, which even nettles and docks would hide if they could, and thistles strive to conceal, but are not permitted, there is an old cottage by the roadside. The roof is of old tile, once red, now dull from weather; the walls some tone of yellow; the folk are poor. Against it there grows a vigorous plant of jessamine, a still finer rose, a vine covers the lean-to at one end, and tea-plant the corner of the wall; besides these, there is a yellow-flowering plant, the name of which I forget at the moment, also trained to the walls; and ivy. Altogether, six plants grow up the walls of the cottage; and over the wicket-gate there is a rude arch—a framework of tall sticks—from which droop thick bunches of hops. It is a very commonplace sort of cottage; nothing artistically picturesque about it, no effect of gable or timber-work; it stands by the roadside in the most commonplace way, and yet it pleases. They have called in Nature, that great genius, and let the artist have his own way. In Italy, the art-country, they cut down the ilex trees, and get the surveyor's pupil with straight-edge and ruler to put it right and square for them. Our over-educated and well-to-do people set iron railings round about their blank pleasure-grounds, which

the potato-field laughs at in bright poppies; and actually one who has some fine park-grounds has lifted up on high a mast and weather-vane! a thing useful on the sea-board at coastguard stations for signalling, but oh! how repellent and straight and stupid among clumps of graceful elms!

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER III.

As it turned out, Frances had not the courage. Mr Waring strolled into the loggia shortly after Miss Durant had left her. He smiled when he heard of her visit, and asked what news she had brought. Tasie was the recognised channel for news, and seldom appeared without leaving some little story behind her.

'I don't think she had any news to-day; except that there had been a great many at the Sunday school last Sunday. Fancy, papa, twelve children! She is quite excited about it.'

'That is a triumph,' said Mr Waring with a laugh. He stretched out his long limbs from the low basket-chair in which he had placed himself. He had relaxed a little altogether from the tension of the morning, feeling himself secure and at his ease in his own house, where no one could intrude upon him or call up ghosts of the past. The air was beyond expression sweet and tranquillising, the sun going down in a mist of glory behind the endless peaks and ridges that stretched away towards the west, the sea lapping the shore with a soft cadence that was more imagined than heard on the heights of the Punto, but yet added another harmony to the scene. Near at hand, a faint wind rustled the long leaves of the palm-trees, and the pale olive woods lent a softness to the landscape, tempering its brightness. Such a scene fills up the weary mind, and has the blessed quality of arresting thought. It was good for the breathing too—or at least so this invalid thought—and he was more amiable than usual, with no harshness in voice or temper to introduce a discord. 'I am glad she was pleased,' he said. 'Tasie is a good girl, though not perhaps so much of a girl as she thinks. Why she goes in for a Sunday school where none is wanted, I can't tell; but anyhow I am glad she is pleased. Where did they come from, the twelve children? Poor little beggars! how sick of it they must have been.'

'A number of them belonged to that English family, papa'—

'I suppose they must all belong to English families,' he said calmly; 'the natives are not such fools.'

'But, papa, I mean—the people we met—the people you knew.'

He made no reply for a few minutes, and then he said calmly: 'What an ass the man must be, not only to travel with children, but to send them to poor Tasie's Sunday school! You must do me the justice, Fan, to acknowledge that I never attempted to treat you in that way.'

'No; but, papa—perhaps the gentleman is a very religious man.'

'And you don't think I am? Well, perhaps I laid myself open to such a retort.'

'O papa!' Frances cried, with tears starting to her eyes, 'you know I could not mean that.'

'If you take religion as meaning a life by rule, which is its true meaning, you were right enough, my dear. That is what I never could do. It might have been better for me if I had. It is always better for one to put one's self in harmony with received notions and the prejudices of society. Tasie would not have her Sunday school but for that. It is the right thing. I think you have a leaning towards the right thing, my little girl, yourself.'

'I don't like to be particular, papa, if that is what you mean.'

'Always keep to that,' her father said with a smile. And then he opened the book which he had been holding all this time in his hand. Such a thing had happened, when Frances was in high spirits and very courageous, as that she had pursued him even into his book; but it was a very rare exercise of valour, and to-day she shrank from it. If she only had the courage; but she had not the courage. She had given up her drawing, for the sun no longer shone on the group of palms. She had no book, and indeed at any time was not much given to reading, except when a happy chance threw a novel into her hands. She watched the sun go down by imperceptible degrees, yet not slowly, behind the mountains. When he had quite disappeared, the landscape changed too; the air, as the Italians say, grew brown; a little momentary chill breathed out of the sky. It is always depressing to a solitary watcher when this change takes place.

Frances was not apt to be depressed, but for the moment she felt lonely and dull, and a great sense of monotony took hold upon her. It was like this every night; it would be like this, so far as she knew, every night to come, until perhaps she grew old, like Tasie, without becoming aware that she had ceased to be a girl. It was not a cheering prospect. And when there is any darkness or mystery surrounding one's life, these are just the circumstances to quicken curiosity, and turn it into something graver, into an anxious desire to know. Frances did not know positively that there was a mystery. She had no reason to think there was, she said to herself. Her father preferred to live easily on the Riviera, instead of living in a way that would trouble him at home. Perhaps the gentleman they had met was a bore, and that was why Mr Waring avoided all mention of him. He frequently thought people were bores, with whom Frances was very well satisfied. Why should she think any more of it? Oh, how she wished she had the courage to ask plainly and boldly: Who are we? Where do we come from? Have we any friends? But she had not the courage. She looked towards him, and trembled, imagining within herself what would be the consequence if she interrupted his reading, plucked him out of the quietude of the hour and of his book, and demanded an explanation—when very likely there was no explanation! when, in all probability, everything was quite simple, if she only knew.

The evening passed as evenings generally did pass in the Palazzo. Mr Waring talked a little at dinner quite pleasantly, and smoked a cigarette in the loggia afterwards in great good-humour,

telling Frances various little stories of people he had known. This was a sign of high satisfaction on his part, and very agreeable to her, and no doubt he was entirely unaware of the perplexity in her mind and the questions she was so desirous of asking. The air was peculiarly soft that evening, and he sat in the loggia till the young moon set, with an overcoat on his shoulders and a rug on his knees, sometimes talking, sometimes silent—in either way a very agreeable companion. Frances had never been cooped up in streets, or exposed to the chill of an English spring; so she had not that keen sense of contrast which doubles the enjoyment of a heavenly evening in such a heavenly locality. It was all quite natural, common, and everyday to her; but no one could be indifferent to the sheen of the young moon, to the soft circling of the darkness, and the reflections on the sea. It was all very lovely, and yet there was something wanting. What was wanting? She thought it was knowledge, acquaintance with her own position, and relief from this strange bewildering sensation of being cut off from the race altogether, which had risen within her mind so quickly and with so little cause.

But many beside Frances have felt the wistful call for happiness more complete, which comes in the soft darkening of a summer night; and probably it was not explanation, but something else, more common to human nature, that she wanted. The voices of the peaceful people outside, the old men and women who came out to sit on the benches upon the Punte, or on the stone seat under the wall of the Palazzo, and compare their experiences, and enjoy the cool of the evening, sounded pleasantly from below. There was a softened din of children playing, and now and then a sudden rush of voices, when the young men who were strolling about got excited in conversation, and stopped short in their walk for the delivery of some sentence more emphatic than the rest; and the mothers chattered over their babies, cooing and laughing. The babies should have been in bed, Frances said to herself, half laughing half crying, in a sort of tender anger with them all for being so familiar and so much at home. They were entirely at home where they were; they knew everybody, and were known from father to son, and from mother to daughter, all about them. They did not call a distant and unknown country by that sweet name, nor was there one among them who had any doubt as to where he or she was born. This thought made Frances sigh, and then made her smile. After all, if that was all! And then she saw that Domenico had brought the lamp into the *salone*, and that it was time to go indoors.

Next morning, she went out between the early coffee and the mid-day breakfast, to do some little household business, on which, in consideration that she was English, and not bound by the laws that are so hard and fast with Italian girls, Mariuccia consented to let her go alone. It was very seldom that Mr Waring went out, or indeed was visible at that hour, the expedition of the former day being very exceptional. Frances went down to the shops to do her little commissions for Mariuccia. She even investigated the Savona pots of which Tasie had spoken. In her circum-

stances, it was scarcely possible not to be more or less of a collector. There is nobody in these regions who does not go about with eyes open to anything there may be to 'pick up.' And after this she walked back through the olive woods, by those distracting little terraces which lead the stranger so constantly out of his way, but are quite simple to those who are to the manner born—until she reached once more the broad piece of unshadowed road which leads up to the old town. At the spot at which she and her father had met the English family yesterday, she made a momentary pause, recalling all the circumstances of the meeting, and what the stranger had said: 'A fellow that stuck by you all through.' All through what? she asked herself. As she paused to make this little question, to which there was no response, she heard a sound of voices coming from the upper side of the wood, where the slopes rose high into more and more olive gardens. 'Don't hurry along so; I'm coming,' some one said. Frances looked up, and her heart jumped into her mouth as she perceived that it was once more the English family whom she was about to meet on the same spot.

The father was in advance this time, and he was hurrying down, she thought, with the intention of addressing her. What should she do? She knew very well what her father would have wished her to do; but probably for that very reason a contradictory impulse arose in her. Without doubt, she wanted to know what this man knew and could tell her. Not that she would ask him anything, she was too proud for that. To betray that she was not acquainted with her father's affairs, that she had to go to a stranger for information, was a thing of which she was incapable. But if he wished to speak to her—to send, perhaps, some message to her father? Frances quieted her conscience in this way. She was very anxious, excited by the sense that there was something to find out; and if it was anything her father would not approve, why, then, she could shut it up in her own breast and never let him know it to trouble him. And it was right at her age that she should know. All these sophistries hurried through her mind more rapidly than lightning during the moment in which she paused hesitating, and gave the large Englishman, overwhelmed with the heat, and hurrying down the steep path with his white umbrella over his head, time to make up to her. He was rather out of breath, for though he had been coming down hill, and not going up, the way was steep.

'Miss Waring, Miss Waring,' he cried as he approached, 'how is your father? I want to ask for your father,' taking off his straw hat and exposing his flushed countenance under the shadow of the green-lined umbrella, which enhanced all its ruddy tints; then, as he came within reach of her, he added hastily: 'I am so glad I have met you. How is he? for he did not give me any address.'

'Papa is quite well, thank you,' said Frances with the habitual response of a child.

'Quite well? Oh, that is a great deal more than I expected to hear. He was not quite well yesterday, I am sure. He is dreadfully changed. It was a sort of guesswork my recognising him

at all. He used to be such a powerful-made man. Is it pulmonary? I suspect it must be something of the kind, he has so wasted away.'

'Pulmonary? Indeed, I don't know. He has a little asthma sometimes. And of course he is very thin,' said Frances; 'but that does not mean anything; he is quite well.'

The stranger shook his head. He had taken the opportunity to wipe it with a large white handkerchief, and had made his bald forehead look redder than ever. 'I shouldn't like to alarm you,' he said—'I wouldn't, for all the world; but I hope you have trustworthy advice? These Italian doctors, they are not much to be trusted. You should get a real good English doctor to come and have a look at him.'

'O indeed, it is only asthma; he is well enough, quite well, not anything the matter with him,' Frances protested. The large stranger stood and smiled compassionately upon her, still shaking his head.

'Mary,' he said; 'here, my dear!—This is Miss Waring. She says her father is quite well, poor thing. I am telling her I am so very glad we have met her, for Waring did not leave me any address.'

'How do you do, my dear?' said the stout lady—not much less red than her husband—who had also hurried down the steep path to meet Frances. 'And your father is quite well? I am so glad. We thought him looking rather—thin: not so strong as he used to look.'

'But then,' added her husband, 'it is such a long time since we have seen him, and he never was very stout. I hope, if you will pardon me for asking, that things have been smoothed down between him and the rest of the family? When I say "smoothed down," I mean set on a better footing—more friendly, more harmonious. I am very glad I have seen you, to inquire privately—for one never knows how far to go with a man of his—well—peculiar temper.'

'Don't say that, George.—You must not think, my dear, that Mr Mannering means anything that is not quite nice and amiable and respectful to your papa. It is only out of kindness that he asks. Your poor papa has been much tried. I am sure he has always had my sympathy, and my husband's too. Mr Mannering only means that he hopes things are more comfortable between your father and—Which is so much to be desired for everybody's sake.'

The poor girl stood and stared at them with large, round, widely opening eyes, with the wondering stare of a child. There had been a little half-mischievous, half-anxious longing in her mind to find out what these strangers knew; but now she came to herself suddenly, and felt as a traveller feels who all at once pulls himself up on the edge of a precipice. What was this pitfall which she had nearly stumbled into, this rent from the past, which was so great and so complete that she had never heard of it, never guessed it? Fright seized upon her, and dismay, and, what probably stood her in more stead for the moment, a stinging sensation of wounded pride, which brought the colour burning to her cheeks. Must she let these people find out that she knew nothing, at her age—that her father had never confided in her

at all—that she could not even form an idea what they were talking about? She had pleased herself with the possibility of some little easy discovery, of finding out, perhaps, something about the cousins, whom it seemed certain, according to Tassie, every one must possess, whether they were aware of it or not—some little revelation of origin and connections such as could do nobody any harm. But when she woke up suddenly to find herself as it were upon the edge of a chasm which had split her father's life in two, the young creature trembled. She was frightened beyond measure by this unexpected contingency; she dared not listen to another word.

'Oh!' she said with a quiver in her voice, 'I am afraid I have no time to stop and talk. Papa will be waiting for his breakfast. I will tell him you—asked for him.'

'Give him our love,' said the lady.—'Indeed, George, she is quite right; we must hurry too, or we shall be too late for the *table-d'hôte*.'

'But I have not got the address,' said the husband. Frances made a little courtesy, as she had been taught, and waved her hand as she hurried away. He thought that she had not understood him. 'Where do you live?' he called after her as she hastened along. She pointed towards the height of the little town, and alarmed for she knew not what, lest he should follow her—lest he should call something after her which she ought not to hear, fled along towards the steep ascent. She could hear the voices behind her slightly elevated talking to each other, and then the sound of the children rattling down the stony course of the higher road, and the quick question and answer as they rejoined their parents. Then gradually everything relapsed into silence as the party disappeared. When she heard the voices no longer, Frances began to regret that she had been so hasty. She paused for a moment, and looked back; but already the family were almost out of sight, the solid figures which led the procession indistinguishable from the little ones who struggled behind. Whether it might have been well or ill to take advantage of the chance, it was now over. She arrived at the Palazzo out of breath, and found Domenico at the door, looking out anxiously for her. 'The Signorina is late,' he said very gravely; 'the padrone has almost had to wait for his breakfast.' Domenico was quite original, and did not know that such a terrible possibility had threatened any illustrious personage before.

THE BURIED CITIES.

A HALO of romance surrounds the very names of Pompeii and Herculaneum, as we read the strange story of their melancholy fate; but when we visit those silent streets and stand in those empty theatres, the romance is translated into such vivid reality, that we seem to live in the life of that distant past, every detail of which is preserved, and brought visibly and tangibly before us. Nature smiles, unfaded and unchanged, in all her Southern loveliness; the purple waters of the Bay of Naples still kiss the vine-wreathed shore; still the burning mountain shoots its fire and smoke into the blue vault of heaven, as an awful reminder of the unseen forces smouldering

beneath it, ever ready to overwhelm the surrounding plain, and to repeat the story written on Pompeii and Herculaneum with a finger of fire.

The principal excavations have been made at Pompeii, which, being buried in ashes, was more easily disinterred than Herculaneum, upon which the full force of the crimson lava-stream flowed in its burning course, hardening rapidly to the consistency of marble, which had to be quarried before the city could be reached. Owing to the difficulty of the work, only a small part of the necessary excavation is completed, and great care has to be exercised, from the fact of another town having sprung up on the surface of the lava, and the consequent danger of undermining it. We walk through narrow passages tunnelled in the lava to the large theatre. The orchestra with its marble seats is perfect; the stage, too, is excavated; but the remaining parts are not yet quarried out of the enormous mass of lava, many yards in depth, under which they were buried. We pass through more lava-tunnels to an excavated square, containing houses and shops. The frescos of the so-called 'House of Argus' still retain their bright colouring; many of the marble pillars are calcined to lime. On the marble counter of a wineshop the green impressions of bronze coins found there still remain. At the side are a number of the earthen *amphorce* used to contain the wine; but, as at Pompeii, most of the articles discovered in the houses have been necessarily removed to the Museum of Naples. The whole district surrounding Herculaneum is a mass of cooled lava, a black desolate region, whence lava is quarried for paving and building purposes. The very air is sulphurous, and tainted with Vesuvian smoke.

Very different is the beautiful scene from Pompeii, with the blue sea on one side and luxuriant vegetation on the other; in the distance, the shadowy violet cliffs of Capri and Ischia rising from the waves. We descend a sloping path to the silent city, which stands between two enormous embankments of ashes, like a very deep railway cutting, and enter by the great gateway, with arches and pillars in perfect preservation. Through a small arch at the side, intended for foot-passengers, we pass into the deserted streets; from the high narrow footway, we see the track of wheels on the paved street below; and the great stepping-stones are still there, as in days of old, when the Pompeian ladies and their attendant slaves stepped lightly from one to another, on their way to the baths, the theatres, or other diversions of that gay life, whose every detail lies crystallised for the benefit of succeeding ages. Everywhere stand the remains of sculptured fountains—at the street corners, in every house, in every square. The whole city must have been musical with the ripple of falling waters, in those long-past summer noontides and moonlit nights when Pompeii was in its zenith of pomp and pride.

A number of converging streets lead into the forum—the centre of the city's life. Here are the perfect remains of beautiful temples, with their marble columns and sculptured altars, on which inscriptions to Juno, Venus, &c. may still be read. On some are delicate carvings representing sacrifice, in high

relief, every detail of leaf, flower, and figure clear and sharp as when first chiselled. On the inner walls are nymphs and goddesses, classical fables and legends in fresco. We go through the street of the soap-makers and visit the large soapworks, where the huge iron caldrons are still left, their intrinsic value not being sufficient to warrant removal. Another street is full of wineshops, with the large red jars still inserted in the marble counters. Then we pass the city bake-houses, whose ovens were found full of charred bread, now in the Naples Museum, the baker's name stamped upon each loaf. Close by are the splendid public baths, with every appliance for hot, cold, and vapour baths, the pipes and cisterns still remaining. We walk into the frigidarium, tepidarium, and other chambers, the floors of black and white marble, with raised marble seats round each room, walls and ceilings covered with appropriate sculpture and painting: Diana bathing in a forest stream; a group of water-nymphs disporting themselves by moonlight in a calm lake; the Sirens combing their golden hair on the neighbouring rocks, which still bear their name. How wonderfully the luxurious Pompeian life is brought to mind, as we stand here lost in the dreams which the baths inspire, of the youth, fashion, and beauty of two thousand years ago.

One quarter of the city contains only the private houses of the rich; the bust of the owner in each atrium or entrance hall, with the name carved below, informs us to whom every house belonged. All are built in the same style, with the atrium, impluvium, and triclinium, after the usual Roman fashion; slender marble pillars, which once supported the roofs, now vanished, or remaining only in the shape of crumbled fragments, fallen in upon the marble floors below. The remains of a fountain are generally found in the central basin of the impluvium, that cool retreat from the fierce Italian sun, once green with leafy plants and musical with murmuring waters, where the gay Pompeians took their siesta in the shade, or lounged through the hot noonday hours. The sleeping-rooms surround the three large divisions of the houses, all being built on the ground-floor, with no upper story. On every threshold is 'Ave' or 'Cave canem' (Beware the dog) in black mosaic on the white marble. The inner walls are painted with wreaths of flowers and fruit, or dancing-girls in transparent draperies strewing roses. All the frescos show the soft and pleasure-loving Pompeian temperament. Artistic grace and beauty are everywhere present; but neither force nor fervour can be seen; life seems to have been regarded as a long game of play, or one continuous flower-wreathed festival.

We search for the houses of Sallust and Cloacus, and that of the Tragic Poet, so called from the frescos on the wall representing scenes from the Greek tragedies, and giving a clue to the life of the owner; but the number of houses makes a detailed examination of each one an impossibility. At the corner of a street leading into the forum stands the exchange. On the walls, the names of certain magistrates and a request to vote for them, implies that the city at the time of its destruction was on the eve of a general election. On another wall beyond, some more red letters tell us that on the kalends of May

some lions will fight in the amphitheatre with a certain gladiator of great renown. These little touches here and there from the distant past enable us more than anything else to realise the actual life of Pompeii.

We ascend a flight of marble steps to the Tragic Theatre; stage, orchestra, auditorium, and even ticket-offices are in perfect preservation—all open to the sky, after the ancient fashion. We think of the tragedies represented on this very stage, of the hushed and eager faces rising tier above tier to the blue sky, of the jewelled dames and rose-crowned maidens whose tears did homage to the tragedian's art; the strains of music from the long-silent orchestra; and then, all in a moment, we see the ashen cloud descending upon the crowd, who rush wildly from the scene, some few to escape in safety, others to rush into the blue sea in their madness, and upon the rest, the pall of darkness falling, not to be lifted for two thousand years. Close at hand is the smaller Comic Theatre, where jest and epigram played their part in holding up the follies of the day to ridicule; where wit sparkled merrily, and satire scathed all that it touched; where the mirth and laughter of the gay spectators were suddenly checked into eternal silence by that advancing cloud of doom. The place seems thronged with ghosts and memories; nowhere else does the melancholy silence of Pompeii strike us so forcibly as in this theatre, once built to foster fun and merriment.

Hence we go to the Street of Tombs, on rising ground, which commands exquisite views of the blue waters and the verdant shore. The inscriptions on the monuments are clear enough to be easily read. On one stately white marble tomb, the words (in Latin), 'To Mamia, a priestess, by order of the *Triumvirs*,' look almost new, so clearly are they chiselled on the tablet. A marble seat stands here, once placed for the accommodation of those who used to visit the tomb. We rest for a moment, and think of that long-dead Mamia, with white vestal robes and dark flowing hair, and, perchance, the rapt face which Raphael has given to his Cumean sibyl, and wonder what manner of woman she was, to win such honour from the chief magistrates of Pompeii. Did she 'prophecy smooth things,' and so gain the approval of the votaries of pleasure? Or did her personal austerities try to atone for those other lives, so soft and luxurious, and thus win from them in death some tribute of pity and remorse, of which this stately tomb was the outward expression?

Just opposite is a large building, supposed to have been the principal inn of Pompeii; the stables, with remains of the stalls, are pointed out, though, strange to say, the skeletons of only two horses have yet been found. It is thought that the atmospheric disturbances were felt by animal instinct sooner than by human senses, and that this instinct led the horses to escape from the city before the full force of the catastrophe made itself felt. The villa of Diomed stands near. His skeleton, the golden brooch still fastening the charred toga, was found on the threshold, a leathern purse of gold coins tightly clutched in one hand.

The ineffaceable records of Pompeii are enough to provide an inexhaustible fund of story and

song; every tomb is rich in suggestions, every house is a compendium of the history of that past age, and the interest of the place increases with each fresh excavation. A third part of the city still remains to be discovered, including the Street of the Goldsmiths, where rich treasures of ancient art are supposed to be hidden. The perfect preservation in which most of the articles are found is due not only to the immense weight of ashes rendering the city air-tight, but also to the chemical properties of the sulphureous and mineral-charged cloud which rained down in tons upon the houses and streets.

Near the entrance gate is a small Museum, containing the skeletons found in the city—a mother and daughter clasped in each other's arms; a sentinel found at his post; a man evidently knocked down by the cloud of ashes; and several others. Some of them have been injured in the process of excavation, in spite of the unparalleled care with which the digging and sifting are always done. When a skeleton is found, hot plaster of Paris is immediately poured on to it, so that, while preserving the skeleton intact, it gives us also, by filling up the impression or mould of the body that had lain there, the form and features of the living man, thus adding to the interest and reality of what we see. All lie in the same position in which they were found; the rings still on the fingers.

The only regret we feel about this excavation of Pompeii is that it was impossible to leave there the countless articles of furniture, dress, and luxury which were found; and therefore, to preserve them from pillage and destruction, as well as from exposure to the air, they were taken to the Naples Museum, which forms the needful sequel to a visit to Pompeii. There we see room after room full of furniture from Pompeian houses—beds, baths, chairs, and tables all of carved bronze; bronze couches, with the charred leathern cushions on which the indolent Pompeians once lounged at their costly feasts; every imaginable kitchen utensil, knives, forks, the handles formed of a tiny human figure in bronze; exquisitely finished bottles of curious iridescent glass; figures of the *Lares* and *Penates*; vases, beakers, jugs, cups, and dishes of every size and shape; the rare artistic skill displaying the superiority of work done by hand to the products of modern machinery. A large collection of surgical instruments greatly interested a celebrated physician who was one of our party, and who expressed unbounded surprise at the very slight difference between these relics of the infancy of medical science and the instruments in use at the present day. Some large cases of dentists' tools caught our eye also; nor did we need to be told what they were, being only too well acquainted with similar instruments of torture. A great number of paint-boxes are displayed, which still contain the same bright soft colours which we see on the walls of Pompeii; and case after case of jewels, some found in the houses, others evidently dropped in hurried flight from the burning city, or fallen from the necks and arms of the skeletons. Rings, bracelets, chains, tiaras, necklaces without end, of finely chased gold, set with gems, some of the jewels uninjured, and sparkling as brightly after the lapse of ages, as they did on the snowy neck of a Pompeian beauty two

thousand years ago; others dropped from the setting, where the heat has melted the gold out of shape. Exquisite cameo rings and clasps, representing classical or mythological subjects. Often a winged Mercury, or a Psyche with the butterfly poised above her head, serves to remind us how art lives, though the artist dies.

On a lady's bronze toilet-table stand a glass jar half full of rouge, some pomade pots, and a litter of carved combs, bronze hairpins, curling-irons and tongs, surrounding the polished metal mirror which once reflected the face whose beauty the fair owner tried to heighten. Those combs and hairpins once fastened perfumed tresses; white fingers once dallied with the unguents and essences which stand on the table, or dipped the puff into the rouge which glows still with its pristine colour, though the cheek which it tinted is dissolved in death. A silk hair-net looking fresh and new hangs on a bronze hook; and a charred shawl, with the long woollen fringe left upon it, lies close beside it, perhaps hastily caught up and wrapped over the festal robes, in preparation for the hurried flight, for universal testimony agrees that the city was destroyed at the time when some great festival was being held.

These personal details of dress and ornament move us strangely, and bind us by strong links of sympathy and pity with the sufferers in a calamity which, to most of us, is too far off to supply that touch of nature 'which makes the whole world kin.' Here are the sandals which once bound the light feet of Pompeian girls as they moved in the dance, or fled from the fiery rain which turned their joy into mourning, their life into death. Here are the skull and arm of a girl found buried in a side-stream of lava, upon which the impression of her rounded, youthful figure still remains, though that graceful form has long been numbered with the dead. Perhaps she was on her way to the theatre, with one of those quaintly devised tickets in her hand which attract our attention in a neighbouring room—tiny ivory violins to designate the orchestra, ivory pigeons with outspread wings for the gallery, little tablets with red numerical figures for the reserved seats of the patricians. How suggestive they are of that past life of pleasure, with its amusements, its follies, and its sins, so similar to those of later times—a fact brought before us by the number of dice, many of them loaded, which were found in the houses, showing that the chicaneries of the gambler were well known in Pompeii.

In the room which contains the charred bread from the public ovens already mentioned, are some bronze dishes of fruit set out exactly in the order in which they were found—dates, figs, walnuts, nuts, and plums, burned perfectly black, but retaining their shape unmistakably. It looks as though the guests had fled from the table on which the dessert was set out. The contents of a pantry stand near—a jar half full of oil; a bottle of flour, partly used; a string-net hanging up, full of eggs, looking like lumps of chalk or lime; a piece of roasted meat, fallen from an oven. These things make a bridge over the gulf of Time which separates us from Pompeian life, no doubt vividly described in the thousands of

charred and undecipherable parchments, supposed to represent the state documents, literature and poetry, of the city—probably the contents of the public library, to which are added numerous papyrus rolls, found in the houses of the rich. Here, too, are large bales of drapery and clothing, all burned to a uniform blackness, and scarcely distinguishable as to colour and texture, though gold threads glittering here and there suggest robes of state or festive garments laid aside in chest and coffer, but reached by the devouring heat, if not by actual fire.

Pliny the Elder, who at the time of the destruction of the two cities was in command of the fleet at Misenum, on the opposite side of the Bay of Naples, watched the gradual darkening of the thick cloud over Vesuvius, and tells us that the smoke spread outward and upward until it resembled a gigantic pine-tree stretching across the heavens, while loud subterranean thunders were heard, and a fountain of fire dashed up into the sky. Then the great crimson lava-flood burst forth and rushed down the mountain side in a river of liquid fire, to bury Herculaneum; and the clouds of ashes, cinders, and sparks poured down by tons on Pompeii, the waters of the bay leaping up to meet the hissing fire which fell into the waves, engulfing many of the boats which were bearing fugitives away from the terrible scene. Pliny himself lost his life, from venturing in a boat too near to the flaming town. Earth, air, and water each had its share in this awful convulsion of the elements; the thunder of the mountain mocked the thunder of the waves upon the shore. One moment the fiery stream lighted up the crimson lava-flood and the pale, terrified faces of those who fled shrieking from their doom; another moment, and all was engulfed in pitchy darkness. Then the rain of fire and the choking ashes buried palace, and temple, and tomb, turning each and all into a living grave. When silence fell upon the scene, Pompeii with its revels and roses lay fathoms deep in a shroud of ashes, to sleep the sleep of death through the silent centuries, until eighteen hundred years were told, when the spell of mystery was broken, and as by an enchanter's wand, the secret of its past was laid bare, and the veil lifted upon the old life thus so suddenly arrested.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

I.

SOMEWHAT less than half-a-dozen miles from Carlisle lies a pretty but sleepy little village, which we shall call Linthwaite. Far removed from the march of progress, it reposes in a peaceful slumber, unbroken by the rattle and din of locomotives, and unmolested by the 'kettle o' steäm'-driven inventions, so dear to agriculturists of the modern style. Save that in summer and autumn, the whirr of the new-fangled reaping-machine is heard in the meadows and cornfields, as it sweeps down broad swaths of hay and yellow corn—usurping the place of the sturdy scant-clad husbandman, wielding his keen-edged scythe, and the bands of Irishmen, each armed

with his trusty sickle, who formerly invaded the land at harvest-time—no sound is ever heard there that might not have broken the silence fifty years ago. Certainly, now and again, at times when there is going to be rain, as the old folks say in their weather wisdom, the distant sound of a railway engine's whistle may be heard borne on the wind, faint and weird as the plaintive piping of the plover overhead in his autumn flight; but then it is so intangible as to seem but a 'wandering voice' from a far-off country, with which the good folks of Linthwaite can have nothing in common.

The young people have most of them, to be sure, at one time or another ventured their necks and limbs in a railway train; but there are those among its older inhabitants who have never yet known, and probably never will enjoy, that dangerous luxury. The farmers, with their wives or daughters, betake themselves to Carlisle every Saturday to dispose of their farm produce and make their marketing; and at less frequent intervals the villagers make fitful visits to the same place with the latter object, and this constitutes their main personal intercourse with the outer world. For the rest, the weekly newspaper supplies them with all the information they require touching markets and crops, politics for the men, and fashions and gossip for the women; and so they live their uneventful lives.

A stone-throw from the road that skirts the village green stands Knowecroft, an old-fashioned farmhouse, which has been the patrimony of one generation of Martindales after another, time out of mind. At the period of our story it is occupied by a widow, her son, and daughter. Her husband has been dead some years; but his place as head of the household is filled by his son, Joe Martindale, who has now reached the age of twenty-five; his sister Ruth being some seven years younger.

It was on a bright September morning that Mrs Martindale, still a buxom and active dame, trotted down the orchard and called to her son, who was superintending harvesting operations in an adjoining field: 'Joe, Joe!'

'Ay, ay, mother. What is it?'

'Come here; I want the.'

Obedient to her call, Joe made his appearance, ruddy and sunburnt, and mopping his brow as he came.

'Here's a letter fra' Ruth,' continued his mother. 'She says she's comin' back to-night, an' thoo has to meet her at Caryl by the seven o'clock train. I divvent know what lasses are meade on noodays! Dis she think we've nowt to do wid the horses than to gan' rakin' off to the toon wid them at this tyme, an' half the fields to cut yit?'

'Well, mother,' rejoined Joe, laughing, 'she must come back some time, and I don't know that she could come at a better. And we won't hinder work either, for I'll take old Blossom.

He's good enough for that yet, and I'll give him his time.'

'Wey, I daresay thoo'll be able to mannish wid him,' replied Mrs Martindale; 'and I'll be reet glad to git the lass back again, onyway.'

To explain which, we may mention that Miss Ruth had been away from home for a whole week, to officiate as bridesmaid at the wedding of a cousin in Westmorland; and her mother had so missed her winsome face, that, notwithstanding her apparent reluctance, she would have been glad to get her daughter back again at the price of a day's work of every horse about the place.

So in good time Joe, having harnessed Blossom to the dogcart, drove leisurely off to Carlisle. Joe, as we said, is five-and-twenty years old, and stands rather over five feet ten in his stockings; is straight as a poplar and lithe as a willow; slim in build, but wiry and muscular, as a Cumberland yeoman should be. In the saddle he rides like a fox-hunter; on foot, his gait approaches the martial, as, with square shoulders well thrown back and head erect, he 'looks the whole world in the face.' His head is covered with curly brown hair, cropped short; his face, untouched by razor, is adorned by whiskers and beard of a darker shade. The general expression of his face is suggestive of good-nature and merriment; but something in the set of his lips betokens firmness, and even doggedness of purpose.

A good farmer for his years, and fairly accomplished in all the sports and pastimes of the country-side, he is also possessed of a taste for literature, and has read more than most of his class. For this latter tendency he is probably indebted to the fact that his education was completed under the eye of his father's cousin, who was vicar of a parish in Westmorland, and eked out his scanty stipend there by taking Joe and one or two other lads to educate along with his own sons.

II.

After an easy drive, Joe reached the station at Carlisle a few minutes before seven, and in due course the train arrived; but, to his disappointment, no Ruth came with it. On making inquiry, he found that this train did not stop at Tebay—a fact which his sister must have overlooked when making arrangements for his meeting her—and that she could not now reach Carlisle before half-past ten. So he drove back to the *Lion*, which was their usual quarters, and putting Blossom in charge of the hostler, he strolled out into the town. Walking up Lowther Street, he noticed that most of the people there were moving in the opposite direction, so he turned and joined them. He then found that they were bound for the theatre; and as he had nearly three hours to wait before his sister's train was due, he determined to drop in there and see

what was to be seen. The play was one of the usual melodramatic type, with a 'good murder' to begin with, a virtuous young man on whom suspicion falls, complications innumerable brought about by the machinations of a wicked uncle, heart-rending scenes between the hero and his devoted sweetheart, another murder, and a detective officer of superhuman sagacity, who clears everything up just at the right moment, bringing the whole to an orthodox conclusion, with 'virtue triumphant and villainy vanquished.'

Joe watched the whole of the first act with phlegmatic indifference, but not so the second. The scene of this was laid in a dairy, and the change in Joe's feelings was brought about by the entrance of the dairymaid Phoebe. Was there ever such a charming manipulator of butter seen outside of fairyland? She had not many words to speak, for she was only there as a foil to set off the heroine, resplendent in silks and lace, who had come to the dairy on the sly to meet the hero, the farmer's son.

But Phoebe, in her neat pink dress, with sleeves rolled up, displaying the plumpest of arms and the dimpiest of elbows, deftly patting the butter, and trotting about her work as though she had been brought up inside a dairy all her life, had all Joe's eyes, and he saw nothing of the thrilling love-scene that was being enacted by the resplendent lady and her suitor in the foreground.

The dairymaid was not tall, by any means; if Joe had had his arm round her waist, and she had been looking up into Joe's face, her chin might have been about the level of Joe's heart, and Joe was five feet ten, so you may guess her height from that. The chin in question was round, and had a most bewitching dimple; her lips were red and pouting. Her nose was just the least little bit 'tip-tilted;' but her eyes—oh! we can't describe her eyes, for they were large and brown and liquid; and they could be cold and repelling, or languishing and attractive, or merry and sparkling, just as fitted the mood in which the fair Phoebe might be when she looked at you. Furthermore, she was plump, but jimp in the waist withal—not of the jimpness engendered by corsets and such-like devices, but of nature; and the pink gown in which she was dressed was not too long to hide a pair of the smallest of feet and most delicately turned ankles that ever supported a daughter of Eve. And to crown all, she walked about her stage-dairy modestly as a nun, and apparently utterly unconscious of the lookers-on.

When she left the stage, Joe found time to examine his playbill to ascertain the name of this charming creature, whom he found to be therein described as—

'Phoebe, a dairymaid—Miss PHYLLIS MAY.'

All Joe's interest in the drama was now centred in the entrances and exits of Miss Phyllis May. He began to call her by that name to himself, dismissing 'Phoebe, a dairymaid,' as being a myth; and now and again he felt sure she was looking straight at him, when he blushed, and suddenly became very much interested in the doings of the other actors, until he gathered courage to steal another glance at the charming Phoebe.

Now, as Joe was not by nature a particularly bashful fellow, it may be fairly inferred from all this that he had fallen in love with the pretty actress. At anyrate, when the curtain fell, he had a very faint idea of what the play had all been about, and he had imprinted on his mental retina the picture of a bewitching sylph in a pink gown, which miniature, if not warranted to be indelible, promised to take some time to efface. On consulting his watch, he found that he had just time, by running all the way to the *Lion*, to get Blossom harnessed and reach the station soon enough to meet his sister's train. He could scarcely have done this, had it been up to time, but fortunately for him it was a few minutes late, and he was waiting on the platform when it arrived. Ruth was looking out for him; and he soon had her seated in the dogcart, well wrapped up in the shawls which her mother had provided to protect her from the night-air, and was driving homeward a good deal faster than he had come; for Blossom needed no reminder from the whip that there was a feed of corn and a cosy stable waiting for him at his journey's end.

After the first mutual inquiries about friends, Ruth had all the talk to herself, for Joe seemed too preoccupied to originate conversation; and as she was doing her best to open the way for telling him a most important secret, closely touching herself, she found his silence rather tantalising. She lapsed into silence herself for a short while, but that made things no better; so at last she drew a long breath and went straight to the point.

'Dick is coming on Saturday, Joe,' she began. 'He would have come to-day, only they are so busy; and it is so rough travelling on Saturdays, that aunt thought I had better not wait till then.'

'Oh!' ejaculated Joe, only half following what she said; and thereupon followed another interval of silence.

'Joe!' whispered Ruth at last, nestling closer to her brother and laying her head against his arm—'Joe! Dick wants me to marry him; and—and—I love him very much; and that is what is bringing him on Saturday, to talk to mother and you about it. You like him, Joe! I know you do!'

This roused Joe from his reverie, and slipping his arm round his sister's waist, he kissed her, and said: 'Do you want to leave us, Ruthie? We can't part with you yet a bit, lassie. What would we do without you?'

'O Joe, no! I don't want to leave you,' replied his sister; 'but—but—I love Dick so much, and—and'—

'Well, well, Ruthie,' rejoined Joe, 'we can't keep you always; and a better fellow than Dick I couldn't wish you for a husband. So I suppose it will have to be "Yes." But what will the mother say about parting with you, Ruthie?'

'Well, but I've something else to tell you, Joe,' said Ruth. 'You know their lease is up at Candlemas, and Dalehead is not big enough for both Dick and Tom, so Tom is going to take it on again by himself, and Dick is going to try to get Riggfield. So, if he does, it won't be like going away at all, hardly; will it, Joe?'

As Riggfield was only about a quarter of a mile from Knowecroft, Joe had to acknowledge that there was a saving clause in this arrangement; and as he was on intimate terms with its proprietor, he thought there were good hopes of Dick's being able to secure it.

By this time Blossom had brought them close to their own gate, where Mrs Martindale, who had heard the sound of wheels, was waiting to receive them, having been in a fidget for hours at their non-arrival. And before they went to bed, the matter of Ruth's engagement was broached to her mother, and sufficiently advanced to leave little doubt that when Dick came on Saturday, his answer would not be 'No.'

III.

All next day, while Joe was going about his work in the harvest-field, the vision of a plump and pretty dairymaid, attired in pink, haunted his brain, and pertinaciously refused to be driven away. Then he found himself repeating her name—'Phyllis, Phyllis—Phyllis May; nice name, Phyllis; just seems to suit her too.' And thereupon he began humming to himself the ditty, *Phyllis is my only joy!* which from thenceforward Joe declared to be the sweetest song in the English language.

'Heigh-ho!' thought he; 'I shall likely never see her again; and even if I did— Come, Joe, lad! this will never do; a pretty farmer's wife an actress would make; and what *would* the mother say!' Which was all very well in its way; but when the vision of a pretty woman takes possession of a young fellow's heart at five-and-twenty, it is not to be exorcised in that fashion.

Saturday came, and with it arrived Dick, a burly, good-natured young farmer; intelligent enough too, but one who found the 'Stock-book' a great deal more to his taste than either Milton or Shakspeare. But to little Ruth he was as a demi-god; for had he not been enshrined in her heart for two long years, ever since she paid a long visit to his sisters on her leaving school? And as both Mrs Martindale and Joe looked with favourable eyes on his suit, Master Dick had a very pleasant time of it that week-end, you may depend upon it. It was a short stay, though, after all; for he had to go back home again on the Monday evening; but before then he had seen the owner of Riggfield and made arrangements to enter upon that, under the circumstances, 'most desirable' farm, at Candlemas, on a fourteen years' lease.

'Why, Dick,' said Ruth, when he returned to report progress, 'by the time the lease is up, I'll be quite an old woman!'

'Nay, Ruthie, lass,' rejoined Dick; 'it will be time to talk like that when three such leases are up.'

Joe drove Dick to Carlisle, and prayed that Blossom might fall lame or take some temporary ailment that would afford him an excuse to stay later in the town, and so give him another opportunity of seeing his fair enslaver; but no such good-luck fell to his lot, and he had to take his way homeward long before the hour at which the theatre opened. And as this was 'positively the last week' of their performance in Carlisle,

he quite made up his mind that he should never look upon her again. But on the Friday, an event happened at Linthwaite which roused that drowsy hamlet from its normal torpor, and it came about in this wise. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while Joe was overlooking the harvesters in one of his fields that lay a short distance from Knowecroft, in an angle where two roads met, he heard the clatter down the main road of a runaway horse and cart. He made a rush for the corner of the field, in the hope of being able to stop the runaway, and leaping the gate, was just in time to see the horse turn into the byroad at full speed. His heart gave a sudden bound, for between him and the excited animal stood, in the middle of the road, and apparently paralysed with fear, a young lady in a pink dress. Now, in Joe's mind for the past week, the conjunction of a young lady and a pink dress had been suggestive of one thought only—of the adorable Phyllis; and now he felt assured that it was she who was going to be killed before his very eyes. The bare idea of this gave him the speed of an athlete and the strength of a madman, and he tore down the road like one possessed. But he was too late to save her, for before he could grasp the bridle, she had been struck down senseless; and he was just in time, by exerting all his force, to twist the animal round and prevent the wheel of the cart from passing over her helpless form.

The men from the harvest-field were by this time running with all speed to the scene of the accident, and to one of them Joe turned over the care of the frightened horse, while he stooped over its victim, to see how much she had suffered from the blow. And it was Miss Phyllis May! Her eyes were closed, and her cheeks were pallid as death; but Joe could detect the flicker of a pulse in her slender wrist, and lifting her in his arms, he carried her into the house. It was only a couple of minutes' walk, but what minutes they were to Joe—alike blissful and terrible. Her dainty head lay on his shoulder, and the light autumn breeze blew stray tresses of her bright brown hair against his cheek. To clasp her thus was ecstasy; but the fear lest those pale eyelids, white as twin snowdrops, should never more unclose in life, was agonising.

Mrs Martindale attended poor Phyllis with motherly anxiety; and as soon as Joe had borne the injured girl up to Ruth's bedroom, he left her to the care of his mother and sister, and saddling his best horse, rode off at full speed for the country-side doctor, who lived some three miles away. Fortunately, he found that gentleman at home, with his sturdy cob standing at the door, ready to carry him on a distant visit; so they were enabled to reach Knowecroft without delay. Meanwhile, the patient had been placed in bed, where, notwithstanding all Mrs Martindale's rustic appliances, she still lay unconscious. But as the doctor entered the room a feeble moan was heard, and the injured girl began to move about, as though in pain. The kind-hearted old doctor, after carefully examining her condition, gave instructions as to her treatment—above all things enjoining perfect quiet—and assured them that there was no cause for alarm; for although she was suffering from concussion of the brain, it was only slight. He, however,

said that he would call again in a few hours, on his way back from visiting some patients at a distance, and then took his departure.

Long before this time, the party in whose company Miss May had come to Linthwaite had arrived at Knowecroft in a state of great alarm, having heard of her accident. It appeared that Mr Nelson, the principal of the dramatic company to which she was attached, had taken his wife and Miss May for a drive from Carlisle round by Linthwaite; and shortly before reaching that place, their horse had cast a shoe, and they had stopped at the village smithy to have it fastened on. Mrs Nelson had remained seated in the conveyance; but Miss May had taken advantage of the halt to saunter on ahead, and it thus happened that she was alone when the accident occurred. As may be imagined, her friends awaited the result of her examination by the doctor in great trepidation, and it was with a feeling of relief that they heard his report as above mentioned. Having to be in Carlisle for that evening's performance, and as a substitute for 'Phebe' would have to be got even at the eleventh hour, they could not prolong their stay at Knowecroft; but Mr Nelson promised to drive back as soon as his duties at the theatre were over for the night, to ascertain how Miss May was progressing, and if necessary, to procure additional professional assistance. Dr Graham, however, assured him that this would not be required, and that, although the recovery of his fair patient might be slow, he had every confidence that she was not in a dangerous condition.

Joe was overjoyed at this declaration, and was almost wicked enough to feel that this accident, which might have been fraught with such serious consequences to one who had been in all his thoughts for a whole week, was a most happy one for him. He would allow no one but himself to go to Dr Graham's for some drugs which that gentleman wished to have in readiness in case they should be required; and all the way going and returning he was drawing in his mind roseate pictures of what might be the result of this fortunate meeting with the maiden of his dreams.

The doctor came back according to promise, and found all going on quite satisfactorily. Mr Nelson also returned about midnight, and before taking his leave, said that his professional engagements necessitated his going to Edinburgh on the following day, and would keep him there for at least a week; but he instructed Joe that no expense was to be spared in hastening the recovery of Miss May, who was, he said, much more to him than a mere member of his company, for she was the daughter of a very dear friend, long since dead.

To which Joe replied: 'Mr Nelson, Miss May is my guest, and no one but myself shall spend one shilling on her behalf while she is in my house. And I shall see that nothing is wanting that will be for her good.'

'Mr Martindale,' rejoined the other, 'you are a good fellow. God bless you for it! I leave my friend in your care with the utmost confidence; and whatever you may do for her, I am sure you will never regret. She is not like one of our set. But I must be off, for my wife will

be worrying herself to death till I get back with news how Phyllis is going on.' And shaking hands heartily with Joe, the worthy manager set out once more for Carlisle.

TO THE POINT.

'CAN you fight?' shouted the charity boy through the keyhole. 'No, sir,' replied Oliver Twist meekly, from the other side of the door. 'Then I'll whop you,' was Mr Noah Claypole's prompt rejoinder. This was to the point with a vengeance, and there are many rejoinders worth chronicling equally prompt, if not so bellicose.

A man took a seat in a barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used the day before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said: 'Then give me chloroform.' That was one to the customer, just as the next is one to the barber. An English gentleman, somewhat bald, entered a hairdresser's in Paris to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. 'Ten francs!' he exclaimed, 'for cutting my hair!'—'O no, monsieur; not for cutting your hair, but for finding the hair to cut.'

There is a story of a gentleman when advocating the utility of public schools saying: 'Byron was a Harrow boy.'—'What of that?' said an opponent; 'Burns was a ploughboy.' Equally neat and ready was the woman's answer to an inquirer, who, seeing 'This cottage for sail' painted on a board, politely asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage was to sail. 'Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind,' was her quick reply.

A shabbily dressed woman called upon a gentleman for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. He looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the superfluous fat, and answered: 'You don't look like a starving woman.'—'I know it,' she whiningly answered; 'I'm bloated with grief.'

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. 'Well,' responded the engineer, 'perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much.'

'I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little,' said a tall man, as the train stopped at a station. 'Oh, don't!' said a passenger who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion—'don't do that! They are too long already!' A fast youth asked at a city restaurant: 'What have you got?' 'Almost everything, sir,' was the reply.—'Well, give me a plate of that.' 'Yes 'ir.—Hash!' shouted the waiter down the speaking-tube.

More good-natured and quite as much to the point is the following. A man was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley, and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad; while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: 'My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon;

if you ran into me, don't mention it;' and he tore away at redoubled speed.

Well matched in politeness and readiness was a gentleman whose button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl. 'I'm attached to you,' said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. 'The attachment is mutual,' was the good-natured reply.

Woman's wit was not badly illustrated when an idle fop said to a lady: 'My dear Miss Smith, why did you not take advantage of leap-year to get married?'—'Because I am not able to earn enough to support a husband,' was the unexpected answer. Equally ready was a young miss to whom her sweetheart said: 'You are such a strange girl, that really I don't know what to make of you.'—'Well, then, I'll tell you, Charlie,' she replied—'make a wife of me.' It is satisfactory to add that he did so at the earliest opportunity.

Two young married French ladies were talking about their husbands. Said one of them: 'Do you really think your Jules went shooting yesterday?' 'Well, I don't think he tried to deceive me yesterday; I'm inclined to think he went.'—'But he didn't bring back any game?' 'That's what makes me feel sure he did go!' was the wife's reply.

As ready, but more spiteful, was the answer to a crusty old fellow, who once asked: 'What is the reason that griffins, dragons, and demons are ladies' favourite subjects for embroidery designs?'—'Oh, because they are continually thinking of their husbands,' was the lady's quick retort.

More pointed than polite is the following strange receipt for conjugal harmony. Concerning a couple well known for their outward and visible mutual affection, it was asked by a neighbour: 'Why is she so fond of her husband?' 'Because he is perfectly unintelligible.'—'And why does he adore her?' 'Because she is almost a little idiot.'

A lady once remarked to a clever actor who had a broken nose: 'I like your acting, sir; but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose.'—'No wonder, madam,' replied he; 'the bridge is gone.' Equally ready was another actor whose benefit resulted in a very thin house. The actress in the scene with him speaking very low in her communications with her lover, he exclaimed with woful humour: 'My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us.' It is related that at the opera in Dublin, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

The natural readiness of the Irish is well shown in an argument between a Saxon and a Celt respecting the nationality of various great men who had lived and died. The Irishman had successively claimed each one mentioned as a countryman of his own, till at length the Englishman, somewhat nettled, inquired: 'How about Shakspeare—was he an Irishman?' to which he received the reply: 'Well, I can't say exactly, but at all events he had the abilities of one.' A German paper tells a story of a certain general whose servant was in the habit of getting intoxicated. 'Jacques,' at last said his master

to him, 'I shall have to send you about your business; I hear dreadful tales of your goings-on.'—'Ah, general,' replied Jacques, quite unabashed, 'if I believed all the bad things people say about you, I should have gone away myself long ago.'

For calm presence of mind in the way of answer, the following deserves a foremost place. 'Do you drink?' said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. 'Yes, thank you, sir,' returned the candid pauper; 'where shall we go?'

'What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write, and cipher?' asked a school-teacher of a lazy, stupid boy, who replied: 'I'm going to be a school-master, an' make the boys do all the readin', writin', and cipherin'.' A small boy who is one of a family of ten children was taken out for a drive with his mother. As they drove past a small cottage of two rooms, Johnnie called his mother's attention to it, who remarked that it was a very small house. 'Yes,' replied Johnnie meditatively; 'it's small; but it would be plenty big enough for our family if it wasn't for you and the children.'

This was matched in readiness by a lad who applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope and said: 'If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends of the rope.'—'I can do it,' he readily replied. 'Here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third,' and he threw it overboard.

'Don't you find it hurts your lawn to let your children play upon it?' asked a friend of a suburban the other day. 'Yes,' answered the gentleman addressed; 'but it doesn't hurt the children.'

'Are you lost, my little fellow?' asked a gentleman of a four-year old one day. 'No,' he sobbed in reply; 'but my mother is.'—'And how does Charlie like going to school?' kindly inquired a good man of a juvenile who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of a companion. 'I like goin' well enough,' he replied; 'but I don't like staying after I get there.'

Quite as ingenious as ingenuous was the answer of a boy who was kept after school for bad orthography, and excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.—'What shall I talk to you about?' said a clergyman to some school-children. 'About ten minutes,' exclaimed a young girl.

'Here's your money, dolt!' cried an angry debtor. 'Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum?' 'I am sure I can't tell, sir,' said the shopboy; 'but I think it was because seventeen letters didn't fetch it.'

'Don't you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?' said an old lady to a youngster who persisted in puffing a cheap cigar. 'Oh, I smoke for my health,' answered the boy saucily. '—But you never heard of a cure by smoking,' she continued presently. 'O yes, I did,' persisted the boy, blowing a big cloud; 'that's the way they cure pigs.'—'Smoke on, then,' quickly replied the old lady; 'there's some hope for you yet.'

An American strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder, and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: 'Dogs are not admitted.'—'That's not my dog,' replied the visitor. 'But he follows you.'—'Well, so do you.' The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

'That sermon did me good,' said one friend to another, after hearing an eloquent preacher. 'We shall see,' was the reply.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all were affected except one man, who was asked why he did not weep with the rest. 'Oh,' said he, 'I belong to another parish.'

Student reciting: 'And—er—then he—er—went—er—and—er'— The class laugh. Professor: 'Don't laugh, gentlemen; to err is human.'

'Is it a sin,' asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, 'for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?' 'It is, my daughter,' he replied gravely; 'we should never delight in falsehood.'—'Doctor,' said a gentleman to his clergyman, 'how can I best train my boy in the way he should go?' 'By going that way yourself,' was the unexpected reply.

Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain Dramatic Club, an auditor replied that he should 'hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of sticks.'

The foregoing are severe enough, but for concentrated spite must yield the palm to the one with which we conclude. An impecunious fortune-hunter had been accepted by an heiress. At the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed: 'There goes his valise!'

CANINE AFFECTION IN CEYLON.

A young Englishman, while acting as superintendent of an extensive tea-plantation in the interior of Ceylon, possessed a varied collection of dogs, native and foreign; amongst his chief favourites and most constant companions being numbered a large female specimen, somewhat resembling in appearance the English bulldog. One of the puppies reared by her had been given away to a coolie, living on a remote division of the estate, locally known as 'the Coolie Lines,' situated at a distance of two or three miles.

For some little time afterwards nothing in particular was remarked with regard to its bereaved parent's conduct, beyond natural grief at such a separation. Subsequently, a daily habit of unaccountably absenting herself from home for consecutive hours gradually attracted her owner's notice, more especially as these mysterious disappearances seemed always to occur at precisely the same portion of each morning and evening. Diligent search was therefore made about the immediate neighbourhood of her master's bungalow, yet without any satisfactory result being attained, the absentee continuing to vanish as before. Towards noon, and again on the approach of night, the animal, still,

invariably returned, having evidently during the interim endured no trifling degree of fatigue in some active pursuit. Under these circumstances, a trustworthy servant was set to watch her movements more closely, with strict orders to follow—unobserved as far as practicable—whithersoever the wanderer's footsteps might lead. A striking instance of more than ordinary maternal devotion was brought to light, combined with reflective powers of intellect much beyond what can be expressed, merely, by the conventional term 'instinct.'

Shortly after the usual breakfast of rice had been supplied to the dogs collectively, on the ensuing morning, a start was made by the Singalese servant and his charge for the new home of the puppy. The messenger then ascertained from the resident coolies that not only did their popular visitor arrive regularly every morning and evening to enjoy a fleeting interview with the young dog, where it was chained, but, in addition, as much rice as could possibly be conveyed in her mouth was brought there on each occasion to be laid down before the gratified puppy! An offering clearly reserved from her own allowance of breakfast and supper, for that truly laudable purpose. This slight repast, supplied at the cost of so much exertion and solicitude, being concluded, to the visible contentment of both parties concerned, and, after allowing herself only such a brief period of reward or repose, the loving creature set out on her homeward journey. Surely she carried therein a cheering consciousness of having, to the utmost verge of a limited ability, done her duty in that state of life unto which she had been called.

The above simple story is no oriental romance, but a plain fact, resting on unquestionable authority. It will, indeed, only appear incredible to those persons who, through being unfamiliar with our dumb fellow-pilgrims, are unable even to comprehend, still less to appreciate, their capabilities of reason and affection.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

THE consignment to Egypt of a quantity of blasting-gelatine, to aid in the removal of rocks and boulders which obstructed the passage of the Nile expedition, calls attention to a new material, at once the most recent and the most powerful explosive yet introduced.

In outline, the manufacture and composition of this new explosive will be readily understood. Nitro-cotton, finely divided, is added to nitro-glycerine, heated in a copper vessel; the mixture—which consists of seven parts of the former material to ninety-three of the latter—is then well stirred, and ultimately acquires a viscid consistency, which on cooling, stiffens, and becomes semi-transparent. Notwithstanding the fact that blasting-gelatine is a safer explosive than either nitro-glycerine or dynamite, the process is both difficult and dangerous, and requires special precautions; for should the nitro-glycerine which enters into its composition be raised to too high a temperature, an explosion will in all probability ensue. Blasting-gelatine, like its principal ingredient, nitro-glycerine, readily freezes, but, unlike that substance, appears to become more explosive when congealed.

Turning now to the properties of the new material under consideration: it may be noted that the employment of dynamite is decreasing in favour of blasting-gelatine, whose suitability for mining and other kindred purposes is amply demonstrated by the successful manner in which it scatters the mass surrounding the boreholes in which it is placed. Insoluble in water, and uninjured by months of submersion, this new rival to dynamite—a material notoriously unsuited for such work—possesses a property essentially valuable, and which cannot fail to secure its adoption on an extended scale in all places where it becomes necessary to resort to subaqueous blasting. It will be no matter of surprise that attempts have recently been made to utilise so powerful and effective an explosive in shells; but these experiments, owing to the extreme sensibility of the gelatine, have not as yet realised the expectations formed of them.

Some interesting experiments, having for their object the determination of the relative blasting power of various explosives, give the following results: If the blasting power of gunpowder be represented by 1, that of gun-cotton will be represented by $1\frac{3}{4}$; dynamite by 2 to $3\frac{1}{2}$, according to composition; nitro-glycerine by $4\frac{1}{4}$; and blasting-gelatine by 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. The present cost of blasting-gelatine exceeds that of dynamite, a fact, however, more than counterbalanced by the increased safety and handiness of the former, in addition to its valuable suitability for subaqueous work.

There can be but little doubt that as dynamite superseded nitro-glycerine, so dynamite in its turn must largely give place to blasting-gelatine, and that this new compound is destined to figure largely in the future history of the explosives of commerce.

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

You smile, and half in jest you ask
A song from me. A simple task,
If he who sings had all the youth
And freshness of thy maiden truth,
To give to words the glow and light,
Without which who can sing aright?
But other years than those which make
Thy brow a splendour for thy sake,
Are mine, and at their touch I feel
A certain sadness upward steal,
That whispers, only heard by me:
'He must be young who sings to thee.'

You answer: 'It is said or sung
That poets must be always young—
That unto them the years pass by,
And leave no shade on brow or eye—
That youth still keeps its summer day,
And age is ever far away.'
Alas! a sage* has said, who dwelt
Where beauty like a sun is felt,
That poets start this life in gladness,
But in the end there cometh madness.
Sad truth; for when we journey on,
The golden mists of fancy gone,
Which, fools of our own dreams, we threw
O'er all that came within our view,
We catch, with sadness in our eye,
Dull hills beneath a duller sky,

* Wordsworth.

And miss the light that came and went
Like music o'er an instrument.
Enough! No threnody from me;
No sorrow when I sing to thee.

But what to say or sing? In sooth,
My muse must be thy blooming youth,
And that fair face and cheeks, whereon
Love has his sweetest roses thrown,
And touched with dainty finger-tips
The dewy crimson of thy lips,
And set in light, with half a sigh,
His own sweet language in thine eye—
This must my inspiration be,
Or how else could I sing to thee?

I dream, and dreaming, place thy feet
In woodland paths when spring is sweet,
Where in the silence scarcely stirred,
The bursting of the leaves is heard,
And like a murmur through the air
The new life throbs, and all is fair.
Or better, on an afternoon
In some rich English lane in June,
With all the hedge on either side
Aglow with roses in their pride;
The winds of summer in thy hair,
As loth to wander elsewhere;
And overhead a sky serene,
Where not a single cloud is seen;
And humming as you trip along
Stray snatches of an English song,
Of lovers talking as they pass
Through meadows thick with springing grass,
Or plighting love-troth at the stile,
And I to see thee all the while,
Deeming thy voice—ah, who would not?—
The fairy echo of the spot.

This, this, were sweeter for your prime,
An English lane in summer-time,
Than this cold city, where the dust
Of streets corrodes and eats like rust;
Where life roars on, and pulses beat
With throbbing blood at fever-heat,
And all the weary waves we see
Of this strange, sad humanity,
Flow and re-flow without a pause,
Like tidal-breaths that ocean draws,
Till weary of such yearning quest,
They moan at midnight into rest.

Ah, wherefore ask a song from me,
As if it could be aught to thee?
For sweeter far than verse, is all
Thy young heart's happy madrigal,
Which, sung to thee when all is still
And fancy wanders at her will,
Wafts thee, as light as clouds are blown,
To that fair realm where dreams alone
May enter, and where, low and clear,
Love with his lips against thine ear
Whispers those words, that said or sung,
Remould this world, and make it young,
Till fields and woods, and seas and skies
Draw back the light of Paradise,
And in its sunshine thou dost stand,
Full maiden in a maiden's land,
And on thy brow, as horoscope,
The golden aureole of hope.

Ah! wherefore ask a song from me?
He must be young who sings to thee.

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THE STORY OF THE CHANCERY FUNDS.

THERE are probably few matters which are more shrouded in mystery, so far as the public are concerned, than the Chancery Funds. The old prejudice which, not without reason, attached to the Court of Chancery still clings to it, in spite of the drastic changes which it has undergone in recent years, and many, if not most, people are as sceptical as ever as to the reality or at least the 'realisability' of 'money in Court' or 'an estate in Chancery.' Yet, as a matter of fact, the records of the Chancery Pay Office would furnish materials for many a golden romance. They could tell many a tale of fabulous riches as securely buried as if they had been hermetically sealed-up in the Great Pyramid; and they could also reveal many a pitiful story about the widow's dole and the orphan's pittance, which neither was ever destined to receive.

The extraordinary powers possessed by the Court of Chancery were not, as may be supposed, acquired at a bound, but are the result of the slow growth and constant accretion of centuries. As far back as the twelfth century, the state minister who held the high dignity of Chancellor, and who in those days was generally an ecclesiastic, wielded a kind of independent legal jurisdiction. About that time, also, the powers of jurisdiction previously possessed by the ecclesiastical courts were abrogated, and these courts restrained from any further meddling with such questions as breach of faith or trust arising between laymen in regard to civil matters. Many of these questions were thenceforth left to be dealt with by the Chancellor in his court, hence called of Chancery; and the funds in dispute between litigants as to wills, trust estates, trade contracts, and the like, being as a rule ordered, until the decision of the bench had been given, to be paid into Court, the basis was laid for that great accumulation of money now known as Chancery Funds. The machinery which produced

and guarded these vast accumulations has long been so cumbrous, that any dealing with funds in Court has always involved great trouble and expense. In the case of those who were entitled to small sums, it was often practically impossible to obtain payment of the same, except after an outlay which absorbed the whole fund. Further, the system was such, that those who were not prepared with proofs of their claim, could only obtain information as to the moneys in question by securing the services of agents or solicitors, with the certainty of incurring a heavy bill of costs, while it was extremely problematical whether they could make good their claims. The consequences were inevitable. In the course of time, a large fund, formed to a great extent of small sums to which no claimants were forthcoming, accumulated, and this eventually became known as the Dormant Funds in Chancery. At intervals of fifteen years, it is true, a list of titles of accounts has in latter times been published, but in such a way as to have had very little publicity, since the list was merely posted on the doors of the Chancery Pay Office.

As a matter of fact, indeed, a great many people—and poor people too—were, and still are, interested in the Chancery Funds without knowing anything about it; for it is according to the traditions of the Court of Chancery to be more ready to take charge of the keeping and division of money than to publish information, or afford access to information, except at inordinate expense. It will, then, we imagine, be agreeable news to these, if not to the public generally, to learn that under the Supreme Court Funds Rules, 1884, which are now in full operation, there should, once and for all, be an end to all mystery as to the Chancery Funds. These may, in fact, be regarded as a new departure in red-tapeism, which can hardly fail to be blessed with definite results. The Chancery Funds, in common with all those vested in the Supreme Court of Judicature, have been placed 'under entirely new management.' But the most

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practical and tangible alteration effected by the new rules is, that by their instrumentality folks who are entitled to funds in Court will in many cases be able to obtain payment without having to go shares with an avaricious agent or a professional man who places a value on his services too frequently limited only by the means of his client. The new powers which have been granted to the Paymaster-general, who, as a main part of the machinery of reform enacted by the Chancery Funds Act of 1872, superseded the old Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery, are, too, of great importance, since they will greatly facilitate dealing with these funds, and do away with many wearisome and expensive technicalities of procedure.

But in order to understand the changes which have been inaugurated by these new rules, it is necessary to glance briefly back at the story of the Chancery Funds. Roughly speaking, this is the generic name for all funds with which the old Court of Chancery has ever been concerned, whether trust funds, moneys deposited during the dependence of cases, or sums payable by way of fees and official charges. These now amount to the enormous total of nearly seventy-three millions of money! We must, however, hasten to add that there is but little probability of more than a small part of this sum being divided. As to much of it, the Supreme Court of Judicature is only in the same position as a banker. And a very fine banking business, too, is conducted by this office with its turnover of nearly twelve millions a year. Of course, there are very considerable returns, and these have accumulated into a nice little fortune, upon which no one seems to have any claims, except the Crown at intervals, when dividends not likely to be claimed are carried over to the 'Suitsors' Unclaimed Dividend Account;' that is, in effect to the Consolidated Fund. It will be surmised that many an estate in Chancery bears a curious analogy to the talent which the unprofitable servant buried in the ground, at least so far as the owner is concerned. This huge reservoir of wealth has been filled by a number of stream-lets, as well as a few steadily flowing rivers, in the course of upwards of a hundred and fifty years.

Until early in the last century, the Masters and Ushers of the Court of Chancery had the no small privilege and profit of taking care of the property and money of suitsors. But since many of them proved unable to resist the temptation of speculating with these funds during the South Sea Bubble craze, and about one hundred thousand pounds of the suitsors' moneys lost, though it was afterwards made good by increasing the suitsors' fees—other arrangements were made, and each Master was required to deposit in the Bank of England, as the regulation ran, 'a chest with one lock and hasps for two padlocks.' One of the keys was kept by the Master, and the other two by one of the six Chancery clerks and by the Governor of the Bank of England respectively. These chests, in which all the property and money of the suitsors was supposed to be deposited, were kept in a vault, which could only be opened in the presence of two directors of the Bank; and we can well understand how irksome, though secure, must have been a system which required the attendance

of a Master, a clerk in Chancery, and the Governor and two Directors of the Bank of England, before some family plate, for instance, could be handed over to a successful claimant. It is, then, not wholly surprising to learn that in 1725 a general order was made under the Great Seal, then in Commission, which placed all moneys in the safe custody of the Bank of England. This was the beginning of the Suitsors' Fund, which was the first account of the Chancery Funds. But instead of more than seventy millions in about thirty thousand accounts, as at the present day, the books of the first Accountant-general showed a total of only seven hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds in four hundred and fifteen accounts. Little further change in the management of the funds was introduced until the year 1739, when the system of investing these moneys was inaugurated by laying out thirty-five thousand pounds in Exchequer tallies. These were exchanged for consols in 1752. This plan has since been greatly extended, as the interest of these funds has long been applied in payment of working expenses; but, of course, a large surplus accumulated, and, by various statutes, this has been devoted to various special purposes. This, however, can only be regarded as public property upon the understanding that it is the profit which the Court makes as banker, or which the Crown succeeds to from those who have died without heirs.

The surplus funds have steadily increased, and from time to time have been applied for building purposes or for purchasing ground for the use of the nation. Thus it was out of this fund that the Royal Courts of Justice were mainly paid for, and its importance may be instanced by the illustration that in 1881 Mr Gladstone borrowed from this source forty million pounds for National Debt purposes. Here we must mention another fund—the Suitsors' Fee Fund—which owed its creation to Lord Brougham, and which was originally formed out of the fees which Masters, Registrars, Examiners, &c., formerly retained as perquisites, but were by statute ordered to pay into Court. This fund is also augmented by sundry other sources of income, such as the brokerage charges of the Chancery broker, who is a salaried official. The Suitsors' Fee Fund, it should be added, is entirely an income account, which now bears all charges such as salaries, &c. Any surplus that may remain is invested in consols, and the dividends only are added year by year to the Suitsors' Fee Fund.

But perhaps of all the Chancery Funds none has attracted more attention than those which are classed as 'dormant.' It is easy to understand how these have come into existence. It is, for instance, scarcely surprising that during the progress of a 'Chancery suit' many of the interested parties should die and their representatives might easily be ignorant of their claims, or they might have no relatives. Again, many doubtless abandoned in despair the hope of making good their claim, and wiped off the account, especially in cases when it was small in amount, as a bad debt. And here it may be remarked, that a good many litigants, both present and future, would be the richer if they were to follow their example. But

whatever the cause, the existence of these funds is a real fact. Meagre as is the information which has from time to time been forthcoming as to these funds, it goes to show that they form a very considerable aggregate amount, and that their management has long justly been the cause of great dissatisfaction.

For a considerable time, no investigation was really made into these accounts. But in 1829, a Return was presented to parliament which showed that the sums of stock with dividends and sums of cash to the amount of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand pounds had been lying 'dormant;' or in other words, had not been claimed or otherwise dealt with for periods varying from five to twenty years. It was, however, not till 1855 that a list of five hundred and sixty-six accounts, amounting to two hundred and fifty-seven thousand one hundred and seventy-six pounds in value, which had been dormant for fifteen years, was issued, with the natural result, that claimants to about one half appeared, and got their money. Similar lists have since then been published at intervals of fifteen years. From one of these, it appeared that as to twelve hundred accounts, three hundred and fifty-one were less than one pound, and eight hundred and thirty-one less than five pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that it would not pay to get these out of Court.

As examples of the age and nature of many of the items in the Chancery accounts, the following may be given, though the sums themselves are not mentioned:

Heyden v. Owen.—The account of the seamen of H.M. ships *Decade* and *Argonaut* (year 1813).

Blaney v. Arnold.—The legatees' account (year 1774).

Bruce v. Kinloch.—The creditors' account (year 1814).

Chadwick v. Chadwick (year 1738).

Coppock v. Coppock.—Moneys to answer James Colbourn's claim for ten thousand pounds and interest when proved.

Court v. Jeffrey.—The account of unpaid and lapsed legacies.

Derelict property brought into the port of Nassau, in New Providence, and sold for the benefit of the rightful owner when appearing (year 1824).

Drever v. Mawdesley.—The hundred years' account.

The account of John Hames (a convict) and his children.

The account of John Hardman, convicted of felony.

The account of the unclaimed legacy of Sebastian Nash de Brissac.

Unknown persons interested in certain freeholds in Bill Alley and White's Alley, in the city of London.

Unknown persons interested in certain freeholds in Great Swan Alley, city of London.

The account of the creditors of Charles, Duke of Bolton (year 1781).

Winter v. Kent.—Fund to answer unclaimed legacies given by the will of James Underhill (year 1784).

One of the enacted reforms of the Act of 1872 was to require these lists to be published trienni-

ally and in alphabetical order; but this has not been complied with, and it remains to be seen whether the re-enactment of this regulation by the new rules, which require these lists to be published every third year on or before the 1st of March, will have any definite result. If the story of many of these buried fortunes is ever made fully public, we shall once more be reminded that truth is stranger than fiction. In the meantime, those in search of sensational facts would do well to search the back lists and the archives of the Bank of England, where boxes of diamonds, trinkets, plate, 'chipped money,' securities, the Princess Banatinsky's box of jewels, George Colman's will, and other articles curious or valuable, have been waiting for their owners from long beyond human memory.

But we have said enough to indicate the nature of the Chancery Funds; and it will probably be admitted that it is hopeless to expect such intricate financial machinery to work in a manner which shall be wholly satisfactory to the public, the suitors, and officials concerned. Still, the system is a vast improvement on the old. It is, for instance, a wholly novel regulation which empowers any one claiming to be interested in funds in Court to obtain a transcript of the account, and such other information as may be required, upon application to the Paymaster-general, a privilege that should certainly greatly facilitate the establishment of claims without incurring those expenses which have hitherto been exacted. Again, amongst other innovations, is one whereby 'any person residing in the United Kingdom and entitled under an order to any dividend, annuity, or other periodical payment, or any other payment, not exceeding five hundred pounds, may obtain a remittance of the same by post.' To those who are acquainted with the traditions of the now defunct Chancery Pay Office, this will indeed seem an earnest of a great reformation.

Possibilities of still more satisfactory facilities are, too, foreshadowed by the fact, that the order of the Paymaster-general is in certain cases to be taken as equivalent to an order of Court. If this power be exercised, claimants may be saved immense sums of money. But the scope of the new rules is most comprehensive. The whole system of dealing with these funds is remodelled. It will in future be easier than ever to lodge money in Court; and the exchange, or conversion, of securities and the transactions with the National Debt Commissioners have also been greatly facilitated.

The Court of Session in Scotland, which is a court of equity as well as law, has always within its territory practically discharged the functions of the English Court of Chancery, though it has never, like that court, put forth its long arm to administer estates in foreign countries. For example, it has never done for any Englishman's estate what the Court of Chancery is now doing for Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's Scotch estate of half a million, and recently attempted to do for Mr Orr Ewing's estate in a style and with results sufficiently notorious. But the Scotch court does sometimes, with a view to the protection of drawers of money, order payment of money, not exactly into court, but into some chartered bank, subject to

the orders of court. The money is paid into the bank specified in the order. A deposit receipt is taken from the bank, specifying the cause or person for whom it is held, and that receipt and all such receipts are held by the Accountant of Court, who discharges in so far as required the functions of the Chancery Paymaster-general. Indorsations on the back of the receipt record all changes in the fund. When money thus consigned is not claimed by its owner, it simply remains in the bank, and may, after the course of forty years has cut off, by prescription, the right to claim it, fall to be the property of the bank, as has been the fate of the contents of countless deposit receipts which have been burned or lost, or whose owners have died without making a claim, or leaving information to enable their heirs to make a claim. Where there are no heirs, the Queen's Remembrancer makes and establishes a claim for the Crown. With money paid into court there is no difficulty, owing to the ready information of the Accountant's office; but vast sums of what would be 'dormant funds' in Chancery, if the English system prevailed in Scotland, are unclaimed deposits in bank, of which the public know nothing, and, in the present state of the law, can never learn anything. It is a matter of no inconsiderable interest whether the Scotch banks ought not to be obliged to publish lists of their 'unclaimed deposits,' such lists as public opinion has wrung from the Court of Chancery. If this were done, it would appear that the romance of treasure held as if by enchantment was not entirely confined to London and the Bank of England.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

It was natural that this occurrence should take a great hold of the girl's mind. It was not the first time that she had speculated concerning their life. A life which one has always lived, indeed, the conditions of which have been familiar and inevitable since childhood, is not a matter which awakens questions in the mind. However extraordinary its conditions may be, they are natural; they are life to the young soul which has had no choice in the matter. Still, there are curiosities which will arise. General Gaunt foamed at the mouth when he talked of the way in which he had been treated by the people 'at home;' but still he went 'home' in the summer as a matter of course; and as for the Durants, it was a subject of the fondest consideration with them when they could afford themselves that greatest of delights. They all talked about the cold, the fogs, the pleasure of getting back to the sunshine when they returned; but this made no difference in the fact that to go home was their thought all the year, and the most salient point in their lives. 'Why do we never go home?' Frances had often asked herself. And both these families, and all the people to whom she had ever talked, the strangers who went and came, and those whom they met in the rambles which the Warings, too, were forced to take in the hot weather, when the mistral was blowing, talked continually of their country, of their

parish, of their village, of where they lived, and where they had been born. But on these points Mr Waring never said a word. And whereas Mrs Gaunt could talk of nothing but her family, who were scattered all over the world, and the Durants met people they knew at every turn, the Warings knew nobody, had no relations, no house at home, and apparently had been born nowhere in particular, as Frances sometimes said to herself with more annoyance than humour. Sometimes she wondered whether she had ever had a mother.

These thoughts, indeed, occurred but fitfully now and then, when some incident brought more forcibly than usual under her notice the difference between herself and others. She did not brood over them, her life being quite pleasant and comfortable to herself, and no necessity laid upon her to elucidate its dimnesses. But yet they came across her mind from time to time. She had not been brought face to face with any old friend of her father's, that she could remember, until now. She had never heard any question raised about his past life. And yet no doubt he had a past life, like every other man, and there was something in it, something, she could not guess what, which had made him unlike other men.

Frances had a great deal of self-command. She did not betray her agitation to her father; she did not ask him any questions; she told him about the greengrocer and the fisherman, these two important agents in the life of the Riviera, and of what she had seen in the Marina, even the Savona pots; but she did not disturb his meal and his digestion by any reference to the English strangers. She postponed until she had time to think of it, all reference to this second meeting. She had by instinct made no reply to the question about where she lived; but she knew that there would be no difficulty in discovering that, and that her father might be subject at any moment to invasion by this old acquaintance, whom he had evidently no desire to see. What should she do? The whole matter wanted thought—whether she should ask him what to do; whether she should take it upon herself; whether she should disclose to him her newborn curiosity and anxiety, or conceal that in her own bosom; whether she should tell him frankly what she felt—that she was worthy to be trusted, and that it was the right of his only child to be prepared for all emergencies, and to be acquainted with her family and her antecedents, if not with his—all these were things to be thought over. Surely she had a right, if any one had a right. But she would not stand upon that.

She sat by herself all day and thought, putting forward all the arguments on either side. If there was, as there might be, something wrong in that past—something guilty, which might make her look on her father with different eyes, he had a right to be silent; and she no right, none whatever, to insist upon such a revelation. And what end would it serve? If she had relations or a family from whom she had been separated, would not the revelation fill her with eager desire to know them, and open a fountain of dissatisfaction and discontent in her life, if she were not permitted to do so? Would

she not chafe at the banishment, if she found out that somewhere there was a home; that she had 'belongings' like all the rest of the world? These were little feeble barriers which she set up against the strong tide of consciousness in her that she was to be trusted, that she ought to know. Whatever it was, and however she might bear it, was it not true that she ought to know? She was not a fool, or a child. Frances knew that her eighteen years had brought more experience, more sense to her than Tasie's forty; that she was capable of understanding, capable of keeping a secret—and was it not her own secret, the explanation of the enigma of her life as well as of his?

This course of reflection went on in her mind until the evening, and it was somewhat quickened by a little conversation which she had in the afternoon with the servants. Domenico was going out. It was early in the afternoon, the moment of leisure, when one meal with all its responsibilities was over, and the second great event of the day, the dinner, not yet imminent. It was the hour when Mariuccia sat in the anteroom and did her sewing, her mending, her knitting—whatever was wanted. This was a large and lofty room, not very light, with a great window, looking out only into the court of the Palazzo—in which stood a great table and a few tall chairs. The smaller anteroom, from which the long suite of rooms opened on either side, communicated with this, as did also the corridor, which ran all the length of the house, and the kitchen and its appendages on the other side. There is always abundance of space of this kind in every old Italian house. Here Mariuccia established herself whenever she was free to leave her cooking and her kitchen-work. She was a comely middle-aged woman, with a dark gown, a white apron, a little shawl on her shoulders, large earrings, and a gold cross at her neck, which was a little more visible than is common with Englishwomen of her class. Her hair was crisp and curly, and never had been covered with anything, save, when she went to church, a shawl or veil—and Mariuccia's olive complexion and ruddy tint feared no encounter of the sun. Domenico was tall and spare and brown, a grave man with little jest in him; but his wife was always ready to laugh. He came out hat in hand while Frances stood by the table inspecting Mariuccia's work. 'I am going out,' he said; 'and this is the hour when the English gentlefolks pay visits. See that thou remember what the padrone said.'

'What did the padrone say?' cried Frances, pricking up her ears.

'Signorina, it was to my wife I was speaking,' said Domenico.

'That I understand; but I wish to know as well. Was papa expecting a visit? What did he say?'

'The padrone himself will tell the Signorina,' said Domenico, 'all that is intended for her. Some things are for the servants, some for the family; Mariuccia knows what I mean.'

'You are an ass, Menico,' said his wife calmly. 'Why shouldn't the dear child know?—It is nothing to be concerned about, my soul—only that the padrone does not receive, and again that he does not receive, and that he never

receives. I must repeat this till the Ave Maria, if necessary, till the strangers accept it and go away.'

'Are these special orders,' said Frances, 'or has it always been so? I don't think that it has always been so.'

Domenico had gone out while his wife was speaking, with a half-threatening and wholly disapproving look, as if he would not involve himself in the responsibility which Mariuccia had taken upon her.

'Carina, don't trouble yourself about it. It has always been so in the spirit, if not in the letter,' said Mariuccia. 'Figure to yourself Domenico or me letting in any one, any one that chose to come, to disturb the Signor padrone! That would be impossible. It appears, however, that there is some one down there in the hotels to whom the padrone has a great objection, greater than to the others. It is no secret, nothing to trouble you. But Menico, though he is a good man, is not very wise. Che! you know that as well as I.'

'And what will you do if this gentleman will not pay any attention—if he comes in all the same? The English don't understand what it means when you say you do not receive. You must say he is not in; he has gone out; he is not at home.'

'Che! che! che!' cried Mariuccia; 'little deceiver! But that would be a lie.'

Frances shook her head. 'Yes; I suppose so,' she said with a troubled look; 'but if you don't say it, the Englishman will come in all the same.'

'He will come in, then, over my body,' cried Mariuccia with a cheerful laugh, standing square and solid against the door.

This gave the last impulse to Frances' thoughts. She could not go on with her study of the palms. She sat with her pencil in her hand, and the colour growing dry, thinking all the afternoon through. It was very certain, then, that her father would not expose himself to another meeting with the strangers who called themselves his friends; innocent people who would not harm any one, Frances was sure. They were tourists—that was evident; and they might be vulgar—that was possible. But she was sure that there was no harm in them. It could only be that her father was resolute to shut out his past, and let no one know what had been. This gave her an additional impulse, instead of discouragement. If it was so serious, and he so determined, then surely there must be something that it was certain she, his only child, ought to know. She waited till the evening with a gradually growing excitement; but not until after dinner, after the soothing cigarette, which he puffed so slowly and luxuriously in the loggia, did she venture to speak. Then the day was over. It could not put him out, nor spoil his appetite, nor risk his digestion. To be sure, it might interfere with his sleep; but after consideration, Frances did not think that a very serious matter, probably because she had never known what it was to pass a wakeful night. She began, however, with the greatest caution and care.

'Papa,' she said, 'I want to consult you about something Tasie was saying.'

'Ah! that must be something very serious, no doubt.'

'Not serious, perhaps; but— She wants to teach me to play.'

'To play!—What? Croquet? or whist, perhaps? I have always heard she was excellent at both.'

'These are games, papa,' said Frances with a touch of severity. 'She means the piano, which is very different.'

'Ah!' said Mr Waring, taking the cigarette from his lips and sending a larger puff of smoke into the dim air; 'very different indeed, Frances. It is anything but a game to hear Miss Tasie play.'

'She says,' continued Frances, with a certain constriction in her throat, 'that every lady is expected to play—to play a little at least, even if she has not much taste for it. She thinks, when we go home—that all our relations will be so surprised'—

She stopped, having no breath to go further, and watched as well as she could, through the dimness and through the mist of agitation in her own eyes, her father's face. He made no sign; he did not disturb even the easy balance of his foot, stretched out along the pavement. After another pause, he said in the same indifferent tone: 'As we are not going home, and as you have no relations in particular, I don't think your friend's argument is very strong. Do you?'

'O papa, I don't want indeed to be inquisitive or trouble you, but I should like to know!'

'What?' he said with the same composure. 'If I think that a lady, whether she has any musical taste or not, ought to play? Well, that is a very simple question. I don't, whatever Miss Tasie may say.'

'It is not that,' Frances said, regaining a little control of herself. 'I said I did not know of any relations we had. But Tasie said there must be cousins; we must have cousins, everybody has cousins. That is true, is it not?'

'In most cases, certainly,' Mr Waring said; 'and a great nuisance too.'

'I don't think it would be a nuisance to have people about one's own age, belonging to one—not strangers—people who were interested in you, to whom you could say anything. Brothers and sisters, that would be the best; but cousins—I think, papa, cousins would be very nice.'

'I will tell you, if you like, of one cousin you have,' her father said.

The heart of Frances swelled as if it would leap out of her breast. She put her hands together, turning full round upon him in an attitude of supplication and delight. 'O papa!' she cried with enthusiasm, breathless for his next word.

'Certainly, if you wish it, Frances. He is in reality your first-cousin. He is fifty. He is a great sufferer from gout. He has lived so well in the early part of his life, that he is condemned to slops now, and spends most of his time in an easy-chair. He has the temper of a demon, and swears at everybody that comes near him. He is very red in the face, very bleared about the eyes, very'—

'O papa!' she cried in a very different tone. She was so much disappointed, that the sudden downfall had almost a physical effect upon her, as if she had fallen from a height. Her father

laughed softly while she gathered all her strength together to regain command of herself, and the laugh had a jarring effect upon her nerves, of which she had never been conscious till now.

'I don't suppose that he would care much whether you played the piano or not; or that you would care much, my dear, what he thought.'

'For all that, papa,' said Frances, recovering herself, 'it is a little interesting to know there is somebody, even if he is not at all what one thought. Where does he live, and what is his name? That will give me one little landmark in England, where there is none now.'

'Not a very reasonable satisfaction,' said her father lazily, but without any other reply. 'In my life, I have always found relations a nuisance. Happy are they who have none; and next best is to cast them off and do without them. As a matter of fact, it is every one for himself in this world.'

Frances was silenced, though not convinced. She looked with some anxiety at the outline of her father's spare and lengthy figure laid out in the basket-chair, one foot moving slightly, which was a habit he had, the whole extended in perfect rest and calm. He was not angry; he was not disturbed. The questions which she had put with so much mental perturbation had not affected him at all. She felt that she might dare further without fear.

'When I was out to-day,' she said, faltering a little, 'I met—that gentleman again.'

'Ah!' said Mr Waring—no more; but he ceased to shake his foot, and turned towards her the merest hair's-breadth, so little, that it was impossible to say he had moved, and yet there was a change.

'And the lady,' said Frances, breathless. 'I am sure they wanted to be kind. They asked me a great many questions.'

He gave a faint laugh, but it was not without a little quiver in it. 'What a good thing that you could not answer them,' he said.

'Do you think so, papa? I was rather unhappy. It looked as if you could not trust me. I should have been ashamed to say I did not know; which is the truth—for I know nothing, not so much as where I was born!' cried the girl. 'It is very humiliating, when you are asked about your own father, to say you don't know. So I said it was time for breakfast, and you would be waiting; and ran away.'

'The best thing you could have done, my dear. Discretion in a woman, or a girl, is always the better part of valour. I think you got out of that very cleverly,' Mr Waring said.

And that was all. He did not seem to think another word was needed. He did not even rise and go away, as Frances had known him to do when the conversation was not to his mind. She could not see his face, but his attitude was unchanged. He had recovered his calm, if there had ever been any disturbance of it. But as for Frances, her heart was thumping against her breast, her pulses beating in her ears, her lips parched and dry. 'I wish,' she cried, 'oh, I wish you would tell me something, papa! Do you think I would talk of things you don't want talked about? I am not a child any longer; and I am not silly, as perhaps you think.'

'On the contrary, my dear,' said Mr Waring, 'I think you are often very sensible.'

'Papa! oh, how can you say that, how can you say such things—and then leave me as if I were a baby, knowing nothing!'

'My dear,' he said (with the sound of a smile in his voice, she thought to herself), 'you are very hard to please. Must not I say that you are sensible? I think it is the highest compliment I can pay you.'

'O papa!' Disappointment and mortification, and the keen sense of being fooled, which is so miserable to the young, took her very breath away. The exasperation with which we discover that not only is no explanation, no confidence to be given us, but the very occasion for it ignored, and our anxiety baffled by a smile—a mortification to which women are so often subject—flooded her being. She had hard ado not to burst into angry tears, not to betray the sense of cruelty and injustice which overwhelmed her; but who could have seen any injustice or cruelty in the gentleness of his tone, his soft reply? Frances subdued herself as best she could in her dark corner of the loggia, glad at least that he could not see the spasm that passed over her, the acute misery and irritation of her spirit. It would be strange if he did not divine something of what was going on within her, but he took no notice. He began in the same tone, as if one theme was quite as important as the other, to remark upon the unusual heaviness of the clouds which hid the moon. 'If we were in England, I should say there was a storm brewing,' he said. 'Even here, I think we shall have some rain. Don't you feel that little *creep* in the air, something sinister, as if there was a bad angel about? And Domenico, I see, has brought the lamp. I vote we go in.'

'Are there any bad angels?' she cried, to give her impatience vent.

He had risen up, and stood swaying indolently from one foot to the other. 'Bad angels? O yes,' he said; 'abundance; very different from devils, who are honest—like the fiends in the pictures, unmistakable. The others, you know, deceive. Don't you remember?

How there looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend,
That miserable knight.'

He turned and went into the *salone*, repeating these words in an undertone to himself. But there was in his face none of the bitterness or horror with which they must have been said by one who had ever in his own person made that discovery. He was quite calm, meditative, marking with a slight intonation and movement of his head the cadence of the poetry.

Frances stayed behind in the darkness. She had not the practice which we acquire in later life; she could not hide the excitement which was still coursing through her veins. She went to the corner of the loggia which was nearest the sea, and caught in her face the rush of the rising breeze, which flung at her the first drops of the coming rain. A storm on that soft coast is a welcome break in the monotony of the clear skies and unchanging colour. After a while her father called to her that the rain was coming

in, that the windows must be shut; and she hurried in, brushing by Domenico, who had come to close everything up, and who looked at her reproachfully as she rushed past him. She came behind her father's chair and leaned over to kiss him. 'I have got a little wet, and I think I had better go to bed,' she said.

'Yes, surely, if you wish it, my dear,' said Mr Waring. Something moist had touched his forehead, which was too warm to be rain. He waited politely till she had gone before he wiped it off. It was the edge of a tear, hot, miserable, full of anger as well as pain, which had made that mark upon his high white forehead. It made him pause for a minute or two in his reading. 'Poor little girl!' he said with a sigh. Perhaps he was not so insensible as he seemed.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE IN LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

AMONGST the women-patients, again, one meets with frightful injuries, which, upon inquiry, are found to have been caused by him who should have been the protector of her whom he has sworn to love and cherish. 'He punced me,' was the very usual answer, when asked how these hurts were caused. 'He' invariably meant the husband, and 'punced' appears to be a Lancashire equivalent for various forms of kicking and bruising.

Amidst much that is pathetic and infinitely saddening, ludicrous touches now and then crop up. Seeing a great crowd round the hospital doors, when returning from a walk one day, while pushing a way into the Accident Room, I asked what was the matter. 'Och, thin, if ye plase, a lady has split open his head wid a bason!' This came, of course, from a native of the Emerald Isle; but it was very amusing to find that the Lancashire folk themselves spoke of each other as that gentleman or the lady in the opposite bed, while they used the plain words man and woman when meaning doctors, lady superintendents, or others in a higher social position than themselves.

'Eh, mon,' said a rough but very genuine diamond once to the writer, 'yon woman'—pointing to the head-nurse of his ward—'has been more than a mother to me.' The tears were in the poor fellow's eyes, and there was no idea of anything but the utmost respect and courtesy. 'I say, Stephens, come here and look at me—it's my turn first,' some new-comer, who had not quite slipped into hospital ways, would yell at the top of his voice to one of the visiting surgeons. 'Doctor Stephens, you should say,' remonstrated the horrified nurse. 'Eh, what dun yo mean?' would be the vacant reply. As tame elephants are set to decoy wild ones, so will patients of some standing help to teach others the outward tokens of respect and decorum. When brought under such entirely new conditions as the routine of hospital life, many of these men are very like children, and it is astonishing what a long way a little consideration for their comfort goes, and with how much gratitude even a very slight act of kindness is received. Outspoken, these people most certainly are, and very touchy when they think their independence menaced; and on this ground young doctors who come

fresh from the amenities of what they would consider more civilised—and which certainly is a more polished—life, not unfrequently make grievous mistakes when judging of or dealing with such very rough diamonds. This friction is of course chiefly noticeable in intercourse with the out-patients; and most assuredly to listen to a long string of marvellous symptoms, recounted in a jargon many words of which are absolutely unintelligible to the hearer, would try the patience of a Job.

Then, too, it is strange to find how long it is before an hospital is looked upon with any feeling save a vague sense of distrust by those whom it is primarily intended to benefit. This is in great measure due to the marvellous—and equally, though not of necessity intentionally, false—tales spread about by those who are admitted to see their friends amongst the patients on visiting days. A woman will go, say, to see her husband, who is, as she finds, kindly treated and in every respect well cared for; much better, as she is bound to admit, than could possibly be the case in his own home. When asked by sympathising friends and neighbours how she has found him, she will tell them that 'who's gettin' along reet weel; th' nurse says he'll happen be out soon; but'—this in a fearsome whisper—'I seed a chap in th' verra next bed, and th' doctors had done summat to him, gied him some stuff as sent him out o' hissel, asleep-like, and when th' nurses browt him back, he'd swelled this high! Yo never seed sich a sight in yore life—I were fair skeert.' This 'swelling,' as the poor woman termed it, being neither more nor less than the 'cradle' which is put over a broken or amputated limb, to preserve it from all risk of accidental injury. Most effectually, however, does it serve the purpose of a 'bogey,' by inspiring terror where there should be confidence.

In one town, where there existed what might be termed almost a model hospital, so far as its sanitary and other arrangements were concerned, a very effectual plan was hit upon for securing public confidence, and a consequent influx of subscriptions. Every Saturday afternoon, parties of workmen who bore a note of authorisation from the honorary secretary of the hospital, the medical officer of Health for the borough, their employer, or some other responsible person, were admitted and shown over every part of the institution. They were encouraged to talk freely to the patients; and for that purpose, the lady superintendent who usually showed them round took care to go right away quite beyond all possibility of hearing. One of these visits had rather an amusing result. A lady who was temporarily in charge, being informed that a deputation from one of the large workshops wished to see through the hospital, took them over every part, a two-hours' task, so minute was the inspection made. Even into the kitchens and wash-houses these men solemnly followed; not the smallest detail escaped their notice. The exquisite cleanliness and perfection of all the kitchen arrangements, presided over by a particularly good-looking and in every way attractive cook, who was herself a model of neatness, impelled one elderly man to whisper in an aside to the lady who was conducting the party: 'This would be a good place for a man to choose

a wife from.' 'Yes,' she laughingly replied; 'I think any man who did so would show his good sense.' 'Many a true word is spoken in jest,' says the proverb; and so it proved this time; for when next a deputation from the same workshop visited the hospital, this man got his son put on it, who, to make a long story short, in a very brief period caused the hospital to lament over the loss of an exceptionally good cook, while he himself gained an equally good wife!

From some of the workshops, as they are called—machine-works these, mostly—really large sums were contributed to the hospital, fifty pounds annually being no unusual amount to receive from the men employed by only one firm. But the good done by letting those who were really most interested in the matter see for themselves how things were managed, was incalculable, and not to be measured by a pecuniary standard merely. Frequently, the men in a deputation have become most enthusiastic after being shown round. 'Why, yon chap tells me he gets as many as five meals a day,' was said once in the hearing of the writer, in tones expressive of the utmost pleased astonishment, the popular notion being that hospital patients were well-nigh 'clemmed' to death.

In this particular hospital, a wise and liberal rule was at that time exercised, so that the five meals a day was a literal statement of absolute fact, though two out of the said five consisted of nothing more substantial than dry bread and good new milk. In no provincial hospital have we ever seen patients better cared for. Improved appliances of every kind were forthcoming whenever needed; and no narrow-minded parsimony on the part of governors thwarted the medical staff in their endeavours to keep the hospital well up to the mark in every respect. The management had its reward in the more speedy and complete recovery of patients; for, though terrible machinery accidents were brought in, and nearly all the wards were devoted to surgical cases, it was very seldom indeed that erysipelas or any form of pyæmia supervened. And this we take to be a matter for triumphant rejoicing, especially when it is remembered that by inherited constitution and total neglect of sanitary regulations, these patients were of the very sort most likely to do badly. For this, Listerism, carried out in all its minutiae, had largely to be thanked; and many a workman now rejoices in a leg upon which he can walk, or a hand which is of service to him, who in the pre-antiseptic days would assuredly have lost it entirely.

Those who have not actually worked amongst the poor, either as medical officers in crowded towns, or as hospital surgeons or nurses, can have no conception of the filthy personal conditions under which so many of our fellow-creatures live. We remember a story told by a doctor, who, upon remonstrating with a patient in comparatively easy circumstances for not paying more attention to such matters, as certain small living creatures were unpleasantly obtrusive, was met by the indignant reply that she was 'as clean as ever a woman in M—', and had never more than five or six of the said entomological specimens upon her 'at once!' 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' so we are told. Certainly

this woman appeared perfectly happy to be ignorant. We retain to the present hour a vivid recollection of seeing a probationer-nurse take away a heap of clothes with a pair of tongs. She was rather new to the work, and the disgust depicted on her countenance was something quite too intense to be expressed in words.

After such experiences, we could believe in the truth of the following anecdote, which had always before seemed to us a somewhat overdrawn and decidedly unkindly satire on the habits and ways of certain Lancashire folk. In this county, Whitsuntide is the great annual carnival, for with nothing else can its utter devotion to holiday-making be compared. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in this week are given up entirely to 'pleasuring;' mills, workshops, and warehouses all being closed during that period. Sunday-schools organise tea-parties, processions, and excursions for their scholars; and cheap trips are the order of the day. It is like a London bank holiday quadrupled in duration and intensity. Most of the Lancashire towns have their 'going-away clubs,' organised and managed by the workmen, into which each man puts weekly what he can spare. As this goes on through a great part of the year, a very tidy sum is gathered together. We remember seeing in a local paper the amount drawn out on the eve of one particular Whitsuntide. The sum named seemed almost incredibly large, amounting to several thousand pounds. Looked at from one point of view, it seems a matter for regret that so much should be spent on a few days' pleasure-taking, when it might go to make the house bright or be stored up for old age. On the other hand, none but those who have actually lived amidst the continuous din of machinery, the smoke-laden atmosphere, the dismal ugliness of a town given up wholly to the cotton manufacture, can understand the intensity of longing to get away from it all, and, if only for a day, to breathe the purer air of some country place, or inhale the salt spray as it dashes on the strand charged with life-giving freshness. And if these benefits might be obtained at a cheaper rate, were thrift brought into play, we at least would not too harshly judge those who can only on these rare occasions spend freely without a conscience-sting, reminding them that Johnnie must go unshod, or Janie lack a frock, perchance the whole family suffer, because of the father's self-indulgence. In judging, the force of the temptation must be taken into account, for, as Burns puts it—

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Perhaps the children's ward is at once the brightest and the most sad part of hospital life. Sad, because so much of the suffering and disease is preventable, and results purely from the sins of the parents. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Bright, from the sweet patience of the little sufferers, and the many cases in which some alleviation is possible, and the poor, helpless child restored to comparative—occasionally permanent—health and strength. This happy result is of special frequency when—as with so many in the cotton districts—the hospital has the right

of filling one or more beds in a seaside children's sanatorium, so that the cure commenced in the ward may be perfected by the fresh pure air and hygienic surroundings of the seaside Home.

Little Janie, we remember well—a poor, stunted child, suffering from apparently incurable hip-disease. When first admitted, she could not raise herself in bed. After many weary months, extending in fact to years, she slowly improved; but it still seemed that she must be discharged as incurable, to make way for other and more urgent cases. She was a gentle, sweet child, and her influence over the others really helpful, for she could—being somewhat older—lead them in singing, and in many ways, from her bigger bed in the corner, be a sort of little mother to them. Did a wee bit of a child suddenly begin to cry—not from pain, but probably because of some dim home recollection—the kindly nurse would place him on Janie's bed, to talk to her for a bit, when very speedily the tears would cease, and bright sunshine succeed the transient storm. Once, a little boy, Charlie by name, was allowed to bring a pet kitten into the hospital with him, and that tiny animal was the most wonderful nurse of all. His irresistibly droll antics amused the children mightily; and Janie's bed was always a place of refuge for him too, when Kit was tired, but the children were not.

During her stay in hospital, Janie made many friends amongst ladies and others who came to look through the wards; and it was their kindness in subscribing and obtaining 'recommends' that enabled the authorities to keep her for so long a time. At last she seemed well enough to be removed, and was sent to the seaside sanatorium, where, by means of the same kindness, she remained for some months. On her return home, there was no longer any question of re-admission to the hospital; in the tall, healthy-looking girl, almost young woman, few could have recognised the pale, sickly cripple. Only an occasional and very slight limp remained to indicate how great a sufferer she had been.

Then there was little Michael, a most lovable child. His father was a widower, and while at work had to leave the boy to hired care or—as it proved to be—neglect. Hip-disease again; and what that small mite suffered is almost unrealisable. In his case, too, nourishing food and good nursing resulted in very real, though slow improvement. When fit, he also went to the sanatorium, with equally happy results as regarded his physical well-being. Alack, that we should have to record the change from angelic sweetness to fractious ill-temper!

But perhaps the most touching case of all was poor little Frankie. The greater part of his short life was spent in hospital. On him, too, the fell scourge, hip-disease, had laid its scathing hand. Having even greater hereditary ills to contend against than the others, his case seemed hopeless from the very first; yet every expedient was tried. At one time it seemed as if amputation might save his life; a doubtful boon to one in his position, for what could a poor 'lameter' do? And yet it seemed only right to let him have the chance. On recovering somewhat from the shock consequent on this operation, he really did seem better, and after a time rallied sufficiently to be sent to the sanatorium; and it is

pleasant to reflect that this change was the means of infusing much brightness into his sombre-tinted life. The drives by the seashore in the little donkey-drawn wagonette were an endless source of delight to him. He liked to see the waves rolling up, and to watch other more favoured children digging in the sands and erecting all sorts of sand-castles and wondrous fortifications, meant to repel the advances of the tide; and when the water did at last surround them, he would clap his tiny hands with glee, and laugh to see how pleased the little builders were, even though their work had all been destroyed. Not one envious thought seemed to have place in his mind.

The apparent improvement wrought by change of air and scene turned out to be only temporary, and the inherited corruption ran its full course, so that the poor little chap literally rotted away when not quite eight years of age. His unfailing patience and sweetness were something to be wondered at. A little brother, still younger, had died in the same hospital shortly before, and Frankie always looked forward to joining him. For this dear boy, death had no terrors, and the tiny crucifix—brought to him by the Romanist Sisters, and which always hung round his neck—seemed as a veritable anchor of hope, and he would clasp it between his hands when in the worst paroxysms of agony.

During little Frankie's illness, a grand event took place in the children's ward, being neither more nor less than a tea-party of their very own, over which the presiding genius was a flaxen-haired damsel of some seven summers. A lady had given her a complete children's tea-service; and the lady superintendent not only arranged for her to have real tea and sugar and milk, but also provided a mild kind of feast in the shape of cakes and jam. Some of the cakes were made in the form of animals, plants, and buildings. Fanny was still confined to bed; but this was no hindrance, as she was able to sit up and pour out the tea, all the paraphernalia being placed on the sliding-board which goes across the children's cribs and serves the purpose of a table to hold toys or food. And very important Miss Fanny looked when she was thus installed in office. Just then, a happy thought struck the lady superintendent. Little Frankie must have some tea sent to him. He was at that time in one of the men's wards, having been placed there for the sake of greater quietness, as his leg had been amputated, and he was too weak to bear the noise of his child companions. He had at first appeared to get well over the shock, and to a certain extent make some progress; but there he stopped, and his condition was such as to cause great anxiety, for there seemed no possibility of rousing him out of the semi-lethargic state in which he had for days been lying. The men were all very kind, and made him quite into a pet, those who were up devoting themselves to his amusement, but all to no purpose; it seemed as if the springs of life were loosened, and that he must die from sheer want of motive-power to keep the vital machinery at work. This tea-party, happily, had the effect of rousing him. The novelty of the performance was amusing; and doubtless he felt himself to be very important when cup after cup of tea was brought, in such

wee cups that even his poor wasted hands could hold them. What mattered it that the tea was nearly all milk, with the faintest suspicion of the cheering herb! To him it was as real as the little Marchioness's 'make-believe' lemonade! Then, too, those wonderful cakes, in all sorts of curious shapes—they were surely quite different from anything he had seen before. The kindly men around took care to keep up his newly aroused interest by little jokes as to his eating a whole church or a big lion; while as for tea, they could only drink one cup apiece, and Frankie had taken eleven!

Yes; that tea-party was a great success, and radiant with many-tinted hues reflected from the magic kaleidoscope of youth.

But it is time to end these reminiscences. In the bracing moral atmosphere of working-class Lancashire life, there are many lessons well worth the learning; much, too, serving to explain what is, after all, not quite an idle boast: 'What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow.' These hard-headed north-country people have somehow a knack of getting at the very heart of things; and with this is conjoined a habit of dogged perseverance, which helps to consolidate their theories into firmly established facts.

THE QUANDONG'S SECRET.

'STEWART,' exclaimed the chief-officer of the American barque *Decatur*, lying just then in Table Bay, into which she had put on her long voyage to Australia, for the purpose of obtaining water and fresh provisions—'the skipper's sent word off that there's two passengers coming on board for Melbourne; so look spry and get those after-berths ready, or I guess the "old man" 'll straighten you up when he does come along.'

Soon afterwards, the 'old man' and his passengers put in an appearance in the barque's cutter; the anchor, short since sunrise, was hove up to the cat-heads, topsails sheeted home, and, dipping the 'stars and bars' to the surrounding shipping, the *Decatur* again, after her brief rest, set forth on her ocean travel.

John Leslie and Francis Drury had been perfect strangers to each other all their lives long till within the last few hours; and now, with the frank confidence begotten of youth and health, each knew more of the other, his failures and successes, than perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, he would have learned in a twelvemonth. Both were comparatively young men; Drury, Australian born, a native of Victoria, and one of those roving spirits one meets with sometimes, who seem to have, and care to have, no permanent place on earth's surface, the *wandergeist* having entered into their very souls, and taken full possession thereof. The kind of man whom we are not surprised at hearing of, to-day, upon the banks of the Fly River; in a few months more in the interior of Tibet; again on the track of Stanley, or with Gordon in Khartoum.

So it had been with Francis Drury, ever seeking after fortune in the wild places of the world;

in quest, so often in vain, of a phantasmal Eldorado—lured on, ever on, by visions of what the unknown contained. Ghauts wild and rocky had re-echoed the report of his rifle; his footsteps had fallen lightly on the pavements of the ruined cities of Montezuma, sombre and stately as the primeval forest which hid them; and his skiff had cleft the bright Southern rivers that Waterton loved so well to explore, but gone farther than ever the naturalist, adventurous and daring as he too was, had ever been. At length, as he laughingly told his friend, fortune had, on the diamond fields of Klipdrift, smiled upon him, with a measured smile, 'twas true, but still a smile; and now, after an absence of some years, he had taken the opportune chance of a passage in the *Decatur*, and was off home to see his mother and sister, from whom he had not heard for nearly two years.

Leslie was rather a contrast to the other, being as quiet and thoughtful as Drury was full of life and spirits, and had been trying his hand at sheep-farming in Cape Colony, but with rather scanty results; in fact, having sunk most of his original capital, he was now taking with him to Australia very little but his African experience.

A strong friendship between these two was the result of but a few days' intimacy, during which time, however, as they were the only passengers, they naturally saw a great deal of each other; so it came to pass that Leslie heard all about his friend's sister, golden-haired Margaret Drury; and often, as in the middle watches he paced the deck alone, he conjured up visions to himself, smiling the while, of what this girl, of whom her brother spoke so lovingly and proudly, and in whom he had such steadfast faith as a woman amongst women, could be like.

The *Decatur* was now, with a strong westerly wind behind her, fast approaching the latitude of that miserable mid-oceanic rock known as the Island of St Paul, when suddenly a serious mishap occurred. The ship was 'running heavy' under her fore and main topsails and a fore topmast staysail, the breeze having increased to a stiff gale, which had brought up a very heavy sea; when somehow—for these things, even at a Board of Trade inquiry, seldom do get clearly explained—one of the two men at the wheel, or both of them perhaps, let the vessel 'broach-to,' paying the penalty of their carelessness by taking their departure from her for ever, in company with binnacle, skylights, hencoops, &c., and a huge wave which swept the *Decatur* fore and aft, from her taffrail to the heel of her bowsprit, washing at the same time poor Francis Drury, who happened to be standing under the break of the poop, up and down amongst loose spars, underneath the iron-bound windlass, dashing him pitilessly against wood and iron, here, there, and everywhere, like a broken reed; till when at last, dragged by Leslie out of the rolling, seething water on the maindeck, the roving, eager spirit seemed at last to have found rest; and his friend, as he smoothed the long fair hair from off the blood-stained forehead, mourned for him as for a younger brother.

The unfortunate man was speedily ascertained to be nothing but a mass of fractures and terrible bruises, such as no human frame under any circumstances could have survived; and well the

sufferer knew it; for in a brief interval of consciousness, in a moment's respite from awful agony, he managed to draw something from around his neck, which handing to his friend in the semi-darkness of the little cabin, whilst above them the gale roared and shrieked, officers and men shouted and swore, and the timbers of the old *Decatur* groaned and creaked like sentient things—he whispered, so low that the other had to bend down close to the poor disfigured face to hear it, 'For Mother and Maggie; I was going to tell you about—it, and—Good-bye!' and then with one convulsive shudder, and with the dark-blue eyes still gazing imploringly up into those of his friend, his spirit took its flight.

The gale has abated, the courses are clewed up, topsails thrown aback, and the starry flag flies half-mast high, as they 'commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption; looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead.' A sudden, shooting plunge into the sparkling water, and Francis Drury's place on earth will know him no more. Gone is the gallant spirit, stilled the eager heart for ever, and Leslie's tears fall thick and heavy—no one there deeming them shame to his manhood—as the belying canvas urges the ship swiftly onward on her course.

Only a Quandong stone, of rather unusual size, covered with little silver knobs or studs, and to one end of which was attached a stout silver chain. Leslie, as he turned it over and over in his hand, thinking sadly enough of its late owner, wondered much what he had been about to communicate when Death so relentlessly stepped in. The value of the thing as an ornament was but a trifle, and, try as he might, Leslie could find no indication that there was aught but met the eye: a simple Australian wild-peach stone converted into a trifle, rather ugly than otherwise, as is the case with so many so-called *curios*. Still, as his friend's last thought and charge, it was sacred in his sight; and putting it carefully away, he determined on landing at Melbourne, now so near, to make it his first care to find out Drury's mother and his sister.

'Drury, Drury! Let me see! Yes; of course. Mother and daughter, brother too sometimes; rather a wild young fellow; always "on the go" somewhere or other, you know. Yes; they used to live here; but they've been gone this long time; and where to, is more than I can tell you; or I think anybody else about here either.'

So spake the present tenant of 'Acacia Cottage, St Kilda,' in response to Leslie's inquiries at the address, to obtain which he had overhauled the effects of the dead man, finding it at the commencement of a two-year-old letter from his mother, directed to 'Algoa Bay;' finding, besides, some receipts of diamonds sold at Cape Town, and a letter of credit on a Melbourne bank for five hundred pounds; probably, so Leslie thought to himself, that 'measured smile' of which the poor fellow had laughingly spoken to him in the earlier days of their brief companionship.

The above was the sum-total of the information he could ever—after many persistent efforts, including a fruitless trip to Hobart—obtain of the family or their whereabouts; so, depositing the five hundred pounds at one of the principal banking institutions, and inserting an advertisement in the *Age* and *Argus*, Leslie having but little spare cash, and his own fortune lying still in deepest shadow, reluctantly, for a time at least, as he promised himself, abandoned the quest.

Kaloola was one of the prettiest pastoral homesteads in the north-western district of Victoria; and its owner, as one evening he sat in the broad veranda, and saw on every side, far as the eye could reach, land and stock all calling him master, felt that the years that had passed since the old *Decatur* dropped her anchor in Port Phillip had not passed away altogether in vain; and although ominous wrinkles began to appear about the corners of John Leslie's eyes, and gray hairs about his temples, the man's heart was fresh and unseared as when, on a certain day twelve long years ago, he had shed bitter tears over the ocean grave of his friend. Vainly throughout these latter years had he endeavoured to find some traces of the Drurys. The deposit in the Bank of Australasia had remained untouched, and had by now swollen to a very respectable sum indeed. Advertisements in nearly every metropolitan and provincial newspaper were equally without result; even 'private inquiry' agents, employed at no small cost, confessed themselves at fault. Many a hard fight with fortune had John Leslie encountered before he achieved success; but through it all, good times and bad, he had never forgotten the dying bequest left to him on that dark and stormy morning in the Southern Ocean; and now, as rising and going to his desk he took out the Quandong stone, and turning it over and over, as though trying once again to finish those last dying words left unfinished so many years ago, his thoughts fled back along memory's unforgetten vale, and a strong presentiment seemed to impel him not to leave the trinket behind, for the successful squatter was on the eve of a trip to 'the Old Country,' and this was his last day at Kaloola; so, detaching the stone from its chain, he screwed it securely to his watchguard, and in a few hours more had bidden adieu to Kaloola for some time to come.

It was evening on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and a crowd of fashionably dressed people were walking up and down, or sitting listening to the music of the band. Amongst these latter was our old friend John Leslie, who had been in England some three or four months, and who now seemed absorbed in the sweet strains of Urich's *Good-night, my Love*, with which the musicians were closing their evening's selection; but in reality his thoughts were far away across the ocean, in the land of his adoption; and few dreamed that the sun-browned, long-bearded, middle-aged gentleman, clothed more in accordance with ideas of comfort than of fashion, and who sat there so quietly every evening, could, had it so pleased him, have bought up half the gay loungers who passed

and repassed him with many a quizzical glance at the loose attire, in such striking contrast to the British fashion of the day.

Truth to tell, Leslie was beginning to long for the far-spreading plains of his Australian home once more; his was a quiet thoughtful nature, unfitted for the gay scenes in which he had lately found himself a passive actor, and he was—save for one sister, married years ago, and now with her husband in Bermuda—alone in the world; and he thinks rather sadly, perhaps, as he walks slowly back through the crowd of fashionables to the *Imperial*, where he is staying: 'And alone most likely to the end.'

He had not been in his room many minutes before there came a knock at the door; and, scarcely waiting for answer, in darted a very red-faced, very stout, and apparently very flurried old gentleman, who, setting his gold eyeglasses firmly on his nose, at once began: 'Er—ah, Mr Leslie, I believe? Got your number from the porter, you see—great rascal, by the way, that porter; always looks as if he wanted something, you know—then the visitors' book, and so. Yes; it's all right so far. There's the thing now!'—glancing at the old Quandong stone which still hung at Leslie's watch-chain. 'I'—he went on—'that is, my name is Raby, Colonel Raby, and— Dear me, yes; must apologise, ought to have done that at first, for intrusion, and all that kind of thing; but really, you see'— And here the old gentleman paused, fairly for want of breath, his purple cheeks expanding and contracting, whilst, instead of words, he emitted a series of little puffs; and John, whilst asking him to take a seat, entertained rather strong doubts of his visitor's sanity.

'Now,' said he at length, when he perceived signs that the colonel was about to recommence, 'kindly let me know in what way I can be of use to you.'

'Bother take the women!' ejaculated the visitor, as he recovered his breath again. 'But you see, Mr Leslie, it was all through my niece. She caught sight of that thing—funny-looking thing, too—on your chain whilst we were on the Parade this evening, and nearly fainted away—she did, sir, I do assure you, in Mrs Raby's arms, too, sir; and if I had not got a cup of water from the drinking fountain, and poured it over her head, there would most likely have been a bit of a scene, sir, and then— We are staying in this house, you know. We saw you come in just behind us; and so—of course it's all nonsense, but the fact is'—

'Excuse me,' interrupted Leslie, who was growing impatient; 'but may I ask the name of the lady—your niece, I mean?'

'My niece, sir,' replied the colonel, rather ruffled at being cut short, 'is known as Miss Margaret Drury; and if you will only have the kindness to convince her as to the utter absurdity of an idea which she somehow entertains that that affair, charm, trinket, or whatever you may call it, once belonged to a brother of hers, I shall be extremely obliged to you, for really'—relapsing again—'when the women once get hold of a fad of the kind, a man's peace is clean gone, sir, I do assure you.'

'I am not quite sure,' remarked Leslie, smiling,

'that in this case at least it will turn out to be a "fad." How I became possessed of this stone, which I have every reason to believe once belonged to her brother, and which, through long years, I have held in trust for her and her mother, is quite capable of explanation, sad though the story may be. So, sir, I shall be very pleased to wait on Miss Drury as soon as may be convenient to her.'

A tall, dark-robed figure, beyond the first bloom of maidenhood, but still passing fair to look upon, rose on Leslie's entrance; and he recognised at a glance the long golden hair, and calm eyes of deepest blue, of poor Drury's oft-repeated description.

Many a sob escaped his auditor as he feelingly related his sad story.

'Poor Francie,' she said at last—'poor, dear Francie! And this is the old Quandong locket I gave him as a parting gift, when he left for those terrible diamond fields! A lock of my hair was in it. But how strange it seems that through all these years you have never discovered the secret of opening it. See!' and with a push on one of the stud-heads and a twist on another, a short, stout silver pin drew out, and one half of the nut slipped off, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the pair, nestling in a thick lock of golden threads finer than the finest silk, a beautiful diamond, uncut, but still, even to the unpractised eyes of Leslie, of great value.

This, then, was the secret of the Quandong stone, kept so faithfully for so long a time. This was what that dying friend and brother had tried, but tried in vain, with his last breath to disclose.

It was little wonder that Leslie's inquiries and advertisements had been ineffectual, for about the time Drury had received his last letter from home, the bank in which was the widow's modest capital failed, and mother and daughter were suddenly plunged into poverty dire and complete. In this strait they wrote to Colonel Raby, Mrs Drury's brother, who, to do him justice, behaved nobly, bringing them from Australia to England, and accepting them as part and parcel of his home without the slightest delay. Mrs Drury had now been dead some years; and though letter after letter had been addressed to Francis Drury at the Cape, they had invariably returned with the discouraging indorsement, 'Not to be found.' The Rabys, it seemed, save for a brief interval yearly, lived a very retired kind of life on the Yorkshire wolds; still, Margaret Drury had caused many and persistent inquiries to be made as to the fate of her brother, but, till that eventful evening on the Marine Parade, without being able to obtain the slightest clue.

As perhaps the reader has already divined, John Leslie was, after all, not fated to go through life's pilgrimage alone. In fair Margaret Drury he found a loving companion and devoted wife; and as, through the years of good and evil hap,

The red light fell about their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily spire,

so did John Leslie more nearly realise what a rare prize he had won.

At beautiful Kaloola, Mr and Mrs Leslie still live happily, and the old Quandong stone, with its occupant still undisturbed, is treasured amongst their most precious relics.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

IV.

THE recovery of Miss May from the effects of her accident was slow, but satisfactory. For some days she lay in a state of semi-stupor; and afterwards, when full consciousness returned, her feelings were more like those of one in a dream, than in waking life. She was aware of the gentle, mother-like assiduity for her comfort of an elderly lady, who seemed to be always at hand to attend to her wants; and in that visionary stage of convalescence in which at times the patient can scarcely distinguish between dreams and realities, she was fain to believe it but a dream that she had been an orphan from infancy, for here was her own dear mother tending her again with watchful care. The other figure, that glided round her bed with noiseless footsteps, she could not make out at all. With dreamy eyes she could see it was that of a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl, of her own age, or younger. She had an intuition, too, that her name was Ruth; and she liked to hear her speak, for her voice was low and musical, and so full of sympathy for her. But further thought cost too much effort, so she was fain to lie in a state of dreamy comfort.

Strength of mind and body came back, however, gradually but surely; and at last the doctor granted permission, one afternoon, that she might leave her room and join the family at tea in the parlour. By this time Mrs Martindale, Ruth, and she were great friends; and she had learnt from them the circumstances under which she came to be in her present condition. Her recollection was a blank from the time that she was struck down by the runaway horse. She had indeed a dim remembrance of seeing some one apparently spring out of the ground and seize the horse's bridle simultaneously with the blow she received; but further than this she could recollect nothing. So it was as a perfect stranger that Joe appeared to her that afternoon in the cosy parlour, redolent of rose-leaves and lavender, and in which the first fire of autumn had been lighted for her comfort. How grateful she felt for all this kindness, bestowed upon her, an utter stranger—a playactress too, one of a class whom country folks look upon still as a species of social pariah. And how prettily, and with what emotion, she expressed that gratitude, two precious little tears gemming her eyes as she thanked Joe for the life he had preserved to her.

Joe would have considered it sacrilege to call that afternoon and evening by such a commonplace term as pleasant. It was heavenly! And who but he knew how to place Miss May's easy-chair just at the very angle where she could enjoy all the comfort of the fire without being inconvenienced by its glare? And who but he could arrange the cushions in the easiest position to support her dainty head? Why, nobody; and Ruth made the discovery that

Joe had missed his vocation in life, which should have been that of a nurse. Then after tea, when Joe and his mother had retired for a while, Ruth thought that her new friend was now sufficiently strong to become the recipient of her confidences touching her engagement to Dick; and this seemed to cement their friendship still more; so that with one thing and another, before bedtime they were like a little family party, instead of the strangers they had been only a few weeks before.

Days went by, and Phyllis—she was Phyllis now—was able to go about the house, and began to talk of the time drawing near when she must no longer trespass on their kind hospitality. But Mrs Martindale would not hear of this, and declared she should not leave Knowecroft until she was perfectly strong; for where could she have such a chance of speedy recovery as in the clear bracing air and restful atmosphere of Linthwaite? The truth was, the winsome ways of the young girl had so twined her round the good old lady's heart, that she was loth to think of the time when they must part with her. Many a time did she bewail to herself that the lot of such a sweet bit lassie should be cast among 'them playactors!' She had gathered from Phyllis that she was an orphan; and had often wished that she had been sent to them sooner, to be trained up in good, solid, sensible country ways, instead of the nonsense of playacting.

After a while, Phyllis was sufficiently strong to go into the dairy and watch Ruth making up the butter, which she always did with her own hands; and one day she surprised that young person by saying to her: 'Let me help you, Ruthie; I think I can do it your way now, after seeing you.'

'Why, Phyllis,' replied Ruth, 'what can you know about making butter? Those little hands of yours were never made for such work as this.'

'Oh, weren't they, though?' rejoined Phyllis, laughing. 'But they were! Why, you dear delicious little Ruthie, they have put up pounds and pounds and pounds of butter many a time! See!' she continued, turning up her sleeves, and setting to work in orthodox fashion, seizing a handful of butter, and rolling it and patting it and moulding it as deftly as the astonished Ruth could have done it herself. 'Does that look as if I were doing this work for the first time?'

'Where did you learn?' asked Ruth in amazement. 'Why, Phyllis, you could beat me hollow!'

'Have I never told you?' replied Phyllis. 'My dear old uncle and aunt, with whom I have lived nearly all my life, had a farm in Shropshire, and I always used to help with the dairywork. You know my father was an actor; my mother died when I was only three years old, and my father before I was five; so, as uncle and aunt had no children of their own, they adopted me. Poor uncle died twelve months ago last Christmas; and when everything was settled, it was found that there was little or no money left, so I had to set to work to make my own living. Aunt did not live long after him; and now I have no relations left. Well, I tried a situation as governess first; but it was miserable, Ruthie,

dear! So I was glad when Mr Nelson, who was my father's dearest friend, looked me up, and proposed that I should try how I would like to be an actress. I made my first appearance in Carlisle only the week before I came here, so you see I am a long way off the top of the tree yet.'

But Ruth could not wait to hear more. She was off like a bird to find her mother and tell her the news. She found that good lady pouring out Joe's tea; and rushing in, she broke into a merry laugh, and cried: 'Mother! Phyllis is a ready-made farmer's wife, and not a bit of an actress after all!'

Whatever other effect this declaration had, it quite took away Joe's appetite; a state of things which under other circumstances would have aroused maternal anxiety; but now his mother was too much interested in this wonderful intelligence to notice it. And before they could question Ruth further, she was off again, and in another minute had Phyllis among them, to tell her story for herself.

Candour compels us to admit that this discovery of their charming guest being a possible candidate for matrimony in their domestic circle gave the good mother a slight twinge of jealousy on Joe's behalf. For what mother can look in the face for the first time the possibility that even a part of her only son's affection towards herself may be diverted into another channel? But she was too sensible a woman to brood over such thoughts; for after all, if Joe did get such an idea into his head, where would he find a sweeter and better little wife than Phyllis? Her heart melted towards the desolate girl, who had never known a mother's love and care; and she kissed the young face, where the roses were again blooming, with such tenderness as called up the tears once more into the orphan's eyes. But they did not remain there long, for she had to satisfy Mrs Martindale's curiosity concerning the art and mystery of butter-making as practised in Salop; and Ruth was too full of rejoicing at her discovery to leave room for any but merry hearts in her company. And here was such a glorious chance for doing a bit of that match-making which all women, and particularly women who are newly matched themselves, so dearly love. So Ruth firmly made up her mind that she would have Phyllis for her sister; and Joe on his part determined that it should not be his fault if she had not.

And Phyllis? Well, Phyllis had not been asked for her opinion on that delicate subject as yet, and so it would hardly be fair in us to divulge her feelings. Mrs Martindale in her mind fully resolved that there should be no more playacting for Miss Phyllis May. Ruth was going to leave her, and she should take Ruth's place in the household. If Joe took it into his head to marry her, well and good; but if not, there would soon be plenty of eligible suitors for her hand, and anything was better than to let her go back among 'them playactor folk.'

V.

It must not be supposed that Phyllis had been deserted by her actor-friends all this time. On the contrary, Mr Nelson had managed to pay

one or two hurried visits to Knowecroft during the first weeks of her illness, and on one occasion he brought his wife, to give the latter an opportunity of seeing for herself that Phyllis was really comfortable and happy. Possibly, Mrs Nelson was shrewd enough to surmise what was likely to be the outcome of the charming stranger's stay at Knowecroft; at anyrate, neither she nor her husband showed any signs of any wish to shorten her stay there, although Phyllis was not left without every assurance that the worthy couple were looking forward with pleasure to her return.

As day by day went past, each one bringing nearer the time when she must leave Knowecroft and all the kind friends there, Phyllis's heart had grown very heavy. It had been such a peaceful, happy time—even while she was an invalid, she had felt it so—after buffetings with the world for nearly two years alone, meeting with harsh words from some, indifference from many, and kindness from few; and as a last resource, having to adopt for a livelihood a calling for which she had little liking—that Knowecroft had seemed to her a perfect haven of rest. It was not as a stranger that the little household there seemed to look upon her; nay, it was more as a daughter and a sister, and her heart yearned so towards all this love, which she must leave behind her. It appeared so much harder to face the world now, than it did before she came; but she knew that it must be done, and she felt that the sooner her departure was taken now, the better it would be, both for herself and her hospitable friends. She could not be blind to the fact that Joe's regard for her was of a warmer nature than even that of a brother; and without daring to analyse her own feelings towards him, she dreaded a declaration on his part, as being sure to cause unhappiness to his mother, for whose goodness she was so deeply grateful that she shrank from causing her a moment's pain. And that it must be a matter for pain to her, that her son should wish to marry a penniless stranger, Phyllis felt sure; all the more so that that stranger had been, even for so short a time, a 'playactor.' So she came to the resolution to write to Mr Nelson at once, telling him that she was at last well enough to resume her histrionic duties, and then to intimate to Mrs Martindale that she must now really leave them.

But when she came to talk to her about it, she found that good lady had very different views on the subject. 'Gän to leave us?' said she. 'Nay, Phyllis, my dear lass, thoo mustn't talk that way. Ruth's gän, an' I'm to be left by mysel', an' I've been thinkin' hoo neyce it wad be if thoo wad nobbut bide wid us awthegither. I ken thoo might mak' mair money wid them playactors, but bless the', bairn! thoo wad be far better wid us. Thy oan mother wadn't be kinder till the' than I'll be, if thoo'll only stop.'

'Oh! Mrs Martindale'—began Phyllis.

'Nay; divvent co' me Mrs Martindale; co' me mother, that's a good bairn,' interpolated the kindly dame. 'I's sure I fin' like a mother to the', an' I always will, whether thoo gäns or stops; but thoo's gän nin.'

'Well, mother, dear mother,' continued Phyllis,

'if I stayed, I should only be a trouble to you, and that would make me miserable as well as you. It is very, very hard to leave you; but as I have my livelihood to make, I must; it is best that I should.'

'There's nea "best" about it, that I can see,' rejoined Mrs Martindale. 'Ruth's gän to leave me, an' I's gittin' oald an' feckless, an' there'll hev' to be somebody to tak' her plect, an' thoo could mannish 't famously. Thoo maybe thinks that Joe wad object; but here he is comin', an' we'll see what he says.' And Joe, whose face had been lengthening daily at the prospect of Phyllis withdrawing the light of her presence from Knowecroft, walked into the room. 'Joe,' said his mother, 'here's Phyllis talkin' aboot leavin' us; an' I want her to bide an' tak' Ruth's plect, an' I believe she's feart thoo wad object. Wad te, Joe?'

Would he object! The idea was ridiculous. So he replied: 'Miss May' (he had not advanced to the 'Phyllis' stage yet), 'if any persuasions of mine could prevail upon you to remain with us, I would use them all. Could you not be happy with us?'

'Oh, so happy!' replied Phyllis, half sobbing. 'You have all been so good and so kind to me; but'—

'We want nea buts,' interrupted Mrs Martindale. 'If thoo's gän to be happy, an' I's gän to be happy, an' Joe's gän to be happy, thoo stops; an' we're aw gän to be miserable if thoo gäns, thoo'll stop, an' that's aw aboot it. Sea, it's settled!'

With the ground cut from beneath her whichever way she turned, what could poor Phyllis do? So it was arranged then and there that she should resume the rôle of Phoebe, but in earnest this time; and Ruth undertook, before leaving Knowecroft, to make her such an adept in poultry-rearing and Cumberland dairywork as would leave nothing for her mother to teach her.

ODDITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FROM A MONTANA CORRESPONDENT.

THE exigencies of climate naturally form the habits of animals, birds, and fishes, when in a purely wild condition; but how can one explain the curious fact of the gopher or ground-squirrel 'holing-up,' as the miners call it, on or about the 20th of August each year? The weather at that time is usually warm and pleasant, and generally continues so into October, yet Mr Gopher about the 1st of August may be seen skipping along with a small tuft of grass in his mouth, which, as he disappears down his hole with a twinkle of his tail, he carries with him for his winter's bed. These curious little fellows may be seen by hundreds on, say, the 15th of August; on the 21st, but few can be seen; and by the 25th, you may ride miles and not see one. Is this what some people call 'inherited instinct?'

The gophers are sharp in their generation, easily tamed to come from their holes at a signal; and standing motionless and erect on their hind-feet, they await the little delicacy you are expected to give them. I know one fat fellow, by the men christened 'Dick,' who on being tamed, at

once drove all the others to a respectful distance, while he remained in the cabin, erect and keen-eyed, waiting for his supper. Dick found that the men sometimes closed the cabin-door when at meals, thus keeping him out. Next day, though the door was shut, Dick appeared as usual. Examination showed that he had dug a hole from the outside under the floor, coming up exactly where two boards had failed to meet in one corner; thus finding the only possible opening by which he could get through the floor. How was this planned? The gopher appears to freeze perfectly solid in our severe winters. Miners drifting through gravel in winter have several times, to my knowledge, dug them out curled like a ball, but solid and cold as though dead. It is impossible to open them out when in this condition; they are like a block of wood. But place one near a hot log-fire and soon he will straighten himself; and first one hind-leg and then the other will kick a little, and Mr G. sits up and looks around with a bewildered air.

Our fish act in a similar manner in winter. In fishing through the ice—sometimes the latter four feet thick—the temperature is usually low, say from twenty to forty-five degrees below zero—the fish, whether trout, grayling, or whitefish, when released from the hook and thrown on the ice, almost immediately stiffen and cease jumping about. Many of them stiffen or freeze in a curved form, as though stricken with the intense cold as they struggled on the ice. Take these same fish home to a warm kitchen, and they will, when thawed, kick and flop about as though newly caught. I have seen this occur five hours after being out of water, and have been told they will live for twenty-four hours, if kept frozen for that time.

Our bears—the grizzly, cinnamon, and black—go into winter-quarters when it suits them. They are influenced wholly by season, it would seem. Sometimes, if one or two bright warm days follow each other in winter, Bruin will come out for a short promenade; but he quickly returns homeward on the least change of temperature. The she-bear is supposed here to bring forth her cubs when in winter-quarters. No matter how early you may see the female bear in spring, she always has her cubs with her.

I will mention a fact, that has, I understand, been disputed by some professors in the East, and that is the presence of wood-ticks in the swallows' nests here. I refer to the eave-building swallow. I have seen nests which fairly swarmed inside with these abominable crawlers. This fact is so well known here, that miners, cowboys, &c. will knock down the partly built nests, and thus discourage the birds from building at that particular spot, because letting the nests remain means having your cabin infested after a time with these very efficient substitutes for bed-bugs. Whether these ticks are parasites brought from the South or not, I do not know, but I do know that the nests here have them.

The snow-shoe rabbit is a curious little fellow; the loose skin of the feet is enlarged so as to expand on pressure, and Bunny can skim along deep soft snow where no living animal can follow him. The mountain goat has a similar protection given it by nature; the thick wiry hair on its legs above the hoofs spreads outwards when

walking over snow, and enables this unsocial party to wander at sweet will over deep and deadly drifts unmolested by his enemies. The spreading wiry hair prevents him from sinking over a few inches in the snow. He never descends to the low country, unless in unusually severe weather. In summer, he ranges on the summits almost of the highest hills, close up to the perpetual snow-line, feeding on the lichens, mosses, and stunted grasses he finds there. In winter, reluctantly descending part way down the hill-sides, only so far as he is compelled, he wanders over the storm-cleared rocks, nibbling here and there, and picking up his living in a way marvellous to behold. Silent, wary, keen eyed and eared, with a wonderful scent for danger, he views with supreme contempt the lower world beneath him. One forgets almost to breathe, watching a herd of these fellows when alarmed. Rocks, boulders, chasms, cliffs, are as level ground to them; madly hopping, skipping, and jumping, sideways, frontway, any way, on they go like a drifting cloud, and in a moment almost, have vanished.

'SHALL I?'

SHALL I do this, sir, and shall I do that, sir?

Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out?

Shall it be bonnet, or shall it be hat, sir?

State your opinion; I'm sadly in doubt.

Shall I go riding, or shall I go walking?

Shall I accept it, or shall I refuse?

Shall I be silent, or shall I keep talking?

Give your advice, pray; I cannot well choose.

Thus do we pander to others' opinions,

Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;

Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,

Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her?

Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold?

Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter?

Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold?

What will be said if I stay from the dinner?

What will be said if I'm seen at the ball?

Will they proclaim me a saint, or a sinner?

If not the former, I go not at all.

Thus do we pander to others' opinions,

Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;

Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,

Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,

Doing the thing that is lawful and right?

Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,

Shunning the darkness, and courting the light.

Surely, if conscience forbear to upbraid us,

Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools;

God is our guide—for His service He made us—

Not to be ruled by the makers of rules.

Pander no longer to others' opinions;

Wear not the garb of Society's slaves;

Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions;

Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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SOME STAGE-TRADES.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

WHILE Mrs Kendal's recent utterances at the Social Science Congress, and the continued efforts of dramatic scribes, have helped not a little to bring the 'art' side of the theatrical profession into a deserved prominence, it occurs to the writer that but little, comparatively speaking, is known about what may be termed the workman's share in stage-plays. Though one hears a great deal about what actors think, what actresses think, and what managers think, one is never allowed to hear the workman's opinion; nor, except on rare occasions, is one permitted even to know if such a being as a stage-workman exists. People have some idea, certainly, that there are such functionaries as scene-painters, stage-carpenters, and the like; but to the public eye they are mysterious beings who have really no business to exist at all. To think of them is alone sufficient to spoil the effect of the prettiest stage-picture; and the apparition of a scene-painter bowing his thanks in the middle of the transformation scene of a pantomime, has before now robbed this most picturesque illusion of its greatest charm—apparent reality. The public, as a rule, do not like to be reminded of a Spitalfields loom when they see a heroic pantomime 'prince' in all the glory of glittering fringe. The very suspicion of such an origin gives the shining rain of fairyland an incongruous, matter-of-fact look which ill becomes it.

Perhaps the most difficult task, in a paper like the present, is the choice not only of particular employments and manufactures, but of the most salient features of the callings or of the trade products which, without the introduction of technical particulars, will enable the reader to form some conception of the magnitude and number of stage occupations. Of the number of these occupations, the uninitiated can have but little idea. Wig-making, mask-making, picture-printing, hose-making, costume-making,

fringe-making, spangle-making, cabinet-making, the manufacture of foil-paper, stage-jewellery, lime-light, and a host of other avocations are called into requisition to satisfy that greedy monster, 'popular taste.' Few who look at a pantomime, for instance, have the faintest idea of the working hosts employed, and of the days, weeks, and even months consumed in bringing *Jack the Giant-killer* or *Cinderella* to that proper pitch of perfection which is nowadays expected from everything theatrical. In pantomimes or spectacular performances, this is especially the case; but even in less elaborate—so far as stage requirements go—and more sensible productions, the amount and the character of skilled labour can only be appreciated by those who actually come in contact with it. Such a play, for instance, as *The World* makes an extensive call on the resources of the theatrical tradesman, even though historical costume is of necessity absent; while a production like that of *Much Ado About Nothing*, as staged and dressed at the London Lyceum, means no end of labour to the artisan as well as the artist. At a dramatic representation this fact seldom presents itself. We see the attractive *tout ensemble*; the stage-pictures please the eye; the costumes are attractive, the plot interesting, and the acting realistic. We are entertained, possibly instructed, and ask nothing further. The why and the wherefore of this or that does not trouble us in the least, and the consequence is that while we are unlimited in our laudations of author and actor, the theatrical tradesman, who possibly has contributed not a little to the desired result, seldom, if ever, gets a 'Thank you' from anybody.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important of stage-trades is that of wig-making. 'There is room,' said a contemporary recently, 'for as much tragedy in a hair-dresser's wig as ever Hamlet found in the grave-digger's skulls.' Leaving the tragic element out of the question, there is many a wig that, could it tell its story, would furnish abundant food for reflection. As I write, there lies in my

immediate vicinity a dirty, greasy, old 'scratch' wig. Its springs are broken, its net foundation in tatters, and altogether exhibiting signs of a near dissolution. Yet years ago, long before its then owner dreamed of American tours or royal patronage, that wig was worn by Henry Irving in the 'Queen Victoria's Own Theatre' for the part of Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist*. At first sight, the importance of the particular industry of wig-making may appear of but little account, yet when I mention that before the Lyceum company started on their first American tour, no less than eleven hundred wigs were manufactured for them by a leading London perruquier, the importance of artificial hair in theatrical disguises will be recognised at once. Without a wig, for instance, how terribly commonplace would a Doricourt become; how wanting in unctuousness a flaxen-haired Mr Dawson, B.A.; how lacking in romance a close-cropped Romeo! Actors are well aware that without the assistance of their perruquier their best efforts would lose half their charm, and the result is that wig-making has now become one of the leading trades—'arts,' indeed, would be a more befitting term—in connection with the theatrical profession. The names of some of the varieties in these artificial coverings for the head would, I doubt not, puzzle many non-theatrical readers. Country Boys', Black Straight, Quakers', Red Indians', Black Bald, Scratch, Court, Dress, Midas, Chinese, Flowing, Brown, Fair, Red, and Gray Tie, Brown, Gray, White, and Black Dress, Monks', Comic Old Women's, Japanese, Watteau, Barristers', Pages', Clowns', and I know not how many more; while particular parts, such as Bill Sikes, Middlewick, Mr Dawson, B.A., Dundreary, Paul Pry, &c., have particular wigs, which are known simply by the character they are used for.

A great deal of nonsense is sometimes talked as to the sources from which perruquiers obtain the material for their wigs. Stories of children being waylaid in dark alleys; of fair-haired mothers sacrificing their beautiful tresses to fill the mouths of their hungry offspring; of the dark shadow of the perruquier's emissary lending additional horrors to the scaffold; and of 'resurrected' corpses being laid under tribute to supply the wig-maker's demands, had all better be received with the proverbial grain of salt. The majority of the hair used by the trade comes from the continent; the light hair, as might be expected, being obtained from the peasantry of northern latitudes, while the south of Europe supplies darker shades. Travellers, I was once informed by a leading London perruquier, go round the different villages collecting the material. The hair once obtained, it has to undergo cleansing and other operations ere it is ready to be made up into a wig. These finished, it is twisted into what is technically termed 'weft'; and then a wig-block having been covered with a net or gauze foundation, the weft is sewn on in rows running from ear to ear. The wig is then cut and trimmed and taken off the wig-block ready for use.

Monstaches are manufactured much in the same way. A block is covered with gauze, the pattern of the moustache cut out in paper and

pasted on the gauze, and the 'weft' knotted in as before. Girls, for the most part, are employed at this branch of the business, the work being, in fact, of such delicacy that only the deft fingers of a woman could accomplish it.

Besides wig-making, the majority of perruquiers also include in their business the necessities employed for what is termed 'make-up'; and in the case of amateur representations, where those taking part are unable, through inexperience, to use the 'hare's-foot,' &c. with effect, the perruquier's assistant is generally told off to superintend the operation. The ordinary run of professionals, however, seldom go in for the luxury of an assistant in the face-painting process; with a 'make-up box,' small mirror, and long practice, an assistant would be an expensive superfluity. The various requisites for this preliminary step in dramatic representation almost defy enumeration. Rouge in its different shades, blue to represent unshaven faces, burnt cork for negro minstrels, carmine, chrome for sallow complexions, *email noir* to stop-out teeth when representing old men, joining-paste for affixing bald wigs to the forehead, mongolian for Indians, &c., pencils for the veins, grenadine for the lips, pencils for the eyebrows and eyelids, grease-paints in thirty different colours, hair-powder, hare's-feet, skin-moustache masks, and a dozen other articles, form but a portion of the stock-in-trade of the supplier of make-up requisites. It is quite possible, too, that a visit to his establishment might unearth fanciful masks, dominoes, noses, and many other pantomime necessities.

Costumes—including costumes proper, hats, hose, boots and shoes—fulfil such important functions in stage-plays that an apology might be almost tendered for making their consideration second to that of wigs and make-up. On the other hand, so little could be added—regarding the manufacture of costumes generally—to the information of any one having access to the interior of a tailor's shop, that to give costume manufacture preference to the less understood art of wig-making, would be to place the latter in a position it does not deserve. I have said that but little could be written regarding costumes generally. Were I to write, for instance, that a harlequin's dress—in which he dances so nimbly, exposed to the overpowering heat of 'floats,' 'battens,' 'wing-lights,' and sometimes 'ground-rows'—was as heavy, or heavier than an ordinary suit of clothes; that it is made up of hundreds of various-coloured pieces of cloth; and that on each separate piece numerous spangles are stitched by hand, I might perhaps whet curiosity, while I would sacrifice instruction. Were I to dilate on the oddity of costumiers always retaining in stock a quantity of rags, without which such old favourites as the 'Artful Dodger,' &c. would lose half their charm; or dwell on the interesting fact that Fechter's attire in *Ruy Blas* is still in existence in a costumier's establishment in London, I would only be raking up out-of-the-way but unprofitable information, which, in all probability, would be forgotten as soon as read.

Let me, therefore, rather draw the attention of readers to less known items regarding particular details of costume, not the least interesting among which I might instance stage-hosiery. This

manufacture is but little practised in London. As a general rule, the looms of the Midlands meet all the demands of the metropolitan and provincial stage. Still, there are one or two establishments within a stone's-throw of Drury Lane which keep a few machines working in order that hurried orders may be more rapidly met than they could possibly be if the supply had to be brought from its provincial birthplace. One of these establishments I had the opportunity of visiting some twelve months ago, and from the results of the visit—which were published at the time in a theatrical journal—I cull the following description of the manufacture of what in stage parlance are termed 'tights.' 'The machines were situated in a small low-ceilinged room, and the constant whir ensuing, as row after row of thread was added, set one's teeth on edge in anything but a pleasant manner. The machine had not the click-clack of an ordinary loom; it was whir, whir, whir, as if a tuning-fork was being drawn across some comb-like substance; while the shivery feeling the noise produced was icily suggestive of cold water trickling down one's back. There was no shuttle; no warp *versus* weft. The operator's fingers, taking the place of the shuttle, draws the thread across the row of horizontal J-shaped needles; by another movement, the loop of each little elongated J presses the thread down, when a knot is formed by a further thread being passed over the loop; and so, after the manner of ordinary hand-knitting, the process of manufacture goes on. Both feet and hands are brought into requisition in the work, which is, to all appearance, both monotonous and tedious. About the most interesting feature of the machine is the fact that the garment woven literally "hangs by a thread," and does the operator fail but once to draw the thread across the needles, the article falls off the machine entirely. In fact, to use a homely phrase, he "drops his stitches," and is obliged to pick them up. The measurement of the garment must, of course, be accurate; and at intervals a rule is employed, so that the tall and well-formed hero may not have to wear diminutive dress, nor the romantic Rosalind assume the less imposing "casings" of the Irish colleen.'

There is so little interesting literary matter deducible from the manufacture of theatrical boots and shoes, that I am almost tempted to leave this item unnoticed. Yet there can be no doubt that adolescent curiosity will always find a glamour of romance about, say, the foot of a *première danseuse*. Even respectable story-tellers do not hesitate to work up the interest in their novel or novelette by here and there introducing the stereotyped pretty speeches about 'the poetry of motion' exhibited in pantomime or opera-bouffe. Still, the stage-dancer's shoe is a very everyday affair after all. Just step into this bootmaker's shop with me, and you'll see the whole manufacture in a trice. The dancer has just had her pretty foot measured for shoes for one of the current pantomimes, and is boring the shoemaker with no end of instructions about the make and shape of the required article. 'Now, remember, Mr So-and-so, they're to have white satin outsides; and be sure and have the toes well stiffened; and don't forget to make the soles as white as possible;' and so on, and

so on, while the much-enduring bootmaker listens in polite silence, and obsequiously bows the great-little lady out. Then he proceeds to business; first making a last to the measurement he has taken of the foot; then cutting out the material, he fits it on to the last, and in a short time the dainty article is ready for its daintier wearer. Of course, ordinary ballet shoes—those intended for the third or fourth row of dancers—do not require anything like the attention bestowed on the foot-covering of the *première danseuse*. Such second-rate shoes are generally covered with canvas; the wearer afterwards refining their exterior with silk or satin, as she pleases; and can be had for a shilling or two a pair. The reader, however, must not run away with the idea that this represents anything like the average cost of footwear used in stage displays. I have seen a pantomime 'prince' wear a pair of thirty-buttoned sky-blue satin 'turreted' boots, the cost of which would nearly keep me in boots for a year.

'Glittering rain' often forms a picturesque feature of the final tableau of a transformation scene. Most readers probably will recollect that just as the transformation is fully effected, and immediately before the hideous red fire makes everything and everybody look ghastly in the extreme, there may sometimes be observed descending from the clouds—or, more correctly, flies—a glistening imitation of fairyland rain. They may also recollect that in many cases the dresses of the lady artists in a pantomime are made particularly striking by the golden fringe suspended to them. As the 'glittering rain' of the transformation and the 'golden fringe' of the ladies are of much the same material, let me tell you a little of what I know of the latter. It goes without saying that the term 'golden' slightly exaggerates the quality of the article. Except in the case of principals, or of moneyed amateurs who can afford 'bullion fringe,' the rank and file of the profession commonly patronise what is technically known as 'silver-plate' and 'water' fringe.

I once had an opportunity of seeing this ordinary fringe being woven. The locality in which the work was carried on was not a pretty one. There were no beautiful ladies, heroic lovers, woodland glades, or benevolent fairies. King Poverty, indeed, was the only gentleman who had been cast for a part. In one of the lowest 'walks' in Bethnal Green, I found the artisan, without whose aid pantomime and opera-bouffe costumes could boast but little of the picturesque. Away up in a lonely garret, where furniture was conspicuous by its absence, sat the fringe-weaver, untiringly plying his shuttle. His loom was a poor one, and evidently had seen years and years of service. Its construction was not peculiar to those who have ever witnessed handloom weaving of any description. The treadles were worked by the feet; and the warp, of which there were only a couple of twisted cords, represented the edging of the fringe. On the bobbin in the shuttle is wound the fringe proper, and this the weaver thrusts to and fro with his hand, the treadles alternately raising and lowering the warp, thus binding the weft together, and bringing it into a condition to allow of its being stitched on to the

dress of its intended wearer. I confess, as I sat there watching the old artisan plying his trade far into the night, his bare lonely room but dimly lighted by two of the cheapest of candles, thoughts came crowding on me, which to this day spoil much of the pleasure derivable from pantomimes. I pictured to myself the easy-going hilarity of a Boxing-night audience. I heard them laugh and cheer and make the sun-lights quiver with their loudly expressed approbation of a catching song or cleverly executed dance. Above all, I saw the glittering fringe worn by the artists appearing and disappearing in the brilliantly illuminated gen's palace, or basking under the moonbeams which shimmer through the trees of some fairy forest—and then I turn my eyes to the worn and wearied workman with his glistening weft, and come to the conclusion, as thousands before me have done, that 'one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.'

I had intended to say something about a few other theatrical trades which occur to me at the present moment, such as the manufacture of foil-paper, without which 'demon caves' would lose half their weirdness, and which, by the way, is said to be made by only one man in London, who alone possesses the secret; the birthplaces and manufacture of stage-jewellery; the making of masks; the curiosities connected with picture-printing, and the technicalities of the gas-bag carried by the lime-light man; but these may be reserved for a future paper. It is to be hoped, however, that I have said enough to induce those who heretofore gave credit to artists and scene-painters for all the enjoyment obtained from a stage-play or spectacle, to bestow in future some little appreciation on the workman, whose share in theatrical successes I have endeavoured briefly to describe.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER V.

It is a common impression that happiness and unhappiness are permanent states of mind, and that for long tracts of our lives we are under the continuous sway of one or other of these conditions. But this is almost always a mistake, save in the case of grief, which is perhaps the only emotion which is beyond the reach of the momentary lightening and alleviations and perpetual vicissitudes of life. Death, and the pangs of separation from those we love, are permanent, at least for their time; but in everything else there is an ebb and flow which keeps the heart alive. When Frances Waring told the story of this period of her life, she represented herself unconsciously as having been oppressed by the mystery that overshadowed her, and as having lost all the ease of her young life prematurely in a sudden encounter with shadows unsuspected before. But as a matter of fact, this was not the case. She had a bad night—that is, she cried herself asleep; but once over the boundary which divides our waking thoughts from the visions of the night, she knew no more till the sun came in and woke her to a very cheerful morning. It is true that care made several partially suc-

cessful assaults upon her that day and for several days after. But as everything went on quite calmly and peacefully, the impression wore off. The English family found out, as was inevitable, where Mr Waring lived, without any difficulty; and first the father came, then the mother, and finally the pair together, to call. Frances, to whom a breach of decorum or civility was pain unspeakable, sat trembling and ashamed in the deepest corner of the loggia, while these kind strangers encountered Mariuccia at the door. The scene, as a matter of fact, was rather comic than tragic, for neither the visitors nor the guardian of the house possessed any language but their own; and Mr and Mrs Mannering had as little understanding of the statement that Mr Waring did not 'receive' as Frances had expected.

'But he is in—*in casa—è in?*' said the worthy Englishman. 'Then, my dear, of course it is only a mistake. When he knows who we are—when he has our names'—

'*Non riceve oggi*,' said Mariuccia, setting her sturdy breadth in the doorway; '*oggi non riceve il Signore*' (The master does not receive to-day).

'But he is in?' repeated the bewildered good people. They could have understood 'Not at home,' which to Mariuccia would have been simply a lie—with which, indeed, had need been, or could it have done the Padrone any good, she would have burdened her conscience as lightly as any one. But why, when it was not in the least necessary?

Thus they played their little game at cross-purposes, while Frances sat, hot and red with shame in her corner, sensible to the bottom of her heart of the discourtesy, the unkindness of turning them from the door. They were her father's friends; they claimed to have 'stuck by him through thick and thin;' they were people who knew about him and whom he belonged to, and the conditions of his former life; and yet they were turned from his door!

She did not venture to go out again for some days, except in the evening, when she knew that all the strangers were at the inevitable *table-d'hôte*; and it was with a sigh of relief, yet disappointment, that she heard they had gone away. Yes, at last they did go away, angry, no doubt, thinking her father a churl, and she herself an ignorant rustic, who knew nothing about good manners. Of course this was what they must think. Frances heard those words, '*Non riceve oggi*,' even in her dreams. She saw in imagination the astonished faces of the visitors. 'But he will receive us, if you will only take in our names;' and then Mariuccia's steady voice repeating the well-known phrase. What must they have thought? That it was an insult: that their old friend scorned and defied them. What else could they suppose?

At last, however, they did go away, and Frances got over it. Everything went on as before; her father was just as usual—a sphinx indeed, more and more hopelessly wrapped up in silence and mystery; but so natural and easy and kind in his uncommunicativeness, with so little appearance of repression or concealment about him, that it was almost impossible to retain any feeling of injury or displeasure. Love is cheated every day in this way by offenders much more serious,

who can make their dependents happy even while they are ruining them, and beguile the bitterest anxiety into forgetfulness and smiles. It was easy to make Frances forget the sudden access of wonderment and wounded feeling which had seized her, even without any special exertion; time alone and the calm succession of the days was enough for that. She resumed her little picture of the palms, and was very successful—more than usually so. Mr Waring, who had hitherto praised her little works as he might have praised the sampler of a child, was silenced by this, and took it away with him into his room, and when he brought it back, looked at her with more attention than he had been used to show. 'I think,' he said, 'little Fan, that you must be growing up,' laying his hand upon her head with a smile.

'I am grown up, papa; I am eighteen,' she said.

At which he laughed softly. 'I don't think much of your eighteen; but this shows. I should not wonder, with time and work, if—you mightn't be good enough to exhibit at Mentone—after a while.'

Frances had been looking at him with an expression of almost rapturous expectation. The poor little countenance fell at this, and a quick sting of mortification brought tears to her eyes. The exhibition at Mentone was an exhibition of amateurs. Tasia was in it, and even Mrs Gaunt, and all the people about who ever spoilt a piece of harmless paper. 'O papa!' she said. Since the failure of her late appeal to him, this was the only formula of reproach which she used.

'Well,' he said, 'are you more ambitious than that, you little thing? Perhaps, by-and-by you may be fit even for better things.'

'It is beautiful,' said Mariuccia. 'You see where the light goes, and where it is in the shade. But, carina, if you were to copy the face of Domenico, or even mine, that would be more interesting. The palms we can see if we look out of the window; but imagine to yourself that 'Menico might go away, or even might die; and we should not miss him so much if we had his face hung up upon the wall.'

'It is easier to do the trees than to do Domenico,' said Frances; 'they stand still.'

'And so would 'Menico stand still, if it was to please the Signorina. He is not very well educated, but he knows enough for that; or even myself, though you will think, perhaps, I am too old to make a pretty picture. But if I had my veil on, and my best earrings, and the coral my mother left me'—

'You look very nice, Mariuccia; I like you as you are; but I am not clever enough to make a portrait.'

Mariuccia cried out with scorn. 'You are clever enough to do whatever you wish to do,' she said. 'The padrone thinks so too, though he will not say it. Not clever enough! Magari! too clever is what you mean.'

Frances set up her palms on a little stand of carved wood, and was very well pleased with herself; but that sentiment palls perhaps sooner than any other. It was very agreeable to be praised, and also it was pleasant to feel that she had finished her work successfully. But after

a short time, it began to be a great subject of regret that the work was done. She did not know what to do next. To make a portrait of Domenico was above her powers. She idled about for the day, and found it uncomfortable. That is the moment in which it is most desirable to have a friend on whom to bestow one's tediousness. She bethought herself that she had not seen Tasia for a week. It was now more than a fortnight since the events detailed in the beginning of this history. Her father, when asked if he would not like a walk, declined. It was too warm, or too cold, or perhaps too dusty, which was very true, and accordingly she set out alone.

Walking down through the Marina, the little tourist town which was rising upon the shore, she saw some parties of travellers arriving, which always had been a little pleasure to her. It was mingled now with a certain excitement. Perhaps some of them, like those who had just gone away, might know all about her, more than she knew herself. What a strange thought it was. Some of those unknown people in their travelling cloaks, which looked so much too warm—people whom she had never seen before, who had not a notion that she was Frances Waring! One of the parties was composed of ladies, surrounded and enveloped, so to speak, by a venerable courier, who swept them and their possessions before him into the hotel. Another was led by a father and mother, not at all unlike the pair who had 'stuck by' Mr Waring. How strange to imagine that they might not be strangers at all, but people who knew all about her.

In the first group was a girl, who hung back a little from the rest, and looked curiously up at all the houses, as if looking for some one—a tall, fair-haired girl, with a blue veil tied over her hat. She looked tired, but eager, with more interest in her face than any of the others showed. Frances smiled to herself with the half-superiority which a resident is apt to feel: a girl must be very simple indeed, if she thought the houses on the Marina worth looking at, Frances thought. But she did not pause in her quick walk. The Durants lived at the other end of the Marina, in a little villa built upon a terrace over an olive garden—a low house with no particular beauty, but possessing also a loggia turned to the west, the luxury of building on the Riviera. Here the whole family was seated, the old clergyman with a large English newspaper, which he was reading deliberately from end to end; his wife with a work-basket full of articles to mend; and Tasia at the little tea-table, pouring out the tea. Frances was received with a little clamour of satisfaction, for she was a favourite.

'Sit here, my dear.'—'Come this way, close to me, for you know I am getting a little hard of hearing.'

They had always been kind to her, but never, she thought, had she been received with so much cordiality as now.

'Have you come by yourself, Frances? and along the Marina? I think you should make Domenico or his wife walk with you, when you go through the Marina, my dear.'

'Why, Mrs Durant? I have always done it.

Even Mariuccia says it does not matter, as I am an English girl.'

'Ah, that may be true; but English girls are not like American girls. I assure you they are taken a great deal more care of. If you ever go home—'

'And how is your poor father to-day, Frances?' said Mr Durant.

'Oh, papa is very well. He is not such a poor father. There is nothing the matter with him. At least, there is nothing *new* the matter with him,' said Frances with a little impatience.

'No,' said the clergyman, looking up over the top of his spectacles and shaking his head. 'Nothing *new* the matter with him. I believe that.'

'—If you ever go home,' resumed Mrs Durant, 'and of course some time you will go home'—

'I think very likely I never shall,' said the girl. 'Papa never talks of going home. He says home is here.'

'That is all very well for the present moment, my dear; but I feel sure, for my part, that one time or other it will happen as I say; and then you must not let them suppose you have been a little savage, going about as you liked here.'

'I don't think any one would care much, Mrs Durant; and I am not going; so you need not be afraid.'

'Your poor father,' Mr Durant went on in his turn, 'has a great deal of self-command, Frances; he has a great deal of self-control. In some ways, that is an excellent quality, but it may be carried too far. I wish very much he would allow me to come and have a talk with him—not as a clergyman, but just in a friendly way.'

'I am quite sure you may come and talk with him as much as you like,' said Frances, astonished; 'or if you want very much to see him, he will come to you.'

'Oh, I should not take it upon me to ask that—in the meantime,' Mr Durant said.

The girl stared a little, but asked no further question. There was something among them which she did not understand—a look of curiosity, an air of meaning more than their words said. The Durants were always a little apt to be didactic, as became a clergyman's family; but Tasie was generally a safe refuge. She turned to her with a little sigh of perplexity, hoping to escape further question. 'Was the Sunday school as large last Sunday, Tasie?' she said.

'Oh, Frances, no! Such a disappointment! There were only four! Isn't it a pity? But you see the little Mannerings have all gone away. Such sweet children; and the little one of all has such a voice. They are perhaps coming back for Easter, if they don't stay at Rome; and if so, I think we must put little Herbert in a white surplice—he will look like an angel—and have a real anthem with a soprano solo, for once.'

'I doubt if they will all come back,' said Mr Durant. 'Mr Mannering himself, indeed, I don't doubt, *on business*; but as for the family, you must not flatter yourself, Tasie.'

'She liked the place,' said his wife; 'and very likely she would think it her duty, if anything is to come of it, you know.'

'Be careful,' said the clergyman, with a glance aside, which Frances would have been dull indeed not to have perceived was directed at herself. 'Don't say anything that may be premature.'

Frances was brave in her way. She felt, with a little rising excitement, that her friends were bursting with some piece of knowledge which they were longing to communicate. It roused in her an impatience and reluctance mingled with keen curiosity. She would not hear it, and yet was breathless with impatience to know what it was.

'Mr Mannering?' she said deliberately—'that was the gentleman that knew papa.'

'You saw him, then?' cried Mrs Durant. There was something like a faint disappointment in her tone.

'He was one of papa's early friends,' said Frances with a little emphasis. 'I saw him twice. He and his wife both—they seemed kind people.'

Mr Durant and his wife looked at each other, and even Tasie stared over her teacups. 'Oh, very kind people, my dear; I don't think you could do better than have full confidence in them,' Mrs Durant said.

'And your poor father could not have a truer friend,' said the old clergyman. 'You must tell him I am coming to have a talk with him about it. It was a great revelation, but I hope that everything will turn out for the best.'

Frances grew redder and redder as she sat a mark for all their arrows. What was it that was a 'revelation'? But she would not ask. She began to be angry, and to say to herself that she would put her hands to her ears, that she would listen to nothing.

'Henry!' said Mrs Durant, 'who is it that is premature now?'

'I am afraid I can't stay,' said Frances, rising quickly from her chair. 'I have something to do for Mariuccia. I only came in because—because I was passing.—Never mind, Tasie; I know my way so well; and Mr Durant wants some more tea.'

'Oh, but Frances, my dear, you really must let me send some one with you. You must not move about in that independent way.'

'And we had a great many things to say to you,' said the old clergyman, keeping her hand in his. 'Are you really in such a hurry? It will be better for yourself to wait a little, and hear something that will be for your good.'

'It cannot be any worse for me to run about to-day than any other day,' said Frances, almost sternly; 'and whatever there is to hear, won't to-morrow do just as well? I think it is a little funny of you all to speak to me so; but now I must go.'

She was so rapid in her movements that she was gone before Tasie could extricate herself from the somewhat crazy little table. And then they all three looked at each other and shook their heads. 'Do you think she can know?'—'Can she have known it all the time?'—'Has Waring told her, or was it Mannering?' they said to each other.

Frances could not hear their mutual questions; but something very like the purport of them got into her agitated brain. She felt sure they were

wondering whether she knew—what? this revelation, this something which they had found out. Nothing would make her submit to hear it from them, she said to herself. But the moment was come when she could not be put off any longer. She would go to her father, and she would not rest until she was informed what it was.

She hastened along, avoiding the Marina, which had amused her on her way, hurrying from terrace to terrace of the olive groves. Her heart was beating fast, and her rapid pace made it faster. But as she thought of her father's unperturbed looks, the calm with which he had received her eager questions, and the very small likelihood that anything she would say about the hints of the Durants would move him, her pace and her excitement both decreased. She went more slowly, less hopefully back to the Palazzo. It was all very well to say that she must know. But what if he would not tell her? What if he received her questions as he had received them before? The circumstances were not changed, nor was he changed because the Durants knew something, she did not know what. Oh, what a poor piece of friendship was that, that betrayed a friend's secret to his neighbours! She did not know; she could not so much as form a guess what the secret was. But little or great, his friend should have kept it. She said this to herself bitterly, when the chill probabilities of the case began to make themselves felt. It was harder to think that the Durants knew, than to be kept in darkness herself.

She went in at last very soberly, with the intention of telling her father all that had passed, if perhaps that of itself might be an inducement to him to have confidence in her. It was not a pleasant mission. Her steps had become very sober as she went up the long marble stair. Mariuccia met her with a little cry. Had she not met the padrone? He had gone out down through the olive woods to meet her and fetch her home. It was a brief reprieve. In the evening after dinner was the time when he was most accessible. Frances, with a thrill of mingled relief and disappointment, retired to her room to make her little toilet. She had an hour or two at least before her ere it would be necessary to speak.

(To be continued.)

MY IRISH CORRESPONDENTS.

BY AN AGENT.

It is a very true saying that there are 'bad and good' people in the world; it may equally be applied to the Irish tenants in the present days of 'Land-leagueism.' I am an agent, and, with the few exceptions proving the rule, I have never met with incivility. My correspondence is very large, and some of the letters I have received from tenants are so amusing, that from time to time I have laid a choice one by. Indeed, so amusing are they, that I have decided on sending a few to the press, just to show that there still remain a few genuine, honest Irishmen in the world, though for obvious reasons I have suppressed the real names of the writers or people referred to in them. The following letter I

received in acknowledgment of some eye ointment I sent to a poor tenant who was suffering from a sore eye :

January 1882.

My worthy gentel Man its time to Retourne you thanks For your Comppilements ixtuse Me I Addres this to you My worthy gentel Man For I Cante Retourne you thanks for your kindness and the ilement Dun me the greatest sarvice and My ies is all Right now and My Friend the Docter is more than thanful to you My worthy gentil Man for your Cindness and i saw a man from your place I inquare About you and he toalt me you Ware ill a long time and i Felt very sad intirely at the news so I must Conclude with my best Respected toars you Captin pleas let me Now how you are and all the famely and aspicely about Miss Cusey For she was the ondel one as i new so pleas my worthy gentil Man sind me a anser by retourne of poste to Michael S. of G—.

The next letter I shall give is from a tenant asking me to vote for a cousin of his, who was anxious to obtain the post of relieving officer for the Union in another county. The way he words his request amused me by its naiveté :

CAPTIN

September 1879.

SIR I Beg a favour from ye i now ye ar aquanted with Mister — their is a 2ond Cusin of Mine Proposing as Candadate for Relevin officership for M— Union i Beg of ye Sir to write Letter an till him to vote for My Cusin John or any other gintelmen you ar enfluenced i now thrust that your Honour will do all in yer power for to Canvas all you can for me as well as if it were meself were goin for it i will give u all the Kredit that the world can aford If you use Half yer enfluence for me your faithful servant Pat —.

Pleas sind me Sir an anser to say what you are to do I recived 2 receipts with thanks.

No more at prisent—Tusday.

The following letter, too, is decidedly characteristic in the request it contains :

CAPTIN

I sint you 28£ no shillins an nine pinse yesterday I inclose poor rate rept I got the first instalment of the Loan I am very thankfull intirely to you Captin that you may live long an die happy I remain your obdient TIMOTHY B—.

pleas see the other side.

Sir I made a mistak yesterday I inclose Eighten stamps Captin pleas mak a good job of me sind me what anser you like Yours agin TIMOTHY B—.

I suppose I must have made a good job of my friend Timothy, for we still correspond in the most affectionate manner; in fact, I heard from him about a week ago.

DEAR CAPTIN

I was decaved by that frind of mione as I towld you of Captin I inclos for you a Bank Draft for £30 one shillin an Six pinse if you dear Captin insist on the rest you muste git it Captin dont forgit me as usual I remain Your fond TIMOTHY B—.

What comment can I make on the following

letter, beyond saying Mary had my deepest sympathy, and Mr Jerry Deneen a reprimand on his dilatoriness?

Written Thursday 18 hundred an 76.

SIR my husband was very bad an died this tiome Sir I ave ben sodly put aboute by wan Jerry Deneen as behaved shamful to my poor husband Sir this was ow it hapned Tim thats my husband Sir was mioghty il an as near dyin as iver you Cee Tim says i an whoo wud ye lioke to mak yer cofin sure thin Mary says he theirs kno wan as i wud lioke to mak it bether thin Jerry Deneen only he is mioghty behinde hande in his contrahcts arrah Tim says I Sir mak yer minde aisey bout that for he is shure an sartin to finis the lioke o that in dacent tiome now Sir my poore husband the lord ave Marcy on his sowl had to waite for an other nites wake for that Jerry Deneen bad cess to him niver finised the dacent mans cofin in tiome now Sir I lave the mater in yer honers handes hopin as you will punis that vilan as want to charg me fitten shillin an he to kep my poor husband watin 2 bleshet nites for his cofin.

Yours to comande MARY C—.

honored an kinde Sir may I thrust u to punis that divil Deneen.

A somewhat similar, and I might add amusing, instance happened not long ago when a tenant's wife died. It was on a Saturday night, I remember, and I did not hear of her death until Sunday. I then sent to my carpenter, and desired him to make a coffin for the remains. Next morning, on looking out of the window I saw her sons carrying the coffin from the workshop. I opened the window and called to them to wait till I satisfied myself that it was a good one. On desiring them to lift off the cover, what was my astonishment to see the coffin filled with turnips! Passing by the turnip-pit, the bearers could not resist taking a few, for—as they explained—'it felt so mioghty empty!'

Can any one wonder if I modestly blushed on perusing the following masterpiece of penmanship:

HOND. SIR

I most respectfully beg to remind you that in a conversation with you you kindly promised to vote for a License for my sister Hoping your Honr. will act with that noble spirit for which you are now so characteristic in obtaining a License for this poor orphan. I remain with due respect Your humble servant WILLIAM S—.

My noble spirit! could not resist so charming a compliment, and I helped to obtain the license for another kind of 'spirit,' thereby making glad the heart of the poor orphan.

Here is another letter in which my friend Dan says 'He'd walk from here to Cork' for me, and a very long walk it would be.

SIR

Ye ought for to concider an alow that my Pashion of Jalousy could not afford me but to spake prismatic I used all manes I could to pay my rint by givin my bill to Bank and met it Honourable for it was in my Hearth 'an minde if ye wanted me to walk from here to Cork I wud not refus I have no more news but

hopin that £1.5 may be worth £100 an wishin prosperity to ye an yer Famely your faithfull servant DANIEL M—.

Its two empirtnant intirely for me to irect a letter from ye Sir kno more at the prisent.

The next and last letter I will give you to read is from a tenant who buys turkeys each year for a friend of mine. The present ones seem to have been damaging the farmer's crops.

SEPTEMBER Friday
1884.

I hope this will find you in as gud healt as it laves me at the presint thank God Sind for the turkies at onst they ave the oats that flat I have boght ye 16 couple an a halve Captin at 4 shillins an nine pinse for too i gav wan shillin *arnest* * minde that sind me a payhin I dont want a black payhin nor naither a white I wants a speckled wan sind for them turkies an welcome at wanst shurely i remain Sir Yours thruly Tom McG—.

them turkies ar small an fat an hav grate legs.

I have, I think, given sufficient reason to show that wit and honesty may still be found in dear old Ireland, and trust the perusal of these simple letters will afford amusement—though not in derision—to the reader.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

VI.

WINTER-TIME in the country is not the most cheery of seasons, and the evenings in particular, even although ten o'clock is thought a late hour to be out of bed, are apt to lag rather drearily. But there had never been such a merry winter at Knowecroft as this one. Ruth's piano had not been used much of late; but when it was found that Phyllis could both play and sing, Joe soon had a tuner out from Carlisle, and it was marvellous how swiftly the nights sped by, listening to her. Beethoven and Mendelssohn were perhaps just a little bit too abstruse for her audience—at least for two of them—but Joe would have thought any music celestial, if played by her.

Then to hear her sing plaintive old ballads, with now and again a merry ditty or a reel or jig to enliven matters—why, it was just like having a little concert all to themselves every evening. And to crown all, to Mrs Martindale's intense delight, Phyllis set to work, under Joe and Ruth's tuition, to learn some of the vernacular songs—so dear to the hearts of Cumbrians all the world over—and now she would conclude the evening's performance with a lilt of *Sally Gray*, or *The Reedbreast*, *King Roger*, or *The Impatient Lassie*. To vary the monotony, they would sometimes have a little dance, in which they would be joined by the neighbouring farmers' sons and daughters; and so, with one thing and another, the winter was over almost before they knew it was there.

But before it came to a close, Dick Braithwaite had taken possession of Riggfield, with his sister

* 'Earnest' is money advanced when a bargain is made, to insure there being no disappointment in the fulfilment of it.

Mary as his housekeeper; and they were pretty frequent visitors at Knowecroft in the evenings. Dick and Ruth generally managed to get ensconced in a corner by themselves; and as matrimony seemed to be in the very air, and Mary Braithwaite had been spoken for by a bluff yeoman of Westmorland, Mrs Martindale considered it to be for her good to give her matronly advice whenever occasion offered; so there was only Joe left to give undivided attention to Phyllis—to turn over the leaves of her music for her, and suggest what they should have next. If Joe had not been head-over-ears in love with Phyllis, to begin with, no other conclusion could have come from this state of affairs; and as it was, every day riveted firmer the chain that bound him. But he dared not tell her how dear she was to him; the risk seemed too great. If she had showed any signs of meeting him half-way, he might have ventured on a declaration; or if she had been an inmate of another household, he might have broached the momentous question, and 'put his fortune to the touch.' But he surmised that a premature declaration of his love might drive away from Knowecroft this fairy creature, who had changed it from a matter-of-fact farmhouse to a bower of bliss; and so he waited, with all the patience he could summon to his aid, the arrival of the time when he could, with some certainty of success, ask her to become his wife.

Had he known the secrets of our dear Phyllis's heart, he need not have been so wary; for Phyllis was just as much in love with Joe as Joe was with her. She had taught Joe enough of music to enable him to follow her and know the right time to turn over; but sometimes he was so much taken up watching her nimble fingers as they slid over the keys as to forget to keep his eyes on the music, until brought to a sense of his duty by her pausing to turn the leaf over for herself. On such occasions, when their hands met she would tingle and blush all over; but as he was behind her, he could not see this. And when he returned from ranging the fields or from his other outdoor vocations, and his light springing step was heard in the passage, accompanied by the stately tread of his faithful collie Yarrow, her heart would go pitapat and her rosy cheeks would grow rosier: all which signs told their tale plainly enough to Joe's mother and his wide-awake little sister, but scarcely so to him; although he had his hopes, of course, as well as his fears. What love could live without them?

Then spring returned in all her glory. First, her hardy pioneers the snowdrops, fearlessly advancing into the enemy's country; then in their track appeared an advance-guard of purple and yellow crocuses in irregular order, closely followed by her standard-bearers the daffodils, their golden banners waving in the breeze; after a while, her fluters and fliers the thrushes and blackbirds, were heard in the tall ash-trees; last of all came her fairy court—violets and anemones, wild wood hyacinths, cowslips, and buttercups, with all the myriad wild-flowers; and her full orchestra of feathered songsters filled with melody the hedgerows and brakes—nay, the very sky itself. The swallows came back

to their nests in the eaves, and the chaffinch piped his love-song to his mate in the apple-trees in the orchard. With all which 'spring's delights,' Joe had been familiar from his youth up; but such a delicious spring as this had never blessed the earth since Adam ate that unfortunate apple. Joe was sure of that!

VII.

Mary Braithwaite's matrimonial arrangements required that she should be back in Westmorland by midsummer; and as it would never have done for Dick to have been left without a housekeeper, he had prevailed on Ruth to hasten *their* wedding so that it should take place before then. Accordingly, one fine day in May, when Dick and Joe had occasion to go to Carlisle, Ruth and Phyllis seized the opportunity to accompany them, to choose the wedding dress. This agreeable task having been accomplished to their entire satisfaction, and suitable habiliments selected for the bridesmaids, Mary and Phyllis—which latter costumes Ruth insisted on being of a pink hue—they rejoined their escort. Now, as it was still early in the afternoon, and Phyllis had hitherto seen but little of the town, it was proposed that they should walk round it; and as they were passing down Castle Street, Ruth exclaimed: 'Joe, I've never been inside the cathedral in my life, and I *should* like to see it. I wonder if we could get in?'

'I daresay it will be open,' replied Joe; 'we'll go round and see.'

So they sauntered down Paternoster Row and into the abbey, and sure enough the south door was open. They were duly shown over the building; and having sufficiently admired the exquisite tabernacle work of the stalls, the quaint and grotesque carving of the *misereres*, the lofty ceiling gorgeous in blue and gold—and, in fact, all that there was to be seen—above all, the crowning glory of the cathedral, its matchless great east window, with its delicate and symmetric tracery, they prepared to leave. Their guide, however, was ready with a new suggestion. 'Would you not like,' he said, 'to go up to the tower? There's a splendid view from the top.'

This was eagerly agreed to, and at once they began the ascent. A tiresome treadmill business it was, till they reached the clerestory, and looked down from that giddy height upon the choir beneath. Then came a dark passage, demanding slow and careful exploration, after which there was more treadmill work until they arrived at the bell chamber. Here they paused to breathe awhile, and look at the massive bells which had for centuries rung out tidings of joy or woe to the city beneath. Whether Ruth and Dick were more tired with their ascent than their companions, or whether watching the slow and regular swing of the big clock pendulum had mesmerised them, or from whatsoever other cause, they seemed in no hurry to proceed when Joe led the way upward again; and so, when they emerged in the open air on the leads of the tower, Phyllis and he found themselves alone. And what a scene lay beneath them! At their feet was the busy city, the streets full of bustle and commotion, for it was market-day; in the foreground, the venerable castle, with its blackened

keep, wherein pined, in days aforetime, captives rude and gentle, from the redoubtable Kinmont Willie to the hapless and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Beyond, a wide expanse of meadowland and verdant holms, now yellow with buttercups, through which Eden winds its sinuous course to the Solway, that glitters in the distant west like a line of silver; to the south, the lovely vale of Caldew, with gently undulating hills and white hamlets glinting among the trees; and far away on every hand ranges of blue fells, Helvellyn, Blencathra and Skiddaw, Crossfell and Criffel.

When Joe and Phyllis had sufficiently feasted their eyes on this glorious sight, without Ruth or Dick making their appearance, Phyllis suggested that they had better descend again. But Joe was not at all impatient. In fact, having by this time begun to feel assured that a certain question would not now scare Phyllis away from Knowecroft, as he had at one time feared it might, he thought this was a glorious opportunity for putting it; so he called Phyllis back, and pointing to a mere speck of a house far down the valley, he said to her: 'Look! do you see that house far away yonder, with two poplars beside it, and the smoke curling up from the chimneys?'

'Yes,' replied Phyllis, and then recognising it, she clapped her hands, and exclaimed: 'Oh, it is dear old Knowecroft!' And she looked up at Joe with her big brown eyes in such a bewitching way, that his heart told him his hour had indeed come.

'Phyllis!' he said, making a prisoner of one of her plump little hands—'Phyllis! you have made Knowecroft another paradise to me since you came to it. Will you make it still dearer?—will you be my own little wife?'

Phyllis looked shyly up into his face, and then down again, but did not reply; only her hand trembled in his, and her cheeks flushed and paled, and flushed again.

'I have loved you, darling,' he went on, 'ever since the first time I saw you. Do you—can you love me a little bit? It would make Ruth, and the mother, and all of them, so happy as well as me! Will you, Phyllis?'

Whether her lips said 'Yes,' or only her eyes, Joe never could tell, but he knew that that was his answer; and when his arm slipped round her waist, and her eyes looked up into his eyes, somehow her dimpled chin seemed to rise from the level of his heart almost to that of his lips, so wonderful a leveller is love! And before they had time to rush to opposite sides of the tower and try to look unconscious, up popped Dick's ruddy face in the doorway, followed by Ruth's demure one. Perhaps Ruth had not caused Dick to dally on their upward way on purpose to give Joe this chance of securing Phyllis; but we have our own suspicions on that point. At anyrate, on seeing them so far apart, she put on a look of great gravity, and exclaimed with mock surprise: 'Gracious! have you two been quarrelling? O Dick, isn't it dreadful!'

Dick grinned, and Joe and Phyllis looked sheepish.

But Ruth was remorseless, and continued: 'What *shall* I say to mother when we get back?'

To which query, Joe, drawing Phyllis's arm within his own, replied: 'You may tell her, Ruthie, that I have found another daughter for her, who is not half so saucy as the one that is leaving her.'

Whereupon Ruth flung her arms round Phyllis's neck and kissed her, saying: 'O Phyllis dear, I am so glad! And mother—oh, we'll have to go off at once and tell mother! She *will* be delighted. Come along this minute.'

'But Ruthie,' rejoined Phyllis, 'you have not seen this lovely view. Look; isn't it glorious?'

Ruth shrugged her shoulders, and gave a cursory glance round. 'O yes; I've no doubt it's enchanting,' said she. 'But I've no time to look at it just now. Dick and I are too late to enjoy it to-day, so we'll have to come back again. Come along—I'm away.' And she darted off down the corkscrew stair, followed more sedately by the rest.

The drive homeward was a delightful one to all parties, albeit Phyllis had some slight flutterings of the heart as she meditated on the reception she would receive at Knowecroft under circumstances so changed since she left in the morning. But when Ruth tripped into the house and told Mrs Martindale that Joe had won Phyllis for his wife, that good lady showed less surprise than pleasure. And when Joe led his blushing sweetheart in, and told his mother that Phyllis was going to become her daughter in truth, she took her in her arms, and looking fondly in her face, said: 'Eh, Phyllis lass, I *am* glad we're gän to get the' to keep awthegither.' And then she kissed her, and added: 'It was a lucky day for aw of us when that horse knocked the' doon; for it gave thee a good husband, an' Joe a good weyfe, an' me a good dowter! Who'd ha' thowte it? We niver know what's gän to come o' things!'

What did 'come o' things' was that one bright morning between haytime and harvest, Ruth Martindale became Ruth Braithwaite; and later on, after the harvest was all gathered in, Phyllis and Joe were made one. And now, if you should visit Knowecroft and peep into the dairy, there you may see Mrs Joe Martindale, plumper and prettier than ever, making up the butter; and standing on a milking-stool beside her, a miniature copy of herself, pink gown, snow-white apron, and all, doing her best to help. If, further, you should happen to ask this little elf her name, she will look up at you with eyes just like her mother's and say they call her Phoebe.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT the medical profession is doing what it can to alleviate the sufferings of the humblest members of the animal creation is seen in the constant proposals that are made to render the necessary slaughtering of animals for food as painless as possible. So long ago as the time of Benjamin Franklin, experiments were made demonstrating that small animals could be mercifully killed by the artificial lightning which, by means of a kite, he had drawn from the clouds. In more recent years, and of course with much improved appliances, these experiments have been repeated

from time to time, the result showing that electricity was effectual enough for the purpose in view, but was quite unsafe for any but skilled operators to deal with. Chief among experimenters in this direction stands the well-known name of Dr B. W. Richardson, who, in a recent paper, read before the Society of Arts, has given much interesting information on the subject. The paper in question is published in the Society's Journal. The main purpose of Dr Richardson's lecture was to describe a unique structure, designed by him, which has been used for the painless destruction of animal life at the Dogs' Home, Battersea. Since May last, this has been used in the painless killing of more than seven thousand vagrant dogs. The apparatus consists of a huge box or chamber, into which can be wheeled a cage containing as many as one hundred doomed animals, which are quickly sent to sleep, and from sleep pass into death. Of twenty-two possible anesthetics, Dr Richardson selected four for his experiments—namely, common coal-gas, chloroform, carbon bisulphide, and carbonic oxide. The first proved to be the simplest and best; but the danger of explosion prevented its adoption. Ultimately, carbonic oxide, produced by burning charcoal in a properly constructed stove in communication with the chamber, was the agent adopted. With regard to the suggested narcotising of animals used for food, and the slaughter of them whilst asleep, Dr Richardson states that the blood keeps fluid and the meat is in no way impaired. We may hope that the time may come when animal-life-dismissal under some such humane—because apparently painless—condition may be made compulsory.

How our worthy forefathers would open their eyes, could they review the various uses to which materials are now put which they threw carelessly away, and regarded as rubbish! 'Slate Debris and its Utilisation' formed the title of an interesting paper read before a recent meeting of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, by Dr G. Selkirk Jones. From this paper we may learn how much can be gleaned from a waste product by careful treatment in the chemist's laboratory. From waste slate the author has obtained alum, so much used in the art of dyeing and other industries. He has also obtained a new filtering agent for sugar-refining; a compound which will remove grease and dirt from the most delicate fabrics without injuring them; French chalk, pigments and fuller's earth, cement, concrete, bricks, sanitary tiles, and lastly, a substance which can be used with lime for the chemical precipitation of sewage, leaving the effluent water from the thickest sludge pure and inodorous.

We last month noticed a proposal that has been made to revive the fish stews or ponds which in bygone times were so plentiful in this country. According to Dr Irwin, we might learn much in this connection from the thrifty Chinese. During his residence in China, Dr Irwin was struck with the manner in which almost every square yard of water was utilised for fish-culture. Many of the ponds are muddy, and give a well-known characteristic and unpleasant flavour to their inhabitants; but this is corrected by placing the fish in a pool of clear

water, and feeding them for some days before they are wanted by the cook. They then become fairly palatable.

Professor Hoffman of Berlin has published some curious and interesting details relative to marine aquaria, from which it would seem that natural sea-water can be so exactly imitated by artificial means that aquaria can be furnished and maintained at places far removed from the sound of the waves. The mixture is of course compounded from a careful analysis of sea-water, and consists of certain proportions of common salt, sulphate and chlorate of magnesia, and sulphate of potash, added to pure hard well-water. The chemicals should be pure, and the water cannot be safely used for tender specimens until a healthy growth of algae has been secured in the tank. We should imagine that a more certain result might be obtained by evaporating natural sea-water to dryness and adding fresh water to the salt thereby obtained; but whether this method has ever been adopted for the purpose in view, we have no means of knowing.

Mr R. Meldola has given a short and preliminary account of his researches in connection with the earthquake which occurred in our eastern counties in April last, and has announced to the Geologists' Association that a complete and very voluminous Report is almost ready for publication. The disturbance was felt over an area of fifty thousand square miles; but its focus was situated at a point near the villages of Abberton and Peldon, in Essex, where, naturally, the greatest destruction of property was experienced. A noteworthy circumstance was that the tendency of the shock was to make itself especially felt along free margins, such as coast-lines, river-valleys, lines of geological outcrop, &c.

The technical Commission which went out to study on the spot the best means of increasing the efficiency of the Suez Canal have decided that the best course will be not to construct a second and parallel waterway, as has often been suggested, but to widen the existing one so that ships of the largest kind can easily meet and pass one another without danger of collision. The channel is to be widened to about ninety yards at the top, and seventy-five yards at the bottom, of the sloping banks; but where curves are formed this width is to be much increased. It is anticipated that the new works will lead to a great accession to the population of Port Said; and the Canal Company is seeking powers from the Egyptian government to construct a fresh-water canal to that place, which even now is rather badly off for the first necessary of life.

Passing to the other side of the world, we find no fewer than three schemes advocated for crossing or cutting through the Isthmus of Panama. First, we have M. Lesseps' scheme in active progress; next, the ship-railway, a model of which has lately been exhibited in New York, and is said to have been favourably criticised by competent engineers; and lastly, there is the revived proposal to pierce the isthmus at a much higher point with a canal, and to utilise the Lake of Nicaragua and the San Juan River. (This was the route advocated by the late Emperor of the French, who took a great interest in the Panama Canal question.) This last scheme would involve a route of about one hundred and eighty miles, as against forty-six miles

in the channel now being cut between Colon and Panama; but in consequence of making use of the lake and river navigation, the expense would be only about one-fourth. On the other hand, the ready-made depôts formed by the city of Panama, and Colon, and the existing railway between them, are advantages which the Nicaraguan route could not possess.

The founding of a Scottish Geographical Society is an event which must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. It was inaugurated at Edinburgh in December by Mr H. M. Stanley, the well-known African explorer, whose addresses upon the occasion naturally turned upon the question of opening up the Congo district to the commerce of the world.

A new way of employing an old agent in fire-extinction has been invented by M. Mönck of Berlin. Carbonic acid compressed to the liquid state is placed in a receiver of sufficient strength to bear a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. From this receptacle, which is to be a fixture in a house, branch pipes are laid to the different apartments to be protected. If a fire occurs in any one of these rooms, it can at once be filled with carbonic acid gas, in an atmosphere of which, combustion is of course impossible. In Germany, liquid carbonic acid has become a regular article of commerce, so that in that country at least the adoption of the system is easy, and likely to be taken up, more especially as, in a German varnish-factory where it was lately applied, an incipient conflagration was most promptly extinguished by its aid.

A new way of heating railway and tram cars has been adopted in the United States, and is said to be very efficient. The heating arrangement consists of a thick pipe containing crystals of acetate of soda, with a smaller pipe running through its midst. Into this internal pipe is introduced superheated steam at the starting station. When this heat is applied, the crystals liquefy, and remain liquid until the temperature falls to a certain point, when crystals again begin to form, and in doing so, throw out much heat. Acetate of soda has been used for some years for ordinary railway foot-warmers, first of all in France, and later on by some of the English railways. A chemist in Dresden has also contrived a fireless stove on the same principle, which depends upon the circumstance, that a saturated solution of acetate of soda will not boil until it reaches a temperature of two hundred and fifty-six degrees.

Paris has now a total of one hundred and eleven miles of pneumatic tubes, served by steam-pumps of a total of three hundred and fifteen horse-power. These tubes are below ground, and are used for telegraphic purposes in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted in our own metropolis. They measure two and a half inches in internal diameter, and are traversed by little trains of boxes, which hold the despatches. The last box—which might be called the engine of the train—is fitted with a flexible leather collar, which fits closely against the smooth interior surface of the tube. Air is pumped in, or sucked out, as the case may be, and the little train is propelled, like a pea through a pea-shooter, at a rate of three-quarters of a

mile per minute. By this means, written documents, which neither telegraph nor telephone can carry, are quickly transmitted from hand to hand.

It appears from the Reports of the public analysts that the prescriptions made up by many chemists are of doubtful quality. We are told that twenty-five per cent. of them—that is, one in four—are not compounded of pure drugs in strict accordance with the pharmacopœia. This is a most serious matter, and might mean in many cases the difference between life and death. So serious is it, that the authorities should be empowered to give certificates to those whose drugs are above suspicion, so that the public, who are necessarily ignorant on the matter, may know whom to employ. It is true that in many cases reported against, the drugs were not actually adulterated, but were inert or weak from long keeping; but still, the high prices generally charged for dispensing should at least guarantee the use of serviceable preparations.

In the year 1886 we are promised in London a Colonial Exhibition, and it has since been proposed to open an American Exhibition in friendly rivalry at the same time. In 1889—rather a long time to look forward to—there is to be a Great Exhibition in Paris. In one of the French technical papers is published a drawing and description of an iron tower one thousand feet in height—that is, about twice and a half the height of St Paul's Cathedral, London—which it is proposed to erect as one of the attractions there. The tower is pyramidal in form, and consists mainly of four great lattice-work standards, spread out like legs at the base, but mingling together at the summit. It is said that such an erection will be highly useful for meteorological and astronomical observations; but perhaps its chief use will be to give visitors to the Exhibition a wonderful bird's-eye view of the French capital, such as many enjoyed at the last French Exhibition from the ear of M. Giffard's memorable captive balloon. We presume that visitors will be hoisted to the top by means of a 'lift.'

'The winter of our discontent' in the matter of smoke abatement is now fully set in, and the usual flood of letters upon the subject, which are annually sent to the *Times* and other papers for publication, again appear with their old and new remedies. A suggestion made by Mr Teale of Leeds is especially worthy of notice, for the remedy he proposes is very easy of adoption, and is cheap. He asserts that it saves one-fourth of the coal consumption, gives better fires, reduces both smoke and soot by securing combustion at a higher temperature than usual, abolishes cinders, and has many other advantages. The contrivance is simply a shield of sheet-iron made to fit accurately the space between the lower bar of a grate and the hearth. One caution is necessary. The hearth itself in this arrangement will participate in the greater heat, and therefore there is a danger from fire if it rest on unprotected wooden beams.

The English sparrow, for which many of us feel a sentimental affection, has been convicted, after most mature consideration, of wholesale robbery of our crops. It has been sentenced to death, and the warrant has been countersigned by Miss Ormerod, the entomologist to the Royal

Agricultural Society. Perhaps, however, our town sparrows may be spared?

As we have recently pointed out, the vast continent of America affords its inhabitants facilities for obtaining data upon which weather predictions can be founded, which are denied us in sea-girt Britain. It has just been announced that, throughout the State of Alabama, daily weather-signals, predicting coming changes, will in future be exhibited at more than one hundred telegraph stations. The necessary information will be telegraphed in the morning of each day from the signal office in Washington. In other States, similar arrangements have been made, and the system is likely to be much extended in the future.

Mr Preece, the well-known electrician to the Post-office, has lately been visiting the United States, and has brought before the Society of Arts a succinct account of the present state of electric lighting there. He says that there are, he believes, ninety thousand arc lamps alight there every night. One manufacturer alone was turning out eight hundred thousand carbons per month for use in these lamps. Mr Preece did not see one single instance of street-lighting by glow lamps; and even for indoor lighting he does not think that they are used to the same extent as they are in England. The price charged is the same as would be paid for gas at the rate of seven and sixpence per thousand feet. At present, we must regard electric lighting in this country as a luxury, which must be paid for as such. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, the strange statement was volunteered by one of the speakers, that neither Mr Edison nor Mr Brush—who may be said to stand as the sponsors for electric lighting across the Atlantic—used that method of illumination in their own homes.

In the year 1750 a series of water-marks were established all round the coasts of Sweden, in order to determine the disputed point, whether the land was rising or gradually sinking, opinions of scientific men being divided upon the matter. These marks were renewed in 1851, and again more recently. The Swedish Academy of Sciences has lately published the results of this inquiry, from which it seems, that during the period of one hundred and thirty-four years, the northern part of the country is about seven feet higher than its old level, whilst the southern part has remained in its old position.

The Anchor Line steamer *Furnessia*, which sailed from Glasgow for New York in December last, had on board one hundred thousand Lochleven trout ova for the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Mr Spenser Baird, commissioner, proposes to send the eggs when received to the station in Michigan to be hatched out for introduction into the great lakes. The ova were packed so as to avoid handling as much as possible. They were enumerated by being spread in water over square wooden frames, covered with suitable netting, each mesh of which isolates a single ovum. The frames were then inverted on squares of felted moss, leaving each ovum in its proper position, and perfectly separated from the others. Three layers of moss and eggs were placed in a tray, and six trays in each box. A large ice receptacle covered a

double column of trays, the ice in which was occasionally replenished on the voyage, to insure an even temperature throughout. Through the kindness of Messrs Henderson Brothers, ample space in the ice-house was placed, free of freight, at the disposal of Sir A. G. Maitland, the proprietor of the Howietoun Fishery, by whom the eggs have been presented.

In an Occasional Note on p. 767 of last volume of this *Journal*, some account was given of a process for the utilisation of sewage. Shrewsbury was the place named as the headquarters of the works; we are now informed that these are not situated at Shrewsbury, but at Aylesbury.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

THE casting of oil on troubled waters is so ancient a practice that it has become proverbial; for many years, however, it fell into disuse, owing, doubtless, to the expense involved. With the invention of gas-lighting and the discoveries of petroleum, paraffin, &c., oils of all descriptions fell in price; and certain benefactors to the human race have within the last few years been experimenting with oil, to discover to what extent it may be used as a means of saving life at sea. A short time since, the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution ordered their district surveyors to make experiments to test the value of oil in calming troubled waters, with a view, should the experiments be satisfactory, of using oil to quell the terrific seas which lifeboats have to encounter so frequently.

By the majority of persons, the great danger of the sea is considered to be the height to which the waves sometimes rise. But waves are not dangerous from their height, unless they break at the top. On the day after a storm, when the wind has fallen, a tremendous swell will often be seen, the waves rising to a considerable height. No danger need be apprehended from waves of this kind, however unpleasant they may be to non-seafaring passengers. But it is when the winds howl and the white sea-horses are seen raising their snowy crests, that the sailor knows danger to be at hand. Should any one of those green walls of water crowned with white crash on to the deck of his ship, the results would be terrible. The popular idea seems to be, that oil cast on the waves causes them to go down, and a calm spot to be formed among the turmoil. This is not the case; it merely, in certain cases, prevents the waves breaking—in other words, it turns a raging sea into a heavy swell. It will hardly need a knowledge of nautical matters to understand that only in certain cases can ships be brought into the water which has been treated with oil. For instance, if a ship is sailing or steaming with the wind on her beam—say at right angles to the course on which she is steered—by no means yet known can the oil be so distributed as to lie on the water through which she is going. But should the vessel be in great danger from the waves which are breaking around her, the following plan could be pursued: she should be hove to—that is, steered nearly into the wind's eye, and kept as stationary as possible. She will then, of course, drift slowly to leeward—that is, in the same direction as the wind. One or more properly perforated bags of

oil, attached to light lines, should be put over-board to windward. The result will be as follows: the vessel being more exposed to the wind, will drift more rapidly than the bags, which will be left at some distance to windward, and thus intercept and mollify waves which would otherwise come leaping and foaming towards the ship.

Having, we hope, made the effects of oil on a rough sea clear to the non-nautical reader, we will turn to the Report presented in September last to the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, by Captain Chetwynd, R.N., Chief Inspector of Lifeboats, which shows the results of the experiments carried out by the district inspectors referred to above. One result of these experiments is to show that there is comparatively little difference in the effect produced by the various oils of everyday use, such as colza, linseed, fish or seal oil, &c. In some cases, paraffin was used with much the same results as those given by the other oils. Very small quantities of oil were found sufficient to spread over a considerable expanse of water. The best contrivance for applying the oil appeared to be a canvas bag, either rather loosely sewn together, or pierced with small holes, to allow the oil to escape. As, to be any protection, the oil must be poured or distributed over the sea in a direct line from which the seas are advancing, and at a sufficient distance to give it time to spread and act upon the waves before they reach the vessel to be protected, it follows that, as regards a lifeboat, or indeed any small boat, the oil can only be used when they are in one of two positions—namely, when anchored and lying head to sea and tide; or when running dead before the sea for the shore. In the first of these cases, the waves would of course approach the bows of the boat, over which, therefore, oil should be poured; or, better still, a bag of oil should be floated some yards in front of the boat, attached by a light line to the anchor. Either way, the boat being stationary, the oil would spread all round, and afford some protection. In the second case, when the boat is running with the wind and waves, the danger would be lest a wave should follow on so quickly as to break over the stern of the boat and overwhelm her. As a rule, oil poured from the stern of the boat would to a certain extent quiet these following waves, and prevent any risk of that kind.

Captain Chetwynd comes to the conclusion that oil would be so rarely needed in a lifeboat that he cannot recommend its being supplied to them. Though the oil in the experiments of the district inspectors appeared to stop the breaking of such waves as would endanger the safety of a small open boat; yet in surf of sufficient magnitude to be of importance to a lifeboat, this effect was modified, or sometimes entirely absent. 'On more than one occasion—to quote the words of the Report—'in a moderate surf which the oil was entirely killing, if a larger breaker than the surrounding ones rose, the oil was powerless to check it, and the sea broke through it, covering boat, gear, &c., with oil.' The liquid poured on the dangerous part of a heavy surf in shoal-water—namely, the break—had little or no effect; nor was the result more satisfactory, of several careful experiments made on breakers caused by a heavy

ground-swell, and not by wind, on the coast of Cornwall. With regard to oil being used at the mouth of harbours by mechanical means, such as pipes laid under water from the shore, Captain Chetwynd appears to think that any vessel entering a harbour could distribute the oil with an equally good result. The seas when of any size would be following the ship in, so that oil poured from her stern, or a bag of oil towed a few yards astern, would in most cases prevent the waves breaking over her.

It must be confessed that the experiments carried out by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution do not show that oil is of such great value among the breakers as we might have wished. At the same time, it must be remembered that these experiments were only carried out among the near-shore breakers. From the reports of those who have tested its efficacy at sea, Captain Chetwynd gathers that the results are most marked and beneficial, being more certain and less capricious than in surf or breakers. Referring to such reports, he says: 'In every case, its effect has been so remarkable, it seems incredible that its use is not general and an everyday occurrence, more particularly in small vessels, where it could not but add to their comfort as well as safety. As a protection to an open boat in a heavy sea, means of applying it [the oil] should be as much part of the equipment of every ship's boat as oars or a rudder.'

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Admiralty will continue the good work the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has commenced, and have exhaustive experiments carried out. It is quite right and proper that every means should be taken to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners; but our first care should be that our ships are provided with all possible safeguards which human ingenuity can devise against shipwrecks and accidents at sea.

HERM.

THE recent sale of this island calls attention to one of the lesser members of that rocky archipelago, in possession of the British Crown, linked geographically to France, socially and politically for centuries with this country—the Channel Islands.

Herm—anciently styled Erin, Hermes or Ermes, and signifying in old French, 'land deserted or uncultivated'—lies midway between Guernsey and Sark. The area of Herm is not large, for the island measures only a mile and a half in length by three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and is estimated to contain but some twelve hundred *vergees*—that is, about four hundred and fifty English acres. So scant an acreage, notwithstanding, the island is replete with interest, and amply repays the visitor for his sail thither, be he naturalist, geologist, or botanist; whilst the scenery of her shores, pebbly beaches, white and glistening, on the one hand laved by the sparkling blue ocean, on the other flanked by precipitous granite cliffs, pinnacled and weather-worn, beach, ocean, and cliffs alike bathed in the brightest and balmyest sunshine, and Venetian in its geniality, affords ample theme for the lover of nature, and no scant material for the brush of the artist.

Turning, now, to the flora and fauna of the island, it is interesting to note that the remains of the stag are found in Herm, though the animal has been extinct for more than a century. Game must formerly have abounded, for an old ordinance of the Royal Court of the island of Guernsey restricts the 'chasse' of hares, rabbits, pheasants, and partridges to 'jurats, curates, gentlemen, and officers, and to the principal inhabitants *de bien*,' under certain penalties. Rabbits alone survive, nor does their extinction appear imminent, for the soil favours them, and they multiply rapidly.

From Herm both Guernsey and Sark draw considerable supplies of *vraic*, or seaweed, for agricultural purposes. In the contract letting Herm on a fee-farm rent by the Crown, special clauses guaranteed a continuance of this right to the neighbouring islanders. *Vraic* is used for fuel also; whilst the proverb, '*Point de vraic, point de hautgard*' (No seaweed, no cornyard), emphasises its importance as a fertilising agent.

Copper occurs in the island, but not in sufficient quantities to enable it to be worked successfully. The chief sources of mineral wealth are the granite quarries, which rank equally with those of Guernsey for stone, excelling in density and durability. An export trade was formerly carried on in this material, necessitating the construction of a harbour capable of accommodating vessels of two hundred and fifty tons burden. This branch of industry has now, however, been entirely abandoned, and the large outlay expended in its development lies unproductive.

Nor is this miniature world destitute of vestiges of the past; several Druidical cromlechs and altars will be found in the northern part of the island, in good preservation, in addition to an ancient keep dating, it is believed, from the sixth century.

The population in 1841, according to the census taken in that year, was thirty-eight souls, and has remained stationary since that time.

It is announced that the recent purchasers of Herm are about to convert their new possession into a station for curing and drying the fish caught by their boats in the northern seas. How far such an experiment will prove successful, actual trial alone can decide, though no elements appear to be wanting to render the venture a profitable one; and Herm will doubtless readily adapt herself, with her warm and sunny clime, to the new purpose for which she is designed. It will, in conclusion, interest our readers north of the Tweed to learn that Scotch capital has purchased, and Scotch enterprise will develop, this new industry in this romantic and picturesque possession of the British Crown.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIGHTNING-RODS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in a recent course of lectures on Electricity, took occasion to refer to the construction of lightning-rods. These articles, he said, 'were frequently made with as many as five points, and extremely eminent authorities advised their construction in this way. For his own part, however, he found from experiments in this branch of electricity that the single point

of a needle was as good as half a dozen. In some cases, copper bands were now used as conductors instead of copper wire, and they had the advantage of opening a wider door for the escape of electricity into the earth. He was talking a few days ago to a builder who spoke of certain churches he had "protected" by lightning-conductors. He said that he stuck the conductor a few inches into the ground, and imagined that that was quite sufficient. Some few years ago, when he (Professor Tyndall) had the honour of serving the Board of Trade, a lighthouse on the northern coast of Ireland was struck by lightning. On examination, he found that the lightning-conductor ended in stone, which had been pierced to a depth of about six inches. That was entirely insufficient to carry away electricity, and, indeed, almost invited the lightning to strike the place. The broader the plate carrying the electric fluid into the earth, the wider the door would be open for its escape. There was one agent which would be even better than anything else, if they could only use it on the top of lighthouses, and that was flame, which must totally discharge all electricity.'

A BROKEN HEART.

A correspondent thus writes: 'Nearly twenty years ago, I owned a pair of beautiful canaries—the male being a very fine fellow, with a rich musical note. Having furnished them with the outside rough form of a nest in straw, leaving them to complete its comforts with bits of soft wool, down, and small feathers, they were shortly in the happy possession of four eggs. In due course four young ones presented themselves, to the evident delight of the parents, who fed them from daylight to dark, their favourite food being the yolk of hard-boiled eggs. Time brought round the period when, instead of raw, naked, helpless creatures always "asking for more," four full-fledged young birds frisked about the cage like so many pretty yellow balls of fine soft wool. They grew to be very fine birds; and first one friend and then another coveted them, until all had gone but one little youngling, which remained as the only solace of the parents. This last of the family was the delight of their hearts; they fondled it and played with it as we have seen an affectionate mother do with her child, and seemed to exert themselves to amuse it in every way their fancy prompted.

Probably a happier little family never existed. But, alas! the spoiler came. Another friend coveted the last of the little flock, and it was taken away. And from that moment the joyous song of the male bird gave place to a painfully feeble little chirp. He sat on the perch with a drooping, heart-broken, spiritless aspect; his wings hung down as if all power and vitality had left him; and within twenty-four hours from the time of his bereavement he fell dead from the perch. The affectionate creature had evidently died of grief for the loss of his "one ewe lamb." The cage was given away with the remaining bird; and no inducement could tempt me again to run the risk of perhaps unconsciously being the cause of so much unhappiness and misery.'

WOLVES IN FRANCE.

France is still infested in some parts with wolves, and although these formidable animals do not generally cause much loss of human life, it only requires a really cold winter to render the wolves dangerous and destructive to the poor husbandmen and villagers of the Meuse and the Vosges. Formerly, many French departments were provided with *louveteiers*, gentlemen who, in return for the title and privilege of wearing a gallant and most *piquant* uniform, undertook to keep the district free from louvine incursions. A short time back, however, these honourable and venerable dignities were suppressed, the Minister of Agriculture being content with setting aside annually a sum of money, out of which prizes are awarded for each wolf killed.

The Minister of Agriculture has just issued the official returns of the wolves destroyed during the year 1883. No fewer than thirteen hundred and eighty-eight wolves were killed in one way or another. Of these, thirty-two were with young, and four hundred and ninety-three were cubs; the remainder being full-grown animals. Nine well authenticated cases of persons being attacked by wolves were reported, but it is not said whether any lives were destroyed or not. One hundred and three thousand seven hundred and twenty francs (£4148, 16s. 8d.) were distributed as rewards, which varied according to the importance of the capture. But perhaps the most interesting part of the Report is that which tabulates the number of animals destroyed in each department. The Perigord and eastern counties suffer most from the ravages of these animals. The Dordogne heads the list with 131; the Meuse, 122; Haute-Meuse, 89; Meurthe-et-Moselle, 81; Vosges, 71; Haute-Vienne, 71; Charente, 66; Corrèze, 58; Creuse, 43; Aube, 40; other counties following with lesser totals.

During an exceptionally severe winter, exciting sport may be enjoyed either in the Vosges, the Dordogne, or the Côte-d'Or; local guides and attendants are readily obtained; and the poor peasantry are ready thankfully to render any assistance to the hunters who help to rid them of their treacherous and destructive enemy.

RAT RIDDANCE.

'Allow me,' writes a correspondent, 'to suggest a simple means of getting rid of those pests. In the year 1855 I was in command of the British vessel *Tubal Cain*, lying alongside the wharf at Melbourne, embarking Chinese passengers for Hong-kong. The wharfs were so infested with rats that it was impossible to prevent their getting on board, and my vessel was well stocked with them. After being at sea a few days, I mustered the passengers—with their effects—on deck, to give them an airing, and for the purpose of giving the passenger deck a good cleansing, and sprinkling some chloride of lime mixed with water. I also had a couple of buckets of the same mixture poured down the pumps. This I continued weekly; when, to my surprise, the rats made a raid on the cabin (poop) on deck, and became so troublesome that neither myself nor my officers cared about turning in at night. A happy thought struck me—that the chloride of lime had driven them from below deck; so I had everything

cleared out of the cabin and the storerooms, and freely used the mixture. This had the desired effect, the rats taking shelter in every available place outside. This gave us some good sport, especially on a moonlight night, when all hands engaged in hunting rats and driving them overboard, so that by the time we arrived at Hong-kong not one was left on board. On my return to England, I took a house and furnished it. After being in it a short time, I found that it was infested with rats. They would get through every part on the ground-floor. On examination, I discovered that a drain ran under the house, emptying into the harbour. I here again used the chloride of lime freely; and in less than a week every rat had taken its departure. I have recommended this remedy to many shipmasters and friends on shore; and in all cases it has proved a success. I have occupied my present residence for five years, and we have neither rat nor mouse on the premises. I attribute this to the free use of the above mixture, which is also effective as a deodoriser and disinfectant.'

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY! And midst old recollections
That rush to my heart with an echoing joy,
I remember once more the old hopes and dejections,
When you were a girl, dear, and I was a boy:
When I sent you a rose on that February morning,
And with it a passionate, rhyme-halting lay,
And met your reproaches and well-acted scorning
By whispering: 'Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!'

And the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so yellow,
And the soft southern wind blew so shrilly and sweet,
And each tiny bird sang so loud to its fellow,
While the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed at your feet,
Small wonder our hearts broke to tremulous beating,
As we learned in the wonderful, old-fashioned way,
What the earth, and the sky, and the air were repeating
In mystical cadence of Valentine's Day.

And now that the crazy-sweet babble and laughter
Of golden-haired children have rung in our ears,
And brought us the hope of a tender hereafter
To link to the thought of those far-away years—
Once more in the words of the happy boy-lover,
I veil deeper meaning in whimsical way—
A meaning your heart will be quick to discover—
By whispering: 'Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!'

M. E. W.

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ROBBING THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

In a previous paper we called attention to curious matters connected with the Bank of England. In the present, we propose to describe some of the most noteworthy attempts to divert the wealth of that great corporation into improper channels.

It is somewhat remarkable, that until 1758—a period of sixty-five years from the foundation of the Bank—no attempt was made to imitate its notes; in other words, bank-note forgery was as yet uninvented. The doubtful honour of having led the way in this particular belongs to one Richard William Vaughan. There is an element of romance about his story. In August 1757, a gentleman named Bliss, residing in London, advertised for a clerk. Among others, Vaughan, then aged twenty-six, offered himself, and was accepted. He was of good address and education, though he had made but an indifferent use of his advantages. He had started as a linen-draper in Stafford, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; but had failed, and at the time of his engagement by Mr Bliss, was an uncertificated bankrupt. This, however, his employer was not at first made aware of; and in the meantime, the young adventurer succeeded in winning the affections of a niece of Mr Bliss, a young lady of some expectations. Mr Bliss was induced, after some pressure, to consent to their marriage, conditionally upon Vaughan's first clearing himself from his difficulties and showing that he was in a position to marry. Vaughan expressed himself confident of speedily meeting these requirements; and shortly afterwards announced that his relatives had agreed to lend him a helping hand; that his discharge from bankruptcy would be forthwith granted; and that immediately afterwards he would start afresh in business.

Meanwhile, in support of his assertions, he showed his lady-love, and indeed placed in her keeping, twelve alleged Bank of England notes for twenty pounds each. The wedding-day was fixed for Easter Monday (1758), some three weeks

later. In the meantime, however, an engraver, whom Vaughan, under an assumed name, had commissioned to engrave part of the plates for the notes, suspecting something wrong, gave information to the police. Vaughan was arrested, and spent his intended wedding-day in the 'condemned cell,' under sentence of death for forgery. At the trial, it was urged in his defence that the forged notes were not intended to be put in circulation, but merely to be used as a means of deluding Miss Bliss and her family. It was shown, however, that the twelve notes deposited formed only a part of those actually printed, and that Vaughan had endeavoured to induce one John Ballingar to cash some of them. The defence therefore failed, and Vaughan was hanged.

The imitation of the bank-note at that date was a much easier matter than it is at present, the note itself being a very rough affair and only partly engraved; the amount, the name of the payee, and the signature of the cashier being supplied in writing. Vaughan's appears to have been an extremely clumsy imitation, not even an attempt being made to imitate the watermark, which is one of the special signs of a genuine note. Unfortunately, the feasibility of imitation once shown, there were plenty to follow and to improve upon his example. There was, however, no attempt at bank-note forgery on a large scale until the year 1780, when a note was one day presented at the Bank, and was cashed in ordinary course. The paper, the watermark, the engraving, and the signatures, all were in perfect order. Indeed, so complete was the deception, that it was only when the note was about to be posted to the ledger appropriate to returned notes of that particular date, that it was found to be a duplicate of a note already returned, and consequently a forgery.

It may be here explained that all notes of any given date are always of the same denomination, and that each issue consists of one hundred thousand notes, numbered from one (written 000001) upwards. Thus, before us is a five-pound

note bearing date the 30th of June 1884. Any one conversant with the system on which the notes of the Bank of England are issued would know at once that no genuine note of any other denomination (that is, of any amount other than five pounds) can bear that particular date, and that of that date there have been one hundred thousand notes printed, each for five pounds. To keep account of these, a ledger lettered on the back to correspond with the particular series (say, 'Fives, 30 June 1884') is prepared, ruled with horizontal and vertical lines, so as to form on each page two hundred rectangular spaces. These are numbered consecutively throughout the book from one to one hundred thousand. As each note is returned to the Bank, the date of its return is entered in the corresponding space in this ledger. A forger, manufacturing, say, five-pound notes, will take care to use a date when a series of five-pound notes was actually issued; and will further take care that the number shall be one between one and one hundred thousand, or the imitation would be at once detected by any skilled person. Assuming that the note is so well executed as to pass the cashiers, it is sure to be discovered when it reaches the 'Returned Note' department, if the true note bearing the same number has already been presented at the Bank, as it would then be seen that there were duplicate notes of that particular number.

Such was the case with the note in question. The attention of the cashiers once called to the matter, it would have been thought that either the presentation of the forged notes would cease, or that the detection of the forger would be an easy matter. But it was not so. Similar notes continued to be presented; but the identity of the forger remained a mystery. Lotteries were in vogue at that day, and the notes were generally traced to one or other of the lottery offices; but there the clue failed. At last, however, a note being traced to one of these offices, the keepers reported that they had received it from a young man named Samuel, living in a street off the Strand. The police went to the address given, and found the young man, who admitted changing the note at the lottery office as alleged, but declared that he had merely done so by order of his master. He stated that having seen in the *Daily Advertiser* an advertisement for a servant, he applied for the situation, addressing his reply, as directed, to a certain coffee-house; and that, a day or two later, he was called out from his lodgings to see the advertiser, who was waiting in a coach outside. He found in the coach an aged gentleman, with a patch over one eye, and with one foot swathed in bandages, as if from gout. The old gentleman informed him that his name was Brank; that he required a servant for a ward of his, a young nobleman, just then absent from town; and after a few preliminaries, made an appointment for Samuel

to call upon him at his lodgings in Great Titchfield Street. He did so; when the *soi-disant* Brank informed him that his ward had an unfortunate mania for speculating in lotteries, and that one of Samuel's chief occupations would be purchasing tickets for this purpose. By way of beginning, Brank handed him a note for twenty pounds, with instructions to purchase an eight pound chance in the drawing then commencing, and to meet him with the ticket at the door of the Parliament Street Coffee-house. This done, he gave him two more notes, to be used in the same way, telling him to meet him afterwards at the City Coffee-house, Cheapside. On his way thither, he was hailed from a coach by his venerable employer and intrusted with four hundred pounds more, to be expended in like manner at different offices; and at the end of the day, notes to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds had been thus placed in circulation. The next day, notes for twelve hundred pounds were got rid of in like manner; and the day following, five hundred more. In negotiating this last parcel of notes, Samuel was asked to write down his name and address; and this led, as we have seen, to his arrest.

The police being satisfied that Samuel spoke the truth, left him in his lodgings, instructing him to report to them when he next heard from his mysterious employer. A day or two later, he received a letter, requesting him to meet Mr Brank at a certain coffee-house at eleven o'clock the next day. He went to the coffee-house indicated, two officers in disguise closely following him. He was a few minutes late, and was told that a porter had been inquiring for him. He waited at the coffee-house for some time; but in vain. The mysterious Brank had somehow taken the alarm. A raid was made upon the lodgings in Great Titchfield Street; but the supposed Brank had not been there for some days. Rewards were offered for his apprehension, and his description—in the 'patch' disguise—circulated in the public prints; but in vain.

For five years paper forged by the same hand continued to be presented, and the Bank authorities were at their wits' end, when, fortunately for them, the ingenious forger hit on a new form of fraud, which led to his capture. A custom at that time prevailed at the Bank of England, that when a person paid in gold to be exchanged for notes, he did not in the first instance receive the notes themselves, but only a ticket showing the amount, which was exchanged at another counter for the notes. 'On the 17th of December' (1785), it is stated in a newspaper of the day, 'ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a bank-note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier; instead of which, the bearer took it home, added a 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that, but two others were found to have been altered in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist

received upon the whole near one thousand pounds.'

The numbers of the notes issued had, in usual course, been taken down, and it may be imagined that their return was watched for with much interest. At last one of them was presented, and was traced to a highly respectable silversmith. He was interrogated, and stated that he received the note from a gentleman who gave frequent entertainments on a grand scale, and was in the habit of hiring plate in large quantities of him for that purpose. A police officer was stationed in the house; and at his next visit the hospitable customer was arrested, and was found to be the forger who had so long baffled all attempts to discover him.

This man, Charles Price, the son of a slopseller in St Giles', had in his time 'played many parts.' He first appears as a runaway apprentice; then as a gentleman's servant, in which capacity he travelled all over Europe, and doubtless picked up much useful information. He then started as a brewer, became bankrupt; then a distiller, and was sent to the King's Bench Prison for defrauding the revenue. He then turned brewer again; then lottery-office keeper; then stockbroker; again became bankrupt; and then opened another lottery office, this, his last public venture, being in King Street, Covent Garden. From this date (1780) he disappears from public life, preferring thenceforth 'to blush unseen,' and to devote his whole energies to his lucrative warfare against the money-bags of the Bank of England. His only assistants were his wife and a Mrs Pounteney, a relative of his wife, in whose house he executed the mechanical part of his forgeries, and who acted as a spy to watch the person employed to utter the notes, that Price might be warned in time of any hitch in the proceedings. When Price was taken, he made a full confession. It appeared that during the five years 1780-1785, he had passed under no less than fifty different names, and nearly as many different disguises. Now, however, the game was up, and Price felt that it was so. Before the date at which he should have been brought to trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

Another eminent forger was John Mathison, originally a watchmaker at Greta Green. Having acquired, as a recreation, the art of engraving, he developed unusual skill therein. He had also an extraordinary facility for imitating handwriting. These accomplishments he employed in imitating, first, the notes of the Darlington Bank, then those of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh; and finally, coming to London, he began upon the notes of the Bank of England. As a proof of his extraordinary energy, we may mention that within ten days of his arrival in London, he had begun to utter forged notes, having in the meantime bought the copper, engraved the plates, forged the watermark, and printed the notes. He paid frequent visits to the Bank, exchanging gold for notes, or notes of one denomination for another, to serve as models for his fraudulent imitations. On one of these occasions a large sum of money was being paid in by the Excise. A question was raised by the teller as to the goodness of one of the notes. Mathison, standing by, pronounced, without hesitation, that it was a good one, which proved to be the case.

So remarkable a display of knowledge on the part of an outsider called attention to the volunteer expert. The clerk remembered Mathison as a frequent changer of notes; and this incident led to his apprehension and subsequent conviction. He offered, if his life were spared, to reveal the secret of his process for imitating the watermark; but the offer was not accepted, and he suffered the usual penalty for his offence.

In the year 1797, in consequence of a scarcity of gold, the Bank of England was for the first time authorised to issue one-pound notes, and this led to an enormous increase in the number of forgeries. During six years prior to this date there had been but one capital conviction for forgery. During the four years next following this issue of the one-pound note there were *eighty-five*. This was doubtless attributable to the increased number of notes in circulation, the freedom with which they passed from hand to hand, the length of time during which they circulated without presentation, and the fact that, unlike the five-pound notes, their circulation was not confined to the well-to-do and educated classes, but was in a great degree among poor and ignorant persons, who were not likely to detect a spurious imitation. In 1808, the police unearthed, at Birmingham, a regular factory of these notes, whence they were issued wholesale at six shillings in the pound on their nominal value. The forgers, thirteen in number, were arrested; and notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds were seized on the premises.

In the meantime, a fraud of even greater magnitude had been perpetrated within the Bank itself by one of its most trusted servants. In 1803, a Mr Bish, a stockbroker, was instructed by Mr Robert Astlett, cashier of the Bank of England, to dispose of some Exchequer bills, which, from certain circumstances, Bish knew to be in the official custody of the Bank. His suspicions being thus aroused, he communicated with the directors; and it was found that Astlett, who had charge of all Exchequer bills brought into the Bank, and should have transferred them, in parcels properly docketed, to the custody of the directors, had succeeded in diverting a large number of them to his own uses, his defalcations amounting to no less than Three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Astlett was tried for his offence, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was never carried into effect. The prisoner remained in Newgate for many years; but whether he died in prison, we do not find recorded.

Passing over the great Stock Exchange frauds of 1814, as a matter in which the Bank was only indirectly interested, we come to the forgeries of Fauntleroy, which, from their magnitude and the position of the offender, produced an extraordinary sensation. Henry Fauntleroy had succeeded his father as a partner in the banking firm of Marsh, Stracy, & Co. The firm was unfortunate; and Fauntleroy speculated largely on the Stock Exchange in the hope of improving its fortunes, but actually involved himself thereby in still greater difficulties. To meet these, he forged Powers of Attorney enabling him to deal with funded securities belonging to various clients, from time to time replacing one fund by the proceeds of a later forgery. He began in

May 1815 with a power of attorney empowering Messrs Marsh & Co. to sell out a sum of three thousand pounds consols. It is an everyday occurrence for clients to give such powers to their bankers, and the one in question appeared to be in perfect order. It purported to be executed by the fundholder, one Frances Young, of Chichester, and to be attested by two of the clerks of Messrs Marsh & Co. The power was presented at the Bank of England. There was nothing to excite suspicion, and the document was acted on in ordinary course. From this date up to 1824, the presentation of such powers by Messrs Marsh & Co. became a matter of frequent occurrence, and very large sums were thus obtained. At last a crash came. Henry Fauntleroy was joint trustee with some other gentlemen of certain moneys invested in the three per cents. One of the trustees chancing to call at the Bank to make some inquiry respecting the trust fund, found, to his horror, that it had been sold out, under an alleged power of attorney, by Mr Fauntleroy. In consequence of his communication to the Bank authorities, the whole of the powers acted upon by Marsh & Co. were investigated, and a great part of them were found to be forged. On the 9th of September 1824, Fauntleroy was arrested in his own banking-house. He offered the officer who arrested him *ten thousand pounds* if he would connive at his escape; but in vain. On searching his private office, a box was found containing a long list of forgeries, with a memorandum in the following words: 'In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and have therefore sold out all these sums, without the knowledge of any of my partners. I have given credit in the accounts for the interest when it became due. (Signed) HENRY FAUNTLEROY.' It is said that at the moment of his apprehension he had ready a fresh power of attorney, by means of which he would have been enabled to replace the stock whose absence led to the discovery. The amount of loss to the Bank of England by Fauntleroy's forgeries is said to have been no less than Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds! He was executed at Newgate on November 30, 1824.

For some years after this date, forgery continued to be a capital offence; but there was a growing feeling against the severity of the punishment. In 1832 a Bill was passed abolishing the capital penalty in the case of all forgeries save those of wills and powers of attorney; and in 1837 these also ceased to be capital offences.

In 1844, a very ingenious fraud was perpetrated, with the curious result of restoring to the rightful owner a large sum of money of whose very existence she was not aware. In the year 1815, a Mr Slack died, leaving a Mr Hulme his executor. Mr Hulme, in the course of his duties as such, transferred into the name of Ann Slack, of Smith Street, Chelsea, six thousand six hundred pounds consols, and three thousand five hundred pounds three per cent. reduced annuities. During Mr Hulme's lifetime, he received the dividends on both funds, and Miss Slack drew on him for money as she needed it. Upon his death in 1832, Miss Slack resolved thenceforth to receive her dividends herself, but only did so as regarded the six thousand six hundred pounds consols, not

being aware, apparently, that she was also entitled to the three thousand five hundred pounds. This state of things continued from 1832 to 1842, when the three thousand five hundred pounds reduced annuities, with ten years' dividends, were transferred, as unclaimed, to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. The fact of the transfer being known to a clerk in the Bank, one William Christmas, he communicated it to one Joshua Fletcher, who forthwith concocted a scheme for possessing himself of the amount. With the aid of a solicitor named Barber, he ascertained that Ann Slack was still alive, and managed to obtain a specimen of her signature. He then registered Ann Slack as deceased, first, however, forging a will in her name purporting to bequeath the sum in question to a supposed niece, Emma Slack. This will was duly proved, and the probate lodged at the Bank of England. A woman named Sanders personated the supposed Emma Slack. The three thousand five hundred pounds was sold out, and the proceeds paid to her, together with the unclaimed dividends, amounting to about eleven hundred pounds. The conspirators had carried their plan through very cleverly; but they had overlooked one point. The will only professed to bequeath the reduced annuities, and consequently these only had been dealt with; but as the Bank authorities knew that Ann Slack had also possessed a fund in consols, they, in accordance with their usual practice, placed 'deceased' against her name in the title of that account. When an account is 'dead'—that is, stands in the name of a deceased person—no addition can be made to it. Ann Slack, shortly afterwards, desiring to add more stock to this account, was informed, to her astonishment, that she was dead. To prove that she was not so, she presented herself at the Bank with ample proof of her identity. Fletcher and Barber were tried, and found guilty. The money was gone; but Ann Slack notwithstanding received her full due, the loss being borne by the government.

The last great fraud by which the Bank of England has been a sufferer was that of Austin Bidwell and his accomplices. On the 18th of April 1872, Austin Bidwell called upon a tailor named Green, in Savile Row, and under the assumed name of Warren, gave him a handsome order. On May 4, he paid Mr Green another visit. He was then professedly on his way to Ireland, and having about him a large sum of money, asked Green to take charge of it during his absence. Green hesitated to take the responsibility, but remarked that the branch Bank of England was in Burlington Gardens close by, and offered to introduce Warren there. This was done; and Warren opened an account by a deposit of twelve hundred pounds. He gave his name as 'Frederick Albert Warren,' and his address as *Golden Cross Hotel*. He paid in and drew out moneys to a considerable amount, and shortly began to offer bills for discount. They bore the best of names, and were discounted without hesitation. On the 17th of June 1873, a bill of Rothschild's for four thousand five hundred pounds was offered, and was discounted in due course.

Having thus gained, by transactions in genuine

bills, the confidence of the Bank authorities, the supposed Warren commenced operations of another kind. Bills came in thick and fast for discount, still bearing the same first-class names—Rothschild, Blydenstein, Suse and Sibeth, &c.; but they were now cleverly executed forgeries. The Bank continued to discount without suspicion. Naturally, however, it paid in its own notes, of which the numbers were recorded, and which, when it was discovered that the bills were forged, would be difficult to realise. Bidwell, in order to dispose of these and to diminish the chances of identification, opened an account in another name (Horton) at the Continental Bank. Here he paid in the notes received from the Bank of England, taking French and German money in exchange; Hills—under the name of Noyes—acting as his clerk. Sometimes, by way of variety, Hills changed notes into gold at the Bank of England itself, alleging that the coin was for export; but the gold so obtained was brought back again by Macdonnell, and exchanged for fresh notes, which, thus obtained, would have no obvious connection with the original fraud. George Bidwell undertook what may be called the manufacturing department, namely, the preparation of the plates, and the printing of the bill-forms for the forgeries. By thus dividing their labours, and working each in a distinct department of the fraud, the gang hoped to evade discovery until they had made what they regarded as a sufficient haul, when they would doubtless have retired to foreign climes to enjoy the fruits of their labours. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for they had already offered forged bills to the amount of £102,217, 19s. 7d., when a happy oversight led to their detection. Two bills for one thousand pounds each, professedly accepted by Messrs Blydenstein, and payable three months after 'sight,' were not 'sighted'—that is, the date of acceptance was not inserted. A clerk of the Bank was sent to Messrs Blydenstein's to get the omission rectified, and was met by the startling information that the bills were forgeries. With some little trouble, the whole of the gang were arrested, and after a trial lasting eight days, were convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude.

The cases we have described afford an unusually forcible illustration of the good old-fashioned maxim, that 'Honesty is the Best Policy.' If dishonesty ever were a paying game, it should be in the case of such men as these, with so much ability employed, playing for such heavy stakes, and with schemes so carefully planned. And yet, what must the life of such a schemer be? Fauntleroy, we are told, did for years *the work of three clerks*, in order to conceal his frauds. Fare as sumptuously, entertain as lavishly as he may, the schemer must live with every nerve strained, in constant dread of detection, ever feeling the thief-taker's hand on his collar, the steel of the handcuffs upon his wrists. In most instances, he does not derive even a transient benefit from his crime. Where there is a temporary success, as in the case of Fauntleroy, the proceeds of one forgery are perforce devoted to make good another, or the money gained by fraud is squandered in unprofitable speculations. And sooner or later, the end is sure to come. The most watchful of men cannot be always on his guard. Some day, a little slip is made, perhaps

the mere omission of a date, as in Bidwell's case, or an incautious remark, as in that of Mathison, and then—the dock and a violent death, or, even under the present merciful régime, long years spent in the convict's garb, living on convict's fare, and herding with the very dregs of humanity.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN one has made up one's mind to reopen a painful subject after dinner, the preliminary meal is not usually a very pleasant one; nor, with the trouble of preparation in one's mind, is one likely to make a satisfactory dinner. Frances could not talk about anything. She could not eat; her mind was absorbed in what was coming. It seemed to her that she must speak; and yet how gladly would she have escaped from or postponed the explanation. Explanation! Possibly, he would only smile and baffle her as he had done before; or perhaps be angry, which would be better. Anything would be better than that indifference.

She went out to the loggia when dinner was over, trembling with the sensation of suspense. It was still not dark, and the night was clear with the young moon already shining, so that between the retiring day and the light of the night it was almost as clear as it had been two hours before. Frances sat down, shivering a little, though not with cold. Usually, her father accompanied or immediately followed her; but by some perversity, he did not do so to-night. She seated herself in her usual place, and waited, listening for every sound; that is, for sounds of one kind—his slow step coming along the polished floor, here soft and muffled over a piece of carpet, there loud upon the *parquet*. But for some time, during which she rose into a state of feverish expectation, there was no such sound.

It was nearly half an hour, according to her calculation, probably not half so much by common computation of time, when one or two doors were opened and shut quickly and a sound of voices met her ear—not sounds, however, which had any but a partial interest for her, for they did not indicate his approach. After a while there followed the sound of a footstep; but it was not Mr Waring's; it was not Domenico's subdued tread, nor the measured march of Mariuccia. It was light, quick, and somewhat uncertain. Frances was half disappointed, half relieved. Some one was coming, but not her father. It would be impossible to speak to him to-night. The relief was uppermost; she felt it through her whole being. Not to-night; and no one can ever tell what to-morrow may bring forth. She looked up no longer with anxiety, but curiosity, as the door opened. It opened quickly; some one looked out, as if to see where it led, then, with a slight exclamation of satisfaction, stepped out upon the loggia into the partial light.

Frances rose up quickly, with the curious sensation of acting over something which she had rehearsed before; she did not know where or how. It was the girl whom she had remarked

on the Marina, as having just arrived, who now stood here, looking about her curiously, with her travelling cloak fastened only at the throat, her gauze veil thrown up about her hat. This new-comer came in quickly, not with the timidity of a stranger. She came out into the centre of the loggia, where the light fell fully round her, and showed her tall slight figure, the fair hair clustering in her neck, a certain languid grace of movement, which her energetic entrance curiously belied. Frances waited for some form of apology or self-introduction, prepared to be very civil, and feeling in reality pleased, and almost grateful for the interruption.

But the young lady made no statement. She put her hands up to her throat and loosed her cloak with a little sigh of relief. She undid the veil from her hat. 'Thank heaven, I have got here at last, free of those people!' she said, putting herself *sans façon* into Mr Waring's chair, and laying her hat upon the little table. Then she looked up at the astonished girl, who stood looking on in a state of almost consternation.

'Are you Frances?' she said; but the question was put in an almost indifferent tone.

'Yes; I am Frances. But I don't know'—Frances was civil to the bottom of her soul, polite, incapable of hurting any one's feelings. She could not say anything disagreeable; she could not demand brutally, 'Who are you? and what do you want here?'

'I thought so,' said the stranger; 'and, oddly enough, I saw you this afternoon, and wondered if it could be you. You are a little like mamma.—I am Constance, of course,' she added, looking up with a half-smile. 'We ought to kiss each other, I suppose, though we can't care much about each other. Can we?—Where is papa?'

Frances had no breath to speak; she could not say a word. She looked at the new-comer with a gasp. Who was she? And who was papa? Was it some strange mistake which had brought her here? But then the question, 'Are you Frances?' showed that it could not be a mistake.

'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I don't understand. This is—Mr Waring's. You are looking for—your father?'

'Yes, yes,' cried the other impatiently. 'I know. You can't imagine I should have come here and taken possession if I had not made sure first! You are well enough known in this little place. There was no trouble about it.—And the house looks nice, and this must be a fine view when there is light to see it by.—But where is papa? They told me he was always to be found at this hour.'

Frances felt the blood ebb to her very fingertips, and then rush back like a great flood to her heart. She scarcely knew where she was standing or what she was saying in her great bewilderment. 'Do you mean—my father?' she said.

The other girl answered with a laugh: 'You are very particular. I mean our father, if you prefer it. Your father—my father. What does it matter?—Where is he? Why isn't he here? It seems he must introduce us to each other. I did not think of any such formality. I thought you would have taken me for granted,' she said.

Frances stood thunderstruck, gazing, listening, as if eyes and ears alike fooled her. She did not seem to know the meaning of the words. They could not, she said to herself, mean what they seemed to mean—it was impossible. There must be some wonderful, altogether unspeakable blunder. 'I don't understand,' she said again in a piteous tone. 'It must be some mistake.'

The other girl fixed her eyes upon her in the waning light. She had not paid so much attention to Frances at first as to the new place and scene. She looked at her now with the air of weighing her in some unseen balance and finding her wanting, with impatience and half contempt. 'I thought you would have been glad to see me,' she said; 'but the world seems just the same in one place as another. Because I am in distress at home, you don't want me here.'

Then Frances felt herself goaded, galled into the matter-of-fact question, 'Who are you?' though she felt that she would not believe the answer she received.

'Who am I? Don't you know who I am? Who should I be but Con—Constance Waring, your sister?—Where,' she cried, springing to her feet and stamping one of them upon the ground—'where, *where* is papa?'

The door opened again behind her softly, and Mr Waring with his soft step came out. 'Did I hear some one calling for me?' he said.—'Frances, it is not you, surely, that are quarrelling with your visitor?—I beg the lady's pardon; I cannot see who it is.'

The stranger turned upon him with impatience in her tone. 'It was I who called,' she said. 'I thought you were sure to be here. Father, I have always heard that you were kind—a kind man, they all said; that was why I came, thinking—I am Constance!' she added after a pause, drawing herself up and facing him with something of his own gesture and attitude. She was tall, not much less than he was; very unlike little Frances. Her slight figure seemed to draw out as she raised her head and looked at him. She was not a suppliant. Her whole air was one of indignation that she should be subjected to a moment's doubt.

'Constance!' said Mr Waring. The daylight was gone outside; the moon had got behind a fleecy white cloud; behind those two figures there was a gleam of light from within, Domenico having brought in the lamp into the drawing-room. He stepped backward, opening the glass door. 'Come in,' he said, 'to the light.'

Frances came last, with a great commotion in her heart, but very still externally. She felt herself to have sunk into quite a subordinate place. The other two, they were the chief figures. She had now no explanation to ask, no questions to put, though she had a thousand; but everything was in the background, everything inferior. The chief interest was with the others now.

Constance stepped in after him with a proud freedom of step, the air of one who was mistress of herself and her fate. She went up to the table on which the tall lamp stood, her face on a level with it, fully lighted up by it. She held her hat in her hand, and played with it with a careless yet half-nervous gesture. Her fair hair was short and clustered in her neck and about

her forehead, almost like a child's, though she was not like a child. Mr Waring looking at her, was more agitated than she. He trembled a little; his eyelids were lifted high over his eyes. Her air was a little defiant; but there was no suspicion, only a little uncertainty in his. He put out his hand to her after a minute's inspection. 'If you are Constance, you are welcome,' he said.

'I don't suppose that you have any doubt I am Constance,' said the girl, flinging her hat on the table and herself into a chair. 'It is a very curious way to receive one, though, after such a long journey—such a tiresome long journey,' she repeated with a voice into which a querulous tone of exhaustion had come.

Mr Waring sat down too in the immediate centre of the light. He had not kissed her nor approached her, save by the momentary touch of their hands. It was a curious way to receive a stranger, a daughter. She lay back in her chair, as if wearied out, and tears came to her eyes. 'I should not have come, if I had known,' she said with her lip quivering. 'I am very tired. I put up with everything on the journey, thinking, when I came here— And I am more a stranger here than anywhere!' She paused, choking with the half-hysterical fit of crying which she would not allow to overcome her. 'She—knows nothing about me!' she cried with a sharp pain, as if this was the last blow.

Frances in her bewilderment did not know what to do or say. She looked at her father; but his face was dumb, and gave her no suggestion; and then she looked at the new-comer, who lay back with her head against the back of the chair, her eyes closed, tears forcing their way through her eyelashes, her slender white throat convulsively struggling with a sob. The mind of Frances had been shaken by a sudden storm of feelings unaccustomed; a throb of something which she did not understand, which was jealousy, though she neither knew nor intended it, had gone through her being. She seemed to see herself cast forth from her easy supremacy, her sway over her father's house, deposed from her principal place. And she was only human. Already she was conscious of a downfall. Constance had drawn the interest towards herself—it was she to whom every eye would turn. The girl stood apart for a moment, with that inevitable movement which has been in the bosom of so many since the well-behaved brother of the Prodigal put it in words, 'Now that this thy son has come.' Constance, so far as Frances knew, was no prodigal; but she was what was almost worse—a stranger, and yet the honours of the house were to be hers. She stood thus, looking on, until the sight of the suppressed sob, of the closed eyes, of the weary, hopeless attitude, were too much for her. Then it came suddenly into her mind, If she is Constance! Frances had not known half an hour before that there was any Constance who had a right to her sympathy in the world. She gave her father another questioning look, but got no reply from his eyes. Whatever had to be done must be done by herself. She went up to the chair in which her sister lay and touched her on the shoulder. 'If we had known you were coming,' she said, 'it would have been different. It is a little your fault not to let us

know. I should have gone to meet you; I should have made your room ready. We have nothing ready, because we did not know.'

Constance sat suddenly up in her chair and shook her head, as if to shake off the emotion that had been too much for her. 'How sensible you are,' she said. 'Is that your character?—She is quite right, isn't she? But I did not think of that. I suppose I am impetuous, as people say. I was unhappy, and I thought you would—receive me with open arms. It is evident I am not the sensible one.' She said this with still a quiver in her lip, but also a smile, pushing back her chair, and resuming the unconcerned air which she had worn at first.

'Frances is quite right. You ought to have written and warned us,' said Mr Waring.

'O yes; there are so many things that one ought to do!'

'But we will do the best for you, now you are here. Mariuccia will easily make a room ready. Where is your baggage? Domenico can go to the railway, to the hotel, wherever you have come from.'

'My box is outside the door. I made them bring it. The woman—is that Mariuccia?—would not take it in. But she let me come in. She was not suspicious. She did not say, "If you are Constance." And here she laughed, with a sound that grated upon Mr Waring's nerves. He jumped up suddenly from his chair.

'I had no proof that you were Constance,' he said, 'though I believed it. But only your mother's daughter could reproduce that laugh.'

'Has Frances got it?' the girl cried, with an instant lighting up of opposition in her eyes; 'for I am like you; but she is the image of mamma.'

He turned round and looked at Frances, who, feeling that an entire circle of new emotions, unknown to her, had come into being at a bound, stood with a passive, frightened look, spectator of everything, not knowing how to adapt herself to the new turn of affairs.

'By Jove!' her father said, with an air of exasperation she had never seen in him before, 'that is true! But I had never noticed it. Even Frances. You've come to set us all by the ears.'

'O no! I'll tell you, if you like, why I came. Mamma—has been more aggravating than usual. I said to myself you would be sure to understand what that meant. And something arose—I will tell you about it after—a complication, something that mamma insisted I should do, though I had made up my mind not to do it.'

'You had better,' said her father, with a smile, 'take care what ideas on that subject you put into your sister's head.'

Constance paused, and looked at Frances with a look which was half-scrutinising, half-contemptuous. 'Oh, she is not like me,' she said. 'Mamma was very aggravating, as you know she can be. She wanted me— But I'll tell you after.' And then she began: 'I hope, because you live in Italy, papa, you don't think you ought to be a medieval parent; but that sort of thing in Belgravia, you know, is too ridiculous. It was so out of the question, that it was some time before I understood. It was not exactly

a case of being locked up in my room and kept on bread and water; but something of the sort. I was so much astonished at first, I did not know what to do; and then it became intolerable. I had nobody I could appeal to, for everybody agreed with her. Markham is generally a safe person; but even Markham took her side. So I immediately thought of you. I said to myself: One's father is the right person to protect one. And I knew, of course, that if anybody in the world could understand how impossible it is to live with mamma when she has taken a thing in her head, it would be you.'

Waring kept his eye upon Frances while this was being said, with an almost comic embarrassment. It was half laughable; but it was painful, as so many laughable things are; and there was something like alarm, or rather timidity, in the look. The man looked afraid of the little girl—whom all her life he had treated as a child—and her clear sensible eyes.

'One thinks these things, perhaps; but one does not put them into words,' he said.

'Oh! it is no worse to say them than to think them,' said Constance. 'I always say what I mean. And you must know that things went very far—so far, that I couldn't put up with it any longer; so I made up my mind all at once that I would come off to you.'

'And I tell you, you are welcome, my dear. It is so long since I saw you, that I could not have recognised you. That is natural enough. But now that you are here—I cannot decide upon the wisdom of the step till I know all the circumstances.'

'Oh, wisdom! I don't suppose there is any wisdom about it. No one expects wisdom from me. But what could I do? There was nothing else that I could do.'

'At all events,' said Waring, with a little inclination of his head and a smile, as if he were talking to a visitor, Frances said to herself—'Frances and I will forgive any lack of wisdom which has given us—this pleasure.' He laughed at himself as he spoke. 'You must expect for a time to feel like a fine lady paying a visit to her poor relations,' he said.

'Oh, I know you will approve of me when you hear everything. Mamma says I am a Waring all over, your own child.'

The sensations with which Frances stood and listened, it would be impossible to describe. Mamma! who was this, of whom the other girl spoke so lightly, whom she had never heard of before? Was it possible that a mother as well as a sister existed for her, as for others, in the unknown world out of which Constance had come? A hundred questions were on her lips, but she controlled herself, and asked none of them. Reflection, which comes so often slowly, almost painfully, to her came now like the flash of lightning. She would not betray to any one, not even to Constance, that she had never known she had a mother. Papa might be wrong—oh, how wrong he had been!—but she would not betray him. She checked the exclamation on her lips; she subdued her soul altogether, forcing it into silence. This was the secret she had been so anxious to penetrate, which he had kept so closely from her. Why should he have kept it from her? It was evident it

had not been kept on the other side. What ever had happened, had Frances been in trouble, she knew of no one with whom she could have taken refuge; but her sister had known. Her brain was made dizzy by these thoughts. It was open to her now to ask whatever she pleased. The mystery had been made plain; but at the same time her mouth was stopped. She would not confuse her father, nor betray him. It was chiefly from this bewildering sensation, and not, as her father, suddenly grown acute in respect to Frances, thought, from a mortifying consciousness that Constance would speak with more freedom if she were not there, that Frances spoke. 'I think,' she said, 'that I had better go and see about the rooms. Mariuccia will not know what to do till I come; and you will take care of Constance, papa.'

He looked at her, hearing in her tone a wounded feeling, a touch of forlorn pride, which perhaps were there, but not so much as he thought; but it was Constance that replied: 'O yes; we will take care of each other. I have so much to tell him,' with a laugh. Frances was aware that there was relief in it, in the prospect of her own absence; but she did not feel it so strongly as her father did. She gave them both a smile, and went away.

'So that is Frances,' said the new-found sister, looking after her. 'I find her very like mamma. But everybody says I am your child, disposition and all.' She rose, and came up to Waring, who had never lessened the distance between himself and her. She put her hand into his arm and held up her face to him. 'I am like you. I shall be much happier with you. Do you think you will like having me instead of Frances, father?' She clasped his arm against her in a caressing way, and leant her cheek upon the sleeve of his velvet coat. 'Don't you think you would like to have me, father, instead of her?' she said.

A whole panorama of the situation, like a landscape, suddenly flashed before Waring's mind. The spell of this caress, and confidence she showed of being loved, which is so great a charm, and the impulse of nature, so much as that is worth, drew him towards the handsome girl, who took possession of him and his affections without a doubt, and pushed away the other from his heart and his side with an impulse which his philosophy said was common to all men—or at least, if that was too sweeping, to all women. But in the same moment came that sense of championship and proprietorship, the one inextricably mingled with the other, which makes us all defend our own, whenever assailed. Frances was his own; she was his creation; he had taught her almost everything. Poor little Frances! Not like this girl, who could speak for herself, who could go everywhere, half-commanding, half-taking with guile every heart that she encountered. Frances would never do that. But she would be true, true as the heavens themselves, and never falter. By a sudden gleam of perception, he saw that though he had never told her anything of this, though it must have been a revelation of wonder to her, yet that she had not burst forth into any outcries of astonishment, or asked any compromising questions, or done anything to betray him.

His heart went forth to Frances with an infinite tenderness. He had not been a doting father to her; he had even—being himself what the world calls a clever man, much above her mental level—felt himself to condescend a little, and almost upbraided heaven for giving him so ordinary a little girl. And Constance, it was easy to see, was a brilliant creature, accustomed to take her place in the world, fit to be any man's companion. But the first result of this revelation was to reveal to him, as he had never seen it before, the modest and true little soul which had developed by his side without much notice from him, whom he had treated with such cruel want of confidence, to whom the shock of this evening's disclosures must have been so great, but who, even in the moment of discovery, shielded him. All this went through his mind with the utmost rapidity. He did not put his new-found child away from him; but there was less enthusiasm than Constance expected in the kiss he gave her. 'I am very glad to have you here, my dear,' he said more coldly than pleased her. 'But why, instead of Frances? You will be happier both of you for being together.'

Constance did not disengage herself with any appearance of disappointment. She perceived, perhaps, that she was not to be so triumphant here as was usually her privilege. She relinquished her father's arm after a minute, not too precipitately, and returned to her chair. 'I shall like it, as long as it is possible,' she said. 'It will be very nice for me having a father and sister, instead of a mother and brother. But you will find that mamma will not let you off. She likes to have a girl in the house. She will have her pound of flesh.' She threw herself back into her chair with a laugh. 'How quaint it is here; and how beautiful the view must be, and the mountains and the sea. I shall be very happy here—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—and with you, papa.'

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

I. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

NAMES were originally assumed for preventing confusion, and for the purpose of enabling individuals to be identified and distinguished from each other; and this is their principal use even now. Generally, the surname inherited from the parents, and the Christian name given by them, are retained during life. But there are many exceptions to the rule. Sometimes an estate is left to a person on condition of his assuming the name of the testator by whom it was devised. In case the arms of the deceased are to be assumed as well as his name, a royal license for the change of name must be obtained, and entered at the College of Arms, otherwise known as Heralds' College. If the arms are not to be quartered by the fortunate devisee, the license may or may not be obtained at his pleasure; the adoption of the name in pursuance of the directions in the will, or the issuing of the royal license, as the case may be, being advertised more or less extensively, according to the position of the recipient and his taste for publicity.

In like manner, names are often assumed in consideration of the accession of property, even though there may be no binding obligation to do so. A comparatively poor man marries the heiress or possessor of extensive estates, who is naturally desirous of keeping up the name which has been associated with power and position in her native county for generations, and accordingly the husband takes the surname of his wife, instead of giving his to her, as is the usual practice. A man inherits an estate through his mother, in default of male descendants of the old family from which she traced her descent; and it is most natural that he should keep up the ancestral name, with a view to maintaining the prestige which had existed for centuries. In this way many of the proudest aristocracy of our land have become the possessors of ancient historic names; the most familiar examples, perhaps, being the transmutation of Sir Hugh Smithson into a Percy upon his marriage with the heiress of the ancient family of that name, and the revival of the Dukedom of Northumberland in the new line; and the continuance of the name of Churchill in the Marlborough Dukedom, after it had descended through a female descendant of the celebrated John Churchill of the time of Queen Anne.

Again, a man may wish to change his name for reasons personal to himself. Thus, the noted Bugg, who assumed the surname of Norfolk Howard, is too well remembered to require more than passing notice. Less ridiculous was the change from Pigg to Theobald, effected by several members of a respectable family, some of whom had found the inconvenience in business of the porcine appellation, and who had some claim upon the assumed name through their mother, who had been born a Theobald. In fact, if the proposed change is not intended to be made for purposes of fraud, there is no legal objection to a man changing his name; though it would be inconvenient if he were to change it repeatedly. There is no obligation for a person to go through life with the appellation by which his father was known; and if he does not get his name changed in his boyhood by being brought up with a family who are not his brothers and sisters, he may on arriving at mature age take upon himself a new surname; although it would be imprudent to take this step without preserving legal evidence of the fact; as otherwise, the change might lead to doubts as to his identity, and thus throw difficulties in the way of his children, if they should become entitled to property as heir-at-law or next of kin of an intestate, after the decease of their parent, who alone could in many cases supply the missing link in the evidence of relationship.

The best evidence of identity in such a case is undoubtedly a Deed-poll under the hand and seal of the person who has assumed a new name; and enrolled in the High Court of Justice. In case of the necessity arising for tracing and proving the pedigree, this would of itself establish the identity of the person under his original and assumed names. The fact of such a document having been executed and enrolled ought to be advertised in one or more of the London daily papers, and also in the local newspapers circulating in the locality where the individual

resides. If he be in business, it is also desirable that the alteration in his name should be advertised in the trade journals of the business carried on by him; though this may be dispensed with if the firm under which he trades will not be affected by the change. But a tradesman carrying on business alone and in his own name should do this, and also send a circular to each of the wholesale houses with which he deals, so that there may be no opportunity of mistake, or pretence for alleging that any concealment has been practised. When there is no reason to look forward to any accessions of property through the death of relatives, it may be sufficient to rely upon advertisements and circulars alone; but we do not advise this course. The cost of an enrolled Deed-poll is not very heavy, and it is often impossible to tell that it may not be required when least expected.

Some persons change their names very frequently; but this is seldom done except for the purpose of facilitating the commission of fraud. In such cases, of course the object aimed at is concealment, not publicity; and as a general rule, when a man takes various names without any intimation of his identity under the several designations, if he be charged with any offence against the laws, his mystification in the matter of names will go against him. Not that the assumption of any number of names is an offence in itself; but when conjoined with other circumstances, it may become evidence of fraudulent intentions.

The case of the use of an old established name when it has been associated with a certain business for generations does not come strictly within the scope of our present subject; but as it is allied thereto, no apology is needed for glancing at it. A business which has long been successfully carried on under a style or firm extensively known in the trade to which it belongs, may still be carried on under the same style by persons whose names are different altogether; and any other persons assuming that name would be restrained by the courts from continuing to do so. The case of Day and Martin the celebrated blacking makers may well be cited to illustrate this point. In that case, the name of the firm had acquired a distinct value; and there being no persons of the original names or either of them left in the firm, a Mr Day and a Mr Martin took premises, commenced business, and advertised as Day and Martin, using labels and wrappers similar to those used by the original firm, their object being to trade upon the reputation which had been acquired without any help from them. The court, however, held that this could not be permitted.

Some merchants and tradesmen are whimsical in respect to names, and without any fraudulent intention, will assume several of such names as they may fancy, trading as A. B. & Co. at one place, and as C. D. & Co., E. F. & Co., G. H. & Co., and various other appellations, elsewhere. This is optional, and so long as the business is carried on properly and honestly, the law will not interfere. But when all these establishments, which are really one concern, are represented as being distinct, and they draw bills upon one another in order to create fictitious capital, even if there be no criminal charge established against the

moving spirit, the latter might fare badly if he were to become bankrupt, as often happens.

Generally, if there be no substantial reason for a change of name, it ought not to be changed; and the individual should be content to pass through the world with the names given to him by, and inherited from, his parents. One of the reasons which might justify a change would be the undue prevalence of his name in the place where he lives, and the occurrence of frequent mistakes in consequence thereof. When there are several John Smiths in a small market town, it might be convenient if one of them would assume a more distinguishing appellation. We often wonder how business is carried on in Wales, where Thomas Thomas, John Jones, Evan Evans, and similar names abound to such an extent as to be most bewildering to an Englishman not to the manner born. However, we suppose the natives are accustomed to it, and custom reconciles us to many things.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A STORY OF MARSEILLES.

I. THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

It was a rough winter's night. A slight sou'-wester had been blowing all day long; but since the sun had gone down and it had grown dark, heavy gusts fled boisterously up and down the narrow old streets of Marseilles, as though they had lost their way. Many of the principal thoroughfares appeared comparatively deserted, as if the storm had driven most people home. Those who yet remained out of doors seemed to be bent upon reaching their domiciles with all possible speed. There was one solitary exception—a tall, powerfully built man; and upon him a gust of wind had little more effect than upon a solid rock. Enveloped in a thick black cloak, with a military cap drawn down tightly over his forehead, he walked along at a slow, measured step. He never once turned his head, even when the wind cast a stinging splash of rain full in his face. He was so erect, and strode forward in such a steady manner, that one would have supposed the weather absent from his thoughts. When he reached the quay, he crossed the road and stepped along the gangway, so close to the edge of the basin that by stretching out his hand he could have touched the rigging of large vessels as he passed. The danger, even in broad daylight, when walking so close to the edge, would have been great; but upon this pitch-dark, windy night, a false step meant certain death in the dock below.

Presently, a small boat, dimly visible by the light from a lantern attached to the bow, came slowly towards a landing-place several yards ahead. When the boat touched the wall of the basin, the man quickened his pace, and on reaching the spot, looked down, and demanded: 'Who goes there?'

'Prosper Cornillon,' replied a voice. The voice appeared to come from a figure in the boat which resembled a black shadow in the darkness.

'Is your boat for hire?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

There was a short pause. Then the stranger, with a *souppon* of command in his tone, said: 'I shall want you to-night; but not yet.'

The boatman, having meanwhile made fast his boat, took the lantern out of the bow and climbed slowly up the steep wooden steps.

'Does the Café Cornillon, on this quay, belong to you?'

'It is mine and my sister's,' Prosper replied.

'That is lucky,' said the stranger, in a more cheerful voice. 'I will sup at your café before we start.'

Prosper Cornillon led the way, holding the lantern so that the light was thrown directly in their path.

The Café Cornillon stood in the centre of a row of houses facing the quay. The frontage was one large window with small panes of glass, like a conservatory. Through the clean, white muslin curtains a light was shining, which illuminated a limited space of the roadway. Stepping forward, Prosper held open the door of the café for the stranger to enter. It was a snug, unpretending little café; long, narrow, and low-pitched, like a cabin on board ship, with small wooden tables and chairs arranged against the walls. Some half-dozen persons, who looked like fishermen, were seated near the window, drinking coffee and cognac, and playing at dominoes. They glanced up for a moment, and returned the stranger's salute, and then continued their game. At the further end of the café was an open hearth, with a fire burning brightly in the centre; near this hearth, engaged in some culinary operations, stood a young girl. She turned when the door opened; and an expression of surprise, mixed with curiosity, gathered in her face as the stranger advanced and politely raised his cap.

'Nina,' said Prosper Cornillon, looking from the girl towards the customer, 'this gentleman has hired the boat; but he wishes for a little supper before starting.'

The stranger nodded approvingly. 'Before sunrise, I must be on board.'

'The name of the ship, monsieur?' asked Prosper, stroking his dark beard and looking with keen eyes into the stranger's face.

'The *Livadia*.'

The girl looked up with a distant, dreamy expression in her eyes. 'That ship,' said she, as though speaking her thoughts aloud, rather than addressing herself to any one—'that ship is bound for some Greek port.'

'For Syra,' said the stranger promptly, while at the same time he removed his cloak and sat down at a table near the hearth.

Prosper Cornillon turned away and joined the fishermen at the other end of the café. Like a true *cafetier*, he was soon laughing with the customers, taking a hand at dominoes, and calling to his sister Nina to serve him, as though he were a customer too.

Meanwhile, the stranger sat in silence, waiting for his supper, with his back leaning against the wall and his legs stretched out towards the fire. He was dressed in the uniform of a French colonel, though only a man of twenty-eight or thirty at the utmost. He had a handsome expressive face, his eyes frequently brightening with some passing thought. But when he turned his glance upon Nina, his look grew serious and sympathetic.

Few could have resisted studying the face of

Nina Cornillon, not merely on account of its beauty, but because some trouble, sustained with brave resolution, was portrayed in every feature. That dreaminess in the eyes, already referred to, which seemed to indicate that her thoughts were wandering far beyond the port of Marseilles, was seldom suppressed except when she was spoken to; and when the conversation ceased, her look appeared to sink away again into the distance, while a smile would break pensively upon her lips, and tears glisten upon her long black lashes.

Scarcely a word passed between the stranger and Nina Cornillon until the supper was cleared away, when 'monsieur' lit his cigar and drew his chair closer towards the hearth. But when the girl had served the customary cup of coffee, and was pouring out the *petit verre*, the gentleman remarked: 'Shall I tell you, mademoiselle, where your thoughts are travelling?'

The girl looked with a puzzled expression into the stranger's face. 'You would indeed be a magician,' said she, 'if you could.'

'Your thoughts,' said he, 'are travelling along the shores of Greece.'

Nina started and changed colour. For a while she seemed too troubled to speak. Seating herself in front of the hearth, she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

'If mademoiselle will trust me,' the stranger presently remarked in a soft tone, 'even though she might wish a message taken to a lover, I will promise to execute any errand faithfully.'

The girl glanced up with a touch of indignation in her face. But suddenly dropping her eyes, she said, with a deep blush on her cheeks: 'I have no lover.'

The stranger looked grave; and as though conscious of having made a blunder, he hastened to change the subject. 'I will not try any further to read your thoughts.—But tell me,' he added, 'why does your brother keep a boat for hire in the harbour, when he has such an excellent little café to attend to? It seems to me that the work is too severe for you all by yourself.'

'Ah, monsieur, you would not say that,' exclaimed Nina, 'if you only knew how anxious we both are to make money!'

The stranger could not conceal a look of surprise. Such sentiments, uttered in such an avaricious tone by a homely girl like Nina, appeared inconsistent. 'You mean, perhaps,' he hinted, 'that you do not find it congenial work to keep a café, and that you will be glad when you can afford to retire from business?'

'O no, monsieur! That is not what I meant. When we have accumulated ten thousand francs, we shall part with the money; and then'—

'Then, mademoiselle?'

'We shall begin again,' continued Nina, 'with light hearts; for if we ever save that sum, we can purchase our father's liberty.'

'What!' cried the stranger, greatly moved. 'Is it possible that'—

'Hush!' Nina whispered, with her finger to her lip, as she glanced round at the table where her brother and his companions were seated over their game. 'Whenever Prosper hears this subject mentioned, he is like a madman. If it interests you, monsieur, this terrible disaster which has befallen us, draw your chair closer, and I

will tell you in a few words how it all happened.'

The stranger came nearer to Nina's side, and leaned forward in a listening attitude. His face assumed an expression of intense concern as she proceeded.

In a low voice, frequently choked by tears, the girl confided to the sympathetic stranger her sad story. 'Always anxious to assist his family,' Nina began, 'it one day occurred to father to buy a vessel, for the purpose of trading along the coast of the Adriatic. So he collected together all that he was worth, made a capital bargain, and set sail in his little ship, confident that his venture would be successful. He had traded in the Adriatic for others for many years, and was well known as a brave and honest captain in these seas. But not many weeks passed before news reached us that all was lost.' Her utterance became thick with sobs. But speedily overcoming her emotion, she continued: 'A letter came from father; it told us only too plainly what misfortune had overtaken him. One morning, when least expecting such a mishap, he was attacked by pirates. He made a desperate resistance, but was eventually overpowered and taken prisoner. They carried him to Tripoli. The sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. In his letter, he adds that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him again.' The girl's eyes were blinded with tears, and for some moments she could not speak; but by a painful effort, she succeeded at last. 'We are striving by every honest means in our power to collect the money. It is a hard fight. This is only a very modest little café, and our profits are very small. Prosper gains a few extra francs every week with his boat in the harbour. But many more years must pass before we can hope to accomplish this trying task.'

'How long,' the stranger asked, 'has your father been a prisoner?'

'Ten years.'

'Is it possible?'

'I was fifteen when he went away. At parting, he kissed me on both cheeks,' continued Nina, smiling thoughtfully. 'Now, I am twenty-five.'

'Poor child!' said the stranger, with great tenderness.

'During these years, we have managed to save nearly three thousand francs. Perhaps, in ten more years, if we are very fortunate, we shall be able to complete the sum; and father will be sitting in the old corner, where you are seated now, as I remember seeing him when I was a child.' While she was still speaking, that dreamy look which the stranger had observed already began to reappear in her dark eyes, and she seemed gradually to lose herself in thought.

The stranger, who felt that his presence at her side was forgotten, rose from his seat with a suppressed sigh, and crossing to where Nina's brother and the fishermen still played at dominoes, he placed his hand upon the boatman's shoulder. 'Monsieur Prosper,' said he, 'it is almost time we started. But before we go, let us drink a glass together.—If,' he added, looking round—'if your friends will join us, so much the better.'

The fishermen expressed themselves agreeable. So Prosper filled glasses all round. Every one rose and 'clinked' with the stranger, at the same time wishing him *bon voyage*.

Then Prosper Cornillon assisted 'monsieur' to envelop himself once more in his cloak; while Nina came timidly forward to take his proffered hand and to bid him adieu. And then out they stepped into the wind and rain, followed by the fishermen, leaving Nina all alone in the café, with her hands clasped, and a wistful look in her eyes.

II. THE OLD SAILOR.

It was still stormy at Marseilles. For some weeks, owing to the gales which had visited the Mediterranean, the port had been crowded with vessels, driven in by stress of weather. In times like these, Prosper Cornillon reaped a harvest; for his boat was in demand from morning till night. It was tiring work; but a generous impulse gave him energy. He was toiling with the direct object of obtaining his father's freedom.

One evening, worn out with his unremitting labours, Prosper had thrown himself down, with his elbows on the table, in a corner of the café near the hearth; and soon his head had sunk upon his arms, and he had fallen asleep. In front of the fire was seated his sister Nina, with a weary look too upon her face; but her great dreamy eyes were wide open; for although late in the evening, it was not yet the hour for closing the Café Cornillon. At any moment, a customer might enter; and some customers, if Nina was not very wakeful and attentive, were apt to grow impatient; indeed, she had scarcely less peace and quietness during the twenty-four hours than her brother Prosper. At the moment when it became so late that Nina was on the point of rising to turn out the lamps and lock up for the night, the door was slowly opened. An old sailor in a rough coat, the collar of which was turned up about his neck, mysteriously entered the café. He touched his slouching hat with his sunburnt, horny hand in a feeble, hesitating manner; then choosing a table near the hearth, opposite to the one upon which Prosper's head was resting, he sat down and began to stroke his long white beard thoughtfully without raising his eyes.

'With what, monsieur, can I serve you?'

The old man answered in a low voice, with his head still bent: 'Café noir.'

Nina hastened to place a cup of coffee before him; and when she had filled a little glass with cognac, she resumed her seat before the hearth. The girl's chair was placed with the back towards the door. On one side of her was the table at which the old man sat sipping his coffee; and on the other side was Prosper, still fast asleep. Looking dreamily into the fire, Nina seemed to have forgotten the presence of both these men, so deeply was she absorbed in her thoughts.

'This is the Café Cornillon—is it not?' asked the old man.

Nina started as though the voice had awakened her. 'Yes, monsieur,' answered the girl, recollecting herself and looking up quickly—'the Café Cornillon.'

'Kept by Prosper Cornillon?'

'Sleeping there,' continued Nina, with a little jerk of her head.

'Ah,' said the old sailor, 'I am the bearer of a message.'

'To him?'

'Yes—to Prosper Cornillon.'

'Shall I rouse him?'

'No. I will deliver the message to you.'

'It is the same thing,' said the girl, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. 'I am his sister.'

'Nina Cornillon?'

'Yes; that is my name.'

The old man leaned forward, but still without raising his eyes, and said in a hoarse, indistinct voice: 'You may remember, perhaps, a few weeks ago, entertaining a young soldier who passed through this port on his way to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in his boat on board the *Livadia*, a ship bound for Syra.'

'I remember the gentleman well,' said Nina, in a faltering voice. 'He gave Prosper a piece of gold before parting, to sustain us in our efforts to collect the large sum of money which is demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransom for our father's liberty.'

'It is from this young soldier, Colonel Lafont,' continued the old sailor, 'that I bring the message.'

Nina looked round quickly, with sparkling, eager eyes. 'What is the message, monsieur?'

'Well,' answered the old man, speaking slowly, 'his words to you—I mean, to Prosper Cornillon—were words of encouragement. You must never despair! That was how the young colonel expressed it. Because, as he argued, the day might not be far distant when your father would be set free.'

With her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the fire, Nina said: 'A very kind message. How good of him to think of me!'

'The message was to Prosper Cornillon.'

'To think, I should say, of my brother Prosper. But—'

'But,' continued the old man, 'I have not finished yet.'

'What more, monsieur?'

The old sailor, lowering his tone, and speaking as though he had difficulty in not betraying some agitation, continued: 'It was the colonel's hope that neither of you would be despondent—that you would rather indulge the fancy that you had heard that the ransom demanded by this Greek pirate had been paid—that your father had regained his liberty—that he had even started on his voyage home, and was nearing the port of Marseilles.'

Nina clasped her hands, and cried in a trembling voice: 'That is what I dream of, night and day!'

'Imagine, then, even imagine that the ship has reached Marseilles—that it has entered the harbour. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat painfully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your café late one evening—a man with a gray beard and a shaky voice.'

But at this point the old sailor was interrupted. Looking round, Nina uttered a cry of joy, and sprang up with outstretched arms, and with the word '*Father!*' upon her lips.

It was Captain Cornillon who had come thus as a terribly trying surprise. Yet, he was so changed that even Nina had not recognised him. But the recognition was complete now. So, taking his daughter in his embrace, the old sailor kissed her as he had kissed her at their parting ten long years ago.

Not many weeks elapsed before Colonel Lafont again made his appearance at Marseilles. Prosper, who happened to be in the harbour at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Café Cornillon as soon as he landed.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude which was shown by the captain and his two children towards this young soldier, who, on reaching Greece, had taken active steps to obtain the old sailor's release. Years passed before Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of restoring Captain Cornillon to his family. For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a reward for bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he possessed in the world. But he loved Nina Cornillon. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Lafont entered the café and saw the girl standing by the hearth, he had never ceased to think of the dreamy face, nor of the low passionate voice in which she had told to him the sad episode in her life.

These events happened many years ago; and Nina and her husband Colonel Alphonse Lafont—who became a general before he was forty—should be old people now, if they are still living. But one thing is certain—on the quay at Marseilles there still stands the little café, in appearance unchanged, except that it is called the Café Cornillon no longer.

THE CITY COMPANIES.

SOME ponderous but interesting volumes have recently been issued in the shape of a series of blue-books containing the Report of the Royal Commission which, under the presidency of the Earl of Derby, has been inquiring into the manner in which the estates and funds of the various Guilds and Companies of the city of London are administered. All the world has heard of the great wealth of the city of London, a sight of the shops in which, even so far back as the commencement of the present century, caused a famous Prussian general to exclaim in the midst of his astonishment: 'What a city this would be to plunder!' The revelations made, however, before the Royal Commission are such as will put into the shade all speculative calculations of the wealth of the 'great city.' The capital of the Livery Companies of London is now known to be about twenty millions sterling, bringing in an income of seven hundred thousand pounds per annum! Owing to the increased value of houses and land, a great augmentation in the wealth of the Companies has taken place during the past ten or twelve years, in one case alone (the Drapers' Company) the increase reaching the handsome total of twenty thousand pounds in nine years.

The foundation of this vast fortune originated for the most part in charitable bequests, which

have long since been diverted from the particular purpose which the donors had in view; and although the Companies have of late years given considerable sums for the promotion of technical education and other objects, yet the whole of such grants put together are an insignificant dole compared with the magnificent inheritance of which they are the custodians.

The Mercers' Company is the richest of them all, its income in 1880 being ninety thousand pounds per annum, which shows an increase in nine years (1871-80) of fifteen thousand pounds. In 1874 the Mercers spent in 'court fees' over ten thousand pounds; but in 1880 only about nine thousand. In the management of their estates they spent in 1880 nearly eight thousand pounds, while salaries absorbed about six thousand. In 'entertainments' they spent in 1880 five thousand pounds, as against seven thousand in 1874. Their charities, however, if they may be deemed so, including St Paul's School, Mercers' School, the Whittington almshouses, Trinity Hospital, Greenwich, and the grants they make in support of the Technical Institute and other London charities, amount to fifty thousand pounds per annum.

The Grocers had in 1879 upwards of forty thousand pounds a year, as against thirty thousand in 1870. They spend very little in court fees; and in salaries their expenditure in 1879 was three thousand six hundred and seventy-two pounds. In entertainments, &c., six thousand pounds were absorbed in 1879. They give away about twenty thousand per annum for charitable purposes, and support, amongst other charities, the London Hospital.

The Drapers almost equal the Mercers with an income of about ninety thousand a year, as against seventy thousand in 1879. Of this large sum, 'court fees and dinners' cost in 1879 some five thousand pounds; salaries, four thousand; public entertainments, six thousand; rates and taxes, &c., nearly four thousand; and 'public works in Ireland,' furniture, plate, &c., nearly thirteen thousand, as against fifteen thousand in 1875. They spend about forty thousand pounds per annum on their charitable trusts and other public objects; their chief trusts being Bancroft's Hospital, a middle-class school, Orphanages for girls at Bow and Tottenham, and the Greencoat Hospital at Greenwich. Beside which, they support the Technical Institute and other charities of London.

The Fishmongers have an income of fifty thousand a year. Court fees, salaries, and office expenses are stated to be in the aggregate about seven thousand pounds; while entertainments, &c., come to about nine thousand three hundred. Repairs and improvements in their famous Hall amounted in 1877 to nearly thirty-eight thousand pounds. Amongst the Fishmongers' trusts are St Peter's Hospital, Wandsworth, exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge universities and the Technical Institute, to which, with donations to the London charities and to the poor-boxes in police courts, they devote from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds yearly.

The Goldsmiths come next with about sixty thousand a year. Their Hall cost them, between 1870 and 1879, about thirty-five thousand. Their court fees are about fifteen hundred pounds;

entertainments, seven thousand; and they spend on good objects some thirty thousand pounds a year.

The Clothworkers have between fifty and sixty thousand pounds a year. Their court fees in 1880 were three thousand five hundred; salaries, three thousand; entertainments, nearly four thousand; and repairs and expenses, &c., about seven thousand. They spend on charitable objects, such as the relief of the blind, their schools at Sutton-Valence, the Technical Institute, the Technical College in Yorkshire, and the London charities, about thirty thousand a year.

It may be here explained that the 'court fees' so freely mentioned in the above items of expenditure are payments made to the members of the courts which govern the City Companies every time they attend business meetings. In fact, to use plain English, it is a division of a large part of the income of a Company among the members of the (so-called) executive body.

It will be seen that something like two hundred thousand pounds of their income is disposed of by the Companies in accordance with certain trusts; and the administration of these trusts will doubtless form the subject of another inquiry before thorough legislation can be attempted. Some of these trusts are in the shape of 'doles,' such as gifts of bread and fuel to the poor of certain parishes, loans to young men starting in business, portions to poor maids, &c.; but these objects absorb but a small portion of the immense fund in question, and which, if well and properly administered, would make a grand addition to the educational resources of the whole community.

To join a London Company costs a good deal; but the investment carries with it some wonderful privileges. For instance, it not only secures to the investor a life-long share in the dinners and entertainments of the Company, but in the case of a reverse of fortune, a room in a neat almshouse or a handsome pension. And strange to say, these benefits become hereditary, and are enjoyed by the investor's descendants, provided they choose to perform certain ceremonies. 'Hereditation' is carried out to such an extent that the Companies have their hereditary poor, hereditary diners, clerks, surveyors, chaplains, &c., and even cooks and beadles. Salaries, expenses, and entertainments cost about two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds a year; and the almspeople and pensioners about eighty or ninety thousand pounds.

The Companies claim that these immense incomes are all their own, and that they have, therefore, a perfect right to do with them as they think proper, even to the extent of dividing the spoil, as a certain legal community did a few years since. The government, however, think otherwise, and hence the appointment of the Commission whose Report and recommendations we have before us.

The chief recommendation of the Commissioners is to apply to the city Companies the law of 'restraint of alienation,' which will place them under the control of the Treasury, and without whose permission they will be unable to convey land, sell out stock, or otherwise dispose of their property. The Commissioners also propose that, in future, the accounts of the

annual expenditure of the Companies shall be published, in the same manner as municipal corporations and joint-stock Companies, and even the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. This measure of reform will certainly be a very necessary one, for until the Report of the Commission was issued, no members of the city Companies, except the chosen few who form the 'courts,' had any idea as to what their respective guilds were worth, where their property was, or how they spent their money.

The fancy 'Livery franchise' is to be abolished, and there is to be a redistribution of the various revenues, and an allocation to objects of public utility of a considerable percentage of the immense sums already described. To carry this out, however, it is proposed to appoint a special Commission, with power to inspect or inquire into the title-deeds, &c., of the various trusts, and to create new trusts in the place of those which have become obsolete. It is also proposed to put a fifty years' limit to the 'hereditary' business, and that compensation should be given to all persons who may be injuriously affected by the carrying out of the Commissioners' proposals.

Thus a great reform is about to be instituted, which will at last enable the people of London to enjoy the benefits arising from a splendid inheritance, which is theirs by right, and which will be productive of great good in the future. When this change has been carried out, and the London Municipal Bill has passed into law, the inhabitants of the great city will be able to congratulate themselves on the fact that at last London has become in reality what it has long been in name only, namely, the finest and best-governed metropolis in the world.

KERRY LEGENDS.

AMONG the mountains of the south of Ireland, in some of those wild Kerry glens which have not yet been overrun by the hosts of English and American tourists, there still linger memories of events which have long been forgotten in the busy world outside, and strange legends and traditions may still be heard, though the number of those who believe and cherish them lessens year by year. Even now, as you walk the mountains with a countryman, should you propose to sit and rest awhile, he will perhaps look startled, and make some excuse to hurry you on from the spot with redoubled vigour; and when at length he has found a resting-place, he will tell you that you were treading on the 'hungry grass' which makes those that walk on it long to lie down and sleep; but that if any man unwittingly yields to this longing, the sleep that comes upon him knows no waking. It is on this hungry grass that the great yellow horse feeds which is sometimes seen rushing headlong through the mist by wanderers lost on the mountains; but none ever yet saw him and came down alive.

If it happens that your wanderings lead you by the heights on the northern shores of the beautiful Kenmare River, your guide will perhaps point out a lonely lake deep in a hollow of the hills, from which the mountain slopes rise steep and rugged on all sides, save where the stream which feeds it has formed a narrow meadow and a strip of glittering strand. 'That lake,' he will

say, 'used once to swarm with salmon; but now, though the white trout come up into it, no salmon may pass the shallow below; for there, in times gone by, the good priest of the parish, riding to visit some sick man in the mountains, tried to cross the stream, but his horse chanced to set his foot on a salmon's back, stumbled, and let his rider down into the water. So his Reverence banned the salmon, and forbade them ever to venture again across that ford; and to this day they may be seen throwing themselves in the pool below or swimming slowly up to the tail of the stream, and then letting themselves drop sadly down again, as though the memory of the happy but unattainable feeding-grounds above had descended to them from their fathers.'

He will tell you, too, how Bran, the mighty worm, lies hidden fathoms deep in the long water-grass at the bottom of the lake. There he must lie sleeping all the day; but at nightfall he wakes, shakes out the long mane on his back, and drags his unwieldy body, huge as that of a bull, out on to the meadow by the stream. He is seldom seen, it is true, for it is not good to wander near his feeding-grounds; and in the dark winter nights, the cottagers in the glen tremble as they hear his deep voice borne on the wind.

Look across the bay and, if the day is clear, you will see, to witness to the truth of the story, such a worm's vast length stretched many a rood along the mountain-side, but cold and lifeless—frozen into stone. Three fair lakes, which lie between the mountain and the sea, were given him to dwell in; but in his pride he could not content himself therewith, but would see the land that lay southward across the mountains. Slowly he dragged himself up the face of the cup-like amphitheatre which closes in the valley, and his head had almost reached the topmost ridge from which he might survey the domains beyond, when his doom came upon him; and he lies there for ever, a warning and example, and gives to the valley the name 'Combe-na-peiste' (the Hollow of the Serpent).

Poor Bran! he and his fellows, the last scions of a mighty line, after many toils and wanderings, have at length found a place of refuge in these lonely mountain lakes, even as many brave and holy men, warriors and anchorites, retreated before the advance of hostile intruders to their fastnesses and cells amid the forests which once clothed the Irish hills. It must surely have been a saint-like feeling of compassion for all their troubles, which moved St Patrick to allow them to remain within his holy island, when he took his stand upon the mountain in the west which bears his name, and drove all evil reptiles into the ocean at his feet; so that, as the chronicler tells us, since then 'no poisoned or venomous thing is bred in that realm, inasmuch that the very earth of that country, being brought into other realms, killeth all venomous and poisoned worms.' For is not Bran the last of that great race of dragons who, in times gone by, ravaged these northern lands, and whose conquest was the proudest achievement of many a knight and viking—dragons so dreaded, that their strange and terrible forms, fashioned by cunning hands on the prows of the long Norse war-ships, struck fear into the heart of the enemy, and haunted

the memories of the artists who carved the weird shapes that crawl in stone on our Gothic towers? The Death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, the great Norse hero whose sons harried the coasts of England in vengeance for his death, tells how he won his name and fame in Gothland by the slaughter of such a dragon; Sir Guy of Warwick, too, and Sir Bevis, and many another worthy, if we may believe the ballads and local traditions, destroyed in fight foul worms or dragons which oppressed the dwellers in Northumberland, both man and beast; while the legends of St George and St Margaret, and a host of minor saints, are full of the stories of these monsters. Alas for poor Bran! His course is well nigh run; for though 'the knights are dust, and their good swords are rust,' yet the National School teacher, with his science primer, deals him a more deadly blow than ever did the spear of saint or champion.

But leave these musings, and turn your eyes again on the bay below, and there, perhaps, you will see a little 'hooker'—as the sturdy cutter-rigged boats which trade and fish on these coasts are called—creeping down the bay before a gentle easterly breeze, bearing pilgrims who are on their way to a 'pattern,' which is held to-day at a holy well on the further side. They are many of them sick or weakly children, whose parents and friends hope that the good saint may be pleased to give their dear ones ease. Follow them to their landing-place and up the winding mountain road, and you will meet numbers of men, women, and children, four and five together, all walking steadily in the same direction. The younger men wear the ordinary dress of country labourers; but here and there you may find an old man in the long frieze coat, knee-breeches, and gray-blue stockings of the last generation; and perhaps one or two farmers will pass you mounted on stout ponies, with their wives seated comfortably behind them. The women are for the most part bare-footed, though some carry shoes and stockings in their hands, to be put on, for mere vanity, at the pattern. The girls are wrapped in shawls worn so as to form a kind of hood; while their elders are dressed in long blue cloaks, with white caps or bright handkerchiefs on their heads.

On arriving at the scene of the pattern, the first thing that strikes a stranger is that the old thorn-tree which overhangs the holy well is all covered with little bits of rag fastened to its branches. These are the offerings of the devotees of previous years, to which the present company will soon add its tribute. The pilgrims, as they arrive, crowd to the well, some to wash themselves in its waters; others, to toil painfully round it on their knees time after time, praying all the while and telling their beads; while hard by, those who have already finished their devotions, or who have merely come for pleasure, are gathered together in little groups chatting and laughing, and making remarks to one another in Irish as the stranger passes by. Gradually, these groups grow larger as the pilgrims finish their duties at the well; the pooten is freely handed round, and some wandering piper or fiddler seats himself on a rock and strikes up a tune. Then here and there among

the crowd a couple of noted dancers choose a smooth and level spot, or perhaps even borrow the door of a neighbouring cabin, and with solemn and earnest faces begin their dance, amid an admiring circle. Strange to say, the dancers who win most applause from the critical spectators are often not young lads and lasses, but middle-aged men and women; for step-dancing, like many other old Irish customs, both good and bad, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Before long, many of those who live at a distance leave the crowd and set out on their homeward journey; but the dancing and drinking and merry-making are kept up by the neighbours till the sun, just sinking into the Atlantic, sheds over the hills that wonderful pink glow which gives such beauty to a summer evening in Kerry.

The well where this merry gathering takes place is most likely called after some native saint, whose name is hardly to be found in the books which treat of such lore; and there is in all probability some long and circumstantial legend telling how it came to pass that the spell was cast upon the waters. But for all this, it cannot be doubted that the well once bore the name of a heathen deity, for whom the pious missionaries substituted a Christian saint, wisely deeming that it was easier to bend such beliefs to a good purpose, than to break them. All the circumstances connected with these patterns tend to prove that they, like the 'Baal-tinne,' or fires of Baal, which may be seen lighting the hills around on St John's eve, are the last relics of a long-forgotten worship. But year by year the old native language is dying out, and with it the old dress and the old beliefs. The Irish names of places, which call up strange traditions in the minds of the older folk, are not understood by the children, and soon the legends of the Kerry glens will be forgotten by all save the scholar and the antiquary.

A WINTER PICTURE.

THE winter-rime is on the apple-trees;
The mulberries are bare; no longer shows
The graceful pear her wealth of burnished fruit;
Stripped is the slender plum; the orchard wears
A look of barren sadness; garnered in
Are all its purple, red, and golden fruits,
And sterile shall it show till blossom-time.
Thus Nature, after labour, takes her rest,
Gaining fresh vigour for her teeming-time,
By husbanding her strength; and so the fields,
Whereon in autumn glowed the ruddy corn,
Lie fallow for a season. 'Tis the time
Of universal pause from that hard toil
That is the lot of all our husbandmen;
Even the flowers are withered.

And the birds

As silent as as is the scene around
Beneath its snowy shroud; no whistle wakes
The echoes of the glade, no melody
Comes from the woodland spray—a death-like calm,
Serene and still, profound and beautiful,
Lies over Nature, as she tranquil sleeps.

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SOME INTERESTING WORDS.

ONE of the most interesting results of the study of language is the elucidation which it affords of the history of mankind. In the larger sphere of comparative philology, important discoveries regarding the relations of various races have been made. In some cases a common origin has been proved for the widely dissimilar languages of different nations; in others, the influence of one people upon its less civilised neighbours is clearly shown. If, on the other hand, we confine our inquiries to our own language, the historical associations which it presents are no less interesting. The successive races which predominated in the early days of the history of Great Britain, have each left its impress upon our language, in which Celtic, Latin, Saxon, Danish, and Norman elements are strangely intermingled. Even now, our commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe is ever enriching our vocabulary with borrowed terms and phrases. Hence, it is hardly to be wondered that such a composite language affords an ample field for research. We may trace in it the gradual progress of civilisation, and follow the changes of national ideas and feelings, the elevation of some words, the debasement of many others. We may recognise the half-forgotten names of men once famous for their characters and achievements, and of places once renowned for their produce and manufactures. Finally, we may recall states of society which have long since passed away, and find in modern phrases vestiges of the manners and customs of other days.

It is to these records of the minor details of life that we would briefly call attention, as an investigation possessing the double interest of investing with greater reality the history of the past, and of throwing a new light on the bearing of words otherwise inexplicable. This class of words has undoubtedly been increased by startling derivations, due more to the imagination and ingenuity of their inventors, than to

any certain foundation in fact. But even those which are universally recognised form a considerable category, from which we may select a few of the more interesting specimens.

We would first remind our readers of the derivations of two words applied to a peculiar form of wealth—the substantive *fee* and the adjective *pecuniary*, which, though so widely different in form, recall to us the same idea through the vehicle of different languages. They are both taken from words—the one Saxon, the other Latin—signifying ‘cattle,’ and thus take us back to the times when flocks and herds were the chief property of our ancestors, the evidence as well as the source of their wealth. It is curious how, from this first signification, the words came to be considered applicable to wealth of any kind, and have now become almost limited in meaning to property in the form of money. To the same days of primitive simplicity we may also undoubtedly attribute the word *rivals*, when the pastoral dwellers by the same stream (Latin *rivus*) would not unfrequently be brought into unfriendly competition with each other. Some words and expressions are derived from the time when but few persons could boast of what we should consider the most elementary education. The word *signature*, for example, had a more literal application in the days when the art of writing was known but to a few monks and scholars, and when kings and barons, no less than their humbler followers, affixed their cross or *sign* to any document requiring their assent. Again, when we speak of abstruse *calculations*, we make unthinking reference to the primitive method of counting by means of pebbles (*calculi*), resorted to by the Romans.

It is remarkable how many of the terms relating to books and the external materials of literature refer primarily to the simple materials made use of by our ancestors to preserve their thoughts and the records of their lives. In *book* itself, it is generally acknowledged we have a proof of how a primitive race, generally believed to have been the Goths, employed

the durable wood of the *boc* or beech-tree on which to inscribe their records. *Library* and kindred words in our own and other modern languages indicate the use of the *liber* or inner bark of a tree as a writing material; while *code*, from *caudex*, the trunk of a tree, points to the wooden tablets smeared with wax on which the ancients originally wrote. The thin wooden leaves or tablets were not like the *volumina*, rolled within one another, but, like those of our books, lay over one another. The *stilus*, or iron-pointed implement used for writing on these tablets, has its modern form in our *style*, which has come to be applied less to the manner of writing than to the mode of expression. Hence its significance has been extended so as to apply to arts other than that of composition. As advancing civilisation brought to the Western world the art of making a writing material from strips of the inner rind of the Egyptian papyrus glued together transversely, the word *paper* was introduced, to be applied as time went on to textures made of various substances. The Greek name of the same plant (*byblos*) gives us a word used with reference to books in the composite forms of *bibliographer*, *bibliomania*, and so forth. It is worthy of remark that in England, as well as in France, Germany, and other European countries, the simple form of this Greek word for book, our *Bible*, has come to be restricted to One Book, to the exclusion of all others. From *scheda*, a Latin word for a strip of papyrus rind, has also descended our *schedule*.

The transition from tablets to paper as a writing material has also a monument in *volume*, which, in spite of its significance as a roll of paper, is applied to the neatly folded books which have taken the place of that cumbrous form of literature. More than one instance of a similar retention of a word the actual signification of which is completely obsolete, might easily be adduced. The word *indenture* refers to an ancient precaution against forgery resorted to in the case of important contracts. The duplicate documents, of which each party retained one, were irregularly *indented* in precisely the same manner, so that upon comparison they might exactly tally. A *vignette* portrait has also lost the accompaniment which alone made the name appropriate, namely, the vine-leaves and tendrils which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries usually formed its ornamental border. The directions in the English Prayer-book, again, are still known as *rubrics* (Latin *ruber*, red), although it is now the exception rather than the rule to see them printed as originally, in red letters. Once more, we apply without any sense of incongruity the name of *pen* (from Latin *penna*, a feather) to all those modern appliances which rival, if they have not yet superseded, the quill, to which alone the word is really appropriate.

Several words come down to us derived from customs connected with election to public offices. The word *candidate* (from Latin *candidus*, white) is one of these. It was customary among the Romans for any suitor for office to appear in a peculiar dress denoting his position. His toga was loose, so that he might show the people the scars of the wounds received in the cause of the commonwealth, and artificially *whitened* in token of fidelity and humility. Again, *ambition*

—a word of which the significance has been widened to embrace the most overpowering of all the passions of the human heart—refers primarily to the practice of these same candidates of repairing to the forum and other places of public resort, and their ‘going round’ (Latin *ambientes*) among the people, endeavouring to ingratiate themselves by friendly words and greetings. From the ancient practice of secret voting by means of ‘balls,’ we have the word *ballot*, which is erroneously applied to all secret voting, even when, as in the case of our parliamentary elections, voting-papers, and not balls, are employed. Nor must we omit another word of similar origin—that is, *ostracism*. This word signified among the Greeks the temporary banishment which might be inflicted by six thousand votes of the Athenian people upon any person suspected of designs against the liberty of the state. The name arose from the votes being recorded upon a bit of burnt clay or an earthenware tile shaped like a shell (Gr. *ostrakon*, a shell). It is closely allied to the Greek *ostreon*, or Latin *ostrea*, an oyster. A somewhat similar practice existed among the Syracusans, where it went by the name of *petalism*, from the leaf (Gr. *petalon*) on which the name of the offender was written. With the caprice of language, this word has entirely passed away, while the Athenian custom gives us a word expressive of social exclusion.

It has been said that there is hardly an institution of ancient times which has not some memorial in our language. The sacrifices of Greeks and Romans are commemorated in the word *immolate*, from the habit of throwing meal (Latin *mola*) upon the head of the victim. The word *contemplate* was probably used originally of the augurs who frequented the temples of the gods, *temple* meaning originally ‘a place cut off,’ and hence ‘reserved.’ Our word *funeral* is borrowed from a Latin word of similar signification, which in its turn is connected with *fumus*, smoke, thus giving us an allusion to the ancient habit of burning the bodies of the dead. Another word connected with the rites accorded to the dead—that is, *dirge*—is of Christian origin. It is a contraction of the first word of the antiphon in the office for the dead, taken from the eighth verse of the fifth Psalm: ‘Dirige, Dominus meus,’ &c. (‘Lead or direct me, O Lord,’ &c.). From a Roman law-term of Greek origin we have the word *paraphernalia*, signifying strictly those articles of personal property, besides her jointure, which were at the disposal of a woman after the death of her husband.

From a detail of Roman military life we trace the derivation of the word *subsidy*, originally applied only to assistance in arms, but generalised to signify help of any kind, especially pecuniary aid. *Salary* meant originally ‘salt-money,’ or money given to the soldiers for salt. With the inconsistency frequently found in language, the name survived after money had taken the place of such rations. Strictly speaking, the word *stipend* is liable to the same etymological objection, since the meaning of the word is a certain quantity of small coins estimated by weight.

The derivation of the word *tragedy* has been a fruitful field of controversy. It is undoubtedly the case that this class of drama was originally of anything but a mournful and pathetic character,

and was a remnant of the winter festival in honour of the god Dionysus. The word is coined from the Greek *tragos*, a goat; but various reasons have been assigned for this connection. Some assert that a goat was the prize awarded to the best extempore poem in honour of the god; others, that the first actors were dressed like satyrs, in goat-skins. A more likely explanation is that a goat was sacrificed at the singing of the song.

It is curious to remark how many names applied to persons, in allusion either to their characters or occupations, can be traced to some custom of other days. The very word *person* is an example of this class of derivatives. It was first applied to the masks which it was customary for actors to wear. These covered the whole head, with an opening for the mouth, that the voice might *sound through* (Latin *personare*). The transition was easy from the disguise of the actor to the character which he represented, and the word was ultimately extended beyond the scenic language to denote the human being who has a part to play in the world. *Sycophant* is compounded of two Greek words (*sycon*, *phantēs*), signifying literally a 'fig-shower,' that is, one who brings figs to light by shaking the tree. It has been conjectured, also, that 'fig-shower' perhaps referred to one who informed against persons exporting figs from Attica, or plundering sacred fig-trees. *Sycophant* meant originally a common informer, and hence a slanderer; but it was never used in the modern sense of a flatterer. Another word of somewhat similar meaning, *parasite*, sprung from no such contemptible trade. The original bearers of the name were a class of priests who probably had their meals in common (Latin *parasiteo*, to sit beside). But very early with the Greeks the term came to be applied to one who lives at the expense of the great, gaining this position by adulation and servility. Also of Greek origin is *pedagogue* (*paidagōgos*), signifying, first, rather the slave who conducted the child's steps to the place of instruction, than, as now, the master who guides his mind in the way of knowledge. In later times, a *chancellor* gained his name from the place which it was customary for him to occupy near the lattice-work screen (*cancellus*) which fenced off the judgment-seat from the body of the court. The same Latin derivation gives us the *chancel* of a church, from the fact of its being screened off, and what is more remarkable, the verb to *cancel*, that is, to strike out anything which is written by making cross-lines over it.

Several of the names of different trades will at once occur to our readers. Thus, a *stationer* is one who had a 'station' or stand in the marketplace for the sale of books, in order to attract the passers-by as customers. An *upholsterer*, originally *upholdster*, was, it would seem, an auctioneer, who 'held up' his wares in order to show them off. The double *-er* in this word is superfluous, as in *poult-er-er*. A *haberdasher* was so called from his selling a stuff called *hapertas* in old French, which is supposed to be from a Scandinavian word meaning pedlars' wares, from the *haversack* in which they were carried.

Two military terms have curious origins. *Sentinel* has been traced through Italian to the

Latin *sentina*, the hold of a ship, and is thus equivalent to the Latin *sentinator*, the man who pumps bilge-water out of a ship. It is curious to mark how the name of a naval official of whom constant vigilance was required, has been wholly transferred to a post requiring equal watchfulness in the sister service. The other term to which we would call attention is *hussar*, a Hungarian word signifying 'twentieth.' In explanation of this derivation, it is related that when Matthias Corvinus ascended the Hungarian throne in 1458, the dread of imminent foreign invasion caused him to command an immediate levy of troops. The cavalry he raised by a decree ordering that one man should be enrolled out of 'twenty' in every village, who should provide among themselves for his subsistence and pay.

We may pass now to some words of the same nature of less honourable significance. *Assassin* remains in our language as the dread memorial of the domination of an odious sect in Palestine which flourished in the thirteenth century, the Hashishin (drinkers of *hashish*, an intoxicating drink or decoction of the *Cannabis indica*, a kind of hemp). The 'Old Man of the Mountain' roused his followers' spirits by help of this drink, and sent them to stab his enemies, especially the leading Crusaders. The emissaries of this body waged for two hundred years a treacherous warfare alike against Jew, Christian, and orthodox Mohammedan. Among the distinguished men who fell victims to their murderous daggers were the Marquis of Montferrat in 1192, Louis of Bavaria in 1213, and the Khan of Tartary some forty years later. The *buccaneers*, who at a later date were hardly less dreaded, derived their name from the *boucan* or gridiron on which the original settlers at Hayti were accustomed to broil or smoke for future consumption the flesh of the animals they had killed for their skins. The word is said to be Caribbean, and to mean 'a place where meat is smoke-dried.'

Some of the contemptuous terms in our language have been attributed to remarkable origins. In *scamp*, we have a deserter from the field of battle (Latin *ex*, and *campus*), a parallel word to *de-camp*; and in *scoundrel*, 'a loathsome fellow,' 'one to scunner or be disgusted at.' The old word *scunner*, still used as a term of strong dislike in Lowland Scotch, meant also 'to shrink through fear,' so that *scunner-el* is equivalent to one who shrinks, a coward. *Poltroon* is 'one who lies in bed,' instead of bestirring himself.

Several words have passed from a literal to a figurative sense, and have thus become much wider in signification. Thus, *villain* originally meant merely a farm-servant; *pagan*, a dweller in a village; *knave*, a boy; *idiot*, a private person; *heathen*, a dweller on a heath; *gazette*, a small coin; and *brat*, a rag or clout, especially a child's bib or apron. *Treacle* meant an antidote against the bites of serpents; *intoxicate*, to drug or poison; *coward*, a bob-tailed hare; and *butcher*, a slaughterer merely of he-goats. *Brand* and *stigmatise* still mean to mark with infamy, although the practical significance of the words is now chiefly a matter of history. Under the Romans, a slave who had proved dishonest, or had attempted to run away from his master,

was branded with the three letters F U R, a thief or rascal; while it may not be generally known that in England the custom of branding the cheek of a felon with an F was only abolished by statute some sixty years ago.

These examples of a class of words denoting traces of customs of other days, might easily be largely multiplied; but enough has been said to remind our readers of one aspect of the historical value of our language—that is, the impress of the thoughts and practices of past generations stamped upon the words which are used in the familiar intercourse of life.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

'SHE has come to stay,' Frances said.

'WHAT?' cried Mariuccia, making the small monosyllable sound as if it were the biggest word in her vocabulary.

'She has come to stay. She is my sister; papa's daughter as much as I am. She has come—home.' Frances was a little uncertain about the word, and it was only 'a casa' that she said—to the house, which means the same.

Mariuccia threw up her arms in astonishment. 'Then there has been another Signorina all the time!' she cried. 'Figure to yourself that I have been with the padrone a dozen years, and I never heard of her before.'

'Papa does not talk very much about his concerns,' said Frances in her faithfulness. 'And what we have got to do is to make her very comfortable. She is very pretty, don't you think? Such beautiful blond hair—and tall. I never shall be tall, I fear. They say she is like papa; but, as is natural, she is much more beautiful than papa.'

'Beauty is as you find it,' said Mariuccia. 'Carina, no one will ever be so pretty as our own Signorina to Domenico and me.—What is the child doing? She is pulling the things off her own bed.—My angel, you have lost your good sense. You are fluttered and upset by this new arrival. The blue room will be very good for the new young lady. Perhaps she will not stay very long?'

The wish was father to the thought. But Frances took no notice of the suggestion. She said briskly, going on with what she was doing: 'She must have my room, Mariuccia. The blue room is quite nice; it will do very well for me; but I should like her to feel at home, not to think our house was bare and cold. The blue room would be rather naked, if we were to put her there to-night. It will not be naked for me; for, of course, I am used to it all, and know everything. But when Constance wakes to-morrow morning and looks round her, and wonders where she is—oh, how strange it all seems!—I wish her to open her eyes upon things that are pretty, and to say to herself: "What a delightful house papa has. What a nice room. I feel as if I had been here all my life."'

'Constanza—is that her name? It is rather a common name—not distinguished, like our Signorina's. But it is very good for her, I have no doubt. And so you will give her your own

room, that she may be fond of the house, and stay and supplant you? That is what will happen. The good one, the one of gold, gets pushed out of the way. I would not give her my room to make her love the house.'

'I think you would, Mariuccia.'

'No; I do not think so,' said Mariuccia, squaring herself with one arm akimbo. 'No; I do not deny that I would probably take some new things into the blue room, and put up curtains. But I am older than you are, and I have more sense. I would not do it. If she gets your room, she will get your place; and she will please everybody, and be admired, and my angel will be put out of the way.'

'I am such a horrid little wretch,' said Frances, 'that I thought of that too. It was mean, oh, so mean of me. She is prettier than I am; and taller; and—yes, of course, she must be older too, so you see it is her right.'

'Is she the eldest?' asked Mariuccia.

Frances made a puzzled pause; but she would not let the woman divine that she did not know. 'O yes; she must be the eldest.—Come quick, Mariuccia; take all these things to the blue room; and now for your clean linen and everything that is nice and sweet.'

Mariuccia did what she was told, but with many objections. She carried on a running murmur of protest all the time. 'When there are changes in a family; when it is by the visitation of God, that is another matter. A son or a daughter who is in trouble, who has no other refuge; that is natural; there is nothing to say. But to remain away during a dozen years, and then to come back at a moment's notice—nay, without even a moment's notice—in the evening, when all the beds are made up, and demand everything that is comfortable.—I have always thought that there was a great deal to be said for the poor young Signorino in the Bible, he who had always stayed at home when his brother was amusing himself. Carina, you know what I mean.'

'I have thought of that too,' said Frances. 'But my sister is not a prodigal; and papa has never done anything for her. It is all quite different. When we know each other better, it will be delightful always to have a companion, Mariuccia—think how pleasant it will be always to have a companion. I wonder if she will like my pictures?—Now, don't you think the room looks very pretty? I always thought it was a pretty room. Leave the *persianis* open, that she may see the sea; and in the morning, don't forget to come in and close them, before the sun gets hot.—I think that will do now.'

'Indeed, I hope it will do—after all the trouble you have taken. And I hope the young lady is worthy of it.—But, my angel, what shall I do when I come in to wake her? Does she expect that I can talk her language to her? No, no. And she will know nothing; she will not even be able to say "Good-morning."'

'I hope so. But if not, you must call me first, that is all,' said Frances cheerfully.—'Now, don't go to bed just yet; perhaps she will like something—some tea; or perhaps a little supper; or—I never asked if she had dined.'

Mariuccia regarded this possibility with equanimity. She was not afraid of a girl's appetite.

But she made a grimace at the mention of the tea. 'It is good when one has a cold; O yes,' she said; 'but to drink it at all times, as you do! If she wants anything, it will be a great deal better to give her a sirop, or a little red wine.'

Frances detained Mariuccia as long as she could, and lingered herself still longer, after all was ready in the room. She did not know how to go back to the drawing-room, where she had left the two together, to say to each other, no doubt, many things that could be better said in her absence. There was no jealousy, only delicacy, in this; and she had given up her pretty room to her sister, and carried her indispensable belongings to the bare one, with the purest pleasure in making Constance comfortable. Constance! whom an hour ago she had never heard of, and who now was one of them, nearer to her than anybody, except her father. But all this being done, she had the strangest difficulty in going back, in thrusting herself, as imagination said, between them, and interrupting their talk. To think that it should be such a tremendous matter to return to that familiar room, in which the greater part of her life had been passed! It felt like another world into which she was about to enter, full of unknown elements and conditions which she did not understand. She had not known what it was to be shy in the very limited society she had ever known; but she was shy now, feeling as if she had not courage to put her hand upon the handle of the door. The familiar creak and jar of it as it opened seemed to her like noisy instruments announcing her approach, which stopped the conversation, as she had divined, and made her father and her sister look up with a little start. Frances could have wished to sink through the floor, to get rid of her own being altogether, as she saw them both give this slight start. Constance was leaning upon the table, the light of the lamp shining full upon her face, with the air of being in the midst of an animated narrative, which she stopped when Frances entered; and Mr Waring had been listening with a smile. He turned half round and held out his hand to the timid girl behind him. 'Come, Frances,' he said; 'you have been a long time making your preparations. Have you been bringing out the fairest robe for your sister?' It was odd how the parable—which had no signification in their circumstances—haunted them all.

'Your room is quite ready whenever you please. And would you like tea or anything? I ought to have asked if you had dined,' Frances said.

'Is she the housekeeper?—How odd!—Do you look after everything?—Dear me! I am afraid, in that case, I shall make a very poor substitute for Frances, papa.'

'It is not necessary to think of that,' he said hastily, giving her a quick glance.

Frances saw it, with another involuntary, quickly suppressed pang. Of course, there would be things that Constance must be warned not to say. And yet it felt as if papa had deserted her and gone over to the other side. She had not the remotest conception what the warning referred to, or what Constance meant.

'I dined at the hotel,' Constance went on,

'with those people whom I travelled with. I suppose you will have to call and be civil. They were quite delighted to think that they would know somebody at Bordighera—some of the inhabitants.—Yes, tea, if you please. And then I think I shall go to bed; for twenty-four hours in the train is very fatiguing, besides the excitement.—Don't you think Frances is very much like mamma? There is a little way she has of setting her chin.—Look there! That is mamma all over. I think they would get on together very well: indeed, I feel sure of it.' And again there was a significant look exchanged, which once more went like a sting to Frances' heart.

'Your sister has been telling me,' said Mr Waring, with a little hesitation, 'of a great many people I used to know. You must be very much surprised, my dear; but I will take an opportunity'—He was confused before her, as if he had been before a judge. He gave her a look which was half shame and half gratitude, sentiments both entirely out of place between him and Frances. She could not bear that he should look at her so.

'Yes, papa,' she said as easily as she could; 'I know you must have a great deal to talk of. If Constance will give me her keys, I will unpack her things for her.' Both the girls instinctively, oddly, addressed each other through their father, the only link between them, hesitating a little at the familiarity which nature made necessary between them, but which had no other warrant.

'Oh! isn't there a maid who can do it?' Constance cried, opening her eyes.

The evening seemed long to Frances, though it was not long. Constance trifled over the tea—which Mariuccia made with much reluctance—for half an hour. But she talked all the time; and as her talk was of people Frances had never heard of, and was mingled with little allusions to what had passed before: 'I told you about him;' 'You remember, we were talking of them;' with a constant recurrence of names which to Frances meant nothing at all, it seemed long to her.

She sat down at the table, and took her knitting, and listened, and tried to look as if she took an interest. She did indeed take a great interest; no one could have been more eager to enter without *arrière-pensée* into the new life thus unfolded before her; and sometimes she was amused and could laugh at the stories Constance was telling; but her chief feeling was that sense of being entirely 'out of it'—having nothing to do with it, which makes people who do not understand society feel like so many ghosts standing on the margin, knowing nothing. The feeling was strange, and very forlorn. It is an unpleasant experience even for those who are strangers, to whom it is a passing incident; but as the speaker was her sister and the listener her father, Frances could not help feeling forlorn. Generally in the evening conversation flagged between them. He would have his book, and Frances sometimes had a book too, or a drawing upon which she could work, or at least her knitting. She had felt that the silence which reigned in the room was not what ought to be. It was not like the talk which was supposed to go on in all the novels she had ever read

where the people were *nice*. And sometimes she attempted to entertain her father with little incidents in the life of their poor neighbours, or things which Mariuccia had told her; but he listened benevolently, with his finger between the leaves of his book, or even without closing his book, looking up at her over the leaves—only out of kindness to her, not because he was interested; and then silence would fall on them, a silence which was very sweet to Frances, in the midst of which her own little stream of thoughts flowed very continuously, but which now and then she was struck to the heart to think must be very dull for papa.

But to-night it was not dull for him. She listened, and said to herself this was the way to make conversation; and laughed whenever she could, and followed every little gesture of her sister's with admiring eyes. But at the end, Frances, though she would not acknowledge it to herself, felt that she had not been amused. She thought the people in the village were just as interesting. But then she was not so clever as Constance, and could not do them justice in the same way.

'And now I am going to bed,' Constance said. She rose up in an instant with a rapid movement, as if the thought had only just struck her, and she obeyed the impulse at once. There was a freedom about all her movements which troubled and captivated Frances. She had been leaning half over the table, her sleeves, which were a little wide, falling back from her arms, now leaning her chin in the hollow of one hand, now supporting it with both, putting her elbows wherever she pleased. Frances herself had been trained by Mariuccia to very great decorum in respect to attitudes. If she did furtively now and then lean an elbow upon the table, she was aware that it was wrong all the time; and as for legs, she knew it was only men who were permitted to cross them, or to do anything save sit with two feet equal to each other upon the floor. But Constance cared for none of these rules. She rose up abruptly (Mariuccia would have said, as if something had stung her) almost before she had finished what she was saying. 'Show me my room, please,' she said, and yawned. She yawned quite freely, naturally, without any attempt to conceal or to apologise for it as if it had been an accident. Frances could not help being shocked, yet neither could she help laughing with a sort of pleasure in this breach of all rules. But Constance only stared, and did not in the least understand why she should laugh.

'Where have you put your sister?' Mr Waring asked.

'I have put her—in the room next to yours, papa; between your room and mine, you know: for I am in the blue room now. There she will not feel strange; she will have people on each side.'

'That is to say you have given her'—

It was Frances' turn now to give a warning glance. 'The room I thought she would like best,' she said with a soft but decisive tone. She too had a little imperious way of her own. It was so soft, that a stranger would not have found it out; but in the Palazzo they were all acquainted with it, and no one—not even Mariuccia—found it possible to say a word after

this small trumpet had sounded. Mr Waring accordingly was silenced, and made no further remark. He went with his daughters to the door, and kissed the cheek which Constance held lightly to him. 'I shall see you again, papa,' Frances said in that same little determined voice.

Mr Waring did not make any reply, but shrank a little aside, to let her pass. He looked like a man who was afraid. She had spared him; she had not betrayed the ignorance in which he had brought her up; but now the moment of reckoning was near, and he was afraid of Frances. He went back into the salone, and walked up and down with a restlessness which was natural enough, considering how all the embers of his life had been raked up by this unexpected event. He had lived in absolute quiet for fourteen long years a strange life: a life which might have been supposed to be impossible for a man still in the heyday of his strength; but yet, as it appeared, a life which suited him, which he preferred to others more natural. To settle down in an Italian village with a little girl of four for his sole companion—when he came to think of it, nothing could be more unnatural, more extraordinary; and yet he had liked it well enough, as well as he could have liked anything at that crisis of his fate. He was the kind of man who, in other circumstances, in another age, would have made himself a monk, and spent his existence very placidly in illuminating manuscripts. He had done something as near this as is possible to an Englishman, not a Roman Catholic, of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, Waring had no ecclesiastical tendencies, or even in the nineteenth century he might have found out for himself some pseudo-monkery in which he could have been happy. As it was, he had retired with his little girl, and on the whole had been comfortable enough. But now the little girl had grown up, and required to have various things accounted for; and the other individuals who had claims upon him, whom he thought he had shaken off altogether, had turned up again, and had to be dealt with. The monk had an easy time of it in comparison. He who has but himself to think of may manage himself, if he has good luck; but the responsibility of others on your shoulders is a terrible drawback to tranquillity. A little girl! that seemed the simplest of all things. It had never occurred to him that she would form a link by which all his former burdens might be drawn back; or that she, more wonderful still, should ever arise, and demand to know why. But both of these impossible things had happened.

Waring walked about the salone. He opened the glass door and stepped out into the loggia into the tranquil shining of the moon, which lit up all the blues of the sea, and kindled little silver lamps all over the quivering palms. How quiet it was! and yet that tranquil nature lying unmoved, taking whatever came of good or evil, did harm in a far more colossal way than any man could do. The sea, then looking so mild, would suddenly rise up and bring havoc and destruction worse than an army; yet next day smile again, and throw its spray into the faces of the children, and lie like a beautiful thing

under the light. But a man could not do this. A man had to give an account of all that he had done, whether it was good or whether it was evil—if not to God, which on the whole was the easiest—for God knew all about it, how little harm had been intended, how little anything had been intended, how one mistake involved another; if not to God—why, to some one harder to face—perhaps to one's little girl.

He came back from the loggia and the moon-light and nature, which, all of them, were so indifferent to what was happening to him, with a feeling that the imperfect human lamp which so easily got out of gear—as easily as a man—was a more appropriate light for his disturbed soul; and met Frances with her brown eyes waiting for him at the door.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

WE now turn to the consideration of those external remedies which it falls within the nurse's sphere to make or apply, and which will be called for in almost all cases of acute illness.

And first comes the poultice, a most powerful agent in skilled hands. It is used for its heat and moisture, to check inflammation, to soothe pain, and to help in the formation of pus. It will therefore be seen that its range of usefulness is very wide, and that it is imperative for a nurse to thoroughly understand the art of poultice-making; and though this is really quite easy, it is astonishing how few amateurs can produce anything that has value as containing moist heat. It must be borne in mind, too, that if a poultice is not useful and agreeable, it will do positive harm, as a source of misery and annoyance.

Various materials may be, and are used for poultices; in this country, the usual are linseed-meal and bread. In making the former, do not begin till you have everything at hand—crushed linseed, boiling water, metal basin—metal retains heat better than earthenware—broad-bladed knife, and piece of rag or brown paper. Be quite sure that the water is boiling; half the bad poultices one meets with come from carelessness on this point, or from the mistaken idea that if water has once boiled, it is enough; whilst it is indispensable that for a light poultice the water shall be on the boil when used. Having made sure of this, scald out the basin, and pour in as much water as you think will be needed for the poultice; then sprinkle the linseed in with one hand, and with the other keep on stirring briskly all the time, and in one direction only; for this purpose a broad-bladed knife is better than a spoon. When the poultice is so stiff that no particles adhere to the sides of the basin, take it out in one lump, and spread evenly on the rag or brown paper, turning the edges back over the sides of the poultice. If the knife sticks, dip it into hot water; but be as quick over this part of your work as is consistent with even spreading, or your poultice will have lost half its value by the time it is ready for use. For those who have

not had practice, or who have been satisfied with bad imitations of a poultice, it is worth while to invest in a pound or two of linseed; and by carefully following out the above directions a few times, there will be little difficulty in turning out a poultice as it should be—hot, light, of uniform consistency, and evenly spread.

If the poultice is to be applied to a wound, a teaspoonful of glycerine in the water will prevent its sticking, although in such cases the linseed has to be put next the skin. In medical cases, as a rule, the linseed may be put into a bag of flannel or calico; or, better still, of flannel or mackintosh one side, and of muslin the other. The latter may be bought in different sizes at the chemist's, and is a saving in the matter of weight, for when an ordinary material is being used, it is necessary to cover with a piece of mackintosh before the layer of cotton-wool, which should be put over every poultice. A flannel bandage, to keep it in place, also helps to retain the heat; and as the value of a poultice is gone when it becomes chilly, it is worth while to take pains to keep it warm as long as possible.

When a jacket-poultice is ordered, take a piece of cloth long enough to go completely round the patient's body; fasten three sets of strings to each end; make a poultice the required size; let the patient lie in it, and tie over the chest. If there is much restlessness, extra strings will be needed to tie over each shoulder. This is the ordinary way of making a jacket-poultice; but for the inexperienced it is anything but an easy undertaking, for to make a poultice of such a size properly is a difficult matter, and then the changing is an operation which frequently defeats its own ends by giving the patient cold. I remember hearing of one case where every change was the signal for such a violent fit of coughing, that it was several minutes before the fresh poultice could be applied. With these difficulties in view, I prefer to leave the beaten track, and make a jacket-poultice thus. Get two bags, one of flannel and the other of oiled silk and muslin; they must be large enough to meet under the patient's arms; fasten three sets of strings to each side, and one at each end of what will be the top. Fill the first with a thick poultice; place on a piece of mackintosh in the bed, and let the patient lie on it; fill the second with a rather thin and very light poultice; tie the two bags together under the arms and on the shoulders; cover well with a thick layer of medicated wool; place over the whole a large piece of oiled silk, and lightly tack it to the lower poultice. Thus arranged, the poultices will keep warm for hours; and when the patient lies quietly you will often find the back-poultice will only need changing about every other time a fresh one is put to the chest, which of itself is a great saving of fatigue. Observe that I recommend oiled silk and medicated wool for chest poultices. This is on account of their superior lightness, for added weight to a person whose breathing is affected means, as a rule, added suffering.

Bread poultices are sometimes ordered when only a small surface needs moist heat, and they are often used in affections of the face, especially of the eyes. There are several ways of making them, of which the following are the best.

Crumble into coarse crumbs as much stale bread as you think you are likely to need for your poultice; pour some boiling water into a well-warmed basin; stir in the crumbs; cover with a plate, and let it stand by the fire for about five minutes; press out any superfluous moisture, and put either into a muslin bag or on a piece of linen. If the latter, a few drops of oil or glycerine should be sprinkled over the surface, to keep it from sticking. Another way is to put rather more water than will be needed for the size of poultice into a small saucepan. Before it quite boils crumble into it some stale bread; mix it with a spoon, and continue stirring till the whole is reduced to a soft but firm pulp. If it is to be used for a wound, put glycerine into the water, as for linseed. A bread poultice needs to be very carefully covered with cotton-wool, or it will speedily become a hard, cold cake, equally useless and disagreeable.

Charcoal poultices are sometimes ordered for foul wounds. If the parts are very tender, take half an ounce of charcoal to two ounces of bread-crumbs, and one and a half ounces of linseed; soak the bread for a few minutes in boiling water, letting it stand by the fire; add the meal and half the charcoal; stir till perfectly soft, and sprinkle the remaining charcoal over the surface. When there is no special sensitiveness, the charcoal may be mixed with linseed and the poultice made as usual, or the charcoal may be simply spread over the surface of an ordinary linseed poultice.

Bran poultices are useful because of their lightness, when a large surface needs covering. They are made by half-filling a flannel bag with bran, and pouring boiling water on it. The superfluous wet must be got rid of by wringing or by placing the bag in the oven for a few minutes.

As to the heat of a poultice; when the skin is not broken, it may be applied as hot as the patient will bear it; and for such cases few amateur nurses err on the side of over-heating a poultice. The difficulty generally lies in getting it hot enough to do good. But on the other hand, for wounds, great care is required, and a very good test is whether the nurse's own face will bear the heat. In changing a poultice, get everything ready first; remove the old poultice; cover up well with extra cotton-wool; and make the new one as quickly as possible; but in applying it be careful not to slap it down quickly, or your patient will not allow it to be put on as hot as if you put one edge gently down, and gradually laid the rest in position. This is important, especially in dressing wounds which require gentle handling. I have seen the tears drawn from the eyes of a self-controlled patient by the reckless way in which a steaming poultice has been laid on a sensitive wound; the nurse meanwhile priding herself on the heat she compelled her unfortunate victim to endure.

Another method of applying heat and moisture to large surfaces is by means of fomentations. Properly applied, these often afford great relief; but it is a decided point of weakness in most home-nursing. To manage them properly, you need two large pieces of coarse flannel, plenty of

boiling water, a tin pail, and a wringer. The latter is the only difficulty. It should consist of a long piece of strong canvas, with a broad firm hem at either end, through which a piece of wood can be easily passed; but few people have such conveniences at hand, and a very good substitute is the ordinary kitchen roller-towel, which, being made double, allows plenty of room for the wooden handles, which may be extemporised out of brooms or brushes. To make the fomentation, prepare the wringer by placing the pieces of wood in position; lay it over the pail, and on it a double fold of flannel; pour over a good quantity of boiling water. Let two people take hold of the ends, and by twisting in opposite directions, the flannel can with very little effort be wrung quite dry. Carry it in the wringer to the bedside; take it out and give it a shake, and apply as quickly as your patient will allow. Cover up as for a poultice, and put your wringer ready for a fresh fomentation, which must be prepared as soon as the first cools. When fomentations are used for the speedy relief of difficult breathing, two large sponges may with advantage take the place of flannel, on account of the superior lightness of sponge.

Opium fomentations are prepared by sprinkling one fold of flannel prepared as above with the prescribed amount of laudanum.

A material called *spongio-piline* is very handy for small fomentations, being light and waterproof. It is used in the same way as flannel, but soon becomes hard, and is expensive for large fomentations.

When heat alone, without moisture, is needed, a flannel bag or woollen stocking half filled with salt, sand, or bran, and heated through in the oven, will be found convenient. It retains the heat well, and can be moulded to the shape of any affected part.

There is another form of outward application, known as counter-irritant, which we shall consider in our next paper.

TOM SLUG.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

'THIS will never do, Tom,' said Mr Benjamin Slug, as he read his son's school-report for another term. 'You must really rouse up, or you'll never make a man of yourself.'

Mr Slug had got on in the world by acting on the motto, 'Labour conquers everything,' and thus from an office-boy he had risen to the head of the firm. Justly proud of his own success, and knowing its secret, he was very anxious his son should follow in his steps. To this end he had put him to the best schools, and given him every chance of a good education. But the burden of every report was the same: 'The lad has good natural abilities, and would make a splendid scholar had he application'—a polite way of saying that Tom was lazy.

There was a picture in his bedroom of a field in a wilderness state of briars and thorns. Part of it had been originally inclosed as a vineyard; but it was now covered with nettles, and the vines were overrun with foxes, finding ready entrance

by the ruined wall. In one corner of the vineyard was a lodge, the latticed window showing the drowsy keeper within, murmuring now and again, as he turned from side to side: 'Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, then will I arise and till my field and trim my vines.' In the dim distance, the grim, gaunt, hungry-looking figure of Poverty was seen stealthily approaching. Tom often looked at this picture, but hitherto had not fully learned its lesson.

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, and sometimes philosophised a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indeed, he was a philosopher in petticoats; for he would sometimes argue to himself in this way: 'My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of that slimy, gliding thing on the garden walks! I wonder if the family got its name—as Edward Longshanks got his, from his long legs—from the slowness of some member reminding people of a slug? If so, how can I help being sluggish?—it's in the blood.'

He had yet to learn that men are born into the world like colts, and need breaking-in to be of full use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, however, if slow with his hands and feet. He had picked up a good deal, in this way, about beasts and birds and flies and creeping things. On this memorable afternoon he was fresh from a book about the Termites or 'white ants,' found in Africa, which build nests twelve feet high, some on the ground, shaped like pointed haycocks or huge mushroomrooms; and some in trees, shaped like sugar-casks, with a covered-way to them, winding round the trunk, from the ground.

There was a seriousness in his father's tone as he begged Tom to free himself from the growing slavery of indolence by one grand effort, which made him feel very miserable and disgusted with himself. In this mood he wandered into the orchard, and threw himself down under a tree. It was a beautiful summer evening. The slanting sunlight barred the grass with long shafts of green and gold. Hard by, a little stream made music as it ran. The air was thronged with insects, dancing away their little day in the sunset hour. Tom could not help feeling the beauty of the scene. And some sense of sweetness would mingle with the bitterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ants, the inmates of which were very busy around him, some repairing the nest, others guarding it, and others carrying stores into it.

As he watched them, the nest began to grow sensibly bigger, until it seemed as if he could walk up and down in it. Tom thought this was a splendid chance of exploring an ant-hill, and making up to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rushed out clashing their jaws so fiercely that he felt quite frightened. He was still more startled, however, when one of them asked him what he wanted. On recovering himself, he made bold to ask if he might be allowed to see over the nest. The guards conversed for a moment, and then one of them went inside, and presently returned with a kindly, motherly-looking ant, who said: 'The Queen has been pleased to grant your request, and appointed me your guide. Please step this way.'

The entrance opened into a kind of hall,

which again narrowed into a lobby, having a pillar at the entrance, midway between the walls. Seeing Tom look wonderingly at this pillar, the guide told him it was to make the nest easier of defence when attacked. 'You see,' she said, 'a couple of ants could keep a whole army at bay here.'

Tom thought it a most skilful device.

Passing through this lobby, they came to another hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to support the roof. 'This is the grand assembly-room,' said the guide.

Then she led him into another lobby, having a row of cells on each side. Thence they mounted a staircase, and passed through a gallery, which also had rows of cells on each side. There was something, or somebody, in every cell.

Now and again, they met a long string of ants bearing burdens. The leader of one of these—a big-jawed ant—seized Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his flesh, had not the guide signalled that he was a friend.

Tom might have grown weary with his long tramp, but for some entertaining accounts of other ant-nests by the guide. She described one hollowed out of the branches and twigs of a thorn-tree for the sake of honey hidden there; another purse-shaped, made by gluing leaves together while on the tree; and another, stranger still, made with dried cakes of refuse, arranged like tiles on the branches of a tree, one large cake forming the roof.

As they came to one cell, a joyous company passed out, having among them a large ant of very stately bearing.

'The Queen! the Queen!' cried the guide. 'Isn't she a right noble lady?'

Tom took note how very devoted and attentive the ants were to their Queen. Her bodyguard lifted her gently over all rough places; and when the royal party met a troop of working-ants, the latter divided and saluted the former as it passed along.

Turning into the cell the Queen had just left, they saw the floor covered with the smallest eggs Tom had ever seen. They were scarcely bigger than a pin-point. 'But come this way,' said the guide, 'and I'll show you the nursery.'

This was one of the cosiest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls, like classes in a school, were rows upon rows of small, white, legless grubs. They looked like tiny sugar-loaves, and were made up of eleven or twelve rings. Every little creature had its nurse, who was either feeding it or washing it, or just taking it out for an airing, or bringing it in.

'What in the world are these funny little things?' asked Tom.

'Why, they have come out of eggs like those you saw just now; and if spared, will be full-grown ants some day.—Now you must see the spinning-room.' So saying, the guide led Tom across a passage into another cell.

Here a number of fine fat grubs were spinning gauze dresses for themselves, which were to shroud their bodies from top to toe. A few were spinning an additional coat of silk to put over the gauze dress.

'These are their nightgowns,' said the guide.

'And the moment they are covered from head to foot, they will go to sleep for a month or six weeks without waking.'

Tom thought that *would* be nice.

The spinning-room led to the dormitory. Here Tom saw what at first looked like piles of broken twigs and tiny balls of silk; but when he examined the bits of stick more closely, he could trace the face and limbs of an insect through the gauze-covering. They looked, for all the world, like the pictured mummies he had seen in books. The guards in the room looked rather savagely at Tom when he entered; but a glance from the guide made all right.

'You need not walk so softly. A thousand cannon, thundering over them, would not rouse them until they had slept their sleep out. As soon as they show the least sign of waking, however, they will be taken into the next room and unswathed.'

To this room they now proceeded. The sight Tom saw here interested him much more than anything he had yet seen in the ant-world. The floor was strewn with mummy-like forms, and silk balls like those in the room just left; but they were stirring a little, as if alive. Mounted on each one were three or four ants, who carefully assisted the inmates to unwrap themselves; then they took the limbs from their sheaths and smoothed them out; and at last the released prisoner stood up on its six legs, in all the freedom of a full-grown ant. What a change from the little helpless worm!

Tom examined one of these brand-new ants very minutely. He found the mouth had two pairs of jaws, which moved from side to side, and not up and down, like his own. One pair of jaws was like toothed scissors, with a sharp-pointed beak. These, he learned, were to fight with. From the front of the head sprang two long jointed things, like a thrasher's flail, but club-shaped at the end. The guide said these were the most useful things an ant had—arms, hands, and nose all in one; and that if she lost them she was the most helpless of creatures. But what wonderful eyes! There were five altogether—three arranged in a triangle on the top of the head, and one on each side. The two last were very large, and seemed made up of hundreds of smaller eyes. Tom tried to count them; but when he had reached a thousand in one socket alone, he gave it up. Tom also discovered that each ant had a bag in its hinder part, filled with poison, which in fighting it could spurt into the bodies of its enemies. The guide told him that one family of ants had stings, as well as poison-bags.

Tom had observed on the backs of some of the ants when unswathed, and just above the breathing-holes, two pair of delicate wings, while the greater number had none. He learned, on inquiry, that the winged insects were kings and queens, and those without wings, common workers.

On reminding his guide that the Queen they saw a little while ago had no wings, she said: 'You are quite right, Master Sharp-eyes. But she once had wings, and I'll tell you how she lost them. The wings of the King and Queen are for the wedding-trip only. The King dies, or is killed off, on his return; while the Queen strips off her wings and sets seriously to her

life-work of laying eggs; and that is how she loses her wings.—See! there they go for the wedding-trip!'

Tom turned, and saw two rather elegant-looking ants, with wings half-raised, making towards the door of the nest. He and the guide followed just in time to wish them much happiness, as they flew away through the sunlit air.

Tom, seeing himself at the main door again, and thinking he had trespassed quite long enough on the kindness of his ant-friend, turned to thank her, and to send also a message of thanks to the Queen, when she exclaimed: 'Oh, I have a good deal more to show you. You have not seen our cows yet.'

'Cows, cows! Ants have cows!' cried Tom in astonishment.

'Yes; ants have cows; and if you will step this way, you shall see them.'

Tom obeyed, and they retraced their steps through one of the long corridors. As they went along they met an ant carrying a heavy burden.

'What! busy yet?' said the guide, and they touched hands as they passed.—'That is one of the best workers in the whole hive; she works fifteen hours a day, many a time.' Presently they came upon a little insect with a tuft of hairs on its back, which an ant sucked, and then went away, licking its lips. 'That is a walking honey-pot,' said the guide. 'We keep several in the nest, and when we want a taste, we suck them, as you saw that ant do just now.'

Tom opened his eyes at this. But he opened them wider when he learned that there were ants who were living honey-jars, who stored up honey, and gave it out as required to the other members of the community.

Just then a very small ant leaped on the back of the guide and put its long spider-legs round her neck.

'Stennie, Stennie, my little pet, don't quite choke me with your hugs.—You see we have pets, as well as cows and living honey-pots,' turning to Tom.

They had now reached the cowshed, connected with the main nest by a covered-way. It was built round and over the leaves of a daisy plant which formed the stalls for the cows.

Tom was looking for a large four-legged creature; and when the guide pointed out quite a herd of small green insects, he thought she was surely poking fun at him. But these were the ant-cows. For by-and-by the milkmaids came in, went up to the cows and stroked them very gently until drops of honey fell from them, which they drank. As Tom stood watching them, he remembered to have seen green insects like these on the rose-trees and gooseberry bushes in his father's garden; and the thought struck him that what people call honey-dew was the honey dropped by these little creatures.

The guide told him as they walked away that there were some ants that grew their own rice, and even mushrooms.

'Dear me,' thought Tom, 'ants are as clever as men.'

Coming to a door that led into the grand hall, and looking in, the guide exclaimed: 'Why, the sports are on, and I did not know.'

It was a merry scene. At one end was the

Queen, with all her courtiers round her, watching the games. Here a long double row of ants was playing at thread-needle. There a company was dancing; close by were several pairs wrestling and boxing; while many of the youngsters were playing at hide-and-seek all round the hall. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its height, a cry was heard: 'To the pillar, to the pillar! The foe, the foe! Seal the inner doors!'

The scene was changed in an instant. The Queen had her bodyguard doubled, and was taken off at once to the royal cell, and sealed up. The keepers of the eggs, the grubs, and the mummies hurried away to their respective cells, and filled up the doorways with clay. The cow-keepers did the same with the entrance to the covered-way. All was excitement. When the defences were completed, all waited the onrush of the enemy. But it proved a false alarm. One of the outposts had indeed seen a legion of soldier ants in the distance, tending towards the nest. They were simply rounding a hill, however, and then made for a nest of negro ants, intent on making slaves. This was the explanation of a scout, who had been sent out to see how the thing would turn.

Tom was utterly dumfounded when he heard of ant-slaves.

'Do ants really make and hold slaves?' he asked, in utter astonishment, of his guide.

'Yes, some; but not all. *We* have no slaves, but do all our work ourselves. There is one tribe of ants, the "Amazons," great slaveholders; but they do nothing but fight and lounge. They are very brave in war, however, and never take or kill the up-grown ants of a nest, except these try to hinder them from carrying off their young, which they want to bring up and make into slaves. But they have to pay dearly for their laziness.'—Tom winced.—'They are called the "Workers;" but they are just the opposite, when not fighting. They neither feed nor clean themselves, nor their young ones. All this is done for them by slaves, who actually have to carry them on their backs when they go to a new settlement. In fact they have lost the power of doing anything for themselves, through having everything done for them, and not using the power they had. Their jaws have lost their teeth, and are now simply nippers with which they kill their foes. And all this results from indolence.'—Tom winced again. Was she pointing at him?—'But,' she went on, 'I know another tribe, the Round-jaws, who have become more helpless still in the same way. They are even losing their *nipping* power; and if it were not for their slaves, who carry them to the field and then fight by their side, they would never win a battle. There is one other tribe which sloth has plunged into yet deeper depths of degradation, the Wornouts. They are the mere puppet masters of their slaves, who have become the real masters. Laziness is a terrible curse; it can blight the finest powers.' The speaker's thousand eyes flashed fire as she spoke these words, and made Tom tremble.

He shuddered at the picture of the ants on whom the curse of idleness had fallen. It made him think of the picture in his bedroom. Did he really see what his future might be—and would be, did he not change—in these pictures? And

he groaned aloud, in anguish of heart, at the thought.

'Tom, Tom, rouse up, my boy! You will get your death of cold sleeping like that in the grass. Come in and get some warm supper.' This was Tom's father, who had been seeking him, high and low, for some time, and had found him at last, fast asleep in the orchard.

Tom's adventure in an ant-hill was a dream; yet not all a dream, passing away with his waking thoughts, like the morning cloud. The last words of his guide rang through his mind for many a day: 'Laziness is a terrible curse, and can blight the finest powers.' It was the turning-point in his life, which suffered as great a change as that which turned the white legless grub, in his dream, into a light airy insect. It was a new birth. A few months later he went to business, and soon won a character for patient industry, which he kept throughout his life.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS IN LINCOLN.

WE have received the following from Dr William O'Neill, M.R.C.P., of Lincoln, with reference to the recent Roman discoveries in that locality:

The Romans penetrated into Lincolnshire, and subdued it about the year 70 of this era; and no sooner were they settled in the land than, with that wonderful energy and skill which characterised them, they began to till the soil, and gradually brought it into a high state of cultivation. They improved the face of the country generally by raising banks, cutting dikes and canals, making roads, and building towns. Most of the Roman towns remain to the present day, also several of their great works; these latter in many instances still answering the same purpose as that for which they were originally made. Of the numerous towns or stations built by the Romans, Lindum (Lincoln) was one of the chief. The number of Roman remains found here and in the immediately surrounding country testify not only to the important position which Lindum held in the palmy days of the occupation of Britain, but also to the high state of civilisation of many Roman families, and the splendour of their villas.

On the 28th of August 1884, the ironstone miners of the Lindum Iron Ore Company, whilst in the process of opening up a new mining shaft in the Greetwell Fields, which lie about half a mile eastward from Lincoln, came upon the remains of a Roman villa, between two and three feet below the surface. From the nature of the diggings and from the rapidity with which they had been carried on, great damage had been done to the remains before the writer had an opportunity of examining them. This much, however, could be clearly made out, that between two walls, running at least thirty-five yards south and north, and about thirty yards apart (the distance at present excavated), several apartments and small courtyards had existed, as indicated by walls, tessellated pavements, and large tile pavements. But it is

more than probable that further excavations eastward will lay open other apartments. The tesserae of the apartments already excavated were an inch and a half square, were made of red, blue, and black coloured brick and white stone, and were laid in patterns. There were also small white tesserae, about three-quarters of an inch square, which were made of a fine hard white concrete, and were most probably used either in ornamental work or in the flooring of a highly decorated chamber. A square of large flat tiled pavement of about ten feet in diameter was still intact when the writer first saw the remains. It formed the flooring, or part of the flooring, of a room or rooms to the north of the tessellated rooms. That is, the large flat tiles floored more or less of the basement rooms at the back of the house. The tiles of the square of flooring, which resembled those mentioned by Pliny, measured fifteen inches by ten and a half inches, and were of a red colour, bearing an impressed checkered pattern. The writer has found many fragments of tiles of a superior quality to those mentioned. These superior tiles had a white body, but were painted in colours; and the flutings on them were done with tools, whereas the markings on the red tiles seemed to be done with the fingers. All the tesserae and tiles were set in concrete of a superior quality; and so adhesive was this concrete, especially in the case of the red large flat tiles, that most of them were broken in the attempts made to lift them.

From the apartments described, three or four stone steps led down to a bath-room, which seemed to have been the front and most advanced room of the villa, and looked southward. From east to west the room measured about fifteen feet; and from south to north, ten feet. From the east end of the north wall of the room, the bath extended seven feet four inches southwards along the east wall, and was between three and four feet in breadth, and about two feet in height. The floor of the bath-room was formed of a beautifully white tessellated pavement, each tessera of which was made of white china clay, and was set in a fine concrete. Tesserae resembling those of the floor were extended for eight inches up the sides of the walls to form a dado. The writer has been informed that a dado has not been found in any Roman building hitherto discovered in England. In this case it was evidently intended to protect the walls of the room from the action of the bath water. Tesserae were also extended up the outside of the bath, the inside of the bath being formed of the same material as the tesserae, but quite smooth. The well-plastered walls of the room were painted white, and the bordering of the walls and other decorations were in fine reds, yellows, greens, blues, and blacks. On one piece of plaster a swallow was well drawn and painted.

Two or three feet north of the bath-room, but in a different apartment, is a very deep well, seven feet in diameter, and in a comparatively good state of preservation. When the water had done its duty in the bath-room, a well-constructed drain-pipe allowed it to escape. On clearing out some of the rubbish from the well, several Roman coins were found, and fragments of beautifully painted wall-plaster.

The house must have been the property of a Roman gentleman of taste and opulence. The site was well chosen; but in consequence of the villa having been built on the brow of a hill, the lower rooms were on different planes. The ancient Romans had evidently good ideas of sanitation. This villa, which looked out on the valley of the Witham, had a fine southern aspect, and was built on a mass of three kinds of concrete, to the depth in some places of three feet; and the drainage of the whole premises seemed perfect.

Among the debris thrown up by the miners in their excavations, cartloads of tiles of various kinds are to be seen; pieces of pottery, oyster-shells, shells of periwinkles, and bones of large and small animals. Roman coins are known to have been found, as also the horn of a goat, part of the antler of a deer, and the bone of an ox.

Last June, in the city of Lincoln, another discovery of Roman remains of a most interesting character was made. Lincoln, when inhabited by the Romans, was built in the form of a parallelogram; divided into four equal parts by two streets, which crossed at right angles. Bail-gate still remains as a part of the street running north and south. Here certain interesting relics were found by workmen whilst digging out the foundations of an old house. Digging from above downwards, the first thing that came into view was a crematory furnace. Giving the architect's measurements, this was five feet in length, one foot nine inches wide, and one foot nine inches high. It was fixed lengthwise from north to south. The bottom and the inside were formed of long thin bricks, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. The furnace was at the north end, and the flue at the south end, of the crematorium. Near the furnace-door, a quantity of charcoal ready for use was found.

About three feet below the crematorium was a room which might be called a sarcophagus; the inside dimensions of which were five feet ten inches from east to west, and from two feet to a little more than three feet wide; the shape being very much like that of an ordinary coffin. The sides of this sarcophagus or chamber were formed of strong stones, the bottom of concrete, and the top of large rough stone slabs. Under cover of the rough slabs was a layer, fourteen inches in thickness, of fine sand; under this a layer of lime, imbedded in which were ten vases of various shapes and sizes; all, except one, being in an upright position. Eight of the vases are of a dark-red colour, and two of a cream colour. Some of them are ornamented at the bottom with a sort of Vandyck pattern, and at the top near the lips are several rows of circular flutings. Two of these are larger than the rest; one bears the initials I. T., the other the letter H. About half the vases are glazed of a light green colour, the others are unglazed. Nearly all the urns or vases, with one or two exceptions, were more or less injured by the workmen, who also in most cases emptied the vessels of their contents. Fortunately, the contents of one elegantly shaped vase were undisturbed; the ashes, which half-filled the vessel, being apparently kept intact by a dry vegetable mould. The vases were one-handed, with covers more or less injured, and resembled in several cases

an ovoid coffee-pot. The upper part of the handle of each vase, where attached to the neck of the vessel, had depressions, into which the thumb and index finger were intended to enter, so as to get a firmer grip of the vessel. The profusion of glaze on some parts of the vessels reminded the writer of a similar character on some specimens of Bow porcelain.

To the west of the sepulture chamber, and on the same level with it, is another chamber, four feet two inches from east to west, and four feet ten inches from north to south. In this chamber nothing of importance was found. A year or two ago, when the drainage of Lincoln was being carried out, the basement rooms of what must have been a large and very splendid Roman villa were found in Exchequer Gate. As the crematorium lately discovered is only about fifty yards in a direct line in the rear of where this villa stood, it is more than probable that the crematorium was the private property of the inmates of the villa. It would appear that opinion on burial and burning during the Roman occupation of England was divided, much as it is at the present time. Cremation, we see, was practised and performed by the Romans in Lincoln, and so was burial; for Roman stone coffins in great numbers are being constantly turned up in this city, and many of these coffins are lettered and dated much as tombstones are at the present time.

The workmen, a few days after the discovery of the crematorium and sarcophagus, in further extending the digging out of the foundations of the old house, came upon a quaint-looking Roman arch, six or eight feet north-east of the sarcophagus or small chamber in which the ten urns were discovered. This arch or doorway, which had necessarily to be removed, formed a right angle with the sarcophagus, and was about six feet high, and two feet wide. Like the large Roman arch at the upper or northern end of Bailgate, it had no keystone, the formation of all the stones in the arch obviating the necessity for one. Leading from the door of the sarcophagus to the arch was a semicircular path made of concrete. This path, after passing through the arch, dipped down two feet and a half, to make the floor of a small room five feet square and seven feet high. The workmen, whilst in the act of taking down the arch, discovered a large urn; and on clearing away the rubbish out of the room, found three or four more urns of large size. The urns previously discovered in the sarcophagus held from two to three quarts of fluid; those more recently discovered, before they were damaged, would have held as many gallons. They were imbedded in lime, had no lids, and all contained ashes of the dead, the ashes being covered over with charcoal. The small room in which these urns were found smelt most offensively; and on washing a fragment of one of the urns, a very disagreeable odour arising from the fragment was complained of. Putting the pieces of one of the urns together, I could see that it was somewhat globular in shape, with a wide mouth, the rim of the mouth being neatly and elegantly curved out to the extent of nearly two inches. The colour of the urn is black; and it is a good, although a coarse specimen of the old Roman ware called 'Upchurch.' The fragments of this urn presented an appearance which

leads me to believe that the vessel was twice 'fired.' It is therefore probable that after the dead had been buried in the ordinary way, the remains were collected, placed in this large urn, and it and its contents were again subjected to the fire of the crematorium.

Over these old Roman buildings a Norman edifice of some kind had been erected. The building of the Romans was excellent, and the workmen with difficulty pulled down the old walls; but that of the Normans was as different as possible. The latter made the 'faces' of the walls even and smooth; but the spaces between the faces they filled up with rubbish of any kind that came to hand; consequently, their work fell to pieces when struck by the workmen's tools.

Although the crematorium may have been owned by successive Roman governors, still it does not appear to have been held sufficiently sacred to be isolated from the busy world about it. Not more than twelve or fourteen yards from it was found, firmly and well puddled in the earth, a nine or ten gallon water-jar for the use of animals to drink from; and a neat drain was also found to convey away the overflow of the jar. Still nearer to the sepulture buildings was a well, in the centre of a large flat stone, four feet square, and evidently worn by the feet of those who went thither to draw water. Scattered about were large square tiles, having one side of the square curved round, as if intended to hold something. A packing-needle of fine brass wire was found with thread wound round it; and also a handsomely made leaden box, resembling very much an old-fashioned poor's-box, with long shaft handle. The handle in this case is wanting, but the tapering socket is there, supported by neat brackets. In still closer proximity to the buildings was the ashbin, among the rubbish of which were found numerous oyster-shells and broken pottery, sufficient to demonstrate that breakages occurred in those days as well as in our own. The writer found the lower part of a flower-pot, of Samian ware, having a hole in the bottom for the escape and admission of water, as in a modern flower-pot. The inverted saucer-like lid for vessels seemed to be very fashionable in those times.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE China House burglary was neither a big nor a sensational one; nevertheless, there were characteristic features about it, that perhaps make its story worth telling.

One morning in November 187-, on entering the station to which I was attached as a plain-clothes man of the — Division of the Metropolitan Police, I found my superintendent waiting to give me instant orders. 'Look here, George,' he said; 'old Dorrington's house has been broken into some time between midnight and five this morning. He came himself to report it, and he wishes the case to be put into your hands.'

'I don't suppose any one will envy me the job,' I answered. 'I expect I shall have a pretty lively time of it.'

'Yes; I rather fancy you will have a particularly lively time of it,' assented the super-

intendent, 'for the old boy was in a towering passion. It appears the thieves have added insult to injury. Not content with robbing him, they have played off some joke upon him; and it is that, more than the amount of his loss, that has nettled him. They left a saucy letter behind them, I think, for he was in such a rage, I couldn't make out from him exactly what it was they had done. However, I told him to let things remain just as the thieves had left them till you arrived; so you had better get down to his place at once and see what you can make of the matter.'

Thus instructed, I set out for the scene of the burglary. But before asking my readers to accompany me there, it will be necessary that I should give them some idea of the manner of man Mr Dorrington was; otherwise, they would scarcely be able to appreciate the bearing of some of the incidents of the robbery at his residence. To most of us at the station, old Billy Dorrington, as he was familiarly but not disrespectfully called, was, besides being a confirmed bachelor, a 'bit of a character.' He rather cottoned to the Force. His name generally figured pretty high up on any subscription list for a testimonial to a retiring superintendent or inspector, and he was always 'good' for a liberal number of tickets for the entertainments organised for the benefit of our provident institutions. In his way, he was entitled to be ranked among 'men who have risen.' The story of his life was known, in outline at least, to everybody. His parents had been little if at all above the vagrant class, and as is commonly the case with the children of such parents, Billy had been turned out at a very early age to 'scratch for himself.' As a child, he had hawked 'hearthstone' under parental direction and for parental profit. While still in his teens, he had commenced business on his own account as a crockery hawker. At first, a basket held his stock; from that, he got to a hand-barrow; and finally—as regards hawking—to a donkey and 'shallow.' Abandoning the itinerant line, as no longer affording scope for his energy and capital, he took a shop. Prospering in this, his trade career had continued onwards and upwards to a point at which he was admittedly the leading china and glass merchant in the district. By his business and the judicious investment of its profits he had realised the very considerable 'means' upon which he had for some years past lived in the character of an independent gentleman, in the mansion which he had built for himself, and designated, in allusion to his former occupation, China House.

After his retirement from business, he had come out as a public man. He was on the Vestry and the Board of Guardians, and a notably active member of each of those bodies. His speeches at their meetings were reported at greater length than those of any other member, and were generally pretty freely studded with 'laughter,' 'great laughter,' 'renewed laughter,' and the like. Sometimes the laughter was at him, but it was oftener with him. He might speak of the 'wittles' of the paupers or the 'lor' of the land, or emphatically express himself as not caring a 'stror' for the opinion of some 'on'able' members. But

on the other hand, he was quick in turning a joke or giving 'a rap over the knuckles,' and altogether was very fully capable of holding his own in Board-room debate. Apart from his defects of education, he was a clever business man in a general way, and was thoroughly conversant with things parochial, more especially where the dodges of professional charity hunters were concerned. By the latter class, he was cordially hated, and not without good cause, for whenever opportunity served, he was 'down upon them like a hammer.' On the same ground, there was no love lost between him and the type of vestrymen, guardians, officials, and tradesmen who regard parish contracts as a legitimate field for jobbery. On the whole, however, Mr Dorrington was a highly popular personage.

In the part of our division in which China House was situated, the burglary season had in 187- set in early and with unusual severity. The burglars had been particularly successful alike in their work and in escaping detection. House after house had been 'done,' while not a single arrest had been made even upon suspicion. Of course, it was reported that the police were in possession of important information, that they had obtained a clue, were prosecuting inquiries, and so forth. The truth was, however, that practically we were 'out of the hunt.' All that we really knew was that the robberies were well planned and cleverly executed, and were apparently the work of a single gang, and that a small and select one. Under these circumstances, we of the Force were naturally abashed and sore, the more especially as the newspapers were down upon us. Some of the leading dailies had made short but significant comments upon the continued impunity with which the robberies were committed; while in the locals our condemnation was writ large. The *Borough Mercury* and the *United Parishes Chronicle*, foes in all things else, joined hands in condemning us. Our failure had also been adverted to by the vestry in public meeting assembled, Mr Dorrington in particular coming out strong upon the point. It was this latter fact, added to my general knowledge of his character, that had led me to say that I expected the old gentleman would give me a pretty lively time of it.

I already knew China House very well by sight. It was a good-sized, squarely-built villa residence, standing in its own grounds. These grounds were laid out in a style that might or might not be picturesque, but was certainly striking. In the centre of the lawn in front of the house was erected a fully rigged mast flag-pole, on either side of which was placed a large figure-head of some old wooden ship. The one figure represented Neptune, and the other a British admiral, and both were richly, very richly painted and gilded. Dotted about the garden in the rear of the house were half-a-dozen similar figure-heads, each of which was stationed, sentry-fashion, beside a rockery, into the construction of which shells and coloured glass entered as largely as flints; while each was surmounted with stoneware images of men and beasts.

Arriving at this highly ornamental dwelling, I was admitted by the owner himself. 'Hillo, Grainger—here you are, then!' he exclaimed,

greeting me in a more cheery tone than I had anticipated would have been the case.

'Yes; here I am,' I answered; 'but whether or not I shall be able to do any good in this job, is a very open question.'

'Oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know,' said the old fellow, rather hotly. 'It's no use to be down on your luck beforehand.'

'I'm not down on my luck,' I answered; 'but I don't want to seem to talk large; I don't want to give the papers or the vestry any more pull than need be.'

'That's where the skin's thin, is it?' he said, laughing. 'Why, you shouldn't mind that sort of thing; no one was hitting at *you* in particular. At least, I can answer for it that I wasn't, or I shouldn't have asked to have you here. I believe in you, my boy, if that's any encouragement to you; and this you may depend upon, that anything I can do to help you, I will. I may tell you at once that I mean to offer a hundred pounds reward.'

As he made the last statement, he paused, evidently expecting some expression of warm approval, and was visibly disappointed when I answered: 'Well, there can be no harm in your doing so. It *might* lead to something.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that *you* believe in honour among thieves?' he exclaimed.

'I believe in fear among them,' I answered; 'and if I'm not mistaken, this is just one of the cases where fear would come in. It strikes me that the gang that have been working this neighbourhood are known only to each other. If one informed, the others would know it; and then it would be quite as likely as not to turn out a case of "found dead" with the informer; and life is sweet even to a burglar. However,' I went on, 'I had better get to work.—Have you lost much property?'

'Well, no,' he replied; 'not, considering, that is. I should say that a hundred and fifty pounds would cover the lot, including fifteen pounds in hard cash. It's not so much what they've took as 'as set my back up agen 'em so stiff, as their blessed impudence.'

'The superintendent told me they had left some impudent letter behind them,' I put in.

'Letter!' he exclaimed. 'Well, you can call it a letter if you like; but it seems to me it's a particularly large-hand letter. I only hope as how you'll be able to make something out of it. If the blackguards were only trapped through it, I wouldn't mind a bit.'

'I had better see it, then,' I said.

'O yes; you shall see it. I mean you to see it; I ain't afraid of any one seeing it.—Come along.' As he spoke, he led the way to the drawing-room; and throwing open the door and waving his hand towards the wall, continued: 'Just take stock of that, and tell me what you think of it in the way of viciousness.'

I did 'take stock,' and as I did so, only with difficulty refrained from laughing aloud. The apartment was papered with a delicate, light, almost white paper, and upon this was scrawled a variety of figures intended to represent old Dorrington, and each accompanied by scrolls of writing of an insulting character. In one drawing labelled 'Old Crockery Billy,' he was represented as harnessed to a hand-barrow, while proceeding

from his mouth was the cry of: 'Any old rags or bones!' In a second, styled 'The Fancy Guardian,' he was represented as a very portly personage, sitting on a bench, and exclaiming: 'Give them the 'ouse; 'Send him to the stone-yard.' The third sketch showed a Bardolphian-looking personage supporting himself against a post, and under this was written: 'Look here, Old Dorry; your wine ain't good. See you get some better before we come again. If you don't, we will hang you up by the heels. We shall do the bedrooms next time; so, look out.' These caricatures had all the appearance of having been done with a broad-pointed pencil such as artisans use for marking out their work. They were anything but works of art, but at the same time they were considerably in advance of the 'This-is-a-cow' style of drawing; and even through their exaggerations there was a certain touch of likeness visible. The handwriting was plain and firm, and the spelling correct.

When I had finished my survey, Mr Dorrington indulged himself in another outburst of indignation, at the conclusion of which I expressed my sympathy, and my full agreement with his conclusion that 'it was enough to rile any man.'

'But that is not all,' he went on. 'You've only seen half of their doings in the way of being vicious. Follow me, and I'll show you the rest.—Look there!' he continued, when he had led me to the dining-room window, which opened on to the garden.

The spectacle to which he directed my attention was that of the gilded figure-heads overthrown and trampled upon, and two of the rockeries knocked to pieces. The destruction wrought here was utterly wanton, had no shade or pretence of rough humour to redeem it, and I felt what I said—that it was too bad.

'It is too bad,' old Dorrington repeated. 'If they had needed to have done it to get into the house, I wouldn't have cared; I'd have taken it as included in the costs, as you may say. But it has been done in sheer "oggishness," and such brutes ought to be hunted down.'

'They ought,' I assented, by way of making some reply, for at that moment a thought occurred to me which made me pause. Both Mr Dorrington and myself had been doing what, up to this point at anyrate, I had no right to do. We had assumed throughout that the burglary *must* have been done by the gang who had done the others in the neighbourhood. But looking at the havoc that had been wrought here, it flashed upon me that such could hardly be the case. Their handiwork hitherto had been of a uniform kind, and was altogether unlike what had been shown me here. They had on several occasions included wine and spirits in their booty; but they had never before left any indications of their having been 'drunk on the premises,' and they had certainly never been needlessly destructive. On the contrary, their methods seemed almost designed to reduce damage—as distinct from robbery—to a minimum. The present job, so far, had more the look of having been done by discharged and spiteful servants burgling *en amateur*, than by first-class high-flying professional housebreakers.

Mr Dorrington having pointed out to me all that he considered remarkable, I proceeded to

make an examination of the premises upon my own account. The manner in which the thieves had operated was clear enough. They had got over the boundary-wall inclosing the garden, and then effected an entry through the 'shoot' of the coal cellar. This shoot was guarded by three iron crossbars, over which was a stout wooden shutter, which at night was let down and fastened with a padlock. The ring holding the padlock staple had been forced out, thus freeing the shutter; and a boy—there was not room for a man—put down between the crossbars. Making his way up the cellar steps, this pioneer had opened the scullery door and let in the rest of the party.

The robberies in the neighbourhood having made householders specially careful, Mr Dorrington had for some time past been in the habit of himself locking the drawing-room, dining-room, and wine-cellar doors each night and taking the keys to his bedroom. The locks of the dining and drawing rooms were of the ordinary 'builders' fixtures' make; and as they were undamaged, they had in all probability been opened with skeleton keys. The lock of the wine-cellar was, however, a patent one, and that had been cut clean out of the door. Till I saw this, I had held to my last idea—that the burglary was probably the work of discarded servants, and at anyrate was not that of the gang who had been working the district. Now, however, my feeling of assurance upon the latter point was swept away. In the cutting out of this lock the handicraft of the 'regulars' was unmistakable. The hole 'bitted' through for the spring-saw to enter was their exact size. The clean straight sawing, and still more the nicety with which the part to be cut away had been lined out, were virtually trademarks against them. This was the only piece of real craftsmanship there had been any need to perform; but the method of getting off the plunder also stamped the job as theirs. Wheel-marks and other indications in the narrow roadway upon which the boundary-wall abutted, showed that a light cart had been used, and the signs in all their robberies pointed conclusively to such a vehicle forming part of their professional equipment.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO CHINA.

The great Canadian and Pacific Railway will become the quickest route to China and Japan. From east to west—that is, from the city of Montreal to Vancouver—is a stretch of railway of two thousand nine hundred miles, crossing the Rocky Mountains at a height of five thousand three hundred feet above the sea, passing over mountain and plain, and through the finest wheat-growing and grazing country in the world. The line is not yet complete; and the stations, according to our European and elevated ideas of what a 'station' should be, are of the very rudest and simplest form of construction, as a great part of the country through which the line passes is not yet settled, or even inhabited; and it is usual for the train to run for miles without seeing a habitation or a human creature. Yet the time will come when this will be, without doubt, the regular, as it will certainly be the quickest route to China and Japan.

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE HER MIRROR.

Ah, wherefore do I seek to twine
This wilful mass of hair
Around this common face of mine
To make it look more fair?
For be it rosy, be it pale,
It matters nought to *him*;
And yet, because my efforts fail,
My foolish eyes grow dim.

Ah, wherefore does the crimson blood
Keep rushing to my brow?
I would not win him if I could—
'Tis pride is whispering now.
Then why, 'midst trifles vain like these,
My precious moments waste?
These simple braids will surely please
His fine artistic taste.

'Tis Love is whispering in mine ear:
Begone, thou wicked sprite!
For when thy pouting lips are near,
I lose my senses quite.
Down with thy bow, thou reckless boy!
Thou dost not understand
The dangers of that glittering toy
Within thy dimpled hand.

This simple robe of quiet shade
Will suit my figure best;
Ah, would I were a fairer maid,
Then might my hopes be blest!
'There are no eyes,' I've heard him say,
'Like eyes of azure hue';
Mine, mine, alas! are sombre gray:
Oh, would my eyes were blue!

What care I where his glances rove?
What care I whom he praise?
My heart would scorn to crave his love,
Or thrill beneath his gaze.
I will not mingle in the dance,
For maidens lithe and tall
Must ever claim his kindling glance:
Oh, why am I so small?

Again I feel thy fluttering wings,
Thou elf of mischief dire;
A chord within my spirit sings,
Responsive to thy lyre.
Thou wilful boy, my heart release;
Thy fetters make it sore;
Oh, give it back its olden peace;
Oh, set it free once more!

My dresses lie a crumpled heap
(Ah, such is woman's lot);
I love not *him*, and yet I weep
Because he loves me not.
Tears, tears unto mine eyelids rush;
I cannot choose but sigh;
And love shines forth in every blush,
To show my lips they lie!

Hark! 'tis his footstep on the stair!
Why do I turn so weak?
His kiss is on my tangled hair—
His breath upon my cheek!
All that his love bestows on me,
With grateful joy I take,
And wish that I could lovingly be,
And gifted, for his sake.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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CAMPAIGNING AT HOME.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SCOTTISH ORDNANCE SURVEY.

STAY-AT-HOMES read with wonder the adventures of those that 'go down to the sea in ships,' and of arduous campaigns abroad; while they also sympathise readily with the sufferings, hardships, and dangers reported from distant lands. Has it ever occurred to any considerable number of people, outside those actually concerned therein, that for many years a campaign of no mean difficulty was till recently carried on within the borders of our own 'tight little island?' We refer to the Ordnance Survey of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. This interesting undertaking has now been some few years completed. We do not propose to enter into any account of the origin, methods, or objects of the enterprise, but merely, by a few rapid sketches, to convey to the reader some idea of the mode of life to which the workers had to submit during its progress; in the hope of awakening some share of interest in and respect for the toils cheerfully gone through, and the hardships bravely borne by a small body of our fellow-countrymen in scenes not far from our own doors.

For many reasons, camping-out was decided on as the most suitable way of accommodating the surveyors. In a thinly populated country, lodgings would be difficult to find, and the men of a party would become so scattered that efficient supervision of the whole would be impossible. The tents and camp equipage—bed-stretchers, blankets, cook-house, and cooking utensils—were of a superior kind to those issued to soldiers in the field, consisting, in fact, of those allotted for hospital purposes and officers' quarters. In a word, everything was provided with intelligent consideration for the comfort of the men, so far as that was possible.

From point to point, then, through the picturesque scenes of the North, the parties wandered for nearly twenty years, pitching by running streams or wild tarns in the most

sheltered nooks they could find. Each morning brought the usual eight o'clock parade, the men having previously breakfasted; and each surveyor and his chainman was dismissed to his appointed task on the adjacent mountains. One of our number was left behind as a cook and camp-watch, to clear up the tents, make the beds, and provide dinner for the men against their return in the evening. Their lunch they carried with them. After their late dinner, the surveyors had their field-books to make up, diagrams to draw out, and the work to 'reference.' Hardy, light-hearted and sociable, the rest of the long summer or autumn evenings was spent sometimes in quoiting, 'putting' the stone, and other exercises; sometimes in visiting by twos or threes the nearest 'clachans;' and sometimes in getting up an improvised dancing-match to the music of a concertina. Reading and letter-writing were generally left to wet days, when, it may be stated, the men were not required to turn out.

Those wet days! They were now and then wet weeks, and even months, at a stretch. Such incontinent skies are surely nowhere else to be found but in the Western Highlands. The men welcomed a wet day or two now and then in the sincerest way; their tired feet got rested, and they could overtake arrears of correspondence or of 'book'-work; but beyond the second day their miseries began. The ground around and even inside the tents became a mire; the canvas hung dank and dripping; the stove-pipes would draw on no consideration; the meat got 'high,' and the bread mouldy; tempers got soured, and genuine British grumbling set in. The concertina, the song, and the book kept the demon of *ennui* at bay for a time; but a second or third week of the deluge and inactivity combined let him slowly but surely inside the camp. The quiet ones moped, and the more gritty ones growled. We draw the curtain over the remainder of a six or seven weeks' rain-blockade.

In December 1873, the Director-general of the Ordnance Survey—Sir Henry James—stated in

the Blue-book for that year that 'the mainland of Scotland had been completed, and the survey of the islands of Skye and Mull been entered upon.' When this bald announcement was made, those best able to judge of the nature of the work prophesied that the survey of the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Shetlands would cost a number of valuable lives. Happily, the prophecy was not fulfilled, while the work has been done in excellent style. Only one life was lost by drowning, and even that was not strictly due to the hazards of the work. To all concerned, this is simply a marvel; and the fact that there was not a single case of broken limbs, and only one death from natural causes, makes the record more remarkable still.

Nevertheless, the task of surveying the islands was a fresh departure in the way of additional discomforts, dangers, and anxieties. It is therefore from this period that we draw a few sketches at random from the thousand subjects that readily occur to us. The work in the islands was perhaps little harder in itself than much of that already completed on the mainland. The two chief hardships that presented themselves for the first time were, greater isolation and the more frequent and more hazardous boating excursions which the duties involved. The parties were now also almost invariably farther from any base of supply. As a rule, sufficient provisions of a kind and at a price could still be obtained, but there was much uncertainty in their delivery, owing to the weather and the want of punctuality on the part of the caterers. At times, the men had to subsist for weeks together on tea, oatmeal cakes, and eggs. Fresh meat in some instances was not obtainable in any weather or at any price, so that some sections of the workers had to pursue their exceptionally arduous duties for a whole season together on bread and 'groceries.'

The 'sappers,' as they were generically styled, whether Royal Engineers, civil assistants, or labourers, had already had some taste and experience of boating on the oftentimes tempestuous Highland lochs, as well as off the grim coast of Ardnamurchan, where, when the wild north winds blow, the sea-view is one of the most awful that can be witnessed around our shores. But now, among the islands, rowing across ugly creeks or round some headland or other was often a part of their daily task. Although a calm morning was usually selected for starting on such expeditions, the weather, as may be supposed, did not always fulfil its augury. The return voyages were often of the most perilous nature. Frequent hair-breadth escapes thus occurred, the narratives of which would well compare in romantic interest with many boasted tales of the sea.

Hitherto, the hill-work and camp-life had been restricted to the summer and autumn months; but in the winter of 1874-75—the year of the great snow-storm, when a train was entombed for three days on the Highland line—an order was issued that the work in the islands should be henceforth prosecuted without stoppage until its final completion. There was no help for it: the men stuck to their tents as long as the tents stuck to them, working intermittently, as the weather would permit. Imagine, then—merely as an example—a small encampment, at Christmas-time

of that year, standing on the north-west shore of solitary Loch Buie, in Mull, coals and provisions short, the nearest village fourteen miles distant. There was no help for it, as we have said; till, on one of the last nights of the year, a more than usually wild tempest swept round the fir-clad hills that tower above the loch, tearing up trees by the roots, hurling masses of rock into the tarn, and lashing the waters into a seething expanse of furious foam. The rain-like sleet was a whirling torrent. After examining the guy-ropes and pickets of the tents with unwonted care, the drenched and wearied surveyors had turned into their cheerless stretchers, but not to sleep. From time to time a gust would strike the canvas with such violence as to threaten the instant destruction of the camp. The miserable task of turning out in that awful night to refasten pickets and slacken guys had to be repeated every few minutes for hours together. A lull came about two in the morning, and the men were just congratulating each other that the worst was over, when, with a crescendo whistle of warning, the storm leapt down the mountain side with redoubled fury, crashing and overthrowing everything on its way. With a succession of loud reports, the canvases split and the tents were overturned. The poor 'sappers' were left in 'storm and night and darkness,' undressed, on their stretchers. Their clothing was scattered far and wide. Their experiences till daylight may be better imagined than described.

The heroes of the above episode, together with other parties, who had fared little better during the winter, had a brief respite from hardship in the spring of 1875 in the beautiful island of Islay, with its large area of cultivated land and succession of low undulating hills. The number of large villages—or small towns—which it contains admitted of the men dispensing with tents and enjoying the luxury of lodgings. Those were red-letter days for them. They entered with zest into the almost forgotten enjoyments of civilised life. Pleasant may their memories be! But even Islay had its adventures. The stormy wreck-strewn shores of Loch an Dahl—an arm of the sea whose terrors are known to all west-coast mariners—very nearly saw the end of several men whose temerity tempted its waters when in angry mood. The poor, brave pilot of Port Charlotte, who frequently gave his solemn warning to the foolhardy, has since found his own grave at the bottom of the treacherous loch, of which he may be said to have been custodian.

Thence to Jura. This, as is well known, is an interesting island in many respects. Two gracefully rounded hills rise like twin sugar-loaves from either shore; while the 'raised beaches,' as geologists term them, which are found in the western district, at an elevation of many hundred feet above the present sea-level, the famous Corryvreckin whirlpool, between its northern shore and the island of Scarba, and its romantic coast-line and surrounding seas, give to Jura an exceptional interest both to the artist and the scientist. But to those who surveyed it for Ordnance purposes, the delights were indeed few and far between. The men so engaged, however, received many kindnesses from the proprietors, which, in their simple hearty way, they delight to recall.

Picture a camp, occupied by some twenty men, perched eyrie-like amongst a high, shapeless mass of rocks on the north-western side of the island; not a house within ken! Provisions and coal could only be obtained by smack from Port Askaig, in Islay, and that only when weather and accidents permitted. The men had a spell of three months in this delectable spot, and the ground they had to survey was probably as bad as any that chain was ever dragged over or theodolite ever stood upon. Fancy, in addition, three weeks of incessant rain under such circumstances! Rare opportunity for Mark Tapleys!

A second party had pitched their tents on a small stretch of fine pasture in a sheltered bight, just at the junction of the Sound of Jura and the Gulf of Corryreckin, within earshot of the incessant din of the dreaded Corry. Near by, at the top of the grassy slope on which the camp stood, there were four small thatched cottages, one of which was occupied by that prince of boatmen and stoutest of hearts, old Colin Shaw. It was a snug spot, with various splendid sea prospects: the Corry itself, the waters around which seemed, to the naked eye, to prance like a brigade of cavalry with the white plumes nodding on their helmets; the Sound, dotted with steamers and craft of every description; the distant Bay of Crinan, with its breakwater of small, low-lying islands; and the cloud-capt precipices of inhospitable Scarba. So far, so well; and those blessings were appreciated. But bread and groceries had to be brought to them eight miles by cart, and then another eight miles by sea, while fresh meat, or, indeed, meat of any kind, was not to be had on the island. This fact, and three weeks of a deluge, sponged a considerable deal of the rose-hue from the picture. Again, the boating! There had well need be a first-class boatman at Kinachdrach. The run from that point to the only landing-spot on Scarba is probably as ticklish a bit of manœuvring as can well be conceived even by professionals, and that, too, in moderately fine weather; but in a stiff gale, the feat is one scarcely to be undertaken, and is seldom attempted. It had to be done, however, on many occasions, on one of which, a perilously near shave was made in avoiding being swept through the gulf and into the vortex of the whirlpool, not two miles distant. The task of surveying an outlying ridge of rocks near the Corry was done; but a little more than coaxing was needed to get the surveyor to undertake it. A calm day was chosen, and the run made at the slack of the tide, under which circumstances a yacht, or even a large sail-boat, can run the gauntlet of the whirlpool itself.

After a few weeks of lenten fare, the men of this party began naturally enough to long for the fleshpots. They were not supplied by the authorities with provisions, but 'found' for themselves in whatever way they could out of their full pay, the portage of the week's supply alone being chargeable in the accounts. Their caterer in the present instance was at 'Small Isles,' and could provide no meat; on the other hand, the hire of a boat to make a separate journey to the mainland in search of that commodity would have to be borne by themselves. After growling at this dilemma for some weeks

longer, they resolved to despatch a quest-party, and one wet day engaged Colin Shaw and his large boat for the occasion. Kinachdrach in the island of Jura is distant from Crinan on the mainland about eleven miles. The men had to row the whole distance, the old boatman acting as steersman, with a tide running southerly with great velocity. The boat was a heavy one, and the two oarsmen had therefore their work cut out for them. When they had gone about three parts the distance, Colin began to look anxious and to urge them to pull as hard as they were able. There was a low reef of rocks which he wished to pass on the north side. The men made a spurt; but just as they seemed likely to row well clear of the danger, one of them 'caught a crab,' and fell backwards into the bottom of the boat. Quick as lightning, but with a face pale and set, Colin dropped the tiller, sprang to the bows, seized a rope, and leapt on to the nearest point of the ridge, to which the boat had miraculously escaped coming broad-side on! And there, in mid-channel of the Sound of Jura, against a strong tide, the three men had to haul the boat round and clear of the reef before they could resume their journey, which, however, they finished in safety, and, after a drive of eight miles to Lochgilphead, succeeded in laying in a store of mutton, which they brought triumphantly to camp.

As we have said, we can only indicate by a few glimpses the hard circumstances under which much of the survey of the islands was effected. Pen would fail to describe the terrible discomforts, privations, and miseries that the surveyors endured during their 'shifts' from one island to another. The journeys to Colonsay, Tiree, Coll, Rum, Barra, &c., were each of them small 'expeditions' in themselves, in the sense in which that term has lately come to be applied. Exposure in open boats, oftentimes in wet and boisterous weather; landings, some of them at midnight, on unknown beaches or amongst rocks, with several tons of stores and valuable instruments in charge; and the impossibility of obtaining any but the meagrest fare at any time, gave to the task a grimness and severity which many a campaign in earnest has not possessed—and without the glory. The inhabitants were almost invariably kindly in manner to the strangers; but, in strict truth, gave nothing but their goodwill for nothing; on the contrary, they always drove pretty hard bargains with the 'sappers.' Those of the parties who could speak Gaelic fared best, and were alone able to enjoy such little society as these solitudes afforded.

It is a far cry from Jura to Orkney. The different parties met by appointment in smacks one evening at a given point off the Jura coast, and lay to all night, waiting for the steamer from Glasgow, which was to pick them up. About midnight of the second day after, they reached Scrabster in the far north, debarked and unloaded, and, after the Sunday's rest, began at midnight to get their stores on board the *Express* steamer, which sailed next morning for Stromness. There, orders awaited them to take up the Orkney stations allotted to them. Stores were once more landed, provisions and coal hurriedly purveyed, a smack for one, and a string of carts for another party hired, and the loading

process was again repeated. The party with the carts went inland; that with the smack sailed for the island of Hoy. On arriving, the smack could not be run up to the pier on account of the tide. The stores were landed by small boats, and transferred to a procession of twenty-five of the small carts used in the island; and then the tired party marched up the desolate valley of Rackwick to their camping-ground. Not a bale was opened nor a fire lit that night. Overcome with fatigue, the entire party bivouacked on the peat-moss, and next morning they began the detail-survey of the Orkneys.

The precipitous island of Hoy was finished in a fortnight, and then a pleasanter time began; for the remainder of the Orkney Islands, mostly flat and under cultivation, presented little but easy work; while the numerous villages, and the warm hospitality of an English-speaking race, afforded a most agreeable change from the uncouth surroundings of the Hebrides. There was, of course, plenty of boating, and plenty of stormy weather to do it in. The north-east winds and the strong tidal currents that sweep between the islands make sailing amongst them exceptionally hazardous to all but the natives. The islanders are, however, aquatic from their birth. The children are as familiar with a boat as an agricultural labourer's children are with a horse. The boats themselves, too, are of the handiest and most seaworthy kind, so that the dangers of the coasting expeditions were minimised. There are adventures of an exciting kind to tell, but these can find no place in our already exhausted space.

The Shetlands presented to the surveyors once more the hard work and hard living they had so long undergone, the scant society and vexatious and perilous coast-work. The kindly natives, however, did all they could to make the stay of their strange visitors as pleasant as possible, and many agreeable memories of the expedition remain.

In concluding a necessarily brief article on a large subject, we trust that the impression has not been conveyed that the hardships described were treated by the men as though they deserved commiseration. This would be far from the fact. A trouble, a difficulty, a danger passed, fell at once into the limbo of history; the humorous, the grotesque side of each adventure alone remained. They are now surveying 'fresh woods and pastures new' in some of England's fairest counties. They 'fight their battles o'er again' with zest, but without complaint, and indeed appear to have a lingering fondness for the recollections associated with their long campaign near home.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER VIII.

'It is not because of this only, papa—I wanted before to speak to you. I was waiting in the loggia for you—when Constance came.'

'What did you want, Frances?—Oh, I quite acknowledge that you have a right to inquire. I hoped, perhaps, I might be spared to-night; I am rather exhausted—to-night.'

Frances dropped the hand which she had laid upon his arm. 'It shall be exactly as you please,

papa. I seem to know a great deal—oh, a great deal more than I knew at dinner. I don't think I am the same person; and I thought it might save us all, if you would tell me—as much as you think I ought to know.'

She had sat down in her usual place, in her careful little modest pose, a little stiff, a little prim—the training of Mariuccia. After Constance, there was something in the attitude of Frances which made her father smile, though he was in no mood for smiling; and it was clear that he could not, that he ought not to escape. He would not sit down, however, and meet her eye. He stood by the table for a few minutes, with his eyes upon the books, turning them over, as if he were looking for something. At last he said, but without looking up: 'There is nothing very dreadful to tell; no guilty secret, though you may suppose so. Your mother and I'—

'Then I have really a mother, and she is living?' the girl cried.

He looked at her for a moment. 'I forgot that for a girl of your age that means a great deal—I hadn't thought of it. Perhaps if you knew— Yes; you have got a mother, and she is living. I suppose that seems a very wonderful piece of news?'

Frances did not say anything. The water came into her eyes. Her heart beat loudly, yet softly, against her young bosom. She had known it, so that she was not surprised. The surprise had been broken by Constance's careless talk, by the wonder, the doubt, the sense of impossibility, which had gradually yielded to a conviction that it must be so. Her feeling was that she would like to go now, without delay, without asking any more questions, to her mother. Her mother! and he hadn't thought before how much that meant to a girl—of her age!

Mr Waring was a little disconcerted by having no answer. Of course it meant a great deal to a girl; but still, not so much as to make her incapable of replying. He felt a little annoyed, disturbed, perhaps jealous, as Frances herself had been. It was with difficulty that he resumed again; but it had to be done.

'Your mother and I,' he said, taking up the books again, opening and shutting them, looking at the title-page now of one, now of another, 'did not get on very well. I don't know who was in fault—probably both. She had been married before. She had a son, whom you hear Constance speak of as Markham. Markham has been at the bottom of all the trouble. He drove me out of my senses when he was a boy. Now he is a man, so far as I can make out it is he that has disturbed our peace again—hunted us up, and sent Constance here.—If you ever meet Markham—and of course now you are sure to meet him—beware of him.' Here he made a pause again, and looked with great seriousness at the book in his hand, turning

the leaf to finish a sentence which was continued on the next page.

'I beg your pardon, papa,' said Frances; 'I am afraid I am very stupid. What relation is Markham to me?'

He looked at her for a moment, then threw down the book with some violence on the table, as if it were the offender. 'He is your step-brother,' he said.

'My—brother? Then I have a brother too?' After a little pause she added: 'It is very wonderful, papa, to come into a new world like this all at once. I want—to draw my breath.'

'It is my fault that it comes upon you all at once. I never thought— You were a very small child when I brought you away. You forgot them all, as was natural. I did not at first know how entirely a child forgets; and then—then it seemed a pity to disturb your mind, and perhaps set you longing for—what it was impossible for you to obtain.'

It surprised him a little that Frances did not breathe a syllable of reproach. She said nothing. In her imagination she was looking back on these years, wondering how it would have been had she known. Would life ever be the same, now that she did know? The world seemed to open up round her, so much greater, wider, more full than she had thought of. She had not thought much on the subject. Life in Bordighera was more limited even than life in an English village. The fact that she did not belong to the people among whom she had spent all these years, made a difference; and her father's recluse habits, the few people he cared to know, the stagnation of his life, made a greater difference still. Frances had scarcely felt it until that meeting with the Mannerings, which put so many vague ideas into her mind. A child does not naturally inquire into the circumstances which have surrounded it all its life. It was natural to her to live in this retired place, to see nobody, to make amusements and occupations for herself; to know nobody more like herself than Tasie Durant. Had she even possessed any girl-friends living the natural life of youth, that might have inspired a question or two. But she knew no girls—except Tasie, whose girlhood was a sort of fossil, and who might almost have been the mother of Frances. She saw indeed the village girls, but it did not occur to her to compare herself with them. Familiar as she was with all their ways, she was still a *forestiere*, one of the barbarous people, English, a word which explains every difference. Frances did not quite know in what the peculiarity and eccentricity of the English consisted; but she, too, recognised with all simplicity that being English, she was different. Now it came suddenly to her mind that the difference was not anything generic and general, but that it was her own special circumstances, that had been unlike all the rest. There had been a mother all the time; another girl, a sister, like herself. It made her brain whirl.

She sat quite silent, thinking it all over, not perceiving her father's embarrassment, thinking less of him, indeed, than of all the wonderful new things that seemed to crowd about her. She did not blame him. She was not, indeed, thinking enough of him to blame him; besides that

her mind was not sufficiently developed for retrospection. As she had taken him all her life without examination, she continued to take him. He was her father; that was enough. It did not occur to her to ask herself whether what he had done was right or wrong. Only, it was all very strange. The old solid earth had gone from under her feet, and the old order of things had been overthrown. She was looking out upon a world not realised—a spectator of something like the throes of creation, seeing the new landscape tremble and roll into place, the heights and hollows all changing; there was a great deal of excitement in it, both pain and pleasure. It occupied her so fully, that he fell back into a secondary place.

But this did not occur to Waring. He had not realised that it could be possible. He felt himself the centre of the system in which his little daughter lived, and did not understand how she could ignore him. He thought her silence, the silence of amazement and excitement and of that curious spectatorship, was the silence of reproach, and that her mind was full of a sense of wrong, which only duty kept in check. He felt himself on his trial before her. Having said all that he had to say, he remained silent, expecting her response. If she had given vent to an indignant exclamation, he would have been relieved; he would have allowed that she had a right to be indignant. But her silence was more than he could bear. He searched through the recesses of his own thoughts; but for the moment he could not find any further excuse for himself. He had done it for the best. Probably she would not see that. Waring was well enough acquainted with the human mind to know that every individual sees such a question from his or her own point of view, and was prepared to find that she would be unable to perceive what was so plain to him. But still he was aware that he had done it for the best. After a while the silence became so irksome to him that he felt compelled to break it and resume his explanation. If she would not say anything, there were a number of things which he might say.

'It is a pity,' he said, 'that it has all broken upon you so suddenly. If I ever could have divined that Constance would have taken such a step— To tell you the truth, I have never realised Constance at all,' he added with an impulse towards the daughter he knew. 'She was of course a mere child—to see her so independent, and with so distinct a will of her own, is very bewildering. I assure you, Frances, if it is wonderful to you, it is scarcely less wonderful to me.'

There was something in the tone that made her lift her eyes to him; and to see him stand there so embarrassed, so subdued, so much unlike the father, who, though very kind and tender, had always been perhaps a little condescending, patronising, towards the girl, whom he scarcely recognised as an independent entity, went to her heart. She could not tell him not to be frightened; not to look at her with that guilty, apologetic look, which altogether reversed their ordinary relationship; but it added a pang to her bewilderment. She asked hastily, by way of concealing this uncomfortable change, a question which she thought he would have no

difficulty in answering: 'Is Constance much older than I am, papa?'

He gave a sort of furtive smile, as if he had no right to smile in the circumstances. 'I don't wonder at your question. She has seen a great deal more of the world. But if there is a minute or two between you, I don't know which has it. There is no elder or younger in the case. You are twins, though no one would think so.'

This gave Frances a further shock, though why, it would be impossible to say. The blood rushed to her face. 'She must think me—a very poor little thing,' she said in a hurried tone. 'I never knew—I have no friend except Tasie—to show me what girls might be.' The thought mortified her in an extraordinary way; it brought a sudden gush of soft tears, tears quite different from those which had welled to her eyes when he told her of her mother. Constance, who was so different, would despise her—Constance, who knew exactly all about it, and that Frances was as old, perhaps a few minutes older than she. It is always difficult to divine what form pride will take. This was the manner in which it affected Frances. The same age; and yet the one an accomplished woman, judging for herself; and the other not much more than a child.

'You do yourself injustice,' said Mr Waring, somewhat rehabilitated by the mortification of Frances. 'Nobody could think you a poor little thing. You have not the same knowledge of the world. Constance has been very differently brought up. I think my training a great deal better than what she has had,' he added quickly, with a mingled desire to cheer and restore self-confidence to Frances, and to re-assert himself after his humiliation. He felt what he said, and yet, as was natural, he said a little more than he felt. 'I must tell you,' he said in this new impulse, 'that your mother is—a much more important person than I am. She is a great deal richer. The marriage was supposed to be much to my advantage.'

There was a smile on his face, which Frances, looking up suddenly, warned by a certain change of tone, did not like to see. She kept her eyes upon him instinctively, she could not tell why, with a look which had a certain influence upon him, though he did not well understand it either. It meant that the unknown woman of whom he spoke was the girl's mother—her mother—one of whom no unbefitting word was to be said. It checked him in a quite curious unexpected way. When he had spoken of her, which he had done very rarely since they parted, it had been with a sense that he was free to characterise her as he thought she deserved. But here he was stopped short. That very evening he had said things to Constance of her mother which in a moment he felt that he dared not say to Frances. The sensation was a very strange one. He made a distinct pause, and then he said hurriedly: 'You must not for a moment suppose that there was anything wrong; there is no story that you need be afraid of hearing—nothing, neither on her side or mine—nothing to be ashamed of.'

All at once Frances grew very pale; her eyes opened wide; she gazed at him with speechless horror. The idea was altogether new to her artless mind. It flashed through his that Constance would not have been at all surprised; that pro-

bably she would have thought it 'nice of him' to exonerate his wife from all moral shortcoming. The holy ignorance of the other brought a sensation of shame to Waring, and at the same time a sensation of pride. Nothing could more clearly have proved the superiority of his training. She would have felt no consternation, only relief at this assurance, if she had been all her life in her mother's hands.

'It is a great deal to say, however, though you are too inexperienced to know. The whole thing was incompatibility—incompatibility of temper, and of ideas, and of tastes, and of fortune even. I could not, you may suppose, accept advantages purchased with my predecessor's money, or take the good of his rank through my wife; and she would not come down in the world to my means and to my name. It was an utter mistake altogether. We should have understood each other beforehand. It was impossible that we could get on. But that was all. There was probably more talk about it than if there had been really more to talk about.'

Frances rose up with a little start. 'I think, perhaps,' she said, 'I don't want you to tell me any more.'

'Well—perhaps you are right.' But he was startled by her quick movement. 'I did not mean to say anything that could shock you. If you were to hear anything at all, the truth is what you must hear. But you must not blame me overmuch, Frances. Your very impatience of what I have been saying will explain to you why I thought that to say nothing—as long as I could help it—was the best.'

Her hand trembled a little as she lighted her candle; but she made no comment. 'Good-night, papa. To-morrow it will all seem different. Everything is strange to-night.'

He put his hands upon her shoulders and looked down into the little serious face, the face that had never been so serious before. 'Don't think any worse of me, Frances, than you can help.'

Her eyes opened wider with astonishment. 'Think of you, worse— But, papa, I am not thinking of you at all,' she said simply; 'I am thinking of it.'

Waring had gone through a number of depressing and humbling experiences during the course of the evening; but this was the unkindest of all—and it was so natural. Frances was no critic. She was not thinking of his conduct, which was the first thing in his mind, but of *It*, the revelation which had been made to her. He might have perceived that, or divined it, if he had not been occupied by this idea, which did not occupy her at all—the thought of how he personally had come through the business. He gave a little faltering laugh at himself as he stooped and kissed her. 'That's all right,' he said. 'Good-night; but don't let *It* interfere with your sleep. To-morrow everything will look different, as you say.'

Frances turned away with her light in her hand; but before she had reached the door, returned again. 'I think I ought to tell you, papa, that I am sure the Durants know. They said a number of strange things to me yesterday, which I think I understand now. If you don't mind, I would rather let them suppose

that I knew all the time; otherwise, it looks as if you thought you could not trust me.'

'I could trust you'—he said with a little fervour, 'my dear child, my dear little girl, I would trust you with my life.'

Was there a faint smile in the little girl's limpid simple eyes? He thought so, and it disconcerted him strangely. She made no response to that protestation, but with a little nod of her head, went away. Waring sat down at the table again and began to think it all over from the beginning. He was sore and aching, like a man who has fallen from a height. He had fallen from the pedestal on which, to Frances, he had stood all these years. She might not be aware of it even, but he was. And he had fallen from those Elysian fields of peace in which he had been dwelling for so long. They had not, perhaps, seemed very Elysian while he was secure of their possession. They had been monotonous in their stillness, and wearied his soul. But now that he looked back upon them, a new cycle having begun, they seemed to him like the very house of peace. He had not done anything to forfeit this tranquillity, and yet it was over, and he stood once more on the edge of an agitated and disturbed life. He was a man who could bear monotony, who liked his own way, yet liked that bondage of habit which is as hard as iron to some souls. He liked to do the same things at the same time day after day, and to be undisturbed in doing them. But now all his quiet was over. Constance would have a thousand requirements such as Frances had never dreamed of; and her brother no doubt would soon turn up, that step-brother whom Waring had never been able to tolerate even when he was a child. She might even come, herself—who could tell?

When this thought crossed his mind, he got up hastily and left the salone, leaving the lamp burning, as Domenico found it next morn, to his consternation—a symbol of Chaos come again—burning in the daylight. Mr Waring almost fled to his room and locked his door in the horror of that suggestion. And this was not only because the prospect of such a visit disturbed him beyond measure, but because he had not yet made a clean breast of it. Frances did not yet know all.

Frances for her part went to the blue room, and opened the *persianis*, and sat looking out upon the moonlight for some time before she went to bed. The room was bare; she missed her pictures, which Constance had taken no notice of—the Madonna that had been above her head for so many years, and which had vaguely appeared to her as a symbol of the mother who had never existed in her life. Now there seemed less need for the Madonna. The bare walls had pictures all over them—pictures of a new life. In imagination, no one is shy or nervous or strange. She let the new figures move about her freely, and delighted herself with familiar pictures of them and the changes that must accompany them. She was not like her father, afraid of changes. She thought of the new people, the new combinations, the quickened life, and the thought made her smile. They would come, and she would make the house gay and bright to receive them. Perhaps some time, surrounded by this new family, that belonged to her, she might even be taken

'home.' The thought was delightful, notwithstanding the thrill of excitement in it. But still there was something which Frances did not know.

OUTSIDE LONDON.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

II.

THE dismal pits in a disused brickfield, unsightly square holes in a waste, are full in the shallow places of an aquatic grass, Reed Canary Grass, I think, which at this time of mists stretches forth sharp-pointed tongues over the stagnant water. These sharp-pointed leaf-tongues are all on one side of the stalks, so that the most advanced project across the surface, as if the water were the canvas, and the leaves drawn on it. For water seems always to rise away from you—to slope slightly upwards; even a pool has that appearance, and therefore anything standing in it is drawn on it as you might sketch on this paper. You see the water beyond and above the top of the plant, and the smooth surface gives the leaf and stalk a sharp, clear definition. But the mass of the tall grass crowds together, every leaf painted yellow by the autumn, a thick cover at the pit-side. This tall grass always awakes my fancy, its shape partly, partly its thickness, perhaps; and yet these feelings are not to be analysed. I like to look at it; I like to stand or move among it on the bank of a brook, to feel it touch and rustle against me. A sense of wildness comes with its touch, and I feel a little as I might feel if there was a vast forest round about. As a few strokes from a loving hand will soothe a weary forehead, so the gentle pressure of the wild grass soothes and strokes away the nervous tension born of civilised life.

I could write a whole history of it; the time when the leaves were fresh and green, and the sedge-birds frequented it; the time when the moorhen's young crept after their mother through its recesses; from the singing of the cuckoo by the river, till now the brown and yellow leaves strew the water. They strew, too, the dry brown grass of the land, thick tufts, and lie even among the rushes, blown hither from the distant trees. The wind works its full will over the exposed waste, and drives through the reed-grass, scattering the stalks aside, and scarce giving them time to spring together again, when the following blast a second time divides them.

A cruder piece of ground, ruder and more dismal in its unsightly holes, could not be found; and yet, because of the reed-grass, it is made as it were full of thought. I wonder the painters, of whom there are so many nowadays, armies of amateurs, do not sometimes take these scraps of earth and render into them the idea which fills a clod with beauty. In one such dismal pit—not here—I remember there grew a great quantity of bulrushes. Another was surrounded with such masses of swamp-foliage that it reminded those who saw it of the creeks in semi-tropical countries. But somehow they do not seem to see these things, but go on the old mill-round of scenery, exhausted many a year since. They do not see them, perhaps,

because most of those who have educated themselves in the technique of painting are city-bred, and can never have the *feeling* of the country, however fond they may be of it.

In those fields of which I was writing the other day, I found an artist at work at his easel; and a pleasant nook he had chosen. His brush did its work with a steady and sure stroke that indicated command of his materials. He could delineate whatever he selected with technical skill at all events. He had pitched his easel where two hedges formed an angle, and one of them was full of oak-trees. The hedge was singularly full of 'bits'—bryony, tangles of grasses, berries, boughs half-tinted and boughs green, hung as it were with pictures like the wall of a room. Standing as near as I could without disturbing him, I found that the subject of his canvas was none of these. It was that old stale and dull device of a rustic bridge spanning a shallow stream crossing a lane. Some figure stood on the bridge—the old, old trick. He was filling up the hedge of the lane with trees from the hedge, and they were cleverly executed. But why drag them into this fusty scheme, which has appeared in every child's sketch-book for fifty years? Why not have simply painted the beautiful hedge at hand, purely and simply, a hedge hung with pictures for any one to copy? The field in which he had pitched his easel is full of fine trees and good 'effects.' But no; we must have the ancient and effete old story. This is not all the artist's fault, because he must in many cases paint what he can sell; and if his public will only buy effete old stories, he cannot help it. Still, I think if a painter *did* paint that hedge in its fullness of beauty, just simply as it stands in the mellow autumn light, it would win approval of the best people, and that ultimately, a succession of such work would pay.

The clover was dying down, and the plough would soon be among it—the earth was visible in patches. Out in one of these bare patches there was a young mouse, so chilled by the past night that his dull senses did not appear conscious of my presence. He had crept out on the bare earth evidently to feel the warmth of the sun, almost the last hour he would enjoy. He looked about for food, but found none; his short span of life was drawing to a close; even when at last he saw me, he could only run a few inches under cover of a dead clover-plant. Thousands upon thousands of mice perish like this as the winter draws on, born too late in the year to grow strong enough or clever enough to prepare a store. Other kinds of mice perish like leaves at the first blast of cold air. Though but a mouse, to me it was very wretched to see the chilled creature, so benumbed as to have almost lost its sense of danger. There is something so ghastly in birth that immediately leads to death; a sentient creature born only to wither. The earth offered it no help, nor the declining sun; all things organised seem to depend so much on circumstances. Nothing but pity can be felt for thousands upon thousands of such organisms. But thus, too, many a miserable human being has perished in the great Metropolis, dying, chilled and benumbed, of starvation, and finding the hearts of fellow-creatures as bare and cold as the earth of the clover-field.

In these fields outside London the flowers are peculiarly rich in colour. The common mallow,

whose flower is usually a light mauve, has here a deep, almost purple bloom; the bird's-foot lotus is a deep orange. The figwort, which is generally two or three feet high, stands in one ditch fully eight feet, and the stem is more than half an inch square. A fertile soil has doubtless something to do with this colour and vigour. The red admiral butterflies, too, seemed in the summer more brilliant than usual. One very fine one, whose broad wings stretched out like fans, looked simply splendid floating round and round the willows which marked the margin of a dry pool. His blue markings were really blue—blue velvet—his red, and the white stroke shone as if sunbeams were in his wings. I wish there were more of these butterflies; in summer, dry summer, when the flowers seem gone and the grass is not so dear to us, and the leaves are dull with heat, a little colour is so pleasant. To me, colour is a sort of food; every spot of colour is a drop of wine to the spirit. I used to take my folding-stool on those long heated days, which made the late summer so conspicuous among summers, down to the shadow of a row of elms by a common cabbage-field. Their shadow was nearly as hot as the open sunshine; the dry leaves did not absorb the heat that entered them, and the dry hedge and dry earth poured heat up as the sun poured it down. Dry dead leaves—dead with heat, as with frost—strewn the grass, dry, too, and withered at my feet.

But among the cabbages, which were very small, there grew thousands of poppies, fifty times more poppies than cabbage, so that the pale green of the cabbage leaves was hidden by the scarlet petals falling wide open to the dry air. There was a broad band of scarlet colour all along the side of the field, and it was this which brought me to the shade of those particular elms. The use of the cabbages was in this way: they fetched for me all the white butterflies of the neighbourhood, and they fluttered, hundreds and hundreds of white butterflies, a constant stream and flow of them over the broad band of scarlet. Humble-bees came too; bur-bur-bur; and the buzz, and the flutter of the white wings over those fixed red butterflies the poppies, the flutter and sound and colour pleased me in the dry heat of the day. Sometimes I set my camp-stool by a humble-bee's nest. I like to see and hear them go in and out, so happy, busy, and wild; the humble-bee is a favourite. This warm summer their nests were very plentiful; but although the heat might have seemed so favourable to them, the flies were not at all numerous, I mean out-of-doors. Wasps, on the contrary, flourished to an extraordinary degree. One willow-tree particularly took their fancy; there was a swarm in the tree for weeks, attracted by some secretion; the boughs and leaves were yellow with wasps. But it seemed curious that flies should not be more numerous than usual; they are dying now fast enough, except a few of the large ones, that still find some sugar in the flowers of the ivy. The finest show of ivy flower is among some yew-trees; the dark ivy has filled the dark yew-tree, and brought out its pale yellow-green flowers in the sombre boughs. Last night, a great fly, the last in the house, buzzed into my candle. I detest flies, but I was

sorry for his scorched wings; the fly itself hateful, its wings so beautifully made. I have sometimes picked a feather from the dirt of the road and placed it on the grass. It is contrary to one's feelings to see so beautiful a thing lying in the mud. Towards my window now, as I write, there comes suddenly a shower of yellow leaves, wrested out by main force from the high elms; the blue sky behind them, they droop slowly, borne onward, twirling, fluttering towards me—a cloud of autumn butterflies.

A spring rises on the summit of a green brow that overlooks the meadows for miles. The spot is not really very high, still it is the highest ground in that direction for a long distance, and it seems singular to find water on the top of the hill, a thing common enough, but still sufficiently opposed to general impressions to appear remarkable. In this shallow water, says a faint story—far off, faint, and uncertain, like the murmur of a distant cascade—two ladies and some soldiers lost their lives. The brow is defended by thick bramble-bushes, which bore a fine crop of blackberries this autumn, to the delight of the boys; and these bushes partly conceal the sharpness of the short descent. But once your attention is drawn to it, you see that it has all the appearance of having been artificially sloped, like a rampart, or rather a glacis. The grass is green and the sward soft, being moistened by the spring, except in one spot, where the grass is burnt up under the heat of the summer sun, indicating the existence of foundations beneath.

There is a beautiful view from this spot; but leaving that now, and wandering on among the fields, presently you may find a meadow of peculiar shape, extremely long and narrow, half a mile long, perhaps; and this the folk will tell you was the King's Drive, or ride. Stories there are, too, of subterranean passages. There are always such stories in the neighbourhood of ancient buildings. I remember one, said to be three miles long; it led to an abbey. The lane leads on, bordered with high hawthorn hedges, and occasionally a stout hawthorn tree, hardy and twisted by the strong hands of the passing years; thick now with red haws, and the haunt of the red-wings, whose 'chuck-chuck' is heard every minute; but the birds themselves always perch on the outer side of the hedge. They are not far ahead, but they always keep on the safe side, flying on twenty yards or so, but never coming to my side.

The little pond, which in summer was green with weed, is now yellow with the fallen hawthorn leaves; the pond is choked with them. The lane has been slowly descending; and now, on looking through a gateway, an ancient building stands up on the hill, sharply defined against the sky. It is the banqueting hall of a palace of old times, in which kings and princes once sat at their meat after the chase. This is the centre of those dim stories which float like haze over the meadows around. Many a wild red stag has been carried thither after the hunt, and many a wild boar slain in the glades of the forest.

The acorns are dropping now as they dropped five centuries since, in the days when the wild boars fed so greedily upon them; the oaks are broadly touched with brown; the bramble thickets in which the boars hid, green, but strewn with

the leaves that have fallen from the lofty trees. Though meadow, arable, and hop fields hold now the place of the forest, a goodly remnant remains, for every hedge is full of oak and elm and ash; maple too, and the lesser bushes. At a little distance, so thick are the trees, the whole country appears a wood, and it is easy to see what a forest it must have been centuries ago.

The Prince leaving the grim walls of the Tower of London by the Water-gate, and dropping but a short way down with the tide, could mount his horse on the opposite bank, and reach his palace here, in the midst of the thickest woods and wildest country, in half an hour. Thence every morning setting forth upon the chase, he could pass the day in joyous labours, and the evening in feasting, still within call—almost within sound of horn—of the Tower, if any weighty matter demanded his presence.

In our time, the great city has widened out, and comes at this day down to within three miles of the hunting-palace. There still intervenes a narrow space between the last house of London and the ancient Forest Hall, a space of corn-field and meadow; the last house, for although not nominally London, there is no break of continuity in the bricks and mortar thence to London Bridge. London is within a stone's-throw, as it were, and yet, to this day the forest lingers, and it is country. The very atmosphere is different. That smoky thickness characteristic of the suburbs ceases as you ascend the gradual rise, and leave the outpost of bricks and mortar behind. The air becomes clear and strong, till on the brow by the spring on a windy day it is almost like sea-air. It comes over the trees, over the hills, and is sweet with the touch of grass and leaf. There is no gas, no sulphurous acid in that. As the Edwards and Henries breathed it centuries since, so it can be inhaled now. The sun that shone on the red deer is as bright now as then; the berries are thick on the bushes; there is colour in the leaf. The forest is gone; but the Spirit of Nature stays, and can be found by those who search for it. Dearly as I love the open air, I cannot regret the medieval days. I do not wish them back again; I would sooner fight in the foremost ranks of Time. Nor do we need them, for the spirit of nature stays, and will always be here, no matter to how high a pinnacle of thought the human mind may attain; still the sweet air, and the hills, and the sea, and the sun, will always be with us.

OUR POULTRY AND EGGS.

It may surprise our readers to be told that the total head of domestic poultry in Great Britain and Ireland is at the present time nearly thirty millions, two-thirds of the number being common domestic fowls, the remainder turkeys, geese, and ducks! This interesting fact has never been authoritatively made known till last year, during which a careful enumeration was taken of the poultry-stock of Great Britain. As regards Ireland, the egg and poultry supply of that country has been statistically known since the year 1876, when the fowls began to be counted once a year. It is wonderfully extensive, and contributes liberally to the national commissariat. Twelve months ago, the poultry-stock of all kinds

in the Emerald Isle was 'figured up' to over thirteen million head, more than half of the number being domestic fowls. Nearly every single head of poultry kept in Ireland is taken into account. It has not yet, however, been found possible to enumerate every fowl kept in England or Scotland; indeed, a very large number must have been omitted in the recent census, as those fed by cottagers were not taken into account; so that, in fact, if another million were to be added to the poultry figures of Great Britain, it would not probably be an exaggeration of the grand total, which is at present slightly over sixteen millions of individual fowls. But in addition to our home-grown supplies, we draw every year from foreign sources a contribution to the national poultry account of close upon six hundred thousand pounds; or including eggs, our imports of these luxuries of the table in the year 1883 amounted in value to more than three millions and a quarter sterling.

Accepting the fact that at a given date—midsummer—we had thirty millions of all kinds of poultry on hand, it becomes interesting to know that, large as the number of domestic fowls undoubtedly is, it is simply the parent or breeding-stock from which we derive a portion of our daily food. That a fourth of the number of fowls enumerated will prove active in laying and perpetuating their kind, and that a considerable percentage of the number of eggs produced will be hatched, still leaving, however, a vast number for sale, may, we think, be taken for granted. The laying power of our barn-door fowls is being gradually improved; of late years, much attention has been given to the subject by breeders of poultry, and the number of eggs obtained from well-arranged 'crosses' has been much increased—from one hundred and sixty to a little over two hundred per annum having by special care in feeding and housing been procured from individual hens. A notable housewife of our acquaintance set aside two years ago a couple of pens of strong healthy hens—a cross, she told us, of Cochin and Spanish—for the purpose of observing and duly noting their powers of production. The number selected was thirteen, six in one pen, seven in the other. The fowls of each pen were fed with care, and were allowed a daily run of three or four hours over a quarter of an acre of fine turfy ground. Without giving details of the quantity of food consumed, it may be mentioned that the thirteen hens produced in the course of the year two thousand two hundred and seventy-six eggs; and in each coop there was besides a hatching of chickens—twenty-one in all.

Taking the barn-door fowls of the United Kingdom overboard, the average number of eggs per hen, counting contingencies of all kinds, will be greatly less than is indicated by the above figures—namely, one hundred and seventy-five eggs, although there are thousands of individual hens which contribute two hundred per annum to the stock. Houdans, Andalusians, and Leghorns are splendid layers, so also are Hamburgs. But hens everywhere vary very much in their power of laying—some will lay five or six eggs a week for a period of nine months in the year; whilst others yield three, and in some cases only two, every seven days.

As regards the Irish hens, the number of eggs obtained from each laying-fowl has been variously estimated as ranging from seventy to a hundred and ten; and if it be set down, therefore, that each hen lays on an average eighty eggs per annum, that will be a very fair figure. The barn-door fowls of Great Britain produce a higher total; but then they are more cared for and better fed than the Irish fowls.

The total number of barn-door poultry in the United Kingdom being twenty millions, it may be taken for granted that one-fourth the number will be laying-hens. This it may be honestly confessed is an estimate, but it is one that has cost the writer some trouble to frame. It has to be borne in mind that the stock is always in a state of transition, and that a large number of the mature fowls are frequently engaged in producing chickens, to take the place of those which are sold. The male birds constitute a large percentage of the whole; indeed, a poultry-merchant recently told the writer that far more male than female birds were hatched in the course of a year; but this is a statement which requires confirmation. It is easy to suppose, however, that fewer hens pass through the hands of the dealers, as they, being the more valuable in virtue of their laying powers, are not sent to market till their services have been well utilised. As to the number of fowls which are consumed per annum in the United Kingdom, we ascertained, two years ago, from a Sussex* 'higgler' that it might be set down as being considerably over one-third, but not quite half of the stock in hand. The authority consulted was pretty certain to be well informed, as it is the business of a higgler or haggler to buy lean poultry from farmers and cottagers, in order to its being fattened for sale by persons who make a business of doing so—'crammers,' they are called. The higgler has a run of ground over which he is constantly travelling, picking up chickens every here and there for his employer, who prepares them for sale. Some of the English cottagers derive as much from their fowls in the year as twenty-two pounds, more than half of which is profit. In the county of Sussex a very large number of fowls are annually bred to be fattened for consumption; the number stated in the agricultural returns as stock is three hundred thousand one hundred and ninety-seven; but in reality it is much greater, as the enumeration was not extended to the smaller cottagers, who, however, are the most industrious breeders, and many of whom rear from twenty to a hundred and fifty chickens every year. Some of the crammers do a large trade. The fowls are now fed by machinery, the feeding process being accomplished with great rapidity; and the extent of trade in Sussex in the way of fowl-fattening may be judged from the fact that one firm has occasionally done business to the extent of close upon twenty-five thousand pounds in a year. Our informant told us that the trade was a growing one, and also that it was remunerative, especially to those fatteners who are clever

* The county of Surrey has also been long famed for its poultry; our present information, however, is based chiefly upon returns from Sussex.

in studying the state of the market. One industrious hand at the business, we were told, usually paid weekly wages to twenty-five persons. The fowls are of course fattened chiefly for the London poultry-vendors, and usually bring an average price of about three shillings and ninepence each. We have only in these notes, derived from our interview with the higgler, taken account of the barn-door fowls. Ducks, however, are also dealt with, likewise turkeys; but Sussex-fed fowls command a ready market.

Founding on the information of our informant, the Sussex chicken-seeker, we set down the home poultry supply as being eight millions of fowls per annum; and that number, calculated as being overhead of the value of two shillings each, represents the handsome sum of eight hundred thousand pounds. In this account we are not including the money derived from the sale of turkeys, ducks, or geese, of which over eight millions are fed in Great Britain and Ireland; and if the same proportions of these as of the barn-door fowls are brought to market, we may add the proceeds of four millions of these animals to our account at, say, the average figure of five shillings a head, which gives us a million pounds sterling. Turkey poults and ducklings realise a high price in their season in the London markets, so that the average taken is a moderate one. The flesh of the turkey at some periods of the year commands in the shops of the London poultry-men two shillings a poundweight.

As every householder knows to his cost, the consumption of eggs is enormous, whether at the breakfast-table, or in the preparation of other foods. 'What are a dozen eggs here?' said recently to us the mistress of a well-to-do middle-class family of nine persons including two servants. 'They are but a sight. Six or seven are required at breakfast; one has to be beaten up to make meat for baby; whilst probably two or three will be needed twice a week for puddings. I have seen, indeed, when we have had a little company in the house, that a hundred eggs have been bought in the course of a week; and at the present high prices, I grudge the payment very much. But eggs are so handy, one cannot very well want them.'

'How many eggs do you go through here?' we asked the intelligent manager of a large railway hotel in the course of our inquiry into this subject.

'We need about two thousand a week in the summer season, and about a hundred and twenty a day at other times,' was the reply; and in a house which makes up three hundred beds, and on some days supplies as many breakfasts, the number given as being consumed could readily enough be credited.

Assuming the egg-eating population of the United Kingdom to number twenty million persons—leaving out of the calculation the very young and the very poor—and that each individual only consumed one egg per week, the number required would be ten hundred and forty millions! It is impossible, however, to calculate exactly the number of eggs we consume; but we know for certain that there were imported into this country, in the year 1883, eggs to the value of two million seven hundred and thirty-two thousand and fifty-five pounds; the exact number received for that sum being nine hun-

dred and forty million four hundred and thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty individual eggs. In 1884 the number imported was in all likelihood much larger, as up to the end of August six hundred and eighty-one million six hundred and eighty-three thousand and forty had been received, the greater proportion from France; Germany and Belgium being also large contributors.

We come now to consider the question of our home supplies of eggs. As has been already stated, we possess twenty million head of poultry of the barn-door kind, and we do not propose to take note at present of the consumption of any other eggs than those of the common hen. Ducks' eggs and the eggs of the turkey are certainly offered for sale, but not to any remarkable extent. The number of productive fowls contributing to the egg-supply may be computed as being five millions, or a fourth of the entire stock represented as being in the country on a given day. The average number of eggs laid by each hen, exclusive of those engaged in breeding, we shall take at one hundred, which is a fair average as between those fowls which lay seventy per annum and others that lay three times that number. Assuming the foreign egg-supply of the year 1884 to have been one thousand millions, our own hens, it can be calculated—taking the five million layers overhead as each contributing a hundred marketable eggs—will give us five hundred millions, and the two sets of figures added together represent the consumption of eggs in the United Kingdom at the present time. The value of the lot, counted at one penny each, gives us a sum equal to six million and a quarter sterling!

The poultry and egg supply of the United Kingdom is derived from ten thousand different sources, each contributing so much to the total. There are not any poultry or egg producing farms on a large scale in the United Kingdom, nor, so far as we know, in any other country; the bringing to market of these luxuries of the commissariat affords remunerative employment to a large number of persons; and there is not a cottager in the kingdom but who could, if he does not already do so, add to his income by keeping a few laying-hens or other fowls. As has been shown, the sum of the national enrichment by the sale of poultry and eggs is a matter of millions sterling; and were we to add to the account the sums derived from the sale of game and wild-birds of various kinds, the total figures might be considerably augmented.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

For some time past it had been an accepted theory that the particular but unknown artists in burglary who had been troubling our division were 'foreigners,' who drove into business after nightfall; but I was now led to believe that this was a mistake. It seemed to me now much more probable that they were inhabitants of the division, having general knowledge of local men and things, and in particular having some ground for enmity to Mr Dorrington. The last point was a moral certainty, a thing that went without

saying, and in it I was hopeful I had at last got a *real* clue to the discovery of the band who had been so long and so pressingly wanted by our men.

I questioned Mr Dorrington on this head eagerly, but with sadly disappointing results. He had never had but the one man-servant, he explained—the old fellow who was still with him, and who doubled the parts of groom and gardener, and he was satisfied that he had nothing to do with the robbery. I knew the old man in question, and quite agreed with his master as to his innocence. The present maid-servants, Mr Dorrington went on, had been with him for a considerable period; and their predecessors in the household had left in a friendly way, to be married to respectable working-men who were for the most part known to himself. As to loafers, whom, as a guardian, he had dismissed when they had been attempting to quarter themselves or their families upon the rates—as to ‘that sort,’ they were to be numbered by scores. Some of them might of course be burglars or associates of burglars; but he had no knowledge or remembrance of anything pointing to any one man having been more likely than the others to have gone wrong that way.

Driven back in this direction, I resumed the routine line of inquiry by questioning the servants. As the cook, while anything but fair, was fat and more than forty, I could readily credit her emphatically expressed assurance that she had no followers. For other reasons, I could as easily believe a similar assurance upon the part of the kitchen-maid. With the housemaid, it was different. She was a pretty girl, with a rather determined expression of countenance. As I spoke to her, it struck me that her manner was at once nervous and guarded; nevertheless, she answered unhesitatingly. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘she had a sweetheart—name, Charley Wilson; occupation, a carpenter; worked for Parks and Crawford the builders; lodged in — Street, at the greengrocer’s shop at the corner. Had known him pretty near two years, had walked out with him “off and on” for twelve months, and regularly for about six; had last seen him on Sunday, and was to meet him again next Sunday.’

‘Was he allowed to visit her at the house?’

‘Well, he had been till about two months ago.’

‘And why not for the last two months?’

‘Because master had objected to it. She didn’t exactly know why. She supposed some one had been speaking against Charley to him. He had wanted to turn her against him; but she wasn’t a girl of that sort. Charley had always behaved handsome to her, and never more handsome than lately. She knew, of course, that master meant well by her; but for all that, he was mistaken. And now, was there anything else I would like to know?’

‘There was not,’ I replied; and having added an apologetical remark to the effect that in these affairs one was bound to ask each member of the household a question or two, I left her.

Joining Mr Dorrington again, I told him what the girl had said, and asked him what were his reasons for forbidding the visits of her sweetheart.

‘I’ll tell you,’ he answered. ‘A member of the firm that he works for is a friend of mine, and I learned from him that this Wilson was a fast, flashy sort of fellow. He is given to billiards and betting, and loses time at his work. Such a customer is not likely to make a good husband to a decent girl; and as my servant is a decent girl, I wished to break off the courtship for her sake.—But mind you, though I say he’s a bad lot for a girl to take up with, I don’t suppose for a moment he had anything to do with this robbery, if that’s what you’re driving at.’

‘I hardly know that I am driving at it yet,’ I said. ‘So far, there is nothing like evidence; while at the same time it seems the only point worth following up. I don’t think the housemaid knows anything; but though she answered straightforwardly, she had a look of having to pull herself together to do so; and unless I’m mistaken, she rather hopes than feels certain that it is impossible her lover could have had any hand in a job of this kind. Anyhow, a flashy, betting working-man is quite as likely as not to get into bad company. Again, this fellow is a carpenter; and you may take my word for it that it was no novice in the handling of carpenters’ tools that cut out that wine-cellar lock; while you can see for yourself that those skits on the drawing-room walls have been done with a carpenter’s pencil.’

‘Leave you fellows alone to make things fit into any ideas you’ve got ‘old of, or ‘ave let get ‘old of you,’ was Mr Dorrington’s uncomplimentary comment on this. ‘However,’ he concluded, ‘I suppose you’ll act on your own judgment, and it’s no use to arguefy.’

I bowed assent to the last proposition, and was passing out, when, as we came to the drawing-room, he threw open its door, and once more waving his hand towards the drawings on the wall-paper, asked: ‘Do you make anything out of them yet?’

‘Out of them,’ I answered, taking a last good look at them, ‘and out of the rough work in the garden, I of course make out that some or all on the job knew you, and didn’t like you. And that, too, you see, would apply to this Charley Wilson, who, you may depend upon it, doesn’t love you for trying to separate the girl and him.’

Leaving China House, I made my way to the greengrocery establishment at which I had been informed the lover of old Dorrington’s housemaid lived. When I reached the premises, the proprietor had just returned from his rounds, and stood on the pavement removing the baskets, scales, and so forth, from his van, a decidedly smart one of its kind; and in that respect in keeping with its owner, who was a particularly smart-looking fellow. He answered my questions readily enough, and without evincing any special curiosity as to why they were asked.

‘A Charley Wilson did lodge there,’ he said, ‘and did sleep there last night.’

‘What time did he come home?’

‘Well, they had been together to the *Greyhound* till half-past eleven, so that it would be a quarter to twelve when they got home; and Charley had gone straight to bed, leaving him to lock up.’

'But he might have gone out again after you were in bed.'

'Why, yes, he might; but as it happened, he didn't. He couldn't a done it without me knowing. Our door-fastenings go hard, and the door itself can only be shut—from the outside—with a bang. No one could go out without making a row that would wake a heavy sleeper, which I ain't. Besides, our young un was queer, and kept both the wife and me awake pretty well all through the night.'

This was conclusive so far; and it was not from any doubt of the greengrocer's truthfulness, but with an eye to giving something of roundness to my report, that I called at the *Greyhound*, and at the workshops in which Wilson was employed—only to find that my suspect had been at the public-house till the time named, and had duly turned up at work at six in the morning.

I was thus left without even a theory to suggest, and my official report was a very blank affair indeed—so far, that is, as the important point of detection was concerned.

The non-success of the police was duly recorded in the papers, and once more the locals came down heavily upon the Force. The bills announcing old Dorrington's offer of a hundred pounds reward were liberally displayed. For a week or two they were objects of interest to local students of wall literature; then they were rapidly covered by other and newer advertisements; and the China House burglary having fulfilled its nine days as a wonder, was speedily forgotten, the more especially as, within that period, another house in the neighbourhood was broken into, apparently by the same gang of burglars.

Other business coming in the way, I, too, ceased to have any special remembrance of the China House job, and seeing how unsatisfactory my connection with it had been, I was not sorry to forget it. As the event proved, however, this forgetfulness—for the time being, a blissful forgetfulness—was not destined to be permanent. Five months later—that is to say, in the April of the following year—I had occasion one day to make a visit to a notorious street in a low quarter of the division. A few of the inhabitants of the street, whose poverty, and not their will, consented to their living in such a place, were of the poor but honest class; but the bulk of the residents belonged to the no-visible-means-of-support, or habitual criminal classes. Though the street was a picture of poverty and squalor, a certain tavern flourished in it; and as I turned into it on the day in question, there was a disturbance outside the public-house. A plain-clothes man who has been any length of time in a division is as well known by sight to the shady characters of the district as any of them are to him. As I approached the scene of the skirmish, an under-sized, over-dressed, horsy-looking youth, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, stepped out from the crowd, and addressing me in what was intended to be an authoritative tone, said: 'Mr Grainger, I give that man into custody.' 'That man' was the landlord of the public-house, who was standing in his own doorway.

'What do you charge him with?' I asked.

'Assault,' was the answer.

'Whom has he assaulted?'

'Me.'

'Yer lie, you varmint!' broke in the landlord, who had come up while we were speaking. 'I haven't assaulted you yet; but if you try your monkey tricks on with me again, I will, and properly too. I'll shake the sawdust out of you, you image!'

'I suppose you have been doing something to provoke an assault,' I remarked, addressing myself to the youth, who was standing his ground with a particularly self-satisfied air.

'O no; I haven't,' he retorted impudently. 'If you chaff a fellow a bit, and he ain't clever enough to pay you back in your own coin, that's not to say he's to come the rough-and-tumble line on you. This fellow had no right to take the law into his own hands. If he didn't like what I've done, he had his remedy; he knows where I live, and could have summoned me for proceedings calculated to lead to a breach of the peace.'

'You know all about it, then,' I said, without attempting to disguise a sneer.

'Yes; I do,' he rejoined. 'I know my rights, and I mean to stand on them; so, you do your duty, and take that man into custody.'

'Certainly not,' I replied. 'I have witnessed no violence, and can see no evidence of your having been assaulted. Since you are so knowing, you must be aware that you have *your* remedy. If you don't like what he has done, you can summon him—if you can persuade a magistrate to grant a summons.—And now, you had better go.'

'Or else you'll move me on, eh? You'd like a chance to run me in, wouldn't you? But you won't get it; I don't give openings; so, ta-ta;' and uttering this parting bit of bounce, he thrust his hands into his pockets and swaggered off, whistling a popular music-hall tune. He was playing to the gallery, and he had his reward. By a derisive guffaw directed at me, the onlookers expressed their admiration of his spirit, their satisfaction at hearing a detective 'bounced;' and having thus relieved their feelings, they departed.

'What is it all about?' I asked the landlord, when we were left alone.

'Why, he's been trying to take my character away,' was the answer.

'Oh!' I said, lengthening and accentuating the exclamation in a manner intended to make it convey more than met the ear. As a matter of fact, the character of mine host of the *Lion and Lamb* was of a kind that most people would have regarded as a reproach which they would have been more than willing to have had taken away. That he had never actually been in trouble was held—by the police at anyrate—to be due rather to his good fortune than his deserts. He was an open associate of habitual criminals; his house was used by well-known thieves; and he was an organiser and chairman of 'friendly leads' got up for the benefit of members of the local 'school' of law-breakers, for whom a defence fund was being raised; or who, having been 'put away' and done their time, found themselves in low water upon their return to the outer world.

Moreover, he was strongly suspected of fencing—that is, purchasing stolen property.

'What has he been saying about you?' I asked.

'He ain't exactly been a-sayin' anythin'; it's what he's been a-doin' of,' was the somewhat oracular response.

'And what might that be?'

'I'll show you, if you'll wait a minute,' he said; and as he spoke, he stepped briskly into the house, coming out again presently, having in his hand a sheet of paper about a foot square. 'That's what he's been a-doin'!' he exclaimed with angry emphasis, as he held the paper up to view. Fortunately, he was too excited himself to observe the effect produced upon me. At sight of the paper, my 'heart was in my mouth,' for the thing that had aroused the ire of the landlord was a drawing which at a glance struck me as having been done by the same hand that had drawn the caricatures upon the wall-paper of China House. Of so much I felt certain even before I realised the details of the picture. Here at last, and thus accidentally, I said to myself, I had really 'got a clue' to the China House job; though how it would work out, I had not for the moment the slightest idea. Commanding my manner as well as I could, I examined the drawing with real interest, but assumed indifference. It showed a man—intended to represent the landlord, and actually bearing some resemblance to him—standing over a crucible. From the mouth of the figure proceeded a scroll, on which was written: 'Try our patent safety-pot, boys. Good prices given, and no questions asked.' Under the drawing, by way of descriptive title, was inscribed: 'The worthy chairman in "melting moments."'

'Wants to make you out a fence and melter?' I remarked.

'Yes; and that's a kind of thing I wouldn't stand, even if there had ever been anythin' of the sort agen me, which you know there ain't.'

'Why should he have done it?' I asked.

'Well, partly, I expect, because I was going to chuck him out the other night for being impudent to the young woman as plays the piano at the Harmonic Meetings in my house; and partly just because he fancies himself good at this sort of thing. He sets up for being first-rate all round, and in particular reckons himself one of the touch-me-nots in the pen and pencil line.'

'If he is the too-clever-by-half sort of customer you seem to think him, he may find pen and pencil are edged tools,' I observed, by way of keeping up the conversation in such a manner as should not suggest to my man that he was being drawn.

'I'm sure he will,' agreed the landlord emphasising his assent by an expletive. 'There's not much doubt about his turning out a case of too bright to last. He's a bad bred un; he'll take to forgery, or something else in the eddicated swindling line.'

'A bad bred un,' I repeated. 'Who is he, then?'

'Why, Curley Bond's son. I thought you knew him.'

'O indeed,' I said; and again I had to do all I could to speak in a tone of seeming indifference.

The mention of Curley Bond in this relation was to my mind confirmation strong of my belief that I had come upon the track of the China House burglars.

THE PROSPECTS OF NEW GUINEA.

Now that New Guinea seems destined either to be formally annexed or put under the protection of the British empire, a few notes in reference to the probable future development of the country and its internal resources may not be uninteresting. To begin with: there is no brilliant prospect in the immediate future, and it is only by dint of great energy and perseverance that anything will be made out of it in the future. Although there is splendid land for sugar, rice, tea, and coffee, nothing can be grown until the natives are induced to assist in their cultivation, and that alone will be a matter of long persuasion. Sago, on the other hand, is abundantly grown, and seems destined to become a considerable export; pepper and spices are already cultivated, and can be still further developed; whilst ginger, turmeric, and nutmegs can at the present time be had for the asking. Cocoa-nuts are also in fair abundance, and form a great source of trade amongst the natives themselves everywhere, for, besides being exchanged with the hill tribes for other articles of food, they form a substantial proportion of the dietary on the spot. The cocoa-nut trees are plentiful along the coast; but so far as knowledge at present goes, they are not to be found in great numbers inland. The manufacture of copra is not thought to have much chance of success, since it takes eight thousand nuts to make a ton of copra. Valuable timbers are known to exist in the country, but not at present in districts where it would be safe to work them. Various scented woods are to be had, and these may prove of value in the future; ebony is also abundant; and in many places, the natives have paddles, spoons, &c. made from the wood. So much for the vegetable produce from a commercial point of view. The flora of the country is at the same time very strange and interesting, and has many choice varieties and novelties to reveal to the enterprising botanist.

To the sportsman, New Guinea offers several attractions, as there is plenty of variety, though no large game. The plumage of the birds is magnificent, and so long as there is a demand for their feathers, will amply repay the trouble of procuring them. Bêche-de-mer fishing has also great charms for white men, and there is a good field for it. The artist, traveller, and ethnologist will again each find a wide field of study. The scenery is of the grandest description, comprising huge forests, giant waterfalls, mountains, and plains; and the habits and customs of the people, together with their primitive weapons and implements, afford interesting subjects for speculation and research. The climate, in some places, is, however, a serious drawback to many enterprises which travellers and explorers of all kinds may in the future undertake. This is especially the case with regard to the explorations for gold produce. There seems no doubt that gold is in

the country, and to a considerable extent. Sir Roderick Murchison was of opinion that it existed in such quantities as ultimately to revolutionise its value in the world. So far, in a few places where it has been sought, only the colour has been obtained. The most likely locality for it is now said to be the Owen Stanley range, which is the watershed for the Fly, the Williams, and many other large rivers having outlets on the south-east coast. Almost insurmountable difficulties, however, exist in the way of reaching it. There are only two known approaches to the range from the coast, and they are more than hazardous. A succession of mountain ranges intervene, and across these no horse can travel; neither can native carriers be obtained. Rain falls daily in the ranges; and this fact, together with the rivers which would have to be swum, renders the enterprise of great physical risk as regards fevers and chills.

Another drawback would be in the probable collision of some or all of the party with the inhabitants of the various settlements which would have to be passed, and from which carriers would have to be obtained. So long as the white man behaves himself, it is true he has nothing to fear from the natives, and is generally welcomed. He may stay as long as he wishes in any of the villages along the coast, with the natives helping him in his work as he requires, provided they get what they want in return. This is generally tobacco, and the idea of a white man in a good many places resolves itself into a harmless foreigner who has unlimited supplies of tobacco, and who, for some insane reason, wishes to see the Papuans' territory. They are for the most part a harmless, lotus-eating, friendly people themselves; and they humour the white man in his desires so long as he does not interfere with theirs. There are, however, places where it would be dangerous to rely too much on this friendliness, as, for instance, from Aroma to Cloudy Bay, and in the adjacent islands. Many white men and Chinese have fallen victims; and the heads of Captain Webb's crew, with a few others, making altogether about seventeen skulls, form a trophy which is preserved with great pride. In some cases, Englishmen have received a friendly warning in time to quit a dangerous locality where the natives, in spite of good treatment and large presents, have shown a disposition for a little blood-letting; but this is principally in the inland districts. At South Cape and to the extreme east, again, where mission-teachers are established, the natives are very friendly, though it is now feared the 'labour operations' recently tried there may prejudice the natives against the white man for a long while to come.

The idea that seems so prevalent in our own country and in some parts of the colonies, that the country is open to any one who can take possession of it, is somewhat an erroneous one. As a matter of fact, there is not an acre of land without an owner, the lands being hunting-grounds and gardens for various tribes. It has been said that 'one of the first laws in the primitive community mainly existing on the product of the chase, is to protect the rights of individual hunters, and thus we find that among the most savage tribes there are certain hunting-

grounds, which, although apparently a wilderness, are nevertheless held by the right of acknowledged proprietors;' and this is exactly the state of affairs with regard to land tenure in New Guinea at the present day.

The country abounds in extensive well-watered grazing-grounds; but until the land question is settled, the country will not offer any great facilities for pastoral pursuits. The settlement of these questions is certainly no easy one. A gentleman who was in partnership with another Englishman in what is known as the Kabadi 'land-grabbing' venture, has been in treaty with various tribes for some time past for a stretch of country for cattle-breeding purposes. The land is at the rear of the Verimana range, and reaches from Mann-Mann to Bootless Inlet, an area of about thirty miles by ten. For six months, he has been negotiating, and during that time he has obtained innumerable signatures to his form of agreement, and has thus acquired the lease of the land, according to our ideas, as well as distributed a fair amount of trade. However, as it is estimated that there are about five thousand individual owners whose rights have to be considered when the cattle arrive, it is probable troubles will begin.

One or two feasible suggestions seem already to have been made with regard to the land question. It is suggested on one side that the example of indigo and tea growers in India should be followed, and advances of seed and implements made to small growers on condition that the crops—for which an additional bonus would be granted—be given to the advancer. This has some doubtful aspects, however; and a more favourable settlement of the question seems to lie in an adaptation of the Javanese system of leasing lands through the government—that is, all transactions in land to take place through it, and it alone. Those who have spent any time in the country seem agreed that it is useless for any private individual or syndicate to attempt to take the matter in hand.

The great future difficulty would seem to be in inducing the natives to work. So far, their life is a very pleasant one; they hunt, fish, dance, fight now and again; but beyond eating, sleeping, and enjoying themselves, they have no thoughts. They have no cares for the future, no thoughts of the past, and it seems almost a pity to disturb a life so pleasant and primitive. They have a fine country, and they work just enough to provide themselves with their food; besides which, so much as they have seen of civilisation, they do not seem inclined to imitate. The greatest good of the greatest number is nevertheless the moving factor of modern life, and before that, the Papuans, we suppose, must bend. That they do not want either annexation or protection, has been pretty well shown; but in spite of that, we may hope that English interference, which arose primarily in a dread of the occupation of New Guinea by another power, which might prove troublesome to the colonists close at hand, may in the end be for the best. In time, no doubt, there will be much to repay enterprising colonists for their efforts to extract the riches of the country in all their varied forms; but until the country is more settled and the white man is better understood, trade will not develop very rapidly;

and the uncertainties in connection with transactions with the natives, and the risks of various kinds, not only from the people but the climate, will for a time at least outweigh any destined advantages.

ENSILAGE AND DAIRY CATTLE.

IN a letter to the *Scotsman*, Mr E. T. Blunt, of Blaby Hill, Leicester, writes: 'I have several times been asked the question whether I considered ensilage a substitute for hay or roots. Will you allow me to give you the following figures? which, I think, conclusively prove that it is not only a substitute, but superior as a food for dairy cows to either one or the other, or even to both combined.

Five acres of clover, producing ten tons of hay, will produce forty tons of ensilage. The cost of making it into hay, stacking, and thatching will be fifteen shillings per acre; therefore, if the value of the hay is four pounds per ton, the value of the crop for that purpose is £36, 5s. I find the cost of making ensilage to be 4s. 6d. per ton, including a fair charge for use and depreciation of silo and press; therefore, add nine pounds to the £36, 5s. and you have £45, 5s. as the value of the forty tons of ensilage, comparing it with hay at four pounds per ton. For several weeks I have fed five cows entirely upon ensilage, and find they consume three hundred and forty pounds per day, or 1 ton 1 cwt. 1 qr. per week, equal to 39 tons 6 cwt. 1 qr.—say forty tons—for thirty-seven weeks; the cost of which, ascertained as above, is £45, 5s. Thus, each cow will cost rather less than five shillings per week. The same number of cows, fed upon hay and roots, will consume four hundred pounds of roots and eighty pounds of hay per day; or for thirty-seven weeks, 46 tons 5 cwt. of roots and 9 tons 5 cwt. of hay. The roots, at fifteen shillings per ton, will amount to £34, 13s. 9d.; and the hay, at four pounds per ton, to thirty-seven pounds—a total cost of £71, 13s. 9d., or 7s. 9d. per cow per week. For five cows for thirty-seven weeks we have, therefore, a balance in favour of ensilage of £25, 8s. 9d., or 2s. 9d. per cow per week. Each system produces about the same quantity of milk; but the ensilage-fed cows are decidedly in the best condition; whilst their milk yields four or five per cent. more cream, and is as sweet and good as that from cows fed on grass in summer.

With such facts as these before me, I was rather surprised to see the notice issued by the manager of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company that he would not use milk from ensilage-fed cows. I at once requested Dr Emmerson, the public analyst for the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Rutland, to analyse the milk from those cows which I had fed entirely upon ensilage for several weeks. The following is his Report: "The sample is of specific gravity 1034, and consists of the following percentages—Total solids, 13.120; fat, 3.300; solids not fat, 9.820; ash, .83; water, 86.880. These results represent a milk of first-rate quality; and prove that the food was nutritious, and that the cows had been in good health, so as to enable the mammary glands to secrete a milk so rich in albumen, fat, &c. The microscopic examina-

tion showed the usual abundant small oil globules, and absence of pus cells or any foreign matter."

In a letter accompanying his report, Dr Emmerson says: "The only possible objection to silos can be when they are imperfectly constructed, so as to allow more air to reach the inclosed vegetable matter than admits of oxygenation beyond a certain amount, and decomposition begins; then, of course, the food would be unwholesome."

With reference to this, permit me to say that attention to two simple rules will insure good ensilage. The crop should be quite green and full of moisture when placed in the silo; then, after ten days or a fortnight, it should be subjected to a continuous pressure of not less than one hundred and fifty pounds to the square foot. I obtain this pressure by means of levers, which are easily adjusted and require little attention, and can be managed by an ordinary farm-labourer. The cost of the silo, hitherto a difficulty, need deter no one. I find that wooden silos make the best ensilage, and cost little.

With such facts as these before us, and also when we take into consideration that two crops for ensilage may be obtained in one year, that in making it we are quite independent of the weather, and that many crops may be grown on land now growing corn at a ruinous loss, which will give a much greater return per acre for ensilage than clover, I think we may look for still better results than the above, and may confidently rely upon our arable land thus becoming a source of profit, instead of loss, to us.

A MEMORY.

AN old-world country garden, where the hours
Like winged sunbeams flash in glory by,
And where the scent of strange old-fashioned flowers
Brings back a tender bygone memory.
The walks are straight, and patterned with white stone,
And pacing there with reverential tread,
I dream once more I hold within my own
The soft warm fingers of the child who's dead—
The child whose dainty footsteps vied with mine,
As we two chased the golden butterflies—
The child who revelled in the bright sunshine,
And shined her gladness in her laughing eyes!
We used to linger in the long soft grass,
And when a sun-ray kissed her dimpled hand,
We told each other 'twas a fairy pass
To read the secrets of our Fairyland;
And, holding safely in her radiant face
That happy sparkle, we would run to peep
If dewdrops trembled in the self-same place,
Or last night's bud had blossomed in its sleep.
I throned her in my arms when tired of play,
And whispered love-names in the baby ears:
She made the glory of the summer's day,
My wee liege lady of but five short years!
And now? Small wonder that the roses lie
In petalled fragrance by the daisies' side,
For sunshine vanished with her last soft sigh,
And skies are grayer since our darling died.

M. E. W.

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AGRICULTURE NEAR LONDON.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

THERE is probably no contrast more marked than that between the eager and vigorous life which pervades work and play in London, and the listlessness and want of energy which are generally so conspicuous in most of the agriculturists of the home counties. Flying from town to town by rail, the traveller does not grasp these and other salient agricultural features of the country. Only the pedestrian or rider, as he wanders at his will through lanes and along bridle-roads, is able thoroughly to become acquainted with the actual appearance of the farms which he passes. The contrast between the busy metropolis, which is so near, and the ill-cultivated country outside, continually serves to provide matter for profitable, if not always pleasant reflection. There is no better route for any one who wishes thus to combine exercise and reflection than that to the north of London—say, by way of Harrow, Pinner, and Rickmansworth to Amersham. He will then pass through very picturesque portions of the counties of Middlesex, Herts, and Bucks, and he will certainly see much which will give abundant food for thought. From London to Rickmansworth, a distance of seventeen miles, and between Uxbridge on the west and Watford on the east, the country is almost entirely devoted to grazing or haymaking. Field after field of grass is passed. There are few more charming pieces of rural scenery than the richly wooded fields as seen from the heights of Moor Park, or the view of Middlesex from the road between Uxbridge and Ickenham, which passes along the summits of the hills which border the southern side of the valley of the Colne.

But to the north of this valley in Herts and Bucks, the system of agriculture entirely changes. There is very little grass-land except in the valleys watered by the Oless and the Misbourne stream. There is indeed a superficial difference

between the agriculture of these two counties, for the Bucks farmer is not quite so fond of the enormous hedgerows which seem sometimes to make Herts quite oppressive. Perhaps, too, there are a few more sheep; but otherwise the main features are the same—fields of grain and turnips, and dense woods of oak or beech. The Colne, in fact, divides a pastoral from an arable country. But any one who is accustomed to a country-life can see that the farming is generally of a very wretched kind. The hedges, picturesque enough indeed, with their great masses of foliage, and wealth of honeysuckle and clematis, take up an enormous amount of ground, and the fields are too often disgracefully dirty. It would be easy to count many stubbles overgrown from end to end with groundsel and thistles, and turnip-fields full of poppies and other weeds. Such slovenliness of cultivation is of course kept in countenance by gaps in hedges and by half-broken gates, more picturesque to the sketcher than pleasing to the eye of a Scotch farmer. It is obvious, in fact, that agriculture in a great part of Bucks and Herts is in a thoroughly backward condition: the labourer, earning thirteen shillings a week, stupefies himself in one of the endless public-houses; and the farmer continues to grow wheat and complain at agricultural dinners of the badness of the times. Yet, within seventeen, twenty, and twenty-five miles of him is a vast population demanding food.

Let any one stand on the borders of the three counties which have been named, and the question will at once arise in his mind, Why, if the farmers in one part of Middlesex can profitably supply London with milk, butter, and hay, cannot the farmers of the adjacent districts do the same? The curious differences which prevail within a few miles may be shown by the fact that as you go through the village of Harefield, on the south of the Colne, you will, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, see the milkman going round, and women waiting at their doors for the evening's supply. If you cross to the north side of

the Colne, you may have to go to three or four farms before you will find a place where it is possible to find any milk. The cottagers, except on rare occasions, do without it altogether; and labourers will tell you that it would pay a gentleman to keep a cow and sell the milk, when he did not require it, to the poor people. But it goes without saying that where there is milk, there may be also butter; and if it pays the farmers of Dorset to make butter and send it up to London, obviously it would be more profitable to the farmers who are nearer London to do the same. The great herds of milch cows which fill all the rich pastures from Axminster to Yeovil do not produce milk and butter for the people of those parts, as any one will discover who cares to ramble among the pleasant farmsteads of Dorset and Somerset.

It is almost certain that the farmers in the districts near London who continue to grow wheat—and the agricultural statistics have clearly shown that it is in the counties which are already characterised as grazing ones that the increase of permanent pasture has in the last few years taken place—have chiefly themselves to thank for the unprofitable nature of their business. At a recent meeting of the Middlesex Agricultural Society one speaker admitted that on his farm of five hundred acres he spent twenty-one pounds per week on labour; whilst, if it were grass-land, five pounds would be his weekly expenditure. Yet this worthy person seemed to have no intention of abandoning his present system, ostensibly from a good-natured wish not to throw labourers out of employment. That the question of the agricultural labourers must certainly become one worthy of serious consideration, there can be no doubt, for every acre which becomes permanent pasture lessens the demand for manual labour. Farmers, too, near London might well combine for the purpose of selling their own milk. A few amateurs have already done so with good results; but it is the professional farmers who should set such schemes on foot.

The most thriving kind of cultivation near London in the districts we have mentioned is certainly that of the cherry and the watercress. The latter is not a mere casual growth in streams and ponds; it is carefully planted every autumn, and thinned; the water is kept at a uniform depth, and the bottom is always bright and clean. If the watercress growers could but diffuse something of their care into the farmers, things might look brighter for them. As to the cherry orchards, they are a perfect treasure to many farmers in Bucks and Herts, who get a round sum of money without cost of cultivation.

To some extent, perhaps, the low condition of agriculture so near London is caused—paradoxical as it may seem to say so—by this very proximity of the metropolis. It is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the most intelligent of the people

leave their homes and settle in London. If a farmer has a clever son, he puts him to business in London. If the son of the carter gets on well at school, and is an intelligent and active youth, he very soon finds that more money can be made and more pleasure obtained in London, than in tilling wheat for thirteen shillings a week, and spending it on bad beer at the *Three Bells*; consequently, the agricultural population of Berks and Herts is 'the residuum.' That this circumstance must seriously affect the nature of the farming cannot be doubted. In these districts, farmers, so far from bracing themselves up to meet the altered conditions of the times, have as yet scarcely appreciated the fact that there has been a change. They are still on the lookout for a profitable market for their wheat, with much the same feeling that it will be sent in due season, as they daily expected rain when their tubs—for, in nine cases out of ten, a farmer does not possess a rain-water tank below ground—were dry, and the springs were beginning to get alarmingly low, in the hot summer of 1884.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER IX.

'WHAT is this I hear about Waring?' said General Gaunt, walking out upon the loggia, where the Durants were sitting, on the same memorable afternoon on which all that has been above related occurred. The general was dressed in loosely fitting light-coloured clothes. It was one of the recommendations of the Riviera to him that he could wear out there all his old Indian clothes, which would have been useless to him at home. He was a very tall old man, very yellow, nay, almost greenish in the complexion, extremely spare, with a fine old white moustache, which had an immense effect upon his brown face. The well-worn epigram might be adapted in his case to say that nobody ever was so fierce as the general looked; and yet he was at bottom rather a mild old man, and had never hurt anybody, except the sepoys in the Mutiny, all his life. His head was covered with a broad light felt hat, which, soft as it was, took an aggressive cock when he put it on. He held his gloves dangling from his hand with the air of having been in too much haste to put them to their proper use. And his step, as he stepped off the carpet upon the marble of the loggia, sounded like that of an alert officer who has just heard that the enemy has made a reconnaissance in force two miles off, and that there is no time to lose. 'What is this I hear about Waring?' he said.

'Yes, indeed!' cried Mrs Durant.

'It is a most remarkable story,' said his Reverence, shaking his head.

'But what is it?' asked the general. 'I found Mrs Gaunt almost crying when I went in. What she said was: "Charles, we have been nourishing a viper in our bosoms." I am not addicted to metaphor, and I insisted upon plain English; and then it all came out. She told me Waring was an impostor, and had been taking us all in; that some old friend of his had been here, and had told you.—Is that true?'

'My dear!' said Mr Durant in a tone of remonstrance.

'Well, Henry! you never said it was to be kept a secret. It could not possibly be kept a secret—so few of us here, and all so intimate.'

'Then he is an impostor?' said General Gaunt.

'Oh, my dear general, that's too strong a word. —Henry, you had better tell the general your own way.'

The old clergyman had been shaking his head all the time. He was dying to tell all that he knew; but he could not but improve the occasion. 'Oh, ladies, ladies!' he said, 'when there is anything to be told, the best of women is not to be trusted.—But, general, our poor friend is no impostor. He never said he was a widower.'

'It's fortunate we've none of us girls'—the general began; then with a start: 'I forgot Miss Tasie; but she's a girl—a girl in ten thousand,' he added with a happy inspiration. Tasie, who was still seated behind the teacups, gave him a smile in reply.

'Poor dear Mr Waring,' she said, 'whether he is a widower or has a wife, it does not matter much. Nobody can call Mr Waring a flirt. He might be any one's grandfather from his manner. I cannot see that it matters a bit.'

'Not so far as we are concerned, thank heaven,' said her mother with the air of one whose dear child has escaped a danger. 'But I don't think it is quite respectable for one of our small community to have a wife alive and never to let any one know.'

'I understand, a most excellent woman; besides being a person of rank,' said Mr Durant. 'It has disturbed me very much, though, happily, as my wife says, from no private motive.' Here the good man paused, and gave vent to a sigh of thankfulness, establishing the impression that his ingenious Tasie had escaped as by a miracle from Waring's wiles; and then he continued: 'I think some one should speak to him on the subject. He ought to understand that now it is known, public opinion requires—Some one should tell him'—

'There is no one so fit as a clergyman,' the general said.

'That is true, perhaps, in the abstract; but with our poor friend—There are some men who will not take advice from a clergyman.'

'O Henry! do him justice. He has never shown anything but respect to you.'

'I should say that a man of the world, like the general'—

'Oh, not I,' cried the general, getting up hurriedly. 'No, thank you; I never interfere with any man's affairs.—That's your business, Padre. Besides I have no daughter—whether he is married or not is nothing to me.'

'Nor to us, heaven be praised!' said Mrs Durant; and then she added: 'It is not for ourselves; it is for poor little Frances, a girl that has never known a mother's care! How much better for her to be with her mother, and properly introduced into society, than living in that huggermugger way without education, without companions. If it were not for Tasie, the child would never see a creature near her own age.'

'And I am much older than Frances,' said Tasie, rather to heighten the hardship of the situation than from any sense that this was true.

'Decidedly the Padre ought to talk to him,' said the Anglo-Indian. 'He ought to be made to feel that everybody at the station—Wife all right, do you know? Bless me! If the wife is all right, what does the man mean? Why can't they quarrel peaceably, and keep up appearances, as we all do?'

'O no; not all; we never quarrel.'

'Not for a long time, my love.'

'Henry, you may trust to my memory. Not for about thirty years. We had a little disagreement then about where we were to go for the summer. Oh, I remember it well—the agony it cost me!—Don't say "as we all do," general, for it would not be true.'

'You are a pair of old turtle-doves,' quoth the general.—'All the more reason why you should talk to him, Padre. Tell him he's come among us on false pretences, not knowing the damage he might have done. I always thought he was a queer hand to have the education of a little girl.'

'He taught her Latin; and that woman of theirs, Mariuccia, taught her to knit. That's all she knows. And her mother all the time in such a fine position, able to do anything for her. Oh, it is of Frances I think most.'

'It is quite evident,' said the general, 'that Mr Durant must interfere.'

'I think it very likely I shall do no good. A man of the world, a man like that'—

'There is no such great harm about the man.'

'And he is very good to Frances,' said Tasie, almost under her breath.

'I daresay he meant no harm,' said the general, 'if that is all. Only, he should be warned; and if anything can be done for Frances—It is a pity she should see nobody, and never have a chance of establishing herself in life.'

'She ought to be introduced into society,' said Mrs Durant.—'As for establishing herself in life, that is in the hands of providence, general. It is not to be supposed that such an idea ever enters into a girl's mind—unless it is put there, which is so often the case.'

'The general means,' said Tasie, 'that seeing people would make her more fit to be a companion for her papa. Frances is a dear girl; but it is quite true; she is wanting in conversation. They often sit a whole evening together and scarcely speak.'

'She is a nice little thing,' said the general energetically; 'I always thought so; and never was at a dance, I suppose, or a junketing of any description in her life. To be sure, we are all old duffers in this place. The Padre should interfere.'

'If I could see it was my duty,' said Mr Durant.

'I know what you mean,' said General Gaunt. 'I'm not too fond of interference myself. But when a man has concealed his antecedents, and they have been found out. And then the little girl'—

'It is Frances I am thinking of,' explained Mr Durant.

It was at last settled among them that it was

clearly the clergyman's business to interfere. He had been tolerably certain to begin with; but he liked the moral support of what he called a consensus of opinion. Mr Durant was not so reluctant to interfere as he professed to be. He had not much scope for those social duties which, he was of opinion, were not the least important of a clergyman's functions; and though there was a little excitement in the uncertainty from Sunday to Sunday how many people would be at church, what the collection would be, and other varying circumstances, yet the life of the clergyman at Bordighera was monotonous, and a little variety was welcome. In other chaplaincies which Mr Durant had held, he had come in contact with various romances of real life. These were still the days of gaming, when every German bath had its *tapis vert* and its little group of tragedies. But the Riviera was very tranquil, and Bordighera had just been found out by the invalid and the pleasure-seeker. It was monotonous: there had been few deaths, even among the visitors, which are always varieties in their way for the clergyman, and often are the means of making acquaintances both useful and agreeable to himself and his family. But as yet there had not even been many deaths. This gave great additional excitement to what is always exciting for a small community, the cropping up under their very noses, in their own immediate circle, of a mystery, of a discovery which afforded boundless opportunity for talk. The first thing naturally that had affected Mr and Mrs Durant was the miraculous escape of Tasie, to whom Mr Waring *might* have made himself agreeable, and who *might* have lost her peace of mind, for anything that could be said to the contrary. They said to each other that it was a hairbreadth escape; although it had not occurred previously to any one that any sort of mutual attraction between Mr Waring and Tasie was possible.

And then the other aspects of the case became apparent. Mr Durant felt now that to pass it over, to say nothing about the matter, to allow Waring to suppose that everything was as it had always been, was impossible. He and his wife had decided this without the intervention of General Gaunt; but when the general appeared—the only other permanent pillar of society in Bordighera—then there arose that consensus which made further steps inevitable. Mrs Gaunt looked in later, after dinner, in the darkening; and she, too, was of opinion that something must be done. She was affected to tears by the thought of that mystery in their very midst, and of what the poor (unknown) lady must have suffered, deserted by her husband, and bereft of her child. 'He might at least have left her her child,' she said with a sob; and she was fully of opinion that he should be spoken to without delay, and that they should not rest till Frances had been restored to her mother. She thought it was 'a duty' on the part of Mr Durant to interfere. The consensus was thus unanimous; there was not a dissentient voice in the entire community. 'We will sleep upon it,' Mr Durant said. But the morning brought no further light. They were all agreed more strongly than ever that Waring ought to be spoken to, and that it was undeniably a duty for the clergyman to interfere.

Mr Durant accordingly set out before it was

too late, before the mid-day breakfast, which is the coolest and calmest moment of the day, the time for business, before social intercourse is supposed to begin. He was very carefully brushed from his hat to his shoes, and was indeed a very agreeable example of a neat old clerical gentleman. Ecclesiastical costume was much more easy in those days. It was before the era of long coats and soft hats, when a white tie was the one incontrovertible sign of the clergyman who did not think of calling himself a priest. He was indeed, having been for a number of years located in Catholic countries, very particular not to call himself a priest, or to condescend to any garb which could recall the *soutane* and three-cornered hat of the indigenous clergy. His black clothes were spotless, but of the ordinary cut, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned. But yet neither *soutane* nor *berretta* could have made it more evident that Mr Durant, setting out with an ebony stick and black gloves, was an English clergyman going mildly, but firmly, to interfere. Had he been met with in the wilds of Africa, even there, mistake would have been impossible. In his serious eye, in the aspect of the corners of his mouth, in a certain air of gentle determination diffused over his whole person, this was apparent. It made a great impression upon Domenico when he opened the door. After what had happened yesterday, Domenico felt that anything might happen. 'Lo, this man's brow, like to a title leaf, foretells the nature of the tragic volume,' he said to Mariuccia—at least if he did not use these words, his meaning was the same. He ushered the English pastor into the room which Mr Waring occupied as a library, with bated breath. 'Master is going to catch it,' was what, perhaps, a light-minded Cockney might have said. But Domenico was a serious man, and did not trifle.

Waring's library was, like all the rooms of his suite, an oblong room, with three windows and as many doors, opening into the dining-room on one hand, and the anteroom on the other. It had the usual indecipherable fresco on the roof, and the walls on one side were half clothed with bookcases. Not a very large collection of books, and yet enough to make a pretty show, with their old gilding, and the dull white of the vellum in which so many were bound. It was a room in which he spent the most of his time, and it had been made comfortable according to the notions of comfort prevailing in these regions. There was a square of carpet under his writing-table. His chair was a large old *fauteuil*, covered with very faded damask; and curtains, also faded, were festooned over all the windows and doors. The *persians* were shut, to keep out the sun, and the cool atmosphere had a greenish tint. Waring, however, did not look so peaceful as his room. He sat with his chair pushed away from the table, reading what seemed to be a novel. He had the air of a man who had taken refuge there from some embarrassment or annoyance; not the tranquil look of a man occupied in so-called studies needing leisure, with his notebooks at hand, and pen and ink within reach. Such a man is usually very glad to be interrupted in the midst of his self-imposed labours; and Waring's first movement was one of satisfaction. He threw down the book, with

an apology for having ever taken it up in the half-ashamed, half-violent way in which he got rid of it. Don't suppose I care for such rubbish, his gesture seemed to say. But the aspect of Mr Durant changed his look of welcome. He rose hurriedly, and gave his visitor a chair. 'You are early out,' he said.

'Yes; the morning, I find, is the best time. Even after the sun is down, it is never so fresh in the evening. Especially for business, I find it the best time.'

'That means, I suppose,' said Waring, 'that your visit this morning means business, and not mere friendship, as I had supposed?'

'Friendship always, I hope,' said the tidy old clergyman, smoothing his hat with his hand; 'but I don't deny it is something more serious—a question I want to ask you, if you don't mind.'

Just at this moment, in the next room there rose a little momentary and pleasant clamour of voices and youthful laughter; two voices certainly—Frances and another. This made Mr Durant prick up his ears. 'You have—visitors?' he said.

'Yes.—I will answer to the best of my ability,' said Waring with a smile.

Now was the time when Mr Durant realised the difficult nature of his mission. At home in his own house, especially in the midst of the consensus of opinions, with everybody encouraging him and pressing upon him the fact that it was 'a duty,' the matter seemed easy enough. But when he found himself in Waring's house, looking a man in the face with whose concerns he had really no right to interfere, and who had not at all the air of a man ready to be brought to the confessional, Mr Durant's confidence failed him. He faltered a little; he looked at his very unlikely penitent, and then he looked at the hat which he was turning round in his hands, but which gave him no courage. Then he cleared his throat. 'The question is—quite a simple one,' he said. 'There can be no doubt of your ability—to answer. I am sure you will forgive me if I say, to begin with.'

'One moment. Is this question—which seems to trouble you—about my affairs or yours?'

Mr Durant's clear complexion betrayed something like a flush. 'That is just what I want to explain. You will acknowledge, my dear Waring, that you have been received here—well, there is not very much in our power—but with every friendly feeling, every desire to make you one of us.'

'All this preface shows me that it is I who have been found wanting. You are quite right; you have been most hospitable and kind. To myself, almost too much so; to my daughter, you have given all the society she has ever known.'

'I am glad, truly glad, that you think we have done our part. My dear friend, was it right, then, when we opened our arms to you so unsuspectingly, to come among us in a false character—under false colours?'

'Stop!' said Waring, growing pale. 'This is going a little too far. I suppose I understand what you mean. Mannering, who calls himself my old friend, has been here; and as he could not hold his tongue if his life depended upon it,

he has told you— But why you should accuse me of holding a false position, of coming under false colours—which was what you said.'

'Waring!' said the clergyman in a voice of mild thunder, 'did you never think, when you came here, comparatively a young, and—well, still a good-looking man—did you never think that there might be some susceptible heart—some woman's heart?'

'Good heavens!' cried Waring, starting to his feet, 'I never supposed for a moment.'

'—Some young creature,' Mr Durant continued solemnly, 'whom it might be my duty and your duty to guard from deception; but who, naturally, taking you for a widower.'

Waring's countenance of horror was unspeakable. He stood up before his table like a little boy who was about to be caned. Exclamations of dismay fell unconsciously from his lips. 'Sir! I never thought.'

Mr Durant paused, to contemplate with pleasure the panic he had caused. He put down his hat and rubbed together his little fat white hands. 'By the blessing of providence,' he said, drawing a long breath, 'that danger has been averted. I say it with thankfulness. We have been preserved from any such terrible result. But had things been differently ordered—think, only think! and be grateful to providence.'

The answer which Waring made to this speech was to burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. He seemed incapable of recovering his gravity. As soon as he paused, exhausted, to draw breath, he was off again. The suggestion, when it ceased to be horrible, became ludicrous beyond description. He quavered forth: 'I beg your pardon' between the fits, which Mr Durant did not at all like. He sat looking on at the hilarity very gravely without a smile.

'I did not expect so much levity,' he said.

'I beg your pardon,' cried the culprit with tears running down his cheeks. 'Forgive me. If you will recollect that the character of a gay Lothario is the last one in the world.'

'It is not necessary to be a gay Lothario,' returned the clergyman.—'Really, if this is to continue, it will be better that I should withdraw. Laughter was the last thing I intended to produce.'

'It is not a bad thing, and it is not an indulgence I am given to. But, I think, considering what a very terrible alternative you set before me, we may be very glad it has ended in laughter. Mr Durant,' continued Waring, 'you have only anticipated an explanation I intended to make.—Mannering is an ass.'

'I am sure he is a most respectable member of society,' said Mr Durant with much gravity.

'So are many asses.—I have some one else to present to you, who is very unlike Mannering, but who betrays me still more distinctly.—Constance, I want you here.'

The old clergyman gazed, not believing his eyes, as there suddenly appeared in the doorway the tall figure of a girl who had never been seen as yet in Bordighera, a girl who was very simply dressed, yet who had an air which the old gentleman, acquainted, as he flattered himself, with the air of fine people, could not ignore. She stood with a careless grace, returning slightly,

not without a little of that impertinence of a fine lady which is so impressive to the crowd, his salutation. 'Did you want me, papa?' she quietly asked.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FORCES BENEATH US.

THE intensity of the subterranean forces over any given area of the earth's surface is in a constant state of ebb and flow, now rising to a flood of great power, now ebbing into a long period of quiescence, and then again gathering force for a new and awful manifestation of energy. It would seem that the volcanic forces of Southern Europe are again approaching a period of maximum intensity. But so recently as the summer of 1833, the beautiful little island of Ischia was convulsed by earthquake shocks. It was the season of the year when all was at its gayest and brightest, the little capital being filled by the many Neapolitans and Romans who find it so delightful a retreat in summer. On a bright July evening, when all were sitting out in the clear, calm air, under a cloudless sky, there came a sudden earth-throe, and in a few seconds the charming town of Casamicciola was a shapeless heap of ruins; whilst the other small towns which dot the little island shared in a less degree the same fate. Only two years before, another shock had been experienced over the same area; but the earthquake of 1833 was of much greater intensity than that which preceded it.

It is but a few months, too, since the subterranean forces seemed to threaten an outbreak in our own country, manifesting their gathering energy by a slight earth-tremor in Suffolk; and now Spain has been the scene of their awful activity. On Christmas night last, the inhabitants of Madrid were thrown into a state of alarm by two slight vibrations. On the same evening, more violent earthquakes occurred in the provinces of Andalusia, Malaga, and Granada. In the town of the latter name, the whole population, we are told, fearing a repetition of the shocks, camped out in squares and other open places. On the morning of the 26th, three severe shocks were felt at Granada; whilst at Torrox, in the same province, several yet more violent shocks were experienced later in the same day. The greater part of the Alhama has been overthrown; more than half the inhabitants of Albuñuelas killed; and the cathedrals of Seville and Granada seriously damaged. Each day the provinces of Granada and Malaga were shaken by fresh earth-throes, and the loss of life has been very great. The subterranean forces augmented in intensity daily, reaching a maximum on December 31, when a more severe shock than any experienced previously was felt at Granada, that being the tenth which up to that date had occurred there. The inhabitants were panic-stricken; thousands fled from their homes; those who remained paced the streets in religious pro-

cessions, headed by their priests, imploring the Divine clemency. From this date the shocks were less violent in character, although a severe one shook Alhama on January 12, and they have now happily altogether ceased. About the same time, an earthquake seems to have been experienced at sea, the captain of a Cadiz barque reporting a shock, accompanied by a loud roaring noise, on December 18, when he was not long out of Cadiz; seven days, however, before the first shocks were experienced in the Spanish provinces.

Often in the world's history must Spain have been the field of volcanic activity, as her crumbling caves remain to attest, and it was in this corner of Europe that the greatest manifestation of subterranean energy in modern times occurred. The story of the earthquake which one hundred and thirty years ago destroyed Lisbon, is a familiar one. Then, as in the case of the present earthquake, the inhabitants do not appear to have had any warning of the coming danger; but suddenly a noise like the rolling of thunder was heard underground, this being followed immediately by a tremendous shock, which threw down the greater part of the city, and in the course of a few minutes sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired, and then rose to a height of fifty feet above its ordinary level; and the new quay just completed, on which the people had collected for safety, sank with all its human freight; and where it had stood, there was afterwards found to be one hundred fathoms of water, if, indeed, as some accounts say, the sea was not there unfathomable. The effects of this earthquake were felt over so large a region, that it has been calculated a portion of the earth's surface equal to four times the area of Europe was included within its range. From the West Indies and the great inland lakes of Canada, it extended its range to our own country, to Sweden, and to North Germany. The shock then, too, was also felt at sea, producing an effect similar to that which follows when a vessel strikes a sunken rock or runs aground.

But whilst earthquakes may thus seem to happen without the slightest warning, there can be little doubt that their apparent suddenness is due either to want of observation, or to a wilful disregard of the signs which indicate the advent of subterranean outbursts. Their approach is usually heralded in many ways—underground noises, gaseous emanations from the soil, the drying up of wells, a change in the temperature of thermal springs, haziness in the air, being the more general forerunners of these phenomena. At such periods, too, a sense of dizziness is often experienced by dwellers in the threatened locality, whilst microcosmical instruments, if there be any in the district, will register slight variations of subterranean activity. During the continuance of the earthquake, the ground often heaves like the sea, producing feelings akin to the familiar pangs of sea-sickness; rivers seek fresh channels; large fissures open in the earth; and permanent changes take place in the geographical features of the country. Thus the series of earthquakes which in 1826 and 1827 visited New Zealand, caused so distinct a change that the former features

of the coast could be no longer recognised. The earthquakes of the present century in Chili have produced a permanent elevation of the coast there; and recent subterranean outbursts in Java have considerably modified the geography of that region.

Concerning the origin of these phenomena, so far-reaching in their effects, it must be admitted that the true theory has never yet been framed. Early speculations were much tinged with the superstitions of the time; and even so late as the beginning of the present century, we find a lingering remnant of this superstitious regard of physical phenomena in the naming, by the inhabitants of Sindree, of a mound thrown up during the Indus earthquake, 'Ullah Bund,' or the Mound of God.

It is obvious that the study of these interesting phenomena is beset with many difficulties. Observations can often only be made at imminent personal risk. Yet, spite of this, beginning with the few observers and the almost mythical records of the days of Pliny, the fascinating subject has continued to attract an ever increasing circle of students, who have ever more earnestly endeavoured to pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds it. Each fresh manifestation of subterranean energy is now watched with increased interest. Whenever possible, the sequence of events is noted with extreme detail, old theories become weakened, fresh ideas confirmed, and new avenues of thought open themselves to the earnest investigator at every step.

With the phenomena of earthquakes, those of volcanoes are closely linked, volcanic outbursts being frequently heralded and accompanied by earthquake shocks; and there can be little doubt that the two are most intimately bound up, if, indeed, they are not two effects arising from a single cause. This being so, the facts which surround the one class of phenomena may be drawn upon in attempting to frame an explanation whence and how either originates. That some portions of the earth's interior are in an immensely heated condition, the nature of the materials ejected from volcanic vents renders evident; and observation has also clearly demonstrated the fact, that the temperature increases from the surface of the earth downwards, the average increase being one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet of descent. Now, from considerations connected with the figure of the earth and the other members of the system to which it belongs, it has, with much probability, been inferred that the solar system has evolved from one of those glowing gaseous aggregations termed nebulae, that 'this world was once a fluid haze of light;' and that when it first existed as an independent body, it was in a state of the most fervent heat, a residue of which now gives rise to volcanic phenomena.

What happened, then, as our earth radiated its primitive heat into space? The question is a vexed one. So many men, so many minds. One class of theorists, not giving sufficient weight to the fact that the increase of pressure towards the earth's centre would tend to keep matter solid there under the influence of high temperatures, suppose that the process of radiation by the earth into space has, throughout the lapse of ages, resulted in the formation of a solid external crust

covering a still fluid nucleus. But this class of theorists is like the volcanoes of Britain, practically extinct, or is at least as subdued and unpretending as the Suffolk earthquake. Other geologists, giving more weight to the fact of increase of pressure towards the earth's centre, consider that its condition is that of a body with a solid nucleus and a solid external crust, between which there still remains a residue of liquid matter.

In objection to both these views it has been shown that for the earth to maintain its rigidity under the moon's attraction, such a crust must be of enormous thickness, of so great a thickness, indeed, that Sir William Thomson, who investigated the matter, prefers to consider the earth as a solid globe cooling by contraction. On this view of the earth's condition, volcanic phenomena are explained as the result of the conversion into heat of the mechanical force of contraction; while earthquakes may themselves be regarded as proceeding from the crushing and bending of the rocks by the stress of contraction itself. Again, there are those who regard the earth as a globe mainly solid throughout, but with lakes of liquid matter in various parts near the surface, remnants of its former heat, and believe that it is from these lakes, as the earth continues to contract, that matter is forced into volcanic vents to feed their intermittent fires; whilst, looking at the fact that earthquakes so frequently precede an eruption, these earth-tremors may from this point be regarded as ineffectual efforts by the pent-up subterranean forces to establish a volcanic outburst; and since the observations of Mr Mallet in earthquake localities have demonstrated the fact that shocks emanate from centres near the earth's surface, being sometimes nearer, and sometimes further, as the shocks are mainly horizontal or mainly vertical in character, there would seem to be some probability in this latter view of the origin of the subterranean forces; but there are many arguments which militate against its acceptance.

There are those also who, while they regard the matter of the earth as being in a really solid condition, yet conceive that some portions of it may be in a state of potential liquidity; that is to say, ready to assume the liquid form on a release of pressure; and when it is remembered that a barometric fall of two inches—a by no means remarkable circumstance—means the removal of millions of pounds of air-pressure from off the surface of the earth, it seems as though there might be some truth in this view also; but it loses probability when we reflect, that for this release of pressure to be effectual in producing liquidity, it is necessary that the solid matter of the earth should be just on that borderland between the solid and liquid states, which it is so difficult to imagine can often be the case; and it must be finally admitted that science has yet to frame a perfectly satisfactory explanation of these interesting phenomena.*

Human nature is too apt to dwell upon the awful results of these evident and striking mani-

* For a fuller discussion of the question as to the interior condition of the globe, see article in *Chambers's Journal* for Jan. 21, 1882, 'Is the Interior of the Earth Molten or Solid?'

festations of nature, and to pass over her more regular and noiseless, yet far more potent activity. It must not, therefore, be forgotten that these subterranean outbursts we have been considering, are but the more violent and pronounced examples of a slow and gradual process of upheaval and depression which is going on at all portions of the earth's surface. And these movements of the earth's crust, whether they be the slow upheaval and depression to which reference has just been made, or the cataclysmal efforts of an earthquake or volcanic outburst, are in the main most beneficial to man, and have an important influence on his progress and well-being. It is the short-sighted philosophy of imperfect knowledge which regards only the evil which such catastrophes produce. The heated regions of the earth's crust where the volcanic forces are in energy are the laboratories of nature, where her most valued gems and minerals are produced; whilst the earth-throes which devastate a country, and seem to be fraught only with evil to mankind, bring the rocks containing them to the surface; and we may strangely reflect, that but for these eruptive efforts, iron, and many other minerals which have contributed to the comfort and progress of man, might for ever have remained unknown to him. One of 'the fairy tales of science and the long result of time' is the gradual change in the relative positions of continent and sea which these oscillations of the earth's crust have brought about. Our own island has now been submerged until the sea washed its mountain tops, now elevated until it ceased to be an island, and Father Thames flowed across a great stretch of land, which filled up the North Sea, to join the great Rhine, the two streams pouring their united waters almost within the arctic circle. So, over all the earth; continents have grown out of the sea, and great lands have given place to vast oceans. 'The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of time.' Everywhere, flux and change—growth and decay; only fixed and unalterable the immutable and eternal laws which govern it.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

CURLEY BOND was well known in the district as a loafer and 'corner-man.' He had been through the hands of our people on a charge of deserting his wife and child and leaving them chargeable to the parish. The desertion was attributed at the time—and doubtless rightly attributed—to the fact that the wife's health having broken up, she was no longer able to maintain an idle husband by her labour. She died in the workhouse infirmary a few weeks after Curley had gone; but the child—the caricaturist of the present narrative—had been supported and educated in the union school of the district for the period of five years over which the desertion extended. At the end of that period, Curley, for some reason best known to himself, had ventured back to the neighbourhood—on the quiet. He was, however, speedily detected. Within a week, an anonymous letter

conveyed information of his return to the relieving officer. That official obtained a warrant, upon which Curley was arrested, being taken out of his bed in a common lodging-house in the small-hours of a Sunday morning. Seeking to make a virtue of necessity, he offered to relieve the guardians of the charge of the boy, and as a body they were disposed to accept his proposal and drop the prosecution. It was argued that he was a man of straw, so far as recovering the cost of past maintenance was concerned, and that, if he was imprisoned, the boy would only have to be kept at the ratepayers' expense for a longer period. To this view, however, old Dorrington was strongly opposed. He reasoned that such a fellow ought to be prosecuted, and that to prosecute him would be the truest economy in the long-run, since any punishment awarded to him would be calculated to act as a caution to others of his inclining. In the end, old Dorrington had his way. The prosecution was carried on; and though the specific charge of desertion failed on some technical point, Curley was convicted, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, on the general count of being a rogue and vagabond. It came out in court that the proceedings were chiefly due to the action of Mr Dorrington, so that Curley was quite aware to whom he was indebted in the matter.

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and in my opinion stamped Curley as being as certainly the inspirer, as his son had been the draughtsman of the wall cartoons that had figured as a prominent circumstance in the China House burglary. I remembered at this point that of late I had missed Curley from his accustomed corners, and my next question to the landlord—put in the same tone of affected indifference—was: 'What is Curley's little game nowadays?'

'Well, if you'd a asked me a few months back, I should a said that whatever his game might be, it was something on the cross. Talk about insinuating as I'm a fence! If I had a been, I could a done plenty of business with him. He was always a-hinting at having stuff to get rid of, or knowing others as had, which came to the same thing.'

This latter piece of information still further strengthened my impression that I was on the right trail; but merely making a mental note of the statement for the present, I continued the pumping process by asking: 'But what is he doing now?'

'A-doin' now!' echoed the landlord, laughing aloud as he spoke. 'Why, he's set up as a betting-man, if you please—a feller as could hardly tell a racehorse from a towel-rail; as don't know a big B from a barn-door; and as couldn't reckon up anything beyond the run of his ten fingers, if he could do that.—A betting-man!' he went on with a snort of contempt: 'a "ramper," more like. Fact, that's just what he is—ramper and bully to a couple of outside betting-men. Wilson, Harding, & Co., they call themselves, and he sticks himself up as the Co.'

Here was more light with a vengeance. It was only by the strongest effort of self-repression that at this stage I was able to refrain from

showing my surprise and satisfaction. I had really been on the right line at first, then, I said to myself, though—and this thought was *not* satisfactory—I had allowed myself to be thrown off the scent almost at the first step. Wilson, it will be remembered, was the name of the carpenter I had suspected in the first instance; and Harding, as I now instantly recollected, was the name of the greengrocer with whom he lodged. As yet, I had of course no proof that these were the Wilson and Harding of the betting firm of which Curley Bond claimed to be the Co.; but in the assured frame of mind in which I now found myself, it never occurred to me to doubt that such was the case. I only wondered, and that with a painful sense of humiliation, that I had not at the time detected Harding's answers concerning his lodger as being much too pat and much too trippingly spoken.

I renewed the conversation, but could elicit no further useful information from the virtuously indignant publican. I had, however, I believed, learned enough, and I left him in high spirits. That I was now on the track of the performers in the China House job, I was firmly persuaded, and I could not but admire the constitution of the gang. An apparently respectable tradesman having a round in the neighbourhood in which the burglary had been committed, and owning a horse and cart, with which he could be out in the small-hours without exciting suspicion, on the plea that he was going to market—such a man as this was beyond price as a putter-up of and assistant in burglaries. And when with such a one was joined a man who legitimately possessed and was skilled in the use of the tools best suited to burglarious operations; a burly ruffian for heavy work, and a smart boy to be put through small openings or set to keep watch—when such a champion lot as this were banded together, it was easy to understand that they would be difficult to detect. All the greater, therefore, was the slice of luck that had enabled me to approach their identity.

That I had identified them, I now assumed as a moral certainty; but in criminal law, as I was of course aware, moral certainties alone go for nothing. That I had hit upon the men was something; but to land them, to be able to arrest them, not to speak of being sure of convicting them, it would be necessary to obtain material and legal evidence. To that end I at once set to work, and this time in a really confident spirit. And my self-confidence was abundantly justified. On the principle that it never rains but it pours, the good fortune that had at length befallen me in connection with the China House business continued to accompany me, for the case almost 'made itself.' I followed Wilson, Harding, & Co. to a metropolitan race meeting, and pointing them out to the police inspector in charge of the course, inquired if he knew anything of them.

'I don't myself,' he answered; 'but here's a man that I daresay does;' and turning to a sharp-featured bookmaker who was standing close by, he said: 'I say, Croft, do you know anything of Wilson and Harding?'

'No; I should like to,' he replied: 'they're a bit of a mystery.'

'How so?' I put in.

'Well, in this way. If I'm any judge on the point—and I reckon if I ain't, I ought to be—they do fairly well in the way of business; yet after almost every meeting, they seem somehow or other to get out of gear. At anyrate, they have to pawn their belongings to get home; but when you see them at the very next meeting, they are in full fig again. And mind you, it ain't with gambling after the races are over. As a matter of curiosity, I've watched 'em for that. Wilson billiards a bit certainly; but as far as that goes, he does more in the way of skinning than being skinned.'

It occurred to me that I could have very easily explained the mystery, but I merely asked: 'Where have they pawned?'

'I should think they've done it at most meetings they've attended; but I know for certain they did it at Lincoln and Liverpool, for I bought a ticket from them at each of those places.'

'Would you mind showing me the tickets?' I asked.

'Not at all,' he answered. 'I paid a fair price for them; and if there's any screw loose about the business, I'm innocent of any knowledge of it.' As he spoke, he produced the tickets from a pocket-book. They related the one to a field-glass, and the other to a dressing-case.

These articles and some others pledged in the establishments named on the tickets turned out—as I fully expected they would—to be parts of the proceeds of burglaries in our division. Using the record of past racing fixtures as a guide, I was enabled to trace more of the stolen property—including some of that taken from China House—in the same way.

From Dorrington's housemaid, too, I now obtained a valuable piece of information. After taking to the turf, Wilson had thrown her over; and as a consequence, her feelings towards him had undergone a change. She did not come forward voluntarily; but on being questioned a second time, she stated that about the time the burglaries were committed in the neighbourhood Wilson had made her presents of jewelry, which friends had told her were worth a heap of money. On questioning Charley as to how he had come by the things, he had given her putting-off answers, and that had made her fidgety. When I had spoken to her the first time, she had instantly bethought her of these presents, and it had occurred to her that possibly Charley had got innocently mixed up with some bad lot. But he was her sweetheart then, and of course it was not for her to bring him under suspicion. Now, however, things were different. He had shown her that she was nothing to him, and though she wished him no harm for that, it was not for her to risk her character for one who was nothing to her. That was the truth, and there was the jewelry—which latter proved to be part of the plunder of several burglaries.

All this was evidence. Upon the strength of it, warrants were issued; and while one party of our men followed Wilson, Harding, and Co. to a racecourse, in order to be able to take the gang at one swoop, another party of us entered and searched their respective homes. In that of the greengrocer we found stolen property to a large

amount; and in a coke-shed at the rear of the house we discovered a furnace and melting-pot that had evidently been much used.

I had independent evidence enough and to spare to secure a conviction; but directly the arrests were made, young Curley 'rounded;' and after due consideration, it was determined by the law officers in charge of the prosecution to allow him to turn Queen's evidence. Naturally, his was the chief evidence. In giving it, he tried, but unavailingly, to make things light for 'poor father.' There was no need to 'elicit' information from him. In reply to a few leading questions, he gave ample details as to how Harding, who knew the ways of the families and the runs of the houses, had manœuvred the jobs; and Wilson acted as leading hand in effecting entrance into the dwellings. He told what quantities of plunder had been taken, and how it had been divided and disposed of, and he joined freely in the 'heartly laughter' which greeted his assertion, that on more than one occasion, the gang, when driving back—in Harding's van—from a successful burglary, had given good morning to the policeman on the beat. As he stood in the witness-box glibly uttering his incriminating statements, Messrs Wilson and Harding regarded him with glances that were scarcely calculated to promote pleasant dreams for him. For a considerable period, however, he was relieved from any danger of reprisals upon their part, as the jury unhesitatingly brought in a verdict of guilty, and each of the prisoners was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Though I am, I hope, a fairly modest man, I think I may regard the China House burglary as being in its way a feather in my cap. At anyrate I had every reason to feel satisfied with my part in the business. As a member of the police force, I could not take the reward that Mr Dorrington offered. But later, I was presented with a purse of sovereigns, in recognition, as the subscribers were pleased to put it, of the ability I had displayed in bringing to justice the gang of burglars who had so long infested the neighbourhood. In addition to this 'presentation,' I also received praise that was not altogether empty, seeing that it was instrumental in bringing me the professional promotion that subsequently fell to my lot.

WALKING IN CIRCLES.

In the winter months, we not unfrequently hear of travellers in this country losing their lives in attempting to cross snow-covered moors while the light is imperfect. Even though the distance be only a few hundred yards, yet in the absence of a definite track or distinctive landmark, the traveller toils on through weary hours, until physical exhaustion overcomes him, and he falls into that lethargic sleep which is the terror of the traveller in cold regions. When the track of such a one is examined, it is found to be more or less of a circular nature, tending, no doubt, to irregularities, but such only as we should expect of an exhausted and despairing man. This tendency to walk in a circle when the individual is unaided by the eye, may be said to be almost

universal; and it is in virtue of this tendency that explorers journey only by aid of the compass. Some of our readers may recollect that in their school-days, walking blindfolded was a favourite pastime, some individuals diverging to one side, some to another, and but few walking in a straight line. These facts are so commonly known as to be beyond dispute; but we believe that the cause is not so generally understood, and is not perhaps even yet definitely ascertained.

Recently, the subject has been discussed in *Nature*, and the opinions of the scientists who have taken part in the discussion have brought out, that though the individual is unconscious of the tendency to walk in a circle, yet it is probably due to a physical inequality on the part of the individual. Let it be considered that if, in walking, the strides are unequal in length, they will tend to carry the individual in the direction of the shorter stride, so that in a certain time and space the walking track will assume the form of a circle. That the strides of an individual generally are unequal, we have proof in reminiscences of some experiments by Mr G. H. Darwin, who, with his eyes shut, started to walk in a grass field, and found that he had described a circle of about fifty yards' diameter, the divergence being towards the right; and in repeated experiments, he was unable to impose a sufficiently strong conscious bias in one direction to overcome the unconscious bias in the other. Further experimenting with eight schoolboys, six of whom were strongly right-handed and two feebly left-handed, he found that the six had a longer stride from left to right, one of the others from right to left, and the remaining one had equal strides. When these boys were caused to hop, the six used the left limb; the next one, the right; and the other hopped on the right on the first trial, then on the left on the second. Offering a prize to the one who should walk straightest, the boy who had equal strides and hopped equally well on either limb walked straight to the goal; the six left-legged boys diverged to the right; and the right-legged one to the left. These results tend to show that inequality of strides is due to physical inequality of the limbs; and one correspondent having suggested that the lower limbs differ in length, and hence cause variation in strides, an authority—Dr J. G. Garson, Royal College of Surgeons, London—adduces proof that this is so. In seventy skeletons, he found by measurement that seven—or ten per cent.—only had the lower limbs equal in length; twenty-five—35·8 per cent.—had the right limb longer than the left; and in thirty-eight instances—or 54·5 per cent.—the left limb was the longer. When these facts are considered, it becomes apparent that if the limbs are unequal in length, the individual cannot possibly walk straight unless when guided by the eye, so that the circular track of the lost traveller is just what we should expect in the circumstances.

We have not yet received any satisfactory explanation of the cause of the inequality of the length of the limbs. Of course, more rapid growth of one limb than of the other may take place; but why this should be so, or whether it takes place in childhood or youth, is not known, and, as Dr Garson says, 'will always be more or less a matter of theory.' 'Asymmetry,' he states, 'is almost invariably found throughout the whole skeleton. For example, it is extremely rare to find a skull the two sides of which are absolutely symmetrical.' Right and left handedness are, we know, due to greater preference or use of an individual arm, infants or children being equally dexterous with both, though usually acquiring a preferential use for the right hand. Greater dexterity is coincident with greater length of the dexterous arm, longer right arms predominating. This contrasts strangely with Dr Garson's observation that left-leggedness predominates; and a comparison of his measurements of the lower and upper limbs shows that in the majority of cases the right arm and the left leg are the longer in the individual. Thus he found that in fifty skeletons the right arm and the left leg were longer in twenty-three cases; the left arm and the right leg in six; the limbs on the right side longer than those on the left in thirteen cases; those on the left side were the longer in four cases; and in the remaining skeletons, the inequality of the limbs was somewhat varied. We cannot, therefore, assume that sleeping on a particular side, or any other habit which would tend to retard or promote growth of both limbs of one side, is the cause of the physical inequality. The evidence, however, is sufficient to show that inequality does exist; and this inequality explains why two persons walking together in a fog may unknowingly become separated, one of them may be left-legged, and diverge to the right; and the other, if right-legged, will diverge to the left.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Indian section of the Society of Arts had lately the opportunity of listening to an exhaustive paper upon 'the Agricultural Resources of India,' by Mr Buck, the head of the new department of Revenue and Agriculture. This paper is not only interesting, but is most encouraging, particularly at this time, when rumours of Russian aggression upon our Indian frontier, and possible union with a disaffected race, are far from being rare. It shows most plainly that our rule in India has in various ways been beneficial for that vast country. The gradual development of the railway system and the establishment of irrigation works have robbed the famines, which in times past used to decimate the people, of half their terrors. Now, the further extension of railways is mainly required in the interests of trade. Mr Buck tells us that there is room for improvement in the native methods of agriculture and in the old-fashioned implements used in field-work, and he also points out that the soil may be made to yield double what it does at present, when sufficient irrigation works have been erected. The rainfall is abundant,

but irregular; therefore, it is necessary that it should be stored in wet seasons for use in periods of drought.

The beet sugar-factory at Lavenham (Suffolk) has now commenced operations, with the best wishes of all interested in this new departure in British agriculture for its success. The process adopted takes advantage of all the improvements which have been introduced in continental factories during recent years, and it may be briefly described as follows: The roots, after being cleaned, are sliced into small pieces and shot into several receptacles, where water at varying temperatures exhausts them of most of their sugar, salts, and impurities. The spent beet is then, under pressure, made to yield still more; the residue being a valuable food for cattle, and worth six shillings per ton. The beet solution is now boiled with lime, which, when it has done its purifying work, is precipitated by means of carbonic acid gas blown through the liquid. It is afterwards treated with strontia, which separates the crystallisable sugar from the other constituents of the liquor; and the sugar is eventually concentrated in vacuum pans in the usual manner. The Lavenham works owe their existence to the enterprise of Messrs Bolton & Company; and if they prove successful, it is intended to extend the system to many other suitable districts of England.

The innocent little superstitions respecting the weather which our forefathers indulged in, are often, in these days of scientific forecasting, found at fault. An instance of this has been afforded by the recent Christmas. Berries were so superabundant that old folks shook their heads and uttered warnings of a hard winter. But instead of frost, we have had moist, dull, uncomfortable days of the most opposite character.

Mr H. H. Johnston recently published an interesting account of his expedition to the Kilimanjaro district of Eastern Africa, which will be found on the map slightly north of Zanzibar. The climate is that of a Devonshire summer. The traveller established a little village on a splendid site eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, from which Eastern Africa seemed spread out below him like a veritable map. From this point, Mr Johnston constantly ascended to greater heights; but his excursions were limited by reason of the natives refusing, on account of the cold, to ascend into the still higher mountain regions. The natives who inhabit the mountain of Kilimanjaro are tractable, and have a great notion of trade. They speak dialects belonging to the great Bantu group of languages. Warm springs occur at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Birds are abundant below, but rare above ten thousand feet. The Hyrax—the cony of Scripture—is common; while buffaloes, and even elephants, ascend the mountain to a great height. Mr Johnston has made a valuable collection, which he hopes will indicate the true relationships and character of the fauna and flora of this interesting region, which, according to his eloquent description, is a terrestrial paradise.

The alarming earthquake shocks in Southern Spain have once more called attention to this most terrible of all the phenomena of nature, and again raised the question as to whether buildings cannot be protected against the effects of such

shocks. According to the best authorities, the loss of life usually experienced could be almost wholly stopped if houses were built to resist earthquake shocks. One writer points out that such houses should be built with timbers firmly bolted together on the principle of a ship. 'If this were attended to,' he writes, 'there need never be the least danger; for at the worst, it is not to be supposed that the motion of the earth can amount in degree to that of the waves of the sea.' At San Francisco, where earthquakes are common, the builders of the Palace Hotel have adopted a patent embodying this principle, the walls being tied together by strong iron rods in every direction.

Miss Ormerod's valuable Report upon the injurious insects of 1884, and the means which have been found successful in suppressing them, has been presented to the Royal Agricultural Society. It is full of interest both for the agriculturist and the entomologist. The Report is so wide in its range that it would be quite impossible to do justice to it in the limited space at our command; but there are one or two observations which must not be passed over without remark, with regard to the dreaded hop aphids. There seems now no reason to doubt that the hop is attacked in the early spring by wingless females, which deposit upon the tender shoots living lice. Miss Ormerod is of the opinion, too, that the winged aphides which attack the plant later on, and which come from the sloe and damson as well as from the hops, represent slight varieties of one and the same species. For experimental purposes, an acre of hop-land was set apart with a view to determining the best way of dealing with the intruders, and various agents were employed as insecticides. Of these, mineral oil (paraffin) mixed with dry earth or similar material gave the best results. With reference to the caterpillars of the winter moth, which are so destructive to the foliage of fruit-trees, it is recommended that the best plan for their discomfiture is to smear the trees in December with a band of sticky fluid—known as Davidson's Composition—about twelve inches in width. The female moths, whose wings seem to be merely ornamental, are thus arrested by hundreds as they creep up the tree.

The lull in the recent excitement concerning electricity as a rival illuminant to gas may be traced to two main causes. One of these is the circumstance that many undeserving inventions were pushed to the front by unscrupulous or ignorant speculators. Companies were formed, only to come to grief after a brief period of existence. In this way, capital was soon frightened away from electric-lighting schemes, however promising they might be. The other cause of depression was due to the stringent rules adopted by the Board of Trade to prevent the recurrence of a monopoly such as is presented by the gas and water Companies. These rules have now been reconsidered by a Committee, with Lord Bury as chairman, and this Committee has given in its Report. Several modifications are recommended by which the Electric Lighting Act of 1882 may be made workable; but it is doubtful whether the gas Companies have any need to fear a rival until some much improved method of producing and popularising the light is discovered.

At Bellegarde (France), the inhabitants have the

advantage of a natural fall of water of about one hundred and sixty feet. Its strength has been intensified by throwing a dam across the stream where it occurs, with the result that a power of two thousand horses is obtained. This power is made to turn a large turbine, which actuates a couple of powerful Gramme machines. From this source, part of the town is lighted by electricity.

Dr Bond, of Gloucester, has contrived a Lactoscope, which will be found extremely useful where milk is suspected of having been mixed with water. It consists of a little glass dish with some black lines ruled across its interior, and a *pipette*, from which fluid can be dropped. The dish is filled when required for use with a measured quantity of water. The *pipette* is then filled with the milk to be tested, which, drop by drop, is added to the water until the black lines are obscured, the number of drops required before this end is attained being counted. A table is supplied by which the amount of butter-fat contained in the milk to give this result can be ascertained. This is not the first milk-tester which has been contrived which owes its efficiency to the relative opacity of pure milk and milk and water; but it is a very ingenious application of the principle.

In this connection, the following notes relative to the profits derived from milk-adulteration may be instructive. The Local Government Board, in a Report lately issued, say: 'Milk continues to be the chief subject of analysis, and the proportion of samples reported against is about one-fifth of the whole number examined. In the metropolis, however, the proportion is still larger, amounting to about twenty-six per cent. On a former occasion, we gave the grounds for a calculation that Londoners are paying between seventy and eighty thousand pounds a year for water sold under the name of milk, and we are inclined to think that the estimate was by no means excessive. We find that the public analyst for Plumstead calculates that in that single district the milkmen receive between seven and eight thousand pounds for water, while the fines for adulteration amount to about one hundred pounds annually.'

Now that the camel is being utilised as part of the equipment of the British army in the desert, attention is naturally turned to his capabilities and general behaviour. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, the endurance of the animal is very great. If required, it will go for a week without water, travelling every day, and will cover great distances at a good speed in a short time. But, according to Colonel Colborne, the animal has no right whatever to be termed patient. 'As far as my experience goes,' he writes, 'the camel is about the most impatient brute in the whole animal creation. He grumbles and swears when required to start, and grumbles and swears when he is required to stop; roars at you when you get on, roars at you when you get off, as he does when he is laden, and when he is unladen. His patience is usually the result of senility. He is usually vicious, and is often addicted to bolting. Neither is his intelligence sufficiently strong to allow him to distinguish noxious plants, and he is at all times a subject of anxiety to his driver on this account.'

Mr T. S. Wilson, the British vice-consul at

Lofoten (Norway), gives some interesting data concerning the application of surplus fish as a manure to land. In his district, he tells us, there are several manufactories where the fish is dried and reduced to powder, one factory alone having used thirty thousand barrels of herrings and more than ten thousand tons of fish of all kinds during the past year. The whole of this product comes to Great Britain, and is used for dressing the land. Those good people who will perhaps exclaim at this apparent waste of food-material, must remember that the fish if not used thus would be wasted, for it represents the surplus, which, for various reasons, cannot be exported or preserved for food. Used as a manure, it does permanent good to the soil, and produces valuable crops.

A simple but valuable invention has been brought before the Society of Architects by Mr George Wright, of 3 Westminster Chambers, London. It consists of a fixing-block made of fireproof material, which can be inserted into a wall like an ordinary brick, and into which nails can be driven with great ease. We need hardly point out that in every building there are many places where woodwork has to be attached to brickwork and masonry. The usual plan is to insert blocks of wood, which commonly shrink, require to be wedged up, and are certainly dangerous, from risk of fire, in the neighbourhood of stoves and chimneys. Indeed, many destructive fires have been traced to the presence of woodwork in unsuspected places. Mr Wright's fixing-blocks at once do away with this difficulty, and they are further of great use in bellhangers' and gasfitters' work.

An important experiment in water-purification has recently been carried out at Philadelphia, under the superintendence of the chief engineer to the water-supply department of that city. It has been known for some time that the purifying action of air upon water is much increased if the two be mingled under pressure, but the fact existed simply as the result of a laboratory experiment. To try the practicability of the principle on a big scale, a large turbine was converted into an air-pump, and was made to deliver a measured volume of air to a water-main. On analysis of the water before and after the experiment, it was found that the quantity of free oxygen in the water had increased by seventeen per cent. The amount of oxygen indicated represents the excess of what was required to purify the organic matter contained in the water previous to its aëration. The result of the experiment is considered highly satisfactory.

It is most satisfactory to find that the past year is distinguished by the fewest number of fatal accidents in our coal-mines of any year since official returns have been published, while at the same time the output of coal has amounted to the extraordinary total of one hundred and seventy million tons. In the half-century which covers the reign of Queen Victoria we find a rapid increase of the amount of coal annually raised, from thirty million tons to the amount just quoted. These figures naturally remind us of the old scare with regard to the ultimate exhaustion of our coal-fields, anent which we quote the words of Sir F. Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association four years

ago, who said that 'unless some wholly unexpected improvement were made in the steam-engine, those who lived to see the centenary of the Association in 1931 would find the steam-engine had become a curiosity, and was relegated to museums; for he could not believe steam (generated by coal) would continue to be the vehicle for transmitting heat into work.' These words the speaker indorsed the other day at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

There is no doubt that the reduction of fatal accidents in our mines is due to the various improvements which have been introduced, and to the attention which has been bestowed by competent men upon the causes which lead to explosions. Improved safety-lamps have, too, supplanted the old 'Davy,' which had no pretension to be called a safety-lamp, after modern plans of ventilation of mines were adopted. In still air, it was safe; but when the air in the workings attained a certain velocity, as it must do to secure good ventilation, it was worse than useless. In 'fiery' mines, it is now illegal to use gunpowder for blasting, and here we have another wise provision, which has doubtless saved many lives. There is reason to believe that with still further improvements in the methods of coal-getting, that industry will be as free from risk to the workers as other occupations which are carried on above ground.

Once more an outcry has arisen concerning mysterious illnesses which have eventually been traced to arsenical wall-papers. There is an erroneous idea that brilliant green is the only colour that is dangerous in this respect; but as a matter of fact, arsenic may be present in colours of many other hues. In the sanitary and unsanitary houses exhibited at the Health Exhibition, the latter was purposely hung with arsenical papers, and green was conspicuous by its absence; while in the sanitary house, green was present in abundance, but without any help from arsenic. Householders can easily protect themselves in this matter by observing two rules—the one is, to require a warranty from the paper-hanger that the paper supplied is free from the poison; and the other is, to have every shred of old paper stripped from the walls before the new paper is put on. We shall have some further remarks to offer on this subject, by-and-by.

We understand that an Exhibition of Photographs by Amateurs is shortly to be opened in London, under the auspices of the Stereoscopic Company, who offer valuable prizes for the best pictures in different classes. Gentlemen who are well known in the art world will act as judges. Photography is now so fashionable an amusement, that this Exhibition is likely to prove one of the successes of the London season.

Mr Henry Ffennell has published some interesting notes which he has collected with reference to the largest salmon taken, both with net and rod, from the principal rivers in the kingdom during the past year. The Tay, as might be expected, heads the list with a noble sixty-pounder; the Shannon gave up the next largest fish, weighing fifty-seven pounds; then follow the Tyne, fifty-one pounds; the Eden, forty-two pounds; the Derwent, forty-one pounds; the Tweed, thirty-nine pounds; and the Clyde, thirty-eight pounds. As a curiosity of fishing, it is

recorded that during the last week of the season at North Shields a fish of forty pounds kindly jumped into a boat lying at the fish-quay! Mr Ffennell remarks that the largest salmon which he ever saw, and which weighed seventy pounds, was that taken in the Tay in the year 1870, and of which a cast was made for the Fish Museum at South Kensington by the late Frank Buckland, who named it 'The King of Scots.'

Mr Guy, secretary of the Howietoun Fishery, has received a letter from Mr Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, conveying the following information: 'I have much pleasure in acknowledging the arrival, in excellent condition, of the trout eggs sent by you per *Furnessia*. Some of these were transferred to Mr Mather's station at Cold Spring Harbour, N. Y., and the remainder to the White Fish station of the Commission, in charge of Mr Frank N. Clark, at Northville, Michigan. Both gentlemen greatly admire the method in which the eggs were packed, and the perfect condition in which they came to hand.'

In an article on 'Curiosities of the Electric Light,' which appeared in this *Journal* for March 1, last year, the following passage occurred: 'Fog has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the [electric] arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange colour. A single gas jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-light. This is because the gas jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed.' With regard to this, an Australian correspondent writes us: 'The above passage brought to my mind what I was told years ago, that when driving at night in a fog, and the carriage or buggy lamps will not show the road, the light can be made to penetrate the fog by simply spreading a common red silk pocket-handkerchief over the glass of the lamps. This hint, even if of no use to electricians, may benefit some one compelled to drive home in the "small-hours."'

CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE knowledge attributed to the proverbial 'schoolboy' must always have amazed any person of only ordinary intelligence. Recent school examinations have, however, revealed a depth and variety of information possessed by juveniles, which bids fair to make the coming school-boy throw his predecessors quite into the shade. Amongst many startling items of information may be instanced that 'a fort is a place to put men in,' and a fortress 'a place to put women in.' 'A famine in the land,' it appears, is what made the Tower of Pisa lean; and "cos the moon is so changin'," is the reason why it is of a different gender from the sun. The surface of the earth consists of land and water, said a bright youngster; but when asked, 'What, then, do land and water make?' he instantly replied, 'Mud.'

In many cases, it is evident that the pupils do not understand what the questions mean. When inquiring, 'What comes next to man in

the scale of being?' it is rather surprising to be told it is 'his shirt.' It surely must have been the same boy who replied that the chief end of man was, 'The end what's got his head on.' The first man that went round the world was, in a little girl's opinion, 'The man in the moon.' A consonant is a 'portion of land surrounded by water.' It was 'Daniel in the lion's den' who said, 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and 'why the Israelites made a golden calf' was, 'Because they hadn't enough silver to make a cow.'

Reports of School-board examinations will form quite a comic library. 'What would have happened if Henry IV. of France had not been murdered?' The reply was: 'He would probably have died a natural death.' 'Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?' 'In the fire,' replied a little fellow, looking very grave and wise. An equally unexpected reply was elicited from a pupil when asked, 'What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?' 'They dried themselves.'—'What is the feminine of friar?' First bright boy: 'Hasn't any.'—'Next.' Second bright boy: 'Nun.'—'That's right.' First boy, indignantly: 'That's just what I said!'

The following is still more ludicrous. A teacher asked a juvenile class some questions regarding their knowledge of electricity, and inquired which of them had ever seen a magnet. One sharp boy immediately said he had seen lots of them. 'Where?' inquired his instructor, astonished at his proficiency. 'In cheese,' was the ready reply.

But the good things are not all monopolised by the boys. Some little girls were studying the history of David, the passage for the day being that which describes the shepherd boy's victory over Goliath. The teacher asked the question, 'Now, can any of you little girls tell me who killed the giant?' Quick as thought, one of the smallest responded, 'Jack.'

An examination of girls in Board schools for prizes offered by the National Health Society revealed some curious items of information. One reply to, 'Mention any occupations considered injurious to health,' was: 'Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood.' Another pupil said: 'A stone-mason's work is injurious, because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips, and then they are taken into the lungs.' A third says: 'A bootmaker's trade is very injurious, because the bootmakers press the boots against the thorax; and therefore it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart; and if they do not die, they are cripples for life.' With a beautiful decisiveness, one girl declares that 'all mechanical work is injurious to health.' A reply to a question about digestion runs: 'We should never eat fat, because the food does not digest.' Another states that 'when food is swallowed, it passes through the windpipe;' and that 'the chyle flows up the middle of the backbone, and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen, and is purified.' Another says: 'The work of

the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.' One little physiologist replies: 'We have an upper and a lower skin; the lower skin moves at its will, and the upper skin moves when we do.' Another child says: 'The heart is a comical shaped bag.' A third, that 'the upper skin is called *epperderby*, and the lower skin is called *derby*;' while a fourth enumerates the organs of digestion as 'stomach, *utensils*, liver, and spleen.'

Another school furnishes us with some choice specimens of general information, geography, history, and grammar. With reference to the first, we are told that 'the first day in Lent is called Matrimony,' moreover, that 'Matrimony is necessary to salvation;' and that 'our neighbour' is 'the person next door.' In geography, for instance, 'a volcano is a large mountain with a hole at the top and a fireplace at the bottom, and sometimes the fire comes out at the top and destroys the cities at the bottom, if there are any.' A watershed is a mountain like a cave, by which the river flows. A steppe is a mountain in France; and last, not least, we learn that 'we can go from London to Liverpool by the Brighton and South Coast line.' Equally ingenious and curious are the answers in grammar. One boy discovered there are three kinds of '*gs*'—the hard '*g*,' the soft '*g*,' and the 'refugee.' Beau has for the feminine, 'arrow;' peacock, 'peacockess;' and German, 'Gerwoman;' the feminine of bachelor is 'old maid, widow;' of gosling, 'ganderess;' and of fox, 'hare.' The plural of colloquy is 'colleagues, colloquise;' and the chief parts of teach, 'teacher, taught.'

In English history, more surprises await us. 'King Stephen was the first English martyr who was martyred in England; he was burned alive in St Albans in Holborn.' 'Magna Charta was a great man, and he was called Magna Charta because he used to go about preaching.' The Heptarchy was called the United States, it appears, at one time; and it also may not be generally known that 'Saint Thomas à Becket was a tax-gatherer; and one day he quarrelled with the Black Prince, and wanted to kill him.' One sapient historian observed that the 'Treaty of Utrecht was fought between the Zulus and the English.' Some remarkable and original information was given, too, regarding Chaucer, Spenser, and Swift. The first-named person, it seems, wrote *Aesop's Fables*; the second wrote the *Wealth of Nations*; while the third, who lived in John's reign, was a 'great astronomer and joker.'

But it is in sacred history that many bright pupils surpass themselves in leaving the region of facts, and boldly plunging into a sea of speculation. In the opinion of one, 'the Pharisees were bad people who used to wash.' Pontius 'Pilot,' another affirmed, was one of the Arabian Nights; and a third genius discovered that 'the Greek translation of the Old Testament was called Latin.' To the question, 'Who wrote the Catechism?' one said, 'St Paul;' another, 'Moses;' and a third, 'One of the prophets.'—'To whom did St Philip preach?' was one of the questions put. 'To the unicorn,' was the answer.

Here is the pith of a talented youngster's paper on the 'Good Samaritan.' 'A certing man went down from jerslam to jeriker, and

he fell among thieves and the thorns sprang up and choaked him—whereupon he gave tup-pins to the host, and praid take care on him and put him hon his hone hass. And he past by on the other side.' This and the following are not, as might be supposed, American exaggerations, but authenticated instances of examiners' experiences.

The last specimen is in answer to the question, 'Who was Moses?'—'He lived in a hark maid of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizen snakes, and he het nothin but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was kart by the air while riding under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

WITH reference to the present distribution of this almost extinct animal, an American paper states as follows: 'The division of the buffalo herds by the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific railroads left two great bands of them—one on the north, and the other on the south side of the tracks. Those on the south side—in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona—have long since disappeared from the ranges, their places being taken by the herds of domestic cattle and numerous flocks of sheep. The disappearance of the buffalo from the north-west dates from the conquest of Sitting Bull. When the military drove that great Indian warrior from the hunting-grounds of his tribe, the buffalo went with the red men. In the country were thousands upon thousands of buffaloes that fell beneath the bullets of the soldiers when there were no Indians to shoot at. It was grand sport for the soldiers, but it was death to the buffaloes. Upon the prairies of Dakota and Montana, where they once wandered in thousands, not a single one is now to be found. The only remnants of these mighty herds that once thronged the north-west are a few hundred animals scattered in the vicinity of Woody Mountain, across the line in British Manitoba. Last year a herd of about seventy-five thousand were corraled in the forks of the Little Missouri, on the south side of the Yellowstone River; but they were rounded up by the Gros Ventres and Crows, who attempted to drive them on their reservations before the white hunters could get a shot at them. In this they were unsuccessful, for the white hunters did get wind of the affair, and by the time both reds and whites got through with them, not five thousand of that mighty herd were left to cross the Yellowstone. The remnant, which did not get over in safety, continued their journey into the north, and at last found a refuge near Woody Mountain, in the British territory.'

WASTE SAND.

In all glass factories, the waste sand accumulates generally in very large quantities, so that it is difficult at times to know what to do with it. We learn, however, from a French publication (*Le Bulletin Technologique*) that a remedy has been found for this, by which the waste sand will not only be used up, but will be of great service in the production of articles of a kind

of earthenware resembling white bricks. First of all, the sand is subjected to enormous hydraulic pressure, and is then baked in furnaces at a very great heat, so that blocks of various sizes are produced of a white colour, being, in fact, a pure silex. These will resist the action of sulphuric and other powerful acids, as well as sharp frost, the heat of the sun, and wind and rain. They are very light, their specific gravity being only 1.5. They will be invaluable for decorative and architectural purposes, when combined with coloured bricks or stones.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF ENSILAGE.

At a recent meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Edinburgh, Mr Colin Mackenzie stated that the test experiments which he had been conducting with ensilage at Portmore, Peeblesshire, were concluded in August last, when all the animals that had been fed on silage and turnips were sold. On February 14, when the experiments began, the six cattle that were fed on turnips and straw weighed on an average 7 cwt. 1 qr. 10½ lbs., and the five animals fed on silage averaged 7 cwt. 1 qr. 18½ lbs. When turned out to grass, on May 12, they averaged respectively 8 cwt. 1 qr. 2½ lbs. for the turnip-fed animals, and 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 12 lbs. for those getting silage. On June 17, the turnip-fed beasts averaged 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs., while those fed on silage averaged 8 cwt. 3 qrs. 6 lbs. After being slaughtered, the dressed carcasses were weighed, when the animals getting turnips averaged thirty-nine stone seven and one-sixth pounds, and those fed on silage gave an average of forty-two stone four and two-fifth pounds. Thus the silage-fed animals, which started with an advantage of eight pounds of live weight, finished with an advantage of two stone eleven pounds of dead weight. An experiment undertaken with the view of testing the suitability of silage for ewes in winter showed that from birth till the date of sale the lambs produced by the ewes could not be distinguished either in size or condition from the lambs of ewes fed on turnips. Mr Mackenzie proceeded to say that the whole of the cattle in his possession were now being foddered on silage only, and he could not desire to see them in a more healthy and thriving condition. His silos now numbered five, and the whole had been filled with the produce of lea-fields, 'hained' for cutting, and a certain amount of plantation grass, and the whole of the silage was in excellent condition. In conclusion, he moved that the committee to whom the task was intrusted of making the experiment be discharged, and that the Society proceed to gather and publish details of a practical nature regarding the use of silage.—The motion was unanimously agreed to.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

Mr C. S. Jeaffreson, F.R.C.S.E., writes as follows: 'Repeated paragraphs have lately appeared in many of the daily papers concerning a new drug—muriate of cocaine—which is declared to have the power, when applied to the surface of the eye, of producing complete anaesthesia, or insensibility to touch and painful impressions. By its agency the surgeon can, it is said, perform operations

which are confined to the globe of the eye with perfect freedom from pain. I am so frequently being asked questions upon this subject, and the matter is of such vast importance to the general public, that I make no apology for stating my experience of this new drug in the public press. I have no hesitation in saying that since the introduction of chloroform into surgical practice, there is no discovery which equals in importance the effects which are found to follow the use of this new preparation. I obtained a four per cent. solution of muriate of cocaine through the agency of Mr Bolam, chemist, and having first experimented upon Dr Houseman—my assistant at the Eye Infirmary—and found that its effects upon the eye were such as to produce complete anaesthesia, I used it in various operations with complete and unqualified success. I have no doubt that its introduction will mark a new era in ophthalmic practice; and a knowledge of the great benefits which, by its agency, are likely—I may say certain—to accrue to suffering humanity cannot be too prominently brought before the public.'

SNOW ON THE MOORS.

FEBRUARY.

O'er the wide waste of barren, bloomless moors,
Whereon not yet the purple heather-bells
Yield honey-spoil unto the roving bee,
Falls thick and white and fast the winter-snow.
Long, long ago, the pale blue harebells died;
The golden broom her petals one by one
Dropped 'mid the sere brown fern; and all the wealth
Of sweet wild-flowers that make bright and fair
The fells in autumn, withered lie and dead
Beneath the wintry blast.

The shepherd seeks,
Hardy and weather-seasoned though he be,
The shelter of his cot; his bonnet blue
Scarcely keeps from off his scanty silver hairs
The pelting snow-storm; crouch the shivering ewes
With their new-yearned and pretty bleating lambs,
'Neath the furze-covered shed.

Keen, keen, and cold,
The north wind whistles o'er the bleak hillside,
As, chill and gray, the gloaming closes in;
And ceaseless flutter from the leaden sky
The feathering flakes, till not a single bush,
Or tuft or hillock, through its covering shows,
But still and white and silent all around,
The landscape lies beneath a shroud of snow.

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IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

AMONG the facts that every schoolboy knows are many which most men and women have forgotten. Even those familiar on our tongues, few of us fully realise. That the last century has been pre-eminently the age of inventions which have changed the face of the world is the tritest of commonplaces. But the extent and variety of the mechanical, and still more of the industrial and social reorganisation effected by two or three great inventions, we seldom bear in mind, and our children seem likely to forget. The order of the civilised world has undergone a greater revolution in that period than perhaps in any preceding millennium. We all know that the land has been intersected with a network of canals, railways, and telegraphs; that seas have been joined, underlaid with telegraphic cables, and covered with fleets moving independent of wind and wave. But it is difficult for a strong imagination fully to realise the yet greater social and industrial revolution that steam has caused.

We know, but hardly remember, that the greatest single manufacture in the world is scarcely a hundred years old. Steam has obtained an absolute monopoly of textile manufactures, gathering multitudes of men, women, and children in gigantic establishments to work under conditions and perform functions scarcely less mechanical than those of the countless spindles, the endless rows of mules and looms they no longer direct, but watch and serve. The economical gain is enormous, and felt by every family within reach of European commerce. The social and moral consequences are more questionable; although the grosser evils originally attending the sudden and enormous growth of the system have been almost entirely corrected.

Marvellous as have been the inventions of the recent past, stupendous as are the changes they have effected, inventions in actual progress or 'within measurable distance' of attainment promise even greater results. Metallurgists are

in active pursuit of cheap aluminium; and cheap aluminium might prove a scarcely less valuable possession, a scarcely less revolutionary industrial agent, than iron itself. Incorrodible as gold, beautiful as silver, threefold lighter, strength for strength, than iron, even more useful to the electrician than copper, aluminium promises to be the most serviceable, as it is one of the most abundant of metals. Hitherto, however, the difficulty of separating it from its ores has rendered it at least one-half as costly as silver. It has been obtained, we believe, only from the chloride, and only through the action of sodium, another abundant but comparatively irreducible metal. But no chemist doubts that it may, most expect that it will, soon be obtainable by some comparatively cheap and simple process from common ores like its silicate, which forms the basis of clay. Were it as cheap as iron, it might supersede iron for almost all purposes. Aluminium ships would need no copper sheathing, would be as strong as steel, and but one-third of the weight. Aluminium furniture would be lighter and far more elegant than either wood or iron; aluminium machinery would be clean and light, would not soil the hands of the workers with rust or oil. Aluminium utensils would be far handier than iron, safe as tin, and even less corrodible than copper. Aluminium spoons and forks would certainly supersede electro-plate and every other substitute for silver. Railway engines and carriages made of aluminium would reduce probably by one-half the dead-weight of the train. Infrangible glass is another by no means impossible or incredible achievement of the future; and infrangible glass, especially with the aid of cheap aluminium, might improve almost indefinitely our inconvenient, absurd, and uncomfortable domestic architecture.

But the paramount invention, the master-agent of the future, is electricity. The delay of electric lighting, which has greatly disappointed public expectation, is due less to unforeseen and by no means insuperable difficulties—less to cost, which would be speedily and steadily reduced—than to

injudicious legislation; which, too eager to protect the public interest, has placed the holders of electric patents under apparently unfair and certainly unacceptable conditions. But the electric light is an accomplished fact, accomplished in forms severally suitable for street, theatrical, factory, and domestic use. For rooms large or small, the little 'Swan' lamp, single or by twos and threes, realises the ideal perfection of artificial light. It has neither glare nor heat nor smoke; it is bright, soft, and steady, and as it can be placed close to the ceiling, need affect the eyes no more than diffused sunshine. Electricity will supersede gas as certainly as gas superseded oil and wax and tallow. Thus cheapened, gas will probably supersede coal as the fuel of electric engines and of domestic use. Conservatories and hothouses lighted with electricity will allow the florist and fruit-grower to try new experiments in forcing, acclimatising; creating artificial seasons at his pleasure. Heretofore, he could obtain summer heat, but not the prolonged light which is equally essential. The alleged danger from the wires is far less than that from gas, which we regard with so much indifference. There is no peril of leaking or bursting pipes, accidents and explosions without the interference and beyond the control of the household. For one man who, recklessly laying hold of communicating wires, may be painlessly killed, a score are now burnt or blown up, blinded or maimed, by gas accidents utterly beyond their own control. The children of the next generation will bless the invention which allows the parent to leave them a light brighter than gas, and beyond the reach of careless or mischievous fingers. The perfection of the telephone is no extravagant dream of sanguine credulity. Our children may, and probably will, live to communicate by word of mouth between Liverpool and London, Leeds and Glasgow, if not between London and Paris, or even between Liverpool and New York. Very probably they may see the telephone a common article of domestic convenience. Married daughters and sisters may be able to hold daily converse with their distant homes; men of business, as it is, give orders and instructions verbally, by a method which admits of question, explanation, and correction at the moment.

But the peculiar interest and incalculable potential importance of electricity lies in its character as a motive-power, or rather, perhaps, as a vehicle of motive-force. It differs from all others hitherto employed in several vital particulars. It is capable of easy and infinite subdivision, of storage and of employment at an indefinite distance. These characteristics may have consequences as yet undreamed of, or dreamed of not by men of science, but by observant and somewhat Utopian speculative thinkers. The first and most obvious consequence relates to the sources of power. At present, nearly all the motive-power employed in wholesale locomotion by land and sea, in manufactures, and in every form of industry—the only motive-force except that of human and animal muscle at man's command, save in a few favoured localities—is derived from coal. Water and wind power might be had gratis; but as compared with the steam-power supplied by coal, even water-power is worth having only where it is

supplied under specially advantageous conditions, and where coal is distant and costly. But coal, the stored and petrified forests of former ages, is absolutely limited in quantity; though the as yet undeveloped coal-fields of America and India, not to mention others, promise to supply the consumption of mankind for an indefinite period. Our English coal-fields with the present and prospective output, cannot be expected to last for ever. It may be very long before the whole coal will be used up; but that which is accessible at moderate depths without enormous increase in the cost of production will not last two or three centuries at the present constantly increasing rate of consumption. We want so much coal to supply heat for chemical and domestic purposes, that we cannot long afford to make it our sole source of motive-power. This may seem a needless or exaggerated alarm; but at all events, could we find a cheap means of rendering available the force supplied gratis by nature, the use of artificial motive-power, by which the progress of material civilisation may be roughly measured, would proceed far more rapidly, evenly, and cheaply than while we depend on coal alone.

Now, electricity promises to furnish just what we want—a means of converting the waste forces of nature into an available form. How vast those forces are, only scientific men are at all aware. The heat of the sun, the wind, the water-power of the world's innumerable rivers—above all, that supplied by the motion of the world itself, the force of the tides—afford, each and every one of them, a supply of force incomparably greater than all the possible coal-fields of the earth can practically furnish. Sanguine electricians tell us that each and all of these can be rendered available as sources of electric motive-power. One eminent inventor already lights his house with electricity derived from the water-power of a small stream some furlongs distant. It would be just as easy to apply that power to work sewing-machines, lifts, sawpits, or a local railway. The smallest waterfall, the force of an utterly neglected stream, could furnish half-a-dozen households with motive-power sufficient for all domestic purposes to which machinery could be applied. The Thames could light London, and have force yet to spare for all the machinery of every factory on its banks. True that the waste, both in conversion and application, will be great; that is to say, we shall obtain half, perhaps not a quarter, possibly not more than a tithe of the force which sun and wind, stream and tide, can supply. But we need not calculate or grudge the waste of force that costs nothing, and which as yet is absolutely wasted.

Another important point in the promise if not the performance of electricity is the power of storage. We cannot store up steam or wind or sun-heat in their native form; but each of them may be made the source of electricity that can be stored. Boxes of electric force originally supplied by coal or water-power, or it might be by the tide or by the sails of a windmill, can furnish light to a household, motive-power to a tricycle or a sewing-machine. As yet, the power of storage is inconveniently limited; that is, the boxes are inconveniently large and heavy. But electricians expect to find means of storing a very much larger power in very much smaller

bulk. When this is done, a locomotive, a boat, a carriage, or a tricycle can be supplied at starting with a portable motive-power of an amount capable of driving it for so many hours at an ascertained speed. The importance of this peculiar capacity of electric force is obvious. Windmills were abandoned, in spite of the cheapness of their motive-power, simply because it could not be stored; because they could work only when the wind happened to blow, and blow briskly. In a word, the sources of electric force are absolutely unlimited; and those that work most unevenly are scarcely the less available, since the power they supply can be laid up in reserve.

But among all the characteristics of the new force, probably the most important, especially in the social and industrial aspect, are its divisibility and conductibility. Niagara, they say, could supply all the factories of the States with water-power; but that power could heretofore be turned to account only on the spot, and therefore only an infinitesimal part of the limitless supply could have been available. As matter of fact, the whole of this vast reservoir of power has been left unused. So little of it could have been utilised, that it was not worth while to disfigure the magnificent natural scenery of that unrivalled gorge. But, converted into electric force, the water-power of Niagara might be conveyed to an indefinite distance, and distributed in amounts large or small to suit the needs of factories or of families. This is of course an extreme illustration rather than a practical example. The potentialities of electricity are not accomplished facts, but neither are they mere speculations. The conversion, the storage, the conveyance, and the distribution have all been achieved upon a small scale and in an imperfect form; that the scale can be enlarged and the methods improved almost indefinitely, those least doubt who have most deeply studied the subject.

The cheapness of conveyance, the distribution of force, may well apply a powerful check to the most formidable and most unpleasant tendency of modern civilisation, the aggregation of human beings in vast, unmanageable, unwholesome dreary cities; for nothing can make vast masses of stone and brick and mortar, endless lines of street, otherwise than dreary, unpleasant, unwholesome, in comparison with the fresh air and natural beauty of the open country. When motive-power can be distributed indefinitely, the city will have no necessary, indispensable, irresistible economic advantage over the village. Aggregation and division of labour must always be more or less economical; but the spinner and weaver may well be content to earn ten or fifteen per cent. less for the sake of independence. Fathers and husbands may well choose that wives and daughters should earn twenty shillings at home, rather than twenty-five or thirty shillings under the rigid discipline and in the promiscuous society of the great factory. Should this prove possible, women will be able to earn their bread without neglecting their homes, to work eight, nine, or ten hours a day, but not continuously; with less fatigue, with perfect freedom, with liberty to rest, or to interrupt their handicraft in order to mind their children,

to cook the meal, and keep the house clean and comfortable.

All the artistic handicrafts, all those in which individual skill, taste, and feeling are important, will tend to segregation, when the indispensable aid of machinery can be supplied almost as easily to the single artisan as to the thousand hands of a great establishment. The tendency at present is to compulsory concentration, as more and more is done by machinery, and less and less by independent human skill and strength. But when independent human skill and strength can have the aid of machinery and motive-power without foregoing independence and individual liberty, half the evils of the system, and all the heartburning that it at present excites, will gradually and naturally pass away. Thus, electricity promises not indeed to reverse, but to check the social action of steam. Congregated labour will still occupy a large part, probably far the greater part of the industrial field. But electricity promises to preserve to individual independent industry all that it still retains, and to restore much that it has lost. When men can find separate and independent employment—when women and children can earn a living without quitting the domestic sphere—when the factories, therefore, depend on volunteers, no longer confined to Hobson's choice, the reforms which it now seems difficult and almost impossible to introduce, will enforce themselves.

To predict that electricity *will* achieve such results, even to affirm confidently that such will be its tendency, would be rash and unreasonable. But this at least is clear, that electricity admits of application, and almost indefinite application to isolated handicrafts and domestic convenience. The application of artificial motive-power in the smallest workshops to aid the individual labourer may not be economical, but it will be possible. The domestic use of machinery, which has hitherto been a more or less Utopian dream, will be brought within the sphere of practical effort. All men of mechanical tastes and knowledge are aware how much steam might do to lighten the labours, to add to the comfort of domestic life, were it practically possible to make the steam-engine a common domestic convenience. What cannot be done with steam can be done with electricity. The rougher mechanical labour of all but the smallest establishments—pumping water, cleaning knives, turning the mangle and the sewing-wheel, may be done ten, fifteen, or thirty years hence, if not without human care, at least without muscular effort. Electric vehicles alone would add enormously to the comfort of daily life, as to the convenience of business. Of all domestic luxuries, a carriage is perhaps the most universally and reasonably coveted, the first, though the most reluctantly, abandoned. How much it contributes to health as well as to enjoyment—how the privation is felt by over-taxed or weakly women accustomed to, but compelled to resign it, those only know who have tried. Electricity may in a few years furnish an available substitute, a cheap and convenient means of conveyance; bring fresh air and change of scene, the refreshment and delight of a frequent country drive, within the reach of all who have leisure to enjoy them, of tired men and feeble women, of invalids and children.

The dull conservatism, the slow improvement of domestic economy, contrast signally and strangely with the rapid progress of industrial organisation. Men of business tolerate in their homes an expense, a neglect of well-known and simple improvements, an adhesion to obsolete, extravagant, inconvenient methods, a waste of labour which would be impossible in the severe competition of business. At a moderate estimate, one-third of our domestic labour runs to waste for lack of two or three familiar and obvious contrivances. Factories, clubs, and hotels have long since adopted as necessary economies improvements which are still wanting alike in the most luxurious and the most economical families. The carriage of water, for example, is a scandalous and needless tax on servants' strength, a wanton waste of highly-paid labour. A comparatively slight expenditure would furnish our houses with the far simpler, cleaner, and more convenient arrangement of our clubs. Coal-fires, open fire-places, ill-constructed chimneys, double the cost of fuel, and, together with the incompleteness of water-service, probably take up the time of one servant in four. The root of the mischief is, of course, that houses are built by speculators and rented for short terms. No man of sense, building for himself on land of his own, would dream of adopting the almost invariable construction of town and suburban houses—the rotten foundations, the thin walls, the insanitary arrangements, the absence of all mechanical appliances to secure comfort and save labour; and the same wretched system will doubtless delay the adoption of the yet greater facilities proffered by electricity. But the senseless, comfortable, wasteful system of the present cannot last for ever, deeply as the division of interests from which it arises is unhappily rooted in our economic system. The ground landlord, secure of his rent, cares for nothing else. The builders, as a body, with their forty, sixty, or eighty years' leases, and a monopoly of ground within reach of business centres, will spend nothing to attract tenants, who, go where they will within the limits imposed on them, can find nothing better. The tenant cannot spend money on the improvement of a stranger's property. Not one house in ten, therefore, is furnished with a sensible kitchen range, not one in fifty has a decent or economic water-service, not one in a thousand a single arrangement for saving labour or fuel, or securing health or comfort.

Happily, a reaction is here and there discernible. The very costliness of ground has led to the construction of buildings whose size renders solidity indispensable. English families detest flats; flats, therefore, must be made attractive by conveniences not found in independent houses. The absence of stairs—in itself an enormous saving of labour—is not sufficient; the economies and comforts familiar to clubs and hotels must be introduced. The flats may be expected to raise gradually but surely the absurdly low and worse than antiquated standard of independent dwellings; and when flats are lighted by electricity and furnished with motive-power, the contrast of comfort and convenience will be too glaring; will provoke a strong, persistent, irresistible demand for common-sense, decency, and rational arrangement in the construction of houses intended

for the same class of tenants, and now brought for the first time into competition with honestly built and sensibly constructed dwellings. And if, as seems probable, electricity should gradually increase the facility of locomotion, and extend the permissible distance between men's dwellings and their work, a greater range of choice may enforce a competition not merely of cheapness, but of honest, sensible, economic construction.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

THE revelation which thus burst upon Mr Durant was known throughout the length and breadth of Bordighera, as that good man said, before the day was out. The expression was not so inappropriate as might be at first supposed, considering the limited society to which the fact that Mr Waring had a second daughter was of any particular interest; for the good chaplain's own residence was almost at the extremity of the Marina, and General Gaunt's on the highest point of elevation among the olive gardens; while the only other English inhabitants were in the hotels near the beach, and consisted of a landlady, a housekeeper, and the highly respectable person who had charge of the stables at the Bellevue. This little inferior world was respectfully interested but not excited by the new arrival.

But to Mrs Durant and Tasie it was an event of the first importance; and Mrs Gaunt was at first disposed to believe that it was a revelation of further wickedness, and that there was no telling where these discoveries might end. 'We shall be hearing that he has a son next,' she said. They had a meeting in the afternoon to talk it over; and it really did appear at first that the new disclosure enhanced the enormity of the first; for, naturally, the difference between a widower and a married man is aggravated by the discovery that the deceiver pretending to have only one child has really 'a family.' At the first glance, the ladies were all impressed by this; though afterwards, when they began to think of it, they were obliged to admit that the conclusion perhaps was not very well founded. And when it turned out that Frances and the new-comer were twins, that altogether altered the question, and left them, though they were by no means satisfied, without anything further to say.

While all this went on outside the Palazzo, there was much going on within it that was calculated to produce difficulty and embarrassment. Mr Waring, with a consciousness that he was acting a somewhat cowardly part, ran away from it altogether, and shut himself up in his library, and left his daughters to make acquaintance with each other as they best could. He was, as has been said, by no means sufficiently at his ease to return to what he called his studies, the ordinary occupations of his life. He had run away, and he knew it. He went so far as to turn the key in one door, so that, whatever happened, he could only be invaded from one side, and sat down uneasily in the full conviction that from moment to moment

he might be called upon to act as interpreter or peacemaker, or to explain away difficulties. He did not understand women, but only his wife, from whom he had taken various prejudices on the subject; neither did he understand girls, but only Frances, whom, indeed, he ought to have known better than to suppose either that she was likely to squabble with her sister, or call him in to mediate or explain. Frances was not at all likely to do either of these things; and he knew that; yet lived in a vague dread, and did not even sit comfortably on his chair, and tried to distract his mind with a novel—which was the condition in which he was found by Mr Durant. The clergyman's visit did him a little good, giving him at once a grievance and an object of ridicule. During the rest of the day, he was so far distracted from his real difficulties as to fall from time to time into fits of secret laughter over the idea of having been in all unconsciousness a source of danger for Tasie. He had never been a gay Lothario, as he said; but to have run the risk of destroying Tasie's peace of mind was beyond his wildest imagination. He longed to confide it to somebody; but there was no one with whom he could share the fun. Constance perhaps might have understood; but Frances! He relapsed into gravity when he thought of Frances. It was not the kind of ludicrous suggestion which would amuse her.

Meanwhile, the girls, who were such strangers to each other, yet so closely bound by nature, were endeavouring to come to a knowledge of each other by means which were much more subtle than any explanation their father could have supplied; so that he might, if he had understood them better, have been entirely at his ease on this point. As a matter of fact, though Constance was the cleverer of the two, it was Frances who advanced most quickly in her investigations, for the excellent reason, that it was Constance who talked, while Frances, for the most part having nothing at all interesting to say of herself, held her peace. Frances had been awakened at an unusually late hour in the morning, for the agitation of the night had abridged her sleep at the other end—by the sounds of mirth which accompanied the first dialogue between her new sister and Mariuccia. The Italian which Constance knew was not very much, and it was of a finer quality than any with which Mariuccia was acquainted; but still they came to some sort of understanding, and both repudiated the efforts of Frances to explain. And from that moment Constance had kept the conversation in her hands. She did not chatter, nor was there any appearance of loquacity in her; but Frances had lived much alone, and had been taught not to disturb her father when she was with him, so that it was more her habit to be talked to than to talk. She did not even ask many questions; they were scarcely necessary; for Constance, as was natural, was full of herself and of her motives for the step she had taken. These revelations gave Frances new lights almost at every word.

'You always knew, then, about us?' Frances said. She had intended to say 'about me,' but refrained, with mingled modesty and pride.

'Oh, certainly. Mamma always writes, you know, at Christmas, if not oftener. We did not

know you were here. It was Markham who found out that. Markham is the most active-minded fellow in the world. Papa does not much like him. I daresay you have never heard anything very favourable of him; but that is a mistake. We knew pretty well about you. Mamma used to ask that you should write, since there was no reason why, at your age, you should not speak for yourself; but you never did. I suppose he thought it better not.'

'I suppose so.'

'But I should not myself have been restrained by that,' said Constance. 'I think very well on the whole of papa; but obedience of that sort at our age is too much; I should not have obeyed him. I should have told him, that in such a matter I must judge for myself. However, if one learns anything as one grows up,' said this young philosopher, 'it is that no two people are alike. I suppose that was not how the subject presented itself to you?'

Frances made no reply. She wondered what she would have said had she been told to write to an unknown mother. Ought she to do so now? The idea was a very strange one to her mind, and yet what could be more natural? It was with a sense of precipitate avoidance of a subject which must be contemplated fully at an after-period, that she said hurriedly: 'I have never written letters. It did not come into my head.'

'Ah!' said Constance, looking at her with a sort of impartial scrutiny. Then she added with a sequence of thoughts which it was not difficult to follow: 'Don't you think it is very odd that you and I should be the same age?'

Frances felt herself grow red, and the water came to her eyes. She looked wistfully at the other, who was so much more advanced than she felt herself to be. 'I suppose—we ought to have been like each other,' she said.

'We are not, however, a bit. You are like mamma. I don't know whether you are like her in mind; but on the outside. And I am like *him*. It is very funny. It shows that one has these peculiarities from one's birth; it couldn't be habit or association, as people say, for I have never been with him—neither have you with mamma. I suppose he is very independent-minded, and does what he likes without thinking? So do I. And you consider what other people will say, and how it will look, and a thousand things.'

It did not seem to Frances that this was the case; but she was not at all in the habit of studying herself, and made no protest. Did she consider very much what other people would say? Perhaps it was true. She had been obliged, she reflected, to consider what Mariuccia would say; so that probably Constance was right.

'It was Markham that discovered you, after all, as I told you. He is invaluable; he never forgets; and if you want to find anything out, he will take any amount of trouble. I may as well tell you why I left home. If we are going to live together as sisters, we ought to make confidants of each other; and if you have to go, you can take my part.—Well, then! You must know there is a man in it. They say you should always ask, "Who is She?" when there is a row between men; and I am sure it is just as natural

to ask, "Who is He?" when a girl gets into a scrape.

The language, the tone, the meaning, were all new to Frances. She did not know anything about it. When there is a row between men; when a girl gets into a scrape: the one and the other were equally far from her experience. She felt herself blush, though she scarcely knew why. She shook her head when Constance added, though rather as a remark than as a question: 'Don't you know?—Oh, well; I did not mean, have you any personal experience, but as a general principle? The man in this case was well enough. Papa said, when I told him, that it was quite right; that I had better have made up my mind without making a fuss; that he would have advised me so, if he had known. But I will never allow that this is a point upon which any one can judge for you. Mamma pressed me more than a mother has any right to do—to a person of my age.'

'But, Constance, eighteen is not so very old.'

'Eighteen is the age of reason,' said the girl somewhat imperiously; then she paused and added—'in most cases, when one has been much in the world, like me. Besides, it is like the middle ages when your mother thinks she can make you do what she pleases and marry as she likes. That must be one's own affair. I must say that I thought papa would take my part more strongly, for they have always been so much opposed. But after all, though he is not in harmony with her, still the parents' side is his side.'

'Did you not like—the gentleman?' said Frances. Nothing could be more modest than this question, and yet it brought the blood to her face. She had never heard the ordinary badinage on this subject, or thought of love with anything but awe and reverence, as a mystery altogether beyond her and out of discussion. She did not look at her sister as she put the question. Constance lay back in the long wicker-work chair, well lined with cushions, which was her father's favourite seat, with her hands clasped behind her head, in one of those attitudes of complete *abandon* which Frances had been trained to think impossible to a girl.

'Did I like—the gentleman? I did not think that question could ever again be put to me in an original way. I see now what is the good of a sister. Mamma and Markham and all my people had such a different way of looking at it. You must know that *that* is not the first question, whether you like the man. As for that, I liked him—well enough. There was nothing to—dislike in him.'

Frances turned her eyes to her sister's face with something like reproach. 'I may not have used the right word. I have never spoken on such subjects before.'

'I have always been told that men are dreadful prudes,' said Constance. 'I suppose papa has brought you up to think that such things must never be spoken of. I'll tell you what is original about it. I have been asked if he was not rich enough, if he was not handsome enough, if he had not a good enough title, and I have been asked if I loved him, which was nonsense; I have not known him long enough. I could answer all that; but you I can't answer.'

Don't I like him? I was not going to be persecuted about him. It was Markham who put it into my head. "Why don't you go to your father," he said, "if you won't hear reason? He is just the sort of person to understand you, if we don't." So, then, I took them at their word. I came off—to papa.'

'Does Markham dislike papa? I mean, doesn't he think?—'

'I know what you mean. They don't think that papa has good sense. They think him romantic, and all that. I have always been accustomed to think so too. But the curious thing is that he isn't,' said Constance with an injured air. 'I suppose, however foolish one's father may be for himself, he still feels that he must stand on the parents' side.'

'You speak,' said Frances, with a little indignation, 'as if papa was likely to be against—his children: as if he were an enemy.'

'Taking sides is not exactly being enemies,' said Constance. 'We are each of our own faction, you know. It is like Whigs and Tories. The fathers and mothers side with each other, even though they may be quite different, and not get on together. There is a kind of reason in it. Only, I have always heard so much of papa as unreasonable and unlike other people, that I never thought of him in that light. He would be, though, except that for the present I am such a stranger, and he feels bound to be civil to me. If it were not for his politeness, he is capable of being medieval too.'

'I don't know what medieval means,' said Frances, with much heat, indignant to hear her father thus spoken of as a subject for criticism. Perhaps she had criticised him in her time, as children use; but silently, not putting it into words, which makes a great difference. And besides, what one does one's self in this way is quite another matter. As she looked at this girl, who was a stranger, though in some extraordinary way not a stranger, a momentary pang and impotent sudden rage against the web of strange circumstances in which she felt herself caught and bewildered, flamed up in her mild eyes and mind, unaccustomed to complications. Constance took no notice of this sudden passion.

'It means bread and water,' she said with a laugh, 'and shutting up in one's own room, and cutting off of all communication from without. Mamma, if she were driven to it, is quite capable of that. They all are—rather than give in; but as these are not the middle ages, they have to give in at last. Perhaps, if I had thought that what you may call his official character would be too strong for papa, I should have fought it out at home. But I thought he at least would be himself, and not a conventional parent. I am sure he has been a very queer sort of parent hitherto; but the moment a fight comes, he puts himself on his own side.'

She gave forth these opinions very calmly, lying back in the long chair, with her hands clasped behind her head, and her eyes following abstractedly the lines of the French coast. The voice which uttered sentiments so strange to Frances was of the most refined and harmonious tones, low, soft, and clear. And the lines of her slim elastic figure, and of her perfectly

appropriate dress, which combined simplicity and costliness, carelessness and consummate care, as only high art can, added to the effect of a beauty which was not beauty in any demonstrative sense, but rather harmony, ease, grace, fine health, fine training, and what, for want of a better word, we call blood. Not that the bluest blood in the world inevitably carries with it this perfection of tone; but Constance had the effect which a thoroughbred horse has upon the connoisseur. It would have detracted from the impression she made, had there been any special point upon which the attention lingered—had her eyes, or her complexion, her hands, or her hair, or any individual trait called for particular notice. But hers was not beauty of that description.

Her sister, who was, so to speak, only a little rustic, sat and gazed at her in a kind of rapture. Her heart did not, as yet at least, go out towards this intruder into her life; her affections were as yet untouched; and her temper was a little excited, disturbed by the critical tone which her sister assumed, and the calm frankness with which she spoke. But though all these dissatisfied, almost hostile sentiments were in Frances' mind, her eyes and attention were fascinated. She could not resist the influence which this external perfection of being produced upon her. It was only perhaps now in the full morning light, in the *abandon* of this confidence and candour, which had none of the usual tenderness of confidential revelations, but rather a certain half-disdainful self-discovery which necessity demanded, that Frances fully perceived her sister's gifts. Her own impatience, her little impulses of irritation and contradiction, died away in the wondering admiration with which she gazed. Constance showed no sign even of remarking the effect she produced. She said meditatively, dropping the words into the calm air without any apparent conception of novelty or wonder in them: 'I wonder how you will like it when you have to go.'

DOMESTIC SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

In England, indeed throughout the United Kingdom, schools of cookery—as described in this *Journal* for 6th December 1884—are gradually becoming a recognised national institution. Admirably conducted they are too; there is nothing of the 'young-ladyism' principle about them, for the teaching combines the kitchen-maid's with the cook's duties. The students must learn not only how to arrange the contents of a pan, but also how to clean it afterwards; how to prepare the fire, cleanse the flue, blacklead and polish the range; even to scrub the floor. If their position is above the need of making these as daily duties, the knowledge fits them for directing others, and thus preventing those domestic troubles, in the form of wastefulness of time and means, that too often mar the home-peace of young housekeepers. In some of these schools, efforts are made to add lessons in dressmaking and getting up fine linen. As yet, however, this is only tentative. Still, it shows that the spirit of educational energy is rousing the middle classes to raise even 'household cares' to the dignity of an art.

But with us, domestic instruction is confined to lectures and class-lessons given in courses for specified charges. We have no organised system of domestic education, such as exists in Germany. Even there, domestic schools are the comparatively recent introduction of private enterprise. They are increasing in number and influence, and may ultimately, as most things do there, meet with the paternal attentions of the government, and be expanded into public institutions. So far, they are on a simple, even homely scale. One at Freiburg, in Baden, is conducted by a lady who started it on her own resources of spirited energy. Suddenly deprived by adverse fortune of a leading social position, she resolved to utilise those talents which hitherto had been exercised only in the way of general household superintendence. Her reputation as a *Hausfrau* and for having the deftest fingers for needlework, had made her lady-friends regard her as a domestic authority. Acting on this, she decided on organising a school, modelled on one then acquiring repute in Berlin. Her only shortcoming was dressmaking, as taught on scientific principles of cutting out and blackboard drawing. With patient courage, she went to a large city, and there placed herself for some months under the necessary tuition; so that when her undertaking was fairly started, she was competent to fulfil all its responsibilities.

On one point, domestic schools differ from all other educational establishments—they are intended only for grown-up young ladies. Madame Kuenzer, at Freiburg, receives no pupil under fifteen to sixteen years of age, when school-books are closed, and a knowledge of home practical duties is required. Where it is desired to pursue accomplishments, arrangements are made for lessons in music, drawing, languages, &c. But these lie outside of the school scheme, which aims only at the prosaic utilities of domestic life; which, in fact, for the moment shuts out the drawing-room, and embraces the regions of the kitchen, the laundry, the workroom, and general household departments.

Germany's reputation for *Hausfraus* has hitherto been too easily gained, on the strength of the custom for its young girls, especially on the eve of marriage, to put themselves for a few weeks under the *chef* at an hotel, or one holding sway in the kitchen of some great house. At Freiburg, for instance, the *chef* at the bishop's palace is often called on to direct young ladies' white hands in the making of pastry or stirring of sauces. At the domestic schools, however, such mere fancy-lessons are distinctly refused. Against them, Madame Kuenzer at once set her face, accepting only those pupils who wish to be thoroughly initiated in the whole course of domestic training, for which she considers twelve months not too long an apprenticeship. To secure this, her pupils must board and lodge with her, in a simple, homely, family-life sort of way. English fastidiousness might consider this way as primitively rough and ready, unless insular notions have been blunted by much brushing up against continental habits. To preserve the home character, Madame Kuenzer limits her school to ten or twelve pupils; a lady assists her to superintend the arrangements; servants are there as solid aids; the house is pleasantly situated; its young

inmates are busy as bees under their active directress, whose gracious manners and vivacity betray the partly French origin of her characteristics.

In the early mornings, at the quaint Market Place, one may meet Madame Kuenzer and two or three of her young pupils. They are busy pricing and buying the day's needs; the girls learning how to choose provisions, to modify extortionate market charges, and to keep a wary eye on just scale-weights. The girls left at home are occupied with room-cleaning, tidying, dusting, bed-making, &c. Some are told off to trim the lamps—a necessary duty in a foreign gasless house—or restore table and pantry order after the breakfast debris, for the preparations of which meal several had previously assisted. On the return of the 'marketers,' those whose turn it is flock into the kitchen. This is large and light; in the centre is the cooking-stove, open all round, and admitting four young cooks at a time—a veritable *multum in parvo* of hot and cold water arrangements, and utensil and implement compartments. Here the cooking lesson is given—getting ready the soup, a process in Germany of the most complicated nature; preparing the meat; washing, cleaning, cutting the vegetables; measuring and mixing spices and condiments; making and rolling the pastry; seeing after and stirring the sauces—for every dish at every course has a sauce, and that a different one—attending to the progress of the various pans on the fires in their boiling or simmering duties—the laborious operation of preparing a German dinner ending in results much appreciated by those who practically test it.

German cooking does not terminate with a meal. There are endless adjuncts that have to be prepared and kept ready. An English cook considers herself rather exemplary if she takes care of 'stock;' she often, too, seeks to enforce her general reputation by filling the house with nauseous odours from the 'rendering of fat.' With a German cook, the first is just a part of her daily routine; while in the latter respect she far surpasses her British sister by doing it on a more magnificent scale. For instance, she procures five or six pounds of raw mutton fat; after carefully paring, trimming, and cutting it into about half-pound pieces, she puts it into a pan on a slow fire. In another pan she puts the same number of pounds of pork fat similarly prepared. After some hours' simmering, the contents of the pans become perfectly liquid, and are then mixed together. Five or six pounds of butter, previously heated into positive oil, are stirred into them. The whole is then clarified, poured into a stone jar, left to cool, and serves for some months as cooking-butter. Then, also, a good *Hausfrau* has the coffee roasted at home. If in the cooking-butter operation, open windows have to be resorted to, in the coffee-roasting, open outdoors have to be added. Even then, one longs for 'all the perfumes of Arabia' to relieve olfactory sufferings!

Some of the cooking stock-in-trade, however, is of a more acceptable nature. There are the odd cuttings of bread, which are carefully kept until well hardened; they are then buttered over, and left a long time in a pan in the oven; then pestled and mortared into dust, and kept in reserve for frying fish, cutlets, &c. Sour cream, too, is care-

fully stored, as, mixed with yolk of eggs, it plays a large part in soups, &c. Then there are the pickling and preserving, which are the very coat of arms of German storeroom dignity; and all sorts of other preparations that must be kept ready for need.

Besides all these extraneous duties, there is the keeping in order of the numerous cooking utensils. The Germans have certainly a wonderfully inventive faculty for kitchen vessels and implements, the use of which, until the recent introduction by the schools of cookery of many of them, would have bewildered English housekeepers, but which in Germany are as invaluable as they are ingenious. To keep them in spotless condition is one of the lessons Madame Kuenzer's young pupils have to learn, as also to understand the methodical system of the cleaning, polishing, &c. of the kitchen and all its fixtures.

A more important lesson still is impressed on them—never to waste a fragment that can be utilised for present or after purposes. It is this kitchen economy in foreign households which marks so great a contrast with English wastefulness. It is to be hoped that our schools of cookery will reform all that.

While Madame Kuenzer's kitchen is full of bustle, the workroom, though quieter, is not less a scene of industry. A large room with four windows; a centre table where 'cutting-out' is practised; a blackboard whereon part of a dress is sketched for a pupil to copy by mathematical measurement, before venturing to mismanage material. The young girls are scattered about the room, at the windows or elsewhere, some at dressmaking; some at plain-sewing; some learning to mend stockings with the knitting-stitch, which, when well done, shakes credibility as to a previous hole. There is no need to teach actual knitting, for, as Spartan babies used to get spears as playthings, German baby-girls get knitting-needles as toys, and have their stockings ready by the time they can walk. At least, so jesters say, a still more incorrigible one declaring that, at the last trumpet-call, German women will arise placidly, stocking-knitting all the time! Madame Kuenzer's pupils, however, do not limit themselves to stockings. Endless are the knitted articles they turn out, both of a useful and an ornamental nature. Then there is a frame, curiously nail-tacked out in design, at which one of the girls is sitting, and really fabricates a shawl. Another is occupied making beaded lace. A third is busy re-fashioning an old dress, and re-piecing parts in a way to defy the cavils of the microscopic eye. New bonnets are being trimmed, or old ones modernised; or there is an umbrella getting re-covered; or fancy-shoes being renovated; or personal or household linen being darned in a way—if of damask material, the design is perfectly preserved—to defy the most critical scrutiny. In short, it would be difficult to give a comprehensive view of the varieties of needlework practised in that busy room.

On laundry-days, there is a great activity. For the washing of the heavy things, special laundresses are engaged. Still, the young girls look on and learn, while giving a helping hand. When ironing and clear-starching time arrives, the girls stand to the fore and receive regular working instructions. With the ordinary teaching

of 'getting up' linen, laces, muslins, &c., there is combined the secret of 'cleaning' stuff or silk dresses, carpets, coloured curtains and tablecloths, so as to restore to them a pristine freshness.

Wishing to prove to her friends that she had not mistaken her vocation, Madame Kuenzer arranged a sort of Exhibition of the varied labours of her pupils, and invited Freiburg 'Society' to come to it. The result was a chorus of wonder and praise, of which the girls received their due meed, while the largest share was given to the brave-hearted woman who had so boldly entered a new field, and now proved her success was deserved.

Madame Kuenzer, believing that all work and no play dulls girls as well as boys, provides various means of relaxation. She has her box at the theatre, to which those of her pupils who choose may join in the subscription, so as to take it in turn to accompany her. As this only amounts to eightpence per performance, there is no tendency to extravagance; and as the theatre opens at six o'clock and closes at nine, there is not much fear of encouraging dissipation. Neither is there toilet outlay, for a pair of gloves added to the home dress, with a shawl for the shoulders and a hood for the head as protection while quietly walking to and fro, are all that a lady deems necessary for the enjoyment of the always excellent performances at the theatre.

In snowy winters, when King Frost makes it hard and glistening, Madame Kuenzer takes her pupils on a sleigh picnic into the wonderful Black Forest, that almost incloses Freiburg in its mystical grandeur. In the summer-time, many are the delightful excursions that relax the labours of her busy young bees, who are thus led to think that a thorough training in the practical duties of life is worthy of acquisition in itself, and rendered none the less beneficial when brightened by such judicious recreations.

Is a domestic school so conducted possible in this country? As a boarding-school, it would be scarcely possible. But might not the present cookery schools be expanded into further branches of practical life? If the teaching were put within the means of 'small tradesmen's' daughters—from which class Madame Kuenzer mostly recruits her pupils—the undertaking could not but be a success.

THE FEN FLOOD.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'Did father say he would come home to-morrow, George?' asked Ruth Godfrey.

'Yes, Ruth; but he may be detained another day. I never knew so many cases at assizes before; and I reckon Harry Knott's case won't come on this side to-morrow anyway.' The speaker was a young man about twenty-five years of age, who had just entered the roomy kitchen of Greendykes farmhouse, travel-stained and tired. The shaggy dreadnought which he doffed was dripping wet.

'Well, well,' said Ruth, in a light tone, as she assisted the servant in setting out the supper-table, 'dad won't mind, I daresay. It ain't often he has a holiday; and he will have all the more time in Cambridge to buy our Christmas presents. I do hope he will bring me something handsome.'

'Ah, Ruth!' said George with a sigh, but with a good-humoured smile on his rather unintellectual face.

'Ah, Master George!' retorted the girl, with a dexterous imitation of his voice and manner, 'what harm is there in wishing that, I wonder?'

'Your head is always running on gewgaws and fairs and dancing, or something.'

'La! there now. And what should a young woman think about, sure? And if it comes to that, the "thinking" about them is the biggest part of them that falls to our share in the Fen. Dancing! Why, I haven't had a dance since last May-day, when Will Elliot'—

'Ruth! How can ye go on so! Can't ye see Master George is too tired to be plagued with your nonsense, wench?—Draw in your chair, George, and have a bit of supper, lad.'

The young man answered this invitation with alacrity. Ruth followed his example, with a colour slightly heightened, and with an unmistakable pout upon her lips. The last speaker was her mother. And now that the trio are enjoying their evening meal, we shall take the opportunity of introducing them to the reader.

Jabez Godfrey was tenant of Greendykes farm, in Stetton Fen, easy in his circumstances for one of his class, and simple in his manners and style of living, according to the primitive ways of the Fen farmers in those days—some ninety years ago—to which our true story relates. There was therefore nothing incongruous whatever in the fact that his wife and daughter should receive and entertain chance visitors in the roomy and comfortable kitchen, instead of in one of the two equally spacious sitting-rooms. The glories of the latter, with their chintz-covered chairs and couches, the old-fashioned spinet, the walls decorated with showy prints, and the floors of squares of red bricks, covered in the centre with Kidderminster, and the sides with untanned sheepskins, were indeed seldom revealed except on Sundays, on occasions of more formal hospitality, or when a visit was paid by the landlord or his agent.

Mrs Godfrey was seated in a cosy, leather-lined, and well-cushioned armchair, set on one side of the wide, hospitable-looking fireplace, now piled high with crackling logs. This position she invariably occupied from the time she was carried down-stairs in the morning until she was similarly assisted to her bedroom at night; for the old lady had some years ago partially lost the power of her limbs by paralysis. To look at her, a stranger would never have suspected her infirmity. She was plump and hearty; and her round, bright, kindly face showed no trace of suffering. Her laugh was genial and frequent; nor would she accept any condolence, however well meant, upon her condition, holding firmly to the conviction that she would one day recover from her affliction. Her armchair was her throne, from which she issued the necessary

mandates for the regulation of the household, and from which she could at the same time superintend their execution. She was a confirmed though harmless gossip, and was never so well pleased as when, in the long evenings, the kitchen was filled with the young and old of both sexes from amongst the scanty and scattered population of the Fen.

On the night to which our story refers, the weather was so boisterous and inclement as to have deterred every member of her usual coterie from venturing so far as Greendykes. The unexpected visit of George Thorpe was, therefore, more than usually gratifying, and the old dame pressed her hospitality upon him with exceptional effusion. She had the additional pleasure of getting news of her husband, who had been summoned to Cambridge as a witness in a poaching affray. But apart from these considerations, young Thorpe, a favourite of hers, was confident at all times of a sincere and hearty welcome. He was a good-looking young fellow, like most of the Fen men, high-featured, ruddy-checked, and blue-eyed. His figure was tall, somewhat spare, but well knit. He was dressed in velveteen coat and vest—the *ne plus ultra* of dandyism among the young farmers at that period, white cord knee-breeches and gaiters, the latter concealed by a pair of bespattered riding-boots, which told plainly the condition of the roads over which he had passed. He was owner of a well-stocked freehold farm called Long Drove; considered a skilful agriculturist, and held in much respect by his neighbours. He was both good-natured and good-tempered, and, if not a brilliant, was at least a sensible and cheerful companion, and a staunch friend.

He had paid his attentions to Ruth Godfrey ever since that madcap had attained to womanhood—undividedly, though not unintermittently. The fact was, that whenever George had made up his mind to declare his passion and ask her to become his wife, she had invariably contrived to damp his flame and undo his resolution by some ill-timed escapade, or by a reception more frivolous and hoydenish than ordinary. He had been often told that he might choose a wife when and where he liked; and with pardonable conceit, had sometimes thought the same thing to himself, when wearied out by the airy humours and light-hearted coquetry of Ruth. He had also argued with himself, during his temporary fits of jealousy and offended self-love, that so fickle and volatile a girl could never make a good wife, and least of all a good farmer's wife. She was too fond of dress and amusement to settle down to the busy and laborious life of a farmer's helpmate; so that, under the influence of such reasoning, Thorpe had several times vowed to cease his attentions and even to forego her society. On one occasion, indeed, his resolve held good for an entire month, at the end of which, he met Ruth as she was leaving church; she smiled and shook hands; and, in short, he saw her home—a more infatuated man than ever.

Ruth Godfrey was a decidedly fine-looking young woman, of about twenty-three years of age, tall and full in figure, with a slightly aquiline profile, large, roguish, liquid brown eyes, wide but shapely mouth, and a superb set of teeth. The entire physique denoted an

unusual degree of vitality and strength, the sources no doubt of that exuberant animal spirits, which, combined with a quick intelligence and a warm heart, had earned for her all the hard names which her baffled lover sometimes secretly applied to her. How could a girl with her redundant health and vivacity be other than a madcap? And how, withal, could such a one, possessed at the same time of good looks, and more than a fair share of the freedom of her own will—how could such a one help acting now and then the character of an irreclaimable flirt? But appearances did Ruth's real disposition a good deal of injustice. Wayward she was, and tomboy, too, at times, as her mother said; but she was not only a clever housewife and an excellent dairy-manager, but also a shrewd business woman. Moreover, there were few more attentive and affectionate daughters than Ruth; and if she was sometimes wilful, she was at least never undutiful.

The fact is, neither George nor Ruth understood each other—no uncommon predicament with young folks. He considered Ruth far too mercurial—or, as he would have termed it, 'flighty'—to make a safe yoke-fellow; while she on her part thought George too soft and solemn—or, as she said, 'too wooden'—to make a mate that she could be proud of. Thus, although he was madly in love with the girl, and the girl was far from indifferent towards him, they still continued to live, in a sense, apart.

Supper ended, the young farmer made his excuses for the shortness of his visit, and rose to depart.

'Dearie, dearie, what an awful night, to be sure!' sighed Dame Godfrey, as she listened to the howling of the wind and the swishing of the rain upon the window. 'Had ye not better stay all night, George? They won't expect ye at hum, and ye can ride over as soon as it is daylight.'

George looked at Ruth as he struggled into his shaggy dreadnought, but Ruth looked steadily into the fire.

'Nay, mother. Thanks all the same. Maybe there'll be such-like weather to-morrow that I mightn't be able to ride,' he answered, looking serious.

Ruth and her mother both gave a quick, startled look; and the old lady, pushing her spectacles up to her cap, said sharply and nervously: 'What do ye mean, lad?'

'Nay; I mustn't frighten you. But the roads are hardly fit to travel, as it is; the sudden thaw and the melting of the snow have cut them up so. And then this rain! We had just such another night before the last "drown'd." If it holds on for twenty-four hours, the fen will get a soaking, I warrant.'

'Dear, dear, don't say so! I do wish Jabez was at hum;' and the brightness faded from the old lady's face.

'Oh! never mind George, mother,' said Ruth with some energy. 'He's a silly goose, and will be able to swim even if there is a "drown'd," as he calls it.' She cast a monitory glance at Thorpe, which he appeared to understand.

'Ah, well,' he said in a more cheery tone, 'I don't suppose it will be so bad as that neither. Anyhow, I will come over in the

morning and see things put straight, should it not clear up by then.'

'Do,' said Ruth, with an intelligent glance.—'And, George, do you know what Jennie has just been whispering to me?'

Here Jennie Swan, maid-of-all-work, who had been a perfectly silent listener, held up her hands in amazement.

'She has just been saying, or thinking at anyrate,' continued Ruth with a merry laugh, 'that you might bring that young fellow Tom Ashling along with you.'

'Oh, my! miss, how can you say so!' screamed Jennie, as she fled giggling to the shelter of the back kitchen.

George, assisted by another intelligent glance of the large brown eyes, contrived to comprehend the hint implied.

This by-play answered the purpose of distracting Mrs Godfrey's attention from the subject which young Thorpe had started by treating so seriously. The young farmer then inquired of a lanky, shock-headed lad who appeared at the door whether his nag was ready.

'All right, sir; nag's at the door,' answered the youth, holding up a lantern.

Thorpe then bade the old lady a cheerful good-night, and, followed by Ruth and Jennie, left the kitchen. Dobbin, as the gray roadster was named, stood pawing up to the fetlocks in water, and champing its bit with impatience. The night was black; the rain fell in torrents; and the wind whistled among the leafless tops of the gaunt poplars that skirted the road.

'Is the gate open, Bob?' asked Ruth; and receiving an affirmative from the lanky youth, she slipped on her pattens, took the lantern, and telling Jennie to follow her, preceded Thorpe, who had already mounted, across the yard. When the nag had reached the roadway, now a mere track of liquid mud, Ruth handed up the lantern to its rider, observing to him that it might be of use at a pinch. As she did so, the young farmer noticed that her face was pale and anxious-looking.

'Why, Ruth, lass, get ye indoors; you will catch cold,' he said.

'No fear, George, thank you. But I almost wish you could have stayed all night. The road must be dangerous.' Was it the cold or agitation that caused the voice to tremble a little?

'Oh, I shall be all right, lass,' answered Thorpe. 'I shall darken the lantern, and let Dobbin take his own way; and if he gets lost, I can then show him the road.—Get ye indoors, do. Good-night!' And as he pressed the soft, shapely hand held up to him, he thought he felt it tremble in his.

'Good-night, George—God bless you!' But the last words were borne away on the wind, without reaching the ears for which they were intended. As Ruth lingered a minute or two before closing the gate, she could hear at intervals the splashing of the horse's feet going at walking pace, and now and then the voice of the young farmer cheering the animal's efforts. Jennie and she waded back across the yard, the water reaching over both pattens and shoes, and entered the house. Doffing her pattens, Ruth went into the kitchen with a brisk and firm step and a cheery smile on her face, threw a fresh log

on the fire, and proceeded to mix a strong glass of mulled home-made wine for her mother, who regarded that pleasant drink both as a necessary night-cap and an admirable specific against ague. After this, Jennie and Ruth carried her up-stairs, undressed her, and put her to bed.

'I do wish yer father was at hum,' sighed the old lady, when Ruth had tucked her in and kissed her.

'He'll be home to-morrow, never fear, and will bring his old dear a new cap, I'll be bound. Good-night, dear mother.'

When she re-entered the kitchen, this girl, with her odd mixture of frivolousness and strength, directed Bob, who sat by the fire whistling, to take another lantern and visit the barn, the cowshed, and the stables, to see that all was right. The floors of these buildings, she knew, were raised several feet above the level of the farmyard, and were therefore safe against all except an extraordinary flood; but she wished to know that everything was secure. After conversing with Jennie for some time in a low voice, the two girls proceeded to the sitting-rooms, removed the carpets and rugs and all the lighter and more perishable articles one by one up-stairs, some to a large lumber-room, and others to the attics. This done, they did the same with the furniture of the kitchen, the contents of the pantry and dairy, and all articles which were likely to be of use, or which water could spoil. It was midnight before they had finished their task. Bob had reported that the horses and cattle were 'all right, but restless loike,' and that he had thrown several bundles of straw into the 'croos,' which were already flooded and the pigs almost afloat. After giving orders to Bob and Jennie to be up by five o'clock, they all retired to bed.

Alone with her own thoughts, these were too full of varied anxieties to admit of Ruth finding easily that happy oblivion which at other times came so readily to her pillow. The violence of the wind, which moaned in the chimneys and shrieked among the branches of the great chestnut tree outside her bedroom window, and the ceaseless pelt of the rain against the casement, spoke loud-tongued of the sure approach of the dangers she dreaded. She thought with a shudder of a similar catastrophe that had overtaken the Fen some ten years before. The consequences of a flood to the Fen farmer were always serious, sometimes ruinous; cattle, sheep, and horses often being drowned, stacks washed away, and garnered corn destroyed; besides many minor forms of misfortune. Ruth reflected that, in her father's absence, the whole responsibility devolved upon her mother and herself; nay, more, that her mother was an additional responsibility on her own shoulders, from her helpless condition, and the effect which any untoward event might have upon her health. Thoughts regarding her father's safety mingled with unavailing regrets at his absence. She was certain that if he had finished the business which took him to Cambridge, he would make every effort to reach home, and all the more strenuously because of the character of the weather. The roads in those days were wretched in the extreme, even in good weather, owing to the silty nature of the soil and the very imperfect drainage; while

in wet weather, or after the breaking up of frost, they were almost impassable even to light vehicles. In seasons of extraordinary rain, they assumed the appearance of a morass, and were dangerous even to travellers on horseback. When a downright flooding set in, such as young Thorpe anticipated, the roads, standing as they did only slightly above the surrounding lands, were entirely obliterated, and their whereabouts traceable only by trees or high hedgerows. Ruth's fears for her father's safety were, therefore, far from being so illusory as might be imagined, even should the storm abate towards morning.

Anon, the young girl's mind recurred to the incidents of the evening. Her reflections on the subject of George's visit were of a checkered nature. She smiled at his simplicity, was annoyed that he took her to task, but had a grateful respect for his unvarying kindness. Habit had made his visits an essential part of her daily life and thoughts. In short, Ruth cared more for the strapping young farmer than she had ever admitted to herself. But strange as it may appear, she had never thought seriously of marriage in connection with Thorpe or any other of the youths who had come a-wooing. She took an eager interest in all the love-affairs and match-makings from one end of Stetton Fen to the other, but herself remained if not 'fancy' at least promise 'free.' She was an only child, had a good home, and no anxieties for the future, and so perhaps saw no reason for seeking hurriedly a 'settlement in life,' as it is called. To do her justice, also, the wings of any inclination she might have had to fly the parent roof were clipped by her devotion to her mother, whose helplessness called for much care. She was at once a leal-hearted woman in the highest sense of the word, and a madcap as giddy as ever tantalisied an infatuated follower. She teased and trifled with Thorpe unmercifully, and she knew it. There was only one redeeming point in her conduct towards him—she made no artful advances the one day, to retire coldly the next, but simply kept him at her apron-string, without permitting him to get an inch nearer his purpose of asking her to be his wife. She often appeared, as her mother told her, to exaggerate her own foibles, purposely to annoy him, and to act more of the tomboy than was natural even to her hoydenish spirit, as if bent on driving him off.

Some consciousness of this came over her as she turned uneasily on her pillow. Her mind was in that mood when self-chastisement becomes natural. She thought of him as he sat by the fire wincing under her thoughtless speeches; she thought of him as he stooped from his horse to take the lantern from her hand; and she thought long and shudderingly of the dangers of his journey home through 'storm and night and darkness.' She sighed, and tried to turn her musings to pleasanter themes, but with only partial success, until at last she fell into a troubled sleep, during which she dreamed that her father and George and herself were drifting about on a lake in a boat without oars or rudder, at the mercy of the wind and waves. There were many other boats within sight, all oarless and rudderless, and all drifting helplessly like their own. At last one of these, in which she observed her mother,

was swamped, and loud cries were raised for help. She awoke in a cold perspiration, trembling and frightened.

'Hillo, there! Bob! get up and help! Get up, ye hog-headed critter. Get up! We're drowned.' And she heard a loud drumming noise, evidently on the back-door of the house.

CONCERNING THE ANIMALS OF NATAL.

NATAL has become such a popular colony of late years, particularly for those who have money and time for a few months' trip, that it may interest those proposing to visit it to hear something about some of the wild animals in that colony. It is often difficult for people to get rid of the feeling that there will be wild beasts all about, when they go to a country which they have been accustomed to associate with the idea of them. For my part, on first going to Africa I should not have been surprised to see a lion awaiting my arrival on the seashore. Nearly all persons have a difficulty in overcoming their dread of snakes. It was some months before I became convinced that they were not the ordinary inhabitants of every house, like flies, spiders, and other unavoidable society, which need not be particularised. Now, if I had known beforehand what I really had to expect in the shape of wild animals, I should not have wasted so much unnecessary anxiety about the snakes, or have been nearly frightened out of my senses one evening, when riding near Maritzburg, by something that I thought was a tiger going to spring upon me, when the truth is that this animal is unknown in Natal. Therefore, that others may be saved from similar mistakes, I will tell what I know, after some years' residence in the country, of such animals as really exist there, or rather what I can recollect of those that are likely to come under notice, for of course there are many which would only interest a naturalist and be sought out by him.

There are no tigers in Africa. This is a fact which is not generally known, for one constantly hears of 'tiger'-hunts at the Cape—a mistake that is caused by the native habit of calling any creature belonging to the cat or tiger family, a 'tiger.' Colonists also fall into the same mistake. Panthers and leopards are indiscriminately 'tigers' to the Kaffir, and the wild-cats are all 'tiger-cats;' and even these so-called 'tigers,' which are in reality a small kind of leopard, have become so rare in the civilised parts, that a 'tiger'-hunt there is now a rare diversion.

Leopards are exceedingly shy creatures. As the farms and villages have increased, they have retreated further inland, so that the report of one being seen about a village or farm creates quite a sensation, and he is soon hunted and killed, or driven back to his proper domain. The increasing scarcity of this particular kind of 'game,' though a matter of lament to sportsmen, is fortunate for the farmer, as these animals are terrible robbers. The depredations which even one will commit in a herd or flock are ruinous, because they not only kill what they

eat at the time, but they like to have a well-filled larder, and when they get a chance, lay up provisions in some secret place for a future day, a leopard not being, I imagine, over-particular as to the state of preservation his dinner may be in when he requires it. This is such a difficult animal to get at, that a Kaffir who manages to kill one is regarded as a kind of hero, and receives an ovation from his brother-Kaffirs, who at the same time are not a little envious of him who has earned such a distinction. A leopard is a great prize to a Kaffir. Its teeth and claws he strings together for a necklace, and very well they look glistening against his dark skin; the hide he makes into a *carross* or rug; and the tail is dangled by a string from his waist. If he happens to have several of these ornaments hung round him, he is looked upon as a great swell, quite in full dress indeed. Kaffirs seem to think that there is something royal about a leopard's skin, and their chiefs' thrones are often composed of one thrown over a mound of earth.

Though the leopard is so scarce in Natal that persons need have little fear of coming face to face with one, yet there is a smaller edition of the same tribe which is more to be dreaded, on account of its frequent and daring depredations in the poultry-yard. This is the 'tiger-cat,' or, properly speaking, bush-cat. Wherever there are fowls to be had, these creatures will haunt the place, and take every one, unless the fowls are securely shut up. They break through the Kaffir-built huts, which people often unwisely keep their fowls in, as a neighbour of ours found to his cost, for one morning all his fowls were strewn about dead in the fowlhouse, killed by the tiger-cat. These creatures are much larger than the common cat, and very fierce and strong, though capable of being tamed.

Another kind of cat also does a deal of harm in Natal, namely, the common cat run wild. Cats get driven away from home, or left behind when people leave their farms; these colonise, and become great pests. When we left our house, there was a brood of kittens on the roof which we could not get near; they were perfectly wild. I have heard people say that these cats become fiercer and do more harm than even the bush-cats.

There are some other enemies to poultry of all kinds, which should be carefully kept at a distance. One of these is the jackal, the black-backed one being the most common in Natal. This animal is gifted with a rapacious appetite, to which nothing comes amiss. He will walk off with any small, weak creatures that come in his way. Fowls, young pigs, lambs, and even small puppies are never safe from him; and he has been known to enter houses and take even the *cooked* meat. Luckily, they, too, are getting scarcer in Natal, though there are still a number left about Cape Town. The Kaffirs make splendid *carrosses* of their skins, particularly of the rarer silver jackal, a very handsome animal, which skins they sew together with perfectly even stitches. The most skilled workwoman could not do them better, though the process must require a deal of patience, from the peculiar manner in which they sew. They punch holes with a strong thorn in the edges of

the things they want to fasten together, and then pass a long piece of sinew as fine as a thread backwards and forwards through the holes.

Another South African animal much sought after for the sake of its pretty fur must also be refused admittance to the fowlhouse. It is one of the smallest of foes, and can therefore creep through a very small hole. It is called the *asse* or *caama*. It does not kill fowls. Its speciality is eggs of all kinds. Even the egg of the ostrich is not safe from it. As its teeth are too small to break through the shell, it rolls the eggs about until they smash against the other eggs, or something hard. They are excessively greedy. I have had a nestful of eggs taken off in no time, no doubt by one of these creatures. They have no objection to an egg having been sat upon; addled ones and all kinds are acceptable.

The iguana—a species of lizard—is another dainty animal that prefers poultry to coarser fare. It prowls about at night, on the lookout for any unlucky hen which may be sitting—as is often the case in the 'bush'—near the house, and quickly captures it. I believe it will even go up the trees after its favourite food, fowls in Natal not unfrequently roosting out of doors, for want of a proper fowlhouse. The Kaffirs say that the iguanas themselves taste like a chicken, and are very good; but an epicure would scarcely trust to a Kaffir's opinion as to what is or is not fit for the table. I should not like to eat a bit of anything that looks so like a diminutive crocodile, a good-sized one being about two feet long. They are shy by nature, and will glide away quickly into any cover at hand, when they can; but they are fierce when brought to bay.

Lions no longer exist in Natal. A lion would be considered almost as great a curiosity there, and create almost as much commotion, as if it appeared at large in England.

Elephants and buffaloes have also retreated in later years to wilder and lonelier regions, though some of the older colonists can remember them about the Berea, a wooded hill near Durban. They are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Both are in great request—buffaloes for their hides, which are made into trextoes, rhimes, and straps, and such things as require great strength without flexibility; and elephants, on account of both skin and flesh. A portion of the latter the Kaffirs eat fresh, and the rest they make into *bil-tongue*, or jerked meat. The fat they keep for rubbing themselves with, for a Kaffir never thinks his toilet complete unless he is well greased all over. One of their methods of cooking elephant is rather curious. They light a big fire, let it burn slowly down, then dig a hole where the fire has been, put the meat into the hot earth, and leave it until done. I am afraid it must be rather underdone as a rule, but Kaffirs do not mind that; they eat their meat all but raw.

Wild pigs still frequent some parts of Natal, the Berea bush being a favourite haunt of theirs. They live on all kinds of roots, and are particularly fond of a hard-shelled kind of orange filled with seeds, which grows near the Natal forests. The Kaffirs are rather afraid of these pigs; they say that the wounds they give are very difficult to heal. Still, they do kill them, when they

get a chance, without running much risk; and though a Kaffir would not touch a bit of tame pig, for fear of eating his grandmother—whose soul, after death, he believes may have found a porcine abode—he makes a feast off its wild relation very contentedly. These animals do a great deal of harm in robbing gardens, and it is generally during these marauding expeditions that they meet their fate from the assegais of the Kaffirs who are lying in wait for them.

The rhinoceros is not found nearer than the Limpopo River. He is hunted by the natives for his horn, which they make into *knobkerries*, whips, and other things. The hippopotamus is also scarce in the civilised parts of South Africa. I heard a report of one being seen in the Ungeni near Howick, twelve miles from Maritzburg; but it took itself off when it discovered that it had attracted notice. In regions where they abound they do a deal of harm amongst the Kaffirs' *mealie* crops, eating up some, and trampling the rest under their great feet.

Altogether, what with the larger animals taking flight, and the more inoffensive becoming yearly reduced by the natives, sport is certainly at a low ebb in Natal, and those who go there for that purpose find that they have to seek it further afield. There is some semblance of it kept up, but not enough to satisfy an ardent sportsman. There was at one time a pack of hounds at Maritzburg; and there are still a limited number of antelopes left to hunt, and others of a large fierce kind are pretty plentiful. There are four kinds of antelopes commonly to be met with in the territory, the *duyker* being the most common. This is a very small animal, so sly in its ways, that if it thinks any one is coming, it will creep under or behind a bush, and wait until he has passed. The *orebi* go in large herds in the plains; and the *rietbok* and *bushbuck* live chiefly in or near the 'bush.' These are hunted by Englishmen almost entirely for sport, as, excepting the flesh of the eland, all South African venison is dry and tasteless, and would require much better cooking than it generally gets, to make it pleasant. Further, away in Basutoland, Griqualand, beyond the Vaal River and in the Free State, the graceful *springbok* may be seen in countless herds, the most nervous of nervous animals, which will never venture, if it can avoid it, where the foot of man has pressed. It will endeavour to jump over a road or track, rather than step on it. Sportsmen say it is the most difficult of all animals to shoot. Its name was given to it by the Dutch from its habit of leaping into the air, apparently all about nothing.

In the same regions live also the *blesbok*, *hartebeste*, *koodoo*, and *quagga*, the last much sought after by the natives on account of its skin, and also for eating. Hunting in Natal is confined entirely to that of the antelope and the otter, unless, as I said before, a strange leopard happens to put in an appearance, and the shooting is very disappointing work.

There are partridges very like ours, but larger. The male bird is without the brownish feathers in the shape of a horse-shoe on its breast, and their call is longer and louder than that of our birds. Pheasants and snipe are there also, and differ a good deal from those at home. To

use a sporting phrase, pheasants *tree* more, and their call is different from that of ours. They are larger, differently marked, and, strange to say, tamer and more easily approached. As there is no attempt at preserving game, it becomes the property of any creature able to prey upon it, and is in consequence not very plentiful. Hares, smaller than English ones, and with whiter flesh, abound; they may be bought from the natives for a shilling, and are very good eating. There is also the *klipdas* or rock-rabbit, to be found in great numbers about Table Mountain. This animal is much sought after and eaten by the natives. Though called a rabbit, he appears to be more like a diminutive hippopotamus in many of his characteristics.

The plover, the guinea-fowl, and a large kind of wood-pigeon, all fall to the gun of the sportsman, and give him plenty of trouble, they are so wary. The *pow*—larger than a turkey—is somewhat tasteless, but where wild-fowl are not so plentiful as could be wished, it passes muster very well. As to the birds that would interest those who are making a collection, their name is legion.

There are wild-dogs still about Cape Town. A few years ago, they were so numerous that they used to make raids in large packs into the town; but, like other wild animals, they have been taught better manners now. The woods in Natal are full of monkeys, principally the small kind that go about at home with barrel-organ men. They are very shy, and keep themselves to themselves, the only harm they do being an occasional robbery from an apple or peach orchard. They are incessantly chattering and screaming, which makes it advisable not to live near 'bush.' There are baboons also in some parts of Natal, savage, disagreeable creatures, and generally dangerous when full grown. People who get them for pets usually have to destroy them after a time.

A pretty pet is the little *meer-cat*, a gentle, timid thing, easily tamed. It will sit on the hearth, follow people it knows, and come at call. It is like the *ichneumon*; but in spite of its great resemblance, naturalists will not allow that it belongs to the same family, because it has one toe less on the hind-foot, and the number of teeth is not the same.

Some persons make a pet of a chameleon, and he is easily tamed so far as losing all fear of those about him; but he is not of an affectionate disposition, and will, if it pleases him so to do, take himself off from the house where he has been made much of. He is generally allowed to stray about as he likes; and though he cannot be called ornamental, with his little crocodile-like body, large head, and ugly swivel eyes, he is useful in destroying flies, mosquitoes, and other insects which abound in Natal houses, and which he catches in a dexterous manner with his enormously long tongue. It is now pretty well known that the chameleon does not change colour so continually, as was once popularly supposed; though I have seen a faintish red tint come over it when put upon scarlet, and it varies from a greenish gray to a brown tint.

The prettiest African pet is the *Maholi Galago*, a beautiful little animal. I had one which became perfectly tame; but it would take too much space

to enumerate its lovable qualities. It had a bad one too—a very snappish temper; and I was made to feel its sharp little teeth before it would let me handle it. It is difficult to get, and has to be taken when a baby, before it leaves the nest. It is very fond of spiders, particularly the horrid fat spotty ones which infest the verandas.

The hyena still slinks about in some parts of Natal. He is the best of scavengers; nothing comes amiss to him, even the hardest bones being crunched up by his strong jaws. He prefers dead to live prey; and in a country where the domestic animals die off so, he is not often at a loss for a dead cow. He sometimes becomes a pest to villages, owing to the native custom in some parts of putting out their dead on the *veldt* instead of burying them, which is apt to give the hyena, as well as other animals, including vultures, a taste for human flesh.

The African chetah is not tamed for hunting, like the Indian one; but he could be, I should think. They are very tamable, and purr when taken notice of.

The ant-bear is like a small pig, with a long snout; he is a night-animal, and has a most unpleasant habit of making holes in the *veldt*. Ferns and long grass conceal these, and dire is the consequence often to rider and horse. There are few who have ridden much out there who have not some time or other got a disagreeable shock and roll-over, if nothing worse, from the ant-bears' burrowings. The coast-mole is almost worse. He makes his underground roads close to the surface, which looks solid, but breaks in as soon as trodden upon. Porcupines are difficult to kill. The Kaffirs light fires in their burrows to force them out, and then hit them on the nose. The Kaffirs prize their flesh as well as the quills.

Though some kinds of creatures are plentiful in Natal, they are mostly of a kind that need not be dreaded. The only one to be really feared is the snake. In country places, a person must be cautious, the puff-adder being particularly dangerous on account of its sleepy habits, which make one apt to tread on it. I knew of one recovery from its bite, but it was a rare case.

A REMARKABLE METEOR.

FROM AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

WHO is there who at some time or other has not been delighted, perhaps astounded, as the depths of a dark sky have been suddenly illumined by the blaze of a passing meteor? In all ages these mysterious visitants have been objects of marked interest, often of superstitious regard; and their sudden appearance, their gorgeous hues, their swift flight, and then their rapid quenching in the darkness whence they issued, combine in maintaining the interest with which their erratic movements are still watched. Still greater interest is attached to those meteoric wanderers which, few and far between, coming within the attraction of gravitation, have been precipitated on our earth, giving rise to much disputation as to their nature and origin.

If the flight of a solitary meteor excites admira-

tion and awe, we can understand the sensations of those who have been privileged to witness those marvellous meteoric showers some of which have become historical. It is not one, two, ten, a dozen, or twenty meteors which flash across the entranced gaze of the fortunate and delighted spectator, but meteors in hundreds. Who could witness unmoved a sight like this, thus described by Major Strickland?—'I think it was on the 14th November 1833, that I witnessed one of the most splendid spectacles in the world. My wife awoke me between two and three o'clock to tell me that it lightened incessantly. I immediately arose and looked out of the window, when I was perfectly dazzled by a brilliant display of falling stars. As this extraordinary phenomenon did not disappear, we dressed ourselves and went to the door, where we continued to watch the beautiful showers of fire till after daylight. These luminous bodies became visible in the zenith, taking the north-east in their descent. Few of them appeared to be of lesser size than a star of the first magnitude; very many of them seemed larger than Venus; two of them seemed half as large as the moon. I should think, without exaggeration, that several hundreds of these beautiful stars were visible at the same time, all falling in the same direction, and leaving in their wake a long stream of fire. This appearance continued without intermission from the time I got up till after sunrise. No description of mine can give an adequate idea of the magnificence of this scene, which I would not willingly have missed. This remarkable phenomenon occurred on a clear and frosty night, when the ground was covered with an inch of snow.'

Every one fond of watching the night-sky can refer with pleasure to one or more meteoric apparitions, and can dwell on some observed facts new to his experience; thus I was enabled on two occasions to establish undoubtedly the fact that the train of the meteor is not merely the impression left on the retina by the rapidly falling body. In April 1871, while quartered at Mozar (India), I suddenly noticed a blaze in the south-eastern sky; and rushing out eastwards to ascertain the cause, I was too late to see the meteor, which had passed westwards over the roof of the barrack; but I distinctly saw its brilliant train. In the same station and in the same month, but in this year (1884), I saw a brilliant white meteor drop from the zenith and explode. Its tail retained a distinct existence and movement of its own for several minutes, and seemed gradually to be blown away into space, changing form as it disappeared. On another occasion I witnessed the double explosion of a meteor falling from the zenith; that is, it fell and exploded, then fell again and exploded a second time. Of course, the second flight and explosion must have been that of a huge fragment moving in the same line, for there seemed no diminution in the size of the falling body.

Further, I have seen one of these bodies take an erratic flight, presenting the appearance of a flash of lightning. Lastly, in 1874, I witnessed the flight of a small meteor which I could almost have touched. I was driving eastwards along the South Road in Lucknow, when a minute red-hot body like a cricket-ball passed in front of and apparently just above me, from north to south; and

I fancied I could have touched it with my whip.*

With these introductory remarks, let me offer my short story. We had left Aden, and were steaming rapidly Bombay-wards, over a placid sea, under a magnificent star-lit sky; I was occupying my favourite resort, the platform of the gangway ladder, of the good ship *Deccan*, and Colonel P—— shared it with me. Our conversation turned on the magnificence of our surroundings. Above us was the heavenly host, each unit shining with the splendour peculiar to tropical skies; beneath us, great masses of phosphorescence rolling in the depths, seemed to emulate the stars above; and behind us, Venus cast a long brilliant reflection on the deep. While watching her effulgence, Colonel P—— suddenly drew my attention with: 'By Jove, H——, she is coming at us!' And true enough it seemed so for a moment; but immediately we both recognised the fact that a great meteor was approaching; and no sooner was this fact apparent, than it had passed ahead and disappeared under the following astonishing circumstances. At first, of a dazzling white, it rivalled Venus in brilliancy, and seemed to emerge from her; then the white rapidly passed into red, then dull red, almost black, and in this condition it flew over our heads, passing over the *Deccan*, and falling into the sea with a splash, apparently a mile ahead of her, and slightly on her starboard bow. Involuntarily, we both rushed forward to see the fall, but were too late; but every one on deck heard it; and we all saw and heard the out-splashed water falling back into the sea. As the steamer sped on, we passed over, at an interval, I should say, of five hundred yards, three gigantic bubbles of hot air gurgling up from the depths, and marking the slanting course of the meteor to the bottom of the sea.

This adventure formed a topic of conversation during the remainder of our voyage to Bombay.

PRESERVATION OF MONUMENTS.

A Society has been formed called 'The National Society for preserving the Memorials of the Dead in the Churches and Churchyards of Great Britain,' for preventing the neglect and wanton destruction which so often overtake not only tombs and monuments of the dead, but curious, interesting, and even sacred relics. It is a well-known fact that in altering churches or re-arranging churchyards, the most reckless indifference has often been exhibited in the manner in which memorials of the dead and church fittings or property have been handled. A few years ago it was a common thing to find in some of the Kentish churches the old fonts disposed of either to mend roads or for building purposes; and the old font of Harrow Church, on being offered for sale for that purpose many years ago, was purchased by a lady and placed in a nook in her garden, to rescue it from such degradation. The writer remembers, when a youth, seeing at a large and wealthy farmer's in the west of England, the beautifully carved oaken altar from the neighbouring parish church used as the kitchen table! And the employment of tombstones and other memorials of the

dead for road repairs was at one period only too common. It is to prevent such unnecessary destruction that the above Society has been formed; and let us hope that, as education and intelligence advance, its endeavours will be well supported by all classes in so good a work.

TO A BROTHER POET.

ONCE more the treasured lyre I raise,
That breathes too oft of vain regret,
To thank thee for thy kindly praise,
Dear friend, whom I have never met;
For oh, it is so sweet to know,
Whene'er in loneliness we sigh,
Though silent tears in secret flow,
There are true kindred spirits nigh.

We love to tell in plaintive song
Our longing for the streams and flowers—
To feel, amid life's busy throng,
Some kindred heart responds to ours.
So pausing in the noisy crowd
To listen to thy friendly strain,
No wonder that I feel so proud
To know I have not sung in vain.

Thou, humble bard, such praise as thine
My lyre's most grateful songs inspire;
But oh, such feeble powers are mine,
That when I touch that trembling lyre,
It flutters like some captive bird,
Nor tells one half my heart would say;
For ere its timid voice is heard,
In very shame it dies away.

We singers of the human race,
Joined in one great poetic band,
Can feel amid the realms of space
Soul answering soul, hand grasping hand.
Around the sacred shrine we kneel
Of Poesy, and nought can stir
The golden chains from those who feel
United in their love for her.

Not mine the wish for high renown,
For earthly honours fade and die;
And, oh, how oft the laurel crown
On tresses blanched with grief doth lie
I only ask in years to come—
Nay, smile not at this hope of mine—
When this poor quivering lyre is dumb,
A memory in such hearts as thine;

That when the pure and lowly meet
At evening round the ingle-side,
Some friend may tell—oh, record sweet!—
'With us she lived, with us she died.'
This heart would thrill, these cheeks would glow
With honest pride, were I but sure
Some friendly voice would whisper low:
'She fondly loved the toiling poor.'

That little feet, with softened sound,
May sometimes seek my humble grave;
That childish forms may cluster round
The spot where only weeds may wave;
To whisper how my heart could feel
For all their simple joys and pains;
That I from heaven may see them kneel
To deck my grave with daisy chains.

FANNY FORRESTER.

* This may have possibly been an electric fireball.
—ED.

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

Not to be successfully fought, not to be captured, not to be barred out, this tormentor of men's lives is as terrible as are those germs which float in the air and bring woe illimitable to all who breathe them. Your only chance

with him is impenetrable reserve; wrapping yourself up in silence which nothing can cause to break into confidence or self-betrayal; showing a demeanour as stolid as a triple wall of brass; suffocating your feelings, your very thoughts, as though they were crimes which would land you in the county jail if repeated aloud. This is your only chance—the sole kind of mosquito-net which will protect you. No appeal to reason will be successful; still less will have a chance of an appeal to feeling, humanity, gratitude. Of gratitude, indeed, he has no more knowledge than he has of the origin of life or the cause of crystallisation; for ingratitude is his characteristic, as—with some kinds—insolence is the method. Like the brute which turns and rends the hand that has fed him, this kind of creature, this human mosquito, turns against you, when you have done all for him that he desired and when he has no more hope of your help. Then you learn the true quality of his nature, and find out for yourself of what base material it is made. It is only after repeated trials, however, that he is convinced of your finality in the way of help; for he is of the same *gens* as the daughter of the horseleech and cries ever ‘Give! give!’ When you have once allowed a man or woman of this kind to prove that you are puncturable, that you are so much nutriment for bold suckers, you are done for; and nothing short of a lawyer will free you from attacks which, made at first insidiously—maybe with flatteries, mute appeals, humble representations, gentle prayers—grow by time and success into bold and burglarious assaults, accompanied with threats and enforced by moral bludgeons. Then you must address yourself to the law, which is to the human mosquito of determined attack what petroleum is said to be to his winged prototype, the only effectual defence known. To do good to a man or woman of this kind is to illustrate the truth of the hard old Cornish saying: ‘Save a man from the sea, and he becomes your enemy.’ To sow golden grain on the barren fields of such a one is to reap sorrow for yourself; and to give your coat is but the preface to the demand for your cloak. Your inch ever becomes his ell; and when you do not concede all that is demanded, then are you stung, as a kind of waymark between what you have done and what you have not.

At home the human mosquito is restless and exacting. He interferes in everything afloat, and always adds a drop of bitterness to such honey as the family may have garnered in its hive. Is there a fête-day on hand? He takes out the sweetness, rubs off the gloss, by restrictions if he be in the place of command; by temper if he be a subordinate who can only damage and not destroy. As the former, he harasses his wife by finding fault with her arrangements, substituting his own; he annoys the servants by contradictory commands; irritates the governess by doubting her capacity for taking care of her charge; and causes the children to weep or to sulk, according to their natures, by scolding them impartially all round, with reason or without. Then, when he has made every one thoroughly miserable or uncomfortable, and more inclined to perform penance than to undertake pleasure, he puts on a hilarious manner, and, when this is not responded to, rates the wretched little

flock for their gloominess on a holiday, and says, if this is to be the manner in which they thank him for the treat he has given them, he will take good care how he allows them to have another.

As a subordinate, he is just as worrying if not so domineering. As the servant whose functions are vital to the thing on hand—say the cook on the day of a dinner-party—the human mosquito makes every one suffer. For just as ‘England’s extremity is Ireland’s opportunity,’ so is the day of social consideration in a household that wherein the cook, who is also a mosquito, is most troublesome and most annoying. To believe her, there will not be a dish fit to eat, and there is not enough of anything. Something has gone wrong with the stock for soup; the fishmonger has skimmed the weight, which was already too closely calculated; and the butcher has not sent the proper joint for the roast; the chickens are skinny and the ‘birds’ are tough; the cream is deficient and the milk is turned; and the vegetables are not fresh nor is the fruit ripe. Perhaps she shams the sullenness of despair, and will not give an answer, or one only of pessimistic forebodings, when her mistress tries to put the best face on the matter; or she may assume a falsely heartsome air, and, after she has plunged her poor lady into the depths of despair and nervous apprehension, says she will do what she can to remedy the long tale of disasters recounted, but the dinner will not be up to the mark, let her do the best she can. It all depends on the proportion of her cruelty to her love of annoying, whether she sends up a dinner really damaged, or one in her best style and perfect throughout. In either case she has had her pleasure—in serious hurt or in simple teasing.

We need not go through the whole list of domestic mosquitoes. From the lady’s-maid who pulls her mistress’s hair when brushing it, and lets her go to a state ball with a string unfastened and a tape showing below her train, to the page-boy who breaks in a month the worth of his year’s wages, they all make their service the cause of annoyance to their employers; and some add to annoyance, graver disaster. But what can you do with them? Accidents will happen, you know, and an unfortunate servant is not necessarily a bad person. Your page-boy, for instance, is smart in taking messages, and quick to learn the niceties of his office; he is clean in his person and respectful in his manners. How can you say that his unlucky fingers are the result of malice prepense? and is it not worth while to keep him on, you hoping that he will learn more deftness in handling china and glass—his past clumsiness condoned by his future improvement? Just so; and yet we may be very certain of one thing—once a mosquito, always a mosquito; once the love of annoying or hurting gets hold of the moral system, and there it stays rooted, like couch-grass, or that Australian enemy the thorn-grass, a source of damage to everything that lives near it.

As a child, the human mosquito is the ‘limb’ of the nursery, according to the vernacular of the nurse. As a boy, he is the bully over his little brothers and the incarnate plague of his sisters. As a man, he is the tyrant and tormentor of his

household. If he runs to priggishness, he makes his children's lives a burden to them because of fractions and declensions; if he is an athlete, he maybe ruins them for all time by the brutal vigour of his training; if he is effeminate, he interferes with the maids, takes the reins of domestic government out of his wife's hands, orders the dinners, and looks after the children like an Indian bearer or a supernumerary nurse. He is at all times the mosquito of the establishment, buzzing here, stinging there, creating fever and irritation everywhere; making one wonder for what purpose such as he are sent into the world at all, and what good end they subserve. In politics, the restless obstructive and the pert querist, the oppositionist for the sake of opposition, and insolent to the extremest point, he keeps things alive in the sense in which a fire of thorns can make the water boil. But suppose you want the water to be cool and fresh and still, what good then does your crackling fire of thorns? Is it not a hindrance rather than a help? and a bane instead of a blessing?

No! view him how we may, we are forced back to the same position—the human mosquito is a mistake in anthropology, and in no sense a creature to be preserved for its uses in the general economy. When we shall have mended all the moral fractures and put society straight and square, then will there be no room for the human mosquito; and the Force expressed in his ugly energies now, will have merged into nobler and better forms. Meanwhile, seeing that fighting is useless and all defence-work illusory, we must bear him with what patience we can command—no other moral catholicon having yet been discovered able to heal the hurts made by the creature in its attacks. And perhaps—who knows?—patience being in itself one of the sweeter virtues—it is in the teaching and the exercise of this to his fellow-men that the human mosquito has his *raison d'être*.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XI.

WITHIN the first few days, a great many of these conversations took place, and Frances gradually formed an idea to herself, not, perhaps, very like reality, but yet an idea, of the other life from which her sister had come. The chief figure in it was 'mamma,' the mother with whom Constance was so carelessly familiar, and of whom she herself knew nothing at all. Frances did not learn from her sister's revelations to love her mother. The effect was very different from that which, in such circumstances, would have taken place in a novel. She came to look upon this unknown representative of 'the parents' side,' as Constance said, as upon a sort of natural opponent, one who understood but little and sympathised not at all with the younger, the other portion, the generation which was to succeed and replace her. Of this fact the other girl never concealed her easy conviction. The elders for the moment had the power in their hands, but by-and-by their day would be over. There was nothing unkind or cruel in this certainty; it was simply the course of nature, which by-and-by would be

upset by natural progress of events, and which in the meantime was modified by the other certainty, that if the young stood firm, the elders had no alternative but to give in. Altogether, it was evident the parents' side was not the winning side: but all the same it had the power of annoying the other to a very great extent, and exercised this power with a selfishness which was sometimes brutal. Mamma it was evident had not considered Constance at all. She had taken her about into society for her own ends, not for her daughter's pleasure. She had formed a plan by which Constance was to be handed over to another proprietor without any consultation of her own wishes.

The heart of Frances sank as she slowly identified this maternal image, so different from the image of fancy. She tried to compare it with the image which she herself might in her turn have communicated of her father, had it been she who was the expositor. It frightened her to find, as she tried this experiment in her own mind, that the representation of papa would not have been much more satisfactory. She would have shown him as passing his time chiefly in his library, taking very little notice of her tastes and wishes, settling what was to be done, where to go, everything that was of any importance in their life, without at all taking into account what she wished. This she had always felt to be perfectly natural, and she had no feeling of a grievance in the matter; but supposing it to be necessary to tell the story to an ignorant person, what would that ignorant person's opinion be? It gave her a great shock to perceive that the impression produced would also be one of harsh authority, indifferent, taking no note of the inclinations of those who were subject to it. That was how Constance would represent papa. It was not the case, and yet it would look so to one who did not know. Perceiving this, Frances came to feel that it might be natural to represent the world as consisting of two factions, parents and children. There was a certain truth in it. If there should happen to occur any question—which was impossible—between papa and herself, she felt sure that it would be very difficult for him to realise that she had a will of her own; and yet Frances was very conscious of having a will of her own.

In this way she learned a great many things vaguely through the talk of her sister. She learned that balls and other entertainments, such as, to her inexperienced fancy, had seemed nothing but pleasure, were not in reality intended, at least as their first object, for pleasure at all. Constance spoke of them as things to which one must go. 'We looked in for an hour,' she would say. 'Mamma thinks she ought to have half-a-dozen places to go to every evening,' with a tone in which there was more sense of injury than pleasure. Then there was the mysterious question of love, which was at once so simple and so awful a matter, on which there could be no doubt or question: that, it appeared, was quite a complicated affair, in which the lover, the hero, was transferred into 'the man,' whose qualities had to be discovered and considered, as if he were a candidate for a public office. All this bewildered Frances more than can be imagined or

described. Her sister's arrival, and the disclosures involved in it, had broken up to her all the known lines of heaven and earth; and now that everything had settled down again, and these lines were beginning once more to be apparent, Frances felt that though they were wider, they were narrower too. She knew a great deal more; but knowledge only made that appear hard and unyielding which had been elastic and infinite. The vague and imaginary were a great deal more lovely than this, which, according to her sister's revelation, was the real and true.

Another very curious experience for Frances occurred when Mrs Durant and Mrs Gaunt, as in duty bound, and moved with lively curiosity, came to call and make acquaintance with Mr Waring's new daughter. Constance regarded these visitors with languid curiosity, only half rising from her chair to acknowledge her introduction to them, and leaving Frances to answer the questions which they thought it only civil to put. Did she like Bordighera?

'O yes; well enough,' Constance replied.

'My sister thinks the people not so picturesque as she expected,' said Frances.

'But of course she felt the delightful difference in the climate?' People, Mrs Durant understood, were suffering dreadfully from east wind in London.

'Ah! one doesn't notice in town,' said Constance.

'My sister is not accustomed to living without comforts and with so little furniture. You know that makes a great difference,' said her anxious expositor and apologist.

And then there would ensue a long pause, which the new-comer did nothing at all to break, and the conversation fell into the ordinary discussion of who was at church on Sunday, how many new people from the hotels, and how disgraceful it was that some who were evidently English should either poke into the Roman Catholic places or never go to church at all.

'It comes to the same thing, indeed,' Mrs Durant said indignantly; 'for when they go to the native place of worship, they don't understand. Even I, that have been so long on the continent, I can't follow the service.'

'But papa can,' said Tasie.

'Ah, papa—papa is much more highly educated than I could ever pretend to be; and besides, he is a theologian, and knows. There were quite half-a-dozen people, evidently English, whom I saw with my own eyes coming out of the chapel on the Marina.—Oh, don't say anything, Tasie! I think, in a foreign place, where the English have a character to keep up, it is quite a sin.'

'You know, mamma, they think nobody knows them,' Tasie said.

Mrs Gaunt did not care so much who attended church; but when she found that Constance had, as she told the general, 'really nothing to say for herself,' she too dropped into her habitual mode of talk. She did her best in the first place to elicit the opinions of Constance about Bordighera and the climate, about how she thought Mr Waring looking, and if dear Frances was not far stronger than she used to be. But when these judicious inquiries failed of a response, Mrs Gaunt almost turned her back

upon Constance. 'I have had a letter from Katie, my dear,' she said.

'Have you indeed? I hope she is quite well—and the babies?'

'Oh, the babies; they are always well. But poor Katie, she has been a great sufferer. I told you she had a touch of fever, by last mail. Now, it is her liver. You are never safe from your liver in India. She had been up to the hills, and there she met Douglas, who had gone to settle his wife and children. His wife is a poor little creature, always ailing; and their second boy— But, dear me, I have not told you my great news. Frances—George is coming home! He is coming by Brindisi and Venice, and will be here directly. I told him I was sure all my kind neighbours would be so glad to see him; and it will be so nice for him—don't you think—to see Italy on his way?'

'Oh, very nice!' said Frances. 'And you must be very happy, both the general and you.'

'The general does not say much; but he is just as happy as I am. Fancy! by next mail! in another week!' The poor lady dried her eyes, and added, laughing, sobbing: 'Only think—in a week—my youngest boy!'

'Do you mean to say,' said Constance, when Mrs Gaunt was gone, 'that you have made them believe you care?—Oh, that is exactly like mamma. She makes people think she is quite happy and quite miserable about their affairs, when she does not care one little bit! What is this woman's youngest son to you?'

'But she is—I have been here all my life. I am glad that she should be happy,' cried Frances, suddenly placed upon her defence.

When she thought of it, Mrs Gaunt's youngest boy was nothing at all to her; nor did she care very much whether all the English in the hotels on the Marina went to church. But Mrs Gaunt was interested in the one, and the Durants in the other. And was it true what Constance said, that she was a humbug, that she was a deceiver, because she pretended to care? Frances was much confused by this question. There was something in it: perhaps it was true. She faltered as she replied: 'Do you think it is wrong to sympathise? It is true that I don't feel all that for myself. But still it is not false, for I do feel it for them—in a sort of a way.'

'And that is all the society you have here? the clergywoman, and the old soldier. And will they expect me, too, to feel for them—in a sort of a way?'

'Dear Constance,' said Frances in a pleading tone, 'it could never be quite the same, you know, because you are a stranger, and I have known them ever since I was quite a little thing. They have all been very kind to me. They used to have me to tea; and Tasie would play with me; and Mrs Gaunt brought down all her Indian curiosities to amuse me. Oh, you don't know how kind they are. I wonder, sometimes, when I see all the carved ivory things, and remember how they were taken out from under the glass shades for me, a little thing, how I didn't break them, and how dear Mrs Gaunt could trust me with them. And then Tasie—'

'Tasie! What a ridiculous name. But it suits her well enough. She must be forty, I should think.'

'Her right name is Anastasia. She is called after the Countess of Denrara, who is her god-mother,' said Frances with great gravity. She had heard this explanation a great many times from Mrs Durant, and unconsciously repeated it in something of the same tone. Constance received this with a sudden laugh, and clapped her hands.

'I didn't know you were a mimic. That is capital.—Do Tasie now. I am sure you can; and then we shall have got a laugh out of them at least.'

'What do you mean?' asked Frances, growing pale. 'Do you think I would laugh at them? When you know how really good they are'—

'O yes; I suppose I shall soon know,' said Constance, opening her mouth in a yawn, which Frances thought would have been dreadful in any one else, but which, somehow, was rather pretty in her. Everything was rather pretty in her, even her little rudenesses and impertinences. 'If I stay here, of course I shall have to be intimate with them, as you have been. And must I take a tender interest in the youngest boy? Let us see! He will be a young soldier probably, as his mother is an old one, and as he is coming from India. He will never have seen any one. He is bound to take one of us for a goddess, either you or me.'

'Constance!' cried Frances, in her consternation raising her voice.

'Well!' said her sister, 'is there anything wonderful in that? We are very different types, and till we see the hero, we shall not be able to tell which he is likely to prefer. I see my way to a little diversion, if you will not be too puritanical, Fan. That never does a man any harm. It will rouse him up; it will give him something to think of. A place like this can't have much amusement, even for a youngest boy. We shall make him enjoy himself. His mother will bless us. You know, everybody says it is part of education for a man.'

Frances looked at her sister with eyes bewildered, somewhat horrified, full of disapproval; while Constance, roused still more by her sister's horror than by the first mischievous suggestion which had awakened her from her indifference, laughed, and woke up into full animation. 'We will go and return their visits,' she said, 'and I will be sympathetic too. But you shall see when I take up a part I make much more of it than you do. I know who these people were who did not go to church. They were my people—the people I travelled with; and they shall go next Sunday; and Tasie's heart shall rejoice. When we call, I will let them know that England, even at Bordighera, expects every man—and every woman, which is more to the purpose—and that their absence was remarked. They will never be absent again, Fan.—And as for the other interest, I shall inquire all about Katie's illnesses, and secure the very last intelligence about the youngest boy. She will show me his photograph. She will tell me stories of how he cut his first tooth.—I wonder,' said Constance, suddenly pausing and falling back into the old languid tone, 'whether you will take up my old ways, when you are with mamma.'

'I shall never have it in my power to try,' said Frances. 'Mamma will never want me.' She was a little shy of using that name.

'Don't you know the condition, then? I think you don't half know our story. Papa behaved rather absurdly, but honestly too. When they separated, he settled that one of us should always be with her, and one of us with him. He had the right to have taken us both. Men have more rights than women. We belong to him, but we don't belong to her. I don't see the reason of it, but still that is law. He allowed her to have one of us always. I daresay he thought two little things like what we were then would have been a bore to him. At all events, that is how it was settled. Now, it does not need much cleverness to see, that as I have left her, she will probably claim you. She will not let papa off anything he has promised. She likes a girl in the house. She will say: "Send me Frances." I should like to hide behind a door or under a table, and see how you get on.'

'I am sure you must be mistaken,' said Frances, much disturbed; 'there was never any question about me.'

'No; because I was there. O yes; there was often question of you. Mamma has a little picture of you as you were when you were taken away. It always hangs in her room; and when I had to be scolded, she used to apostrophise you. She used to say: "That little angel would never have done so-and-so." I did, for I was a little demon; so I rather hated you. She will send for you now; and I wonder if you will be a little angel still. I should like to see how you get on. But I shall be fully occupied here driving people to church, and making things pleasant for the old soldier's youngest son.'

'I wish you would not talk so wildly,' said Frances. 'You are laughing at me all the time. You think I am such a simpleton, I will believe all you say. And indeed, I am not clever enough to understand when you are laughing at me.—All this is impossible. That I should take your place, and that you should take mine—oh, impossible!' cried Frances, with a sharper certainty than ever, as that last astounding idea made itself apparent: that Constance should order papa's dinners and see after the mayonnaise, and guide Mariuccia—'oh, impossible!' she cried.

'Nothing is impossible. You think I am not good enough to do the housekeeping for papa. I only hope you will *s'en tirer* of the difficulties of my place, as I shall of yours. Be a kind girl, and write to me, and tell me how things go. I know what will happen. You will think everything is charming at first; and then—But don't let Markham get hold of you. Markham is very nice. He is capital for getting you out of a scrape; but still, I should not advise you to be guided by him, especially as you are papa's child, and he is not fond of papa.'

'Please don't say any more,' cried Frances. 'I am not going—anywhere. I shall live as I have always done; but only more pleasantly from having—you.'

'That is very pretty of you,' said Constance, turning round to look at her; 'if you are sure you mean it, and that it is not only true—in a sort of a way. I am afraid I have been nothing but a bore, breaking in upon you like this.—It would be nice if we could be together,' she added very calmly, as if, however, no great amount of philosophy would be necessary to reconcile her

to the absence of her sister. 'It would be nice; but it will not be allowed. You needn't be afraid, though, for I can give you a number of hints which will make it much easier. Mamma is a little—she is just a little—but I should think you would get on with her. You look so young, for one thing. She will begin your education over again, and she likes that; and then you are like her, which will give you a great pull. It is very funny to think of it; it is like a transformation scene; but I daresay we shall both get on a great deal better than you think. For my part, I never was the least afraid.'

With this, Constance sank into her chair again, and resumed the book she had been reading, with that perfect composure and indifference which filled Frances with admiration and dismay.

It was with difficulty that Frances herself kept her seat or her self-command at all. She had been drawing, making one of those innumerable sketches which could be made from the loggia—now of a peak among the mountains; now of the edge of foam on the blue, blue margin of the sea; now of an olive, now of a palm. Frances had a persistent conscientious way of besieging Nature, forcing her day by day to render up the secret of another tint, another shadow. It was thus she had come to the insight which had made her father acknowledge that she was 'growing up.' But to-day her hand had no cunning. Her pulses beat so tumultuously that her pencil shared the agitation, and fluttered too. She kept still as long as she could, and spoiled a piece of paper, which to Frances, with very little money to lose, was something to be thought of. And when she had accomplished this, and added to her excitement the disagreeable and confusing effect of failure in what she was doing, Frances got up abruptly and took refuge in the household concerns, in directions about the dinner and consultations with Mariuccia, who was beginning to be a little jealous of the Signorina's absorption in her new companion. 'If the young lady is indeed your sister, it is natural she should have a great deal of your attention; but not even for that does one desert one's old friends,' Mariuccia said with a little offended dignity.

Frances felt, with a sinking of the heart, that her sister's arrival had been to her perhaps less an unmixed pleasure than to any of the household. But she did not say so. She made no exhibition of the trouble in her bosom, which even the consultations over the mayonnaise did not allay. That familiar duty indeed soothed her for the moment. The question was whether it should be made with chicken or fish—a very important matter. But though this did something to relieve her, the culinary effort did not last. To think of being sent away into that new world in which Constance had been brought up—to leave everything she knew—to meet 'mamma,' whose name she whispered to herself almost trembling, feeling as if she took a liberty with a stranger—all this was bewildering, wonderful, and made her heart beat and her head ache. It was not altogether that the anticipation was painful. There was a flutter of excitement in it which was almost delight; but it was an alarmed delight, which shook her nerves as much as if it had been unmixed terror. She could not compose herself into indifference, as

Constance did, or sit quietly down to think, or resume her usual occupation in the face of this sudden opening out before her of the unforeseen and unknown.

CHOOSING EATABLES.

In the days of our grandmothers, when the young housewife herself went to market and chose her own provisions with quick sense and sharp eyes, it was her own fault if her table was not well stocked with sweet, fresh eatables. Now that we have everything left at the door, we have come to rely on the shopkeeper's choice; and the quality of the provisions sent is often not ascertained before the dish is served and any defect past remedy. To say nothing of the unpleasantness of eating meat or vegetables on the verge of decomposition, there is the health question, which is still more important. Disagreeable and even dangerous results are occasionally produced from eating stale cabbages, cucumbers, and other vegetables; yet few young housewives, even in these days of sanitation mania, take the trouble to learn how to choose their provisions so that the best quality is obtained at the lowest rate. Generally speaking, all eatables are best when cheapest, for then they are most plentiful, in fullest season, and therefore most wholesome. This is especially the case with fish, and is a good rule for guidance. Many in choosing fish depend upon the sense of smell as an infallible test; but this is not to be trusted to, as it may be deceived by the use of ice. The best tests of freshness are the bright pink hue of the gills when raw, and, when cooked, the firmness of the flesh, which in the case of stale fish is flabby and stringy, even if preserved by cold from visible putrefaction. In buying part of a large fish, as cod, the freshness can be known by the bluish tinge of the flesh and the slightly iridescent hue of the part cut. If the flesh be yellow, it is not fresh. As a rule, flat-fish keep better than round, and in choosing them their thickness must be looked to rather than their size.

Young housekeepers may be deceived by the similarity of some fish, and pay for their folly accordingly. Halibut is sometimes offered for turbot, but it may be distinguished by looking at the spots on the back, the halibut being without spots. Lemon soles are, again, often sold as soles, and as they are considerably cheaper, nearly the same price as plaice, many imagine they have made a good bargain in getting them. But they are not nearly equal in flavour to the real soles, especially those caught off the Devon coast, and may be detected by being white on both sides, instead of dark on one. Lobsters and crabs must be chosen not so much by their size or weightiness, but by their weight in proportion to their size and the wideness of their tails. An old lobster well incrustated with lime will be heavy, but the shell will be the heaviest part of him. Oysters, again, are deceptive. An inexperienced housewife may reason, that out of a large shell will come a large oyster, not knowing that as time rolls on the shell grows more rapidly than the mollusc within. For garnishing or sauces, old oysters or the blue-point variety may do very well, and are economical if paid for as such; but

they are not cheap or palatable otherwise. If it is known that the oysters purchased come from near the mouth of a river, it is prudent to keep them alive in a shallow dish of clear brine for a day or two, feeding them with meal, and drawing off the water twice a day to leave them bare, in imitation of the tide. This process makes them plump and wholesome.

In selecting meat, it is necessary to remember that when fresh, lean meat shows a deep purplish red tint with a bloom over it on the outside of the muscle, and a paler vermilion red with just a shade of purple in the cut surface. The substance should be moderately soft, but at the same time so elastic that no mark is left after a pressure from the finger; and keeping the meat for a day or two in the larder should make no difference in this respect. The surface of the meat must be quite dry, even a cut scarcely wetting the finger; and if tested by smell, a single joint should have very little odour; whilst, if it wastes much in cooking or does not retain its gravy, it cannot be said to be really fresh. A good test for all meat is to push a clean knife up to the hilt into its raw substance. In good, fresh meat the resistance is uniform; but when some parts are softer than others, we may be sure putrefaction has set in. In a good joint of mutton, the lean is quite even in hue, and has no flavour whatever of tallow; in beef, the lean may be a little marbled with fat, but it must have no flavour of suet; whilst the raw fat of mutton must be very white; that of beef slightly yellow, like fresh butter. Lamb and veal should also have very white and translucent fat, and the lean of both must be pale, but perfectly evenly tinted. If it is possible to choose a joint from a whole carcass, the quality of the meat may be judged from the fat inside the thigh. Where there is plenty of firm-looking, clear fat, any joint may safely be chosen from that particular animal. Meat without any fat is rarely the best; and if, besides being lean, it is coarse and sinewy-looking, it may be set down as old and tough.

The unwary are occasionally perplexed in the choice of ribs of beef. They order the first cut of the ribs, which they have heard is the best joint, and wonder when they have a joint with gristle running between the fat and lean. Then, in ignorance that they have been served with the worst end of the ribs, they complain to the butcher of his bad meat; and it may be some time before they find out they have been paying for the best and served with the worst. As regards pork, the best choice is that of well-fatted small pork with the lean rather uniformly coloured, with no appearance of blotchiness and with the fat not at all streaky. In choosing bacon or ham, it is well to remember that the colour of the fat should be white and not yellowish, and that if we would test whether the flavouring is very salt or otherwise, the safest plan is to run a knife in up to the hilt, withdraw it and smell it. It will then be manifest whether there is any strongly saline or rancid flavour.

The internal parts of animals are more difficult to choose, and great care is necessary in seeing that they are perfectly fresh, as they decompose quicker than the outer parts, and when decom-

posed, are most unwholesome. Generally speaking, liver, kidneys, &c. may be safely eaten when in their uncooked condition they show a bright even colour throughout and have no marks of congestions or bruises.

A special word of advice is needed as to the selection of sweetbread, which is the thymus gland of the calf, for the pancreas or stomach-bread is occasionally substituted for it. This may be recognised, however, even when cooked and chopped up, by its large veins and arteries; and as it is very inferior in digestibility to the more delicate gland, it is as well to be careful about choosing it. In buying suet we must see, if we pay the best price, that we have the kidney suet, or the mass that surrounds the kidneys in a well-fatted bullock, because it is firmer and less stringy than any other fat, and it must be remembered that it should look a beautiful floury white.

Those living in towns, generally have more difficulty in getting fresh vegetables than fresh meat; but as every minute green stuffs are kept after actual death renders them less digestible, it is most important that housewives should not allow themselves to be deceived about them. Cucumbers and asparagus are both often spoiled by being cut a day before required, and put in a damp warm frame to swell and look fine. This can generally be detected by flabbiness or inelasticity after pressure. Cabbages, again, are spoiled by being piled on the top of each other in huge wagons, for the consequent heating and fermentation render them flabby and unwholesome. Unpacked and sprinkled with water, they may look well, but it is needless to say they never regain their freshness. Some vegetables are best when they are most green, others when they are most white. Asparagus, savoy, Brussels sprouts, and all winter greens should be as green as possible; but cauliflower and seakale should be as white as possible. Seakale to be good should be perfectly blanched, for when coloured, it is indigestible to some people, and leaves an unpleasant after-taste in the mouth. Celery should also be as white as can be got, and when fresh, should break off quite clean. If it leaves stringy ends, it has either been warmed to make it swell, or else kept too long. Crispness is a good test for all vegetables, in fact. A cucumber with the white bloom on is easily seen to be fresh; but this may be rubbed off when early in the market. In choosing a cucumber, therefore, it is best to handle it in the centre; if it lies firm and stiff in the hand, it is fresh; but if the ends droop or shake or the substance feels soft, it has been cut some time. The goodness of carrots is tested by the thickness of the dark outer rind in proportion to the pale core.

People living in the country would no doubt disdain to be told how to choose milk or eggs; but for those living in towns, a little advice may be useful. Good milk placed in a narrow glass should look quite opaque and of a full white colour. It should leave no deposit and have no peculiar smell or taste, and these characteristics ought to hold good after it has been boiled. Eggs may be roughly tested by sight, for if held up to the light, fresh eggs look more transparent in the centre, and old ones at either end. But for a certain test, where there is any doubt, before breaking the shell dissolve one ounce of salt in

ten ounces of water and drop the egg in. A good egg will sink, an indifferent one swim, and a bad one will float, even if the water be perfectly pure.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting-needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small portion of water will prevent the adherence of the drop.

Wheaten flour, lastly, we may test by four out of the five senses—sight, touch, taste, and smell. To the sight, when fresh, flour should be quite white or with the slightest tinge of creamy yellow; any decided yellow indicates commencing changes. There should be no lumps when tested by the touch, or if there are, they should break easily, for when there is grittiness, it shows that the starch grains are changing. There should also be a certain amount of adhesion, so that if a handful of flour were compressed and thrown against a wall or board, some of it should adhere. When mixed with water, the dough if good will be coherent, and draw out easily into strings. When tasted, it must not be too acid; and if tested by smell, there should be no odour suggesting fermentation or mouldiness.

THE FEN FLOOD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

RUTH recognised the voice of her father's horse-keeper and foreman. Then were all her fears realised. She struck a light and dressed herself hurriedly. Her first duty was to look into her mother's room, to see whether the noise had disturbed her. But Dame Godfrey—whose room was on the opposite side of the house to that from which the sounds came, and who, ever since her seizure, had been a heavy sleeper—still slept soundly. Ruth closed the door gently; and after rousing Jennie and Bob, whom their late hour of retiring had rendered unusually drowsy, hastened down-stairs. She could scarcely restrain a scream when she saw that the passage was flooded to the depth, apparently, of a couple of feet. She called to Jackson, the foreman, that she would open the door presently, and ran back to the lumber-room, where she exchanged her shoes for a pair of high top-boots, and ordered Jennie, who now made her appearance, to don another pair and follow her.

When Ruth at length undid the fastenings of the door and dragged it partially open, there entered Jackson and three farm-labourers who lived in a row of cottages a quarter of a mile from the farmhouse. Each carried a lantern, wore long boots, and had an empty sack on his shoulders by way of a wrap. Ruth ushered them into the kitchen, where the water, disturbed by the fresh influx from the doorway, whirled round and round, bearing on its eddies a few stools and other light articles which had been left on the floor. It had not yet reached the high fireplace, in which the embers still glowed. Jennie added fresh wood, and the flame soon gleamed upon the blanched faces of the strange group.

'This be a reg'lar out-an'-outer, Miss Ruth,' said Jackson, a square-built, well-favoured man of some forty years of age, as he shook himself like a spaniel fresh from the river. 'Never see'd sech a job, in *my* life. A reg'lar "drown'd," an' no mistake about it. My ole woman an' the young uns are nigh frit to dead, an' darsn't cum down-stairs; but I says, says I, to my missus, "The master ain't at hum, an' Miss Ruth she ain't a man, an' them poor osses an' beasteses 'll get drown'd if they ain't seen to." So, miss, I jest took a lot o' firin' an' vittels up-stairs, an' off I went, an' called Ike, an' Joe, an' Bill here. They did the same by their missuses, an' here we be. Lawk-a-mussy! the water has riz some inches sin' we been here, an' it keeps on rainin' loike ole billy.'

'Do you think, Jackson, the water will rise much higher?' asked Ruth in an anxious but firm voice.

'Sartain, miss. Ye see, the dikes must ha' runn'd over by now; so the longer it rains, nat'rally the more water there'll be, 'specially if it rains up-country loike it do here.'

There was no disputing Jackson's logic. Ruth now invited the men to a breakfast of cold bacon, bread, and home-brewed beer, which Jennie, by her orders, had already set out on the large, substantial kitchen table. Jackson and his mates, nothing loth, helped themselves as they stood, while their young mistress proceeded to lay out the programme for the morning's work. Jackson himself was to fodder the horses and cattle and milk the cows; the labourers were to carry the thrashed corn from the barn floor to the loft—wheat, by the way, *was* wheat that year, selling as high as a guinea a bushel—and then to cover and prop the stacks of hay and corn in the farmyard. Bob was to carry turf and wood from the heaps up to the lumber-room, and assist Jennie as might be required. These instructions were delivered in a quiet, clear, self-possessed manner, which was not without its effect upon those who received them, and who, like most of their class, were inclined to be somewhat excited in an emergency. When they had finished eating, they repaired to the yard with cheerfulness and alacrity, Ike Mumby remarking as he went, 'that it did one good to see how quiet-loike Miss Ruth do take things. Ah, 'twould be a good job if all the women had as much sense.'

Ruth, having told the men she had fresh orders for them when they had finished in the yard, returned to the lumber-room, resumed her shoes, and retired to complete her toilet. She next went to her mother's chamber, where a bright fire already burned. The old lady was now awake, and Ruth greeted her in her own hearty affectionate manner. In answer to her inquiries, she replied cheerfully that she had slept well, and would like to get down-stairs as soon as the morning's tidying-up was finished.

'You must take breakfast in your room at anyrate, mother. The kitchen will be in a puddle all day, the yard is so wet; and, to tell you the truth, some of the water has found its way into the house. So we must take care of you, you old darling. But never mind; it will be quite jolly to live up-stairs for a day. Jennie has turned the lumber-room into a kitchen; and I will go

and bring in your own chair, mother, and you will be as cosy as an old maid, without the cat.'

Ruth talked while she dressed her mother. The old lady was at first inclined to be alarmed, and asked many questions about the corn and the stock, but was speedily relieved from anxiety by Ruth's account of what was being done. She then reverted to her husband's absence, repeating plaintively her wish that 'Jabez was at hum.' Ruth's ingenious hopefulness soon dispersed this cloud also; and long before breakfast was concluded, Mrs Godfrey was her own cheery, genial self, chatting away in her usual light-hearted vein, about Fen floods in general, about the approaching Christmas, and the parties in prospect. It would have done George Thorpe's heart good to have witnessed the thorough-going, unaffected love and confidence that existed between mother and daughter, and more particularly, perhaps, the tender, considerate devotedness of Ruth. As it happened, when the breakfast things were cleared away by the somewhat melancholy Jennie, the old lady's first remark was with reference to young farmer Thorpe. She wondered whether he would keep his promise to ride over to Greendykes, and when. A slight shade passed over Ruth's face. She answered vaguely, and somewhat hurriedly added that she must go and give the men further orders.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, and daylight struggled through the overcast sky. The wind had fallen to a slight breeze, but the rain continued to fall steadily. Jackson and his assistants, who had returned to the house, informed Ruth that all had been done that she ordered, adding that for the present the cattle and horses would take no harm. They had found the pigs swimming about the yard, all except two, which were drowned. They had killed those left, and hung them in a shed, 'to save them loike,' till they had time to dress them. Ruth then told them that she feared the flood would increase, and that the horses and stock would be ruined by standing in the cold water, even if they were not drowned. She asked whether it would be possible, by riding the horses and driving the cattle, to get them out of the fen, up to some farm in the high grounds till the water subsided. Jackson replied that it would be a 'ticklish affair;' but he thought there was yet time, and, if the others were agreeable, he for one thought it ought to be tried. The three labourers had been inspired by their young mistress's spirit, and vowed they would do more than that for her, if necessary. Meantime, she and Jennie prepared for them a basket of provisions, adding a flask of brandy 'to keep off the ague'—that terrible familiar of the Fens in those days; and in a very few minutes, the four men, mounted, passed out of the gate driving the cattle before them. Horses and cattle were nearly hock-deep in the water and mud of the road; but Jackson called back cheerfully that they would manage to pull through all right, although they mightn't get back that night. Ruth watched them for some time, and saw them stop opposite the cottages, evidently to tell their errand to their families, and then resume their journey.

Ruth cast a long and anxious glance along the road leading to Long Drove. She was thinking

of George Thorpe, and wishing she could get a glimpse of the gray nag and its rider. There was no living object in sight, however; and she sighed as she closed the door. Had any misfortune overtaken him on his way home last night? or had he forgotten his promise? It would be difficult to say which problem agitated her most. But she quickly cast her speculations from her, and went to assist Jennie with the household work, now limited to the upper portion of the house. The maid was going about her duties, under the novel circumstances of the case, with praiseworthy diligence, but with a scared look and nervous manner, contrasting strongly with her young mistress's self-possession. The fact is she belonged to the 'high' country, and had never seen a flood in her life; and had Ruth not kept her in full occupation, would certainly have collapsed under the terrors of the situation. Her fellow-servant, Bob, on the other hand, 'to the manner born,' sat in the improvised kitchen whistling philosophically, while he put fresh thongs on a number of cart-whips that stood beside him. Having given orders to delay the dinner for an hour, 'in case any neighbour might call,' Ruth hurried to her own room. She closed the door, threw open the window, and gazed upon the scene without.

It was now noon. The wind had altogether died away, or came only in slight, fitful breezes. It still rained, however, in a dull steady pelt, that gave the surface of the water the appearance of a summer pool when minnows are leaping. Far as the eye could reach, that is to say as far as the natural horizon itself, there was nothing but an inland sea, the deadness of its expanse heightened rather than relieved by the gaunt stems of the poplars, which dotted its bosom at wide intervals of space, and which the imaginative mind might have taken for the geni of the scene. The labourers' cottages could be distinguished on the left. As descried from Ruth's room in the farmhouse they appeared to be immersed to the eaves; and but for their attic windows and the smoke struggling from the quaint little chimneys, their thatched roofs might have been mistaken for floating masses of straw or hay. Away to the right, in which direction her eager glance was often cast, Ruth could see the group of beech and chestnut trees which marked the position of Long Drove farmhouse. But nowhere was there any sign of life or human activity. Once or twice the watcher fancied she saw a horseman issue from the shadow of the trees, but reflection soon dispelled the illusion. The water had now attained a depth that made riding impossible, and Ruth inwardly prayed that the poor labourers had escaped the submerged fen and got safely to the higher ground.

She closed the window with a sigh, and repaired, rapt in thought, to that side of the house which overlooked the yard. Here she saw how much the flood had gained since morning. It now reached to the top of the gate. Road there was none, and its place was traceable only by the top of the quickset hedge which bounded it for some distance past the farm. Spars, hencoops, and various nondescript articles floated about in the court. The ducks and geese quacked and gabbled as though *en fête*, while the poor fowls cackled and screamed from their roosts

in a discordant protest at being unable to join them. Ruth looked in the direction of Stetton, by which her father would come on his way home, though she knew that at the earliest he could scarcely reach Greendykes before nightfall. Still her eye was fascinated by the singular and trackless prospect—'water, water, everywhere.' The currents in the channels of the drains, themselves now undistinguishable, gave to the entire body of the flood a borrowed impulse and motion, so that logs of wood, small trees, furniture, and implements might be seen floating, some in one direction, some in another, at the caprice of contrary eddies. Now and then, amongst other waifs, Ruth fancied she saw the carcase of a horse or a cow borne along, and shuddered to think that other and more precious lives might have been sacrificed to the vengeance of the terrible waters.

The girl returned for a few minutes to her mother, whom she found busy with her knitting. She then sought Jennie, in order to expedite the serving up of dinner. That young damsel had been having a good cry, regardless of Bob, who appeared to take a rather cheerful view of the situation. Nettled at last by his whistling, she declared that neither the 'missus nor him had a bit o' feelin';' to which Bob replied sententiously, that it was 'as easy to whistle as to cry, and much pleasanter;' and forthwith commenced to sing a lugubrious native love ballad. This was too much for Jennie's nerves, and her weeping gave place to an hysterical howl just as Ruth entered the lumber-room. The remedy was prompt. Placing one hand over her mouth and shaking her with the other, Ruth pertinently asked, 'What kind of a Fen-man's wife she expected to make, whining like a girl of seven who had spilt jam on her clean pinafore,' and ordered her to set the table in Dame Godfrey's room at once.

The dinner passed off rather less cheerfully than the breakfast had done, although Ruth strove hard to conceal the anxieties which increased upon her. Mrs Godfrey, whose spirits were but a reflection of her daughter's, was less gay and chatty than usual, and again and again expressed her wish that 'Jabez was at hum.' The table had scarcely been cleared, when a voice was heard loudly hailing the house. Ruth, pale and red alternately, ran to a window overlooking the yard, from which she noticed two boats, one in tow of the other, at a distance of several hundred yards from the gate. The voice again hailed; and Ruth, opening the casement, readily recognised George Thorpe as one of the two rowers.

'Who is it?' screamed Jennie Swan, who had followed at her mistress's heel.

'Can't you see, wench?' answered Ruth, a little brusquely.

'O my! if it ain't Tom Ashling,' quoth the handmaiden; for her eyes, like Ruth's, had identified only the figure most welcome to them.

'You're a fool,' snapped Ruth, biting her lip, and then laughed outright, partly at Jennie's answer and partly at herself. The strain on her mind was now relaxed, in one direction at least, and all her wonted gaiety rushed temporarily to her heart. She waved her handkerchief to the boatmen, who had by this time approached the gate, which Jackson had fortunately been com-

pelled to leave open. After a good deal of manœuvring, both boats floated safely through the opening and across the yard, pulling up beneath the window, at which Ruth stood trembling between conflicting inclinations—to laugh and to cry. She observed that Thorpe looked unwontedly pale and serious.

'There is nothing wrong at Long Drove, hope, George?'

'O no; nothing worth speaking of.—But how are you all getting on here, Ruth?'

Reassured by his reply regarding himself, Ruth grew perhaps more cheerful than was becoming in the circumstances. George, however, was unable to join in her hilarity. His morning's experience had been too severe for merriment now; he had lost a number of ewes, and his corn-stacks had suffered severely, owing to their vicinity to the great drain or dike, which ran close past the steading of Long Drove. One of his labourers' cottages also had been in such a precarious condition that the family had had to be removed to the farmhouse; two of his men were down with fever and ague; one of his boats—so necessary to the Fen-men in those days for travelling and portage, when the roads were impassable—had been swept away; and it had only been at the extremity of risk that he and his servant Tom Ashling had saved the other, and one belonging to Jabez Godfrey. He had till then been unable to visit Greendykes as promised, and had done so at last only at the imminent danger of his life. He was therefore, as we have hinted, in no mood to join Ruth in what he considered her ill-timed badinage. He looked at her for a while in a stunned and dazed sort of way; a quiet look of reproach came into his eyes; and then, with a calmness of face and manner resembling dignity, he said with grave respect: 'Miss Ruth, your father is my neighbour, and has been a good neighbour. He is not at home to see after things himself; and I have come, neighbour-like, to see if I could do anything about the place for you and your mother. If everything is safe, I am very glad. Give my respects to the old lady, and tell her, as I am going on to Stetton, I may be able to bring some news of your father. I will leave his boat here, in case you may require it. Good-bye.'

Ruth turned pale in spite of herself; she felt it. Her lover had done more to open her eyes to the true state of her own heart in the space of these few minutes than in all the years he had dangled at her girdle. The genuine worth of the man she had for so long trifled with, flashed upon her like a revelation. She felt for the first time in her life that awe and reverence with which the true-hearted woman regards the strength and singleness of true manhood. Gone for ever, wiped from the tablet of memory, was the George of yesterday, the simple, dull, good-natured, overweening lover; in its place, a figure clearly limned, brave, strong—to be respected, loved, and clung to. A sense of unutterable wretchedness crept over her. Her limbs trembled. She cast a look, half-penitent, half-yearning at the stalwart figure, now seated in the boat, whispered rather than spoke 'good-bye,' and hastened to her own room to shed the first tears of bitterness since childhood.

Meanwhile, Tom Ashling had got into the

second boat, and having cast it loose, pulled along the wall till he came under a window at which he had observed Jennie Swan, all smiles and tears, signalling to him with the end of a tablecloth. The conversation of this pair appeared to take a more agreeable turn than that of their superiors; for just as Thorpe called him, Tom, standing up in the boat, and Jennie craning as far out as was compatible with equilibrium, were indulging in a most unmistakable salute. His master's billo had very nearly proved disastrous. The youth, taken in the act, started, stumbled, and, instinctively clutching the object of his attentions, narrowly escaped falling into the water and dragging the girl with him. But Ashling was an active young fellow, and quickly recovered his balance, while Jennie was able to hide her confusion in retreat.

Thorpe then called to Bob to take the painter and secure his master's boat; after which he and Ashling rowed out of the yard, on their hazardous voyage to Stetton.

THE ST JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE above Association was formed in the year 1878 by certain members of the Order of St John of Jerusalem in England, an Order that for some fifty years had been quietly and unobtrusively carrying on its work of affording aid to the afflicted; and which has its headquarters in the western side of the archway of St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London. The idea originated from observing the great increase of suffering caused not only to the wounded on the field of battle, but to those injured in the accidents of everyday occurrence in our streets, by the unskilled handling of well-meaning helpers. It had been observed that by such treatment the chances of recovery of the patient were frequently imperilled in a serious manner; while prompt and efficient aid rendered in cases of cut arteries, &c. might be the means of saving a life which a few minutes' delay would extinguish. It was therefore suggested that if a short course of instruction, attractive to the general public, upon affording 'First aid to the injured,' could be occasionally given in different districts, a large amount of good might possibly be done thereby. The experiment was accordingly tried; and the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its promoters; for, in the few years which have elapsed between its origination and the present date, the Association has given certificates of proficiency to some eighty-five thousand pupils, scattered all over the world. There are some two hundred and thirty 'Centres' of the Association here and abroad, including India and the colonies; with one at Malta, the headquarters of the old Knights themselves in former times; besides numerous districts where detached classes for instruction have been held. Foreign countries also, notably Russia and Germany, have taken up the idea.

The Association is managed by a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen; and its object is to give such an amount of instruction to whomsoever will learn, as will enable them to render prompt and efficacious first aid to the injured. No interference with the doctor's province is intended;

in fact, the advice given to pupils as the first thing to be done is—'Send for the doctor; then attend to the patient till he comes, or till the patient can be taken to him;' the teaching given being merely to enable one to afford such immediate assistance in the event of an accident as will save life, where death would be the consequence of delay, or render the patient's sufferings less acute, and the doctor's subsequent task easier. Take, for instance, the following, which might occur in any family at any moment. A family are at breakfast, the mother cutting bread and butter in the usual feminine and dangerous mode—that is, slicing the loaf towards, instead of from the operator, the bread being held in the left hand. Suddenly the knife slips, and an artery at the wrist is severed. In a moment all is confusion and dismay; the blood spurts out in jets, rapidly soaking through the articles held over the gash by the husband, while the eldest boy is sent tearing up the street for the doctor, who is of course out somewhere, and has to be sent for. In the meanwhile, the patient is losing so much blood that she faints; and brandy is administered, with the effect of increasing the pumping action of the heart, and causing it to force more blood through the wound; the result being that, when the doctor arrives—if nothing more serious has happened—the loss of so much blood has so prostrated the patient that her recovery is long and tedious. Now, suppose the husband had undergone a course of the Association lectures, and profited by them—instead of wildly endeavouring to stop a cut artery with a mere bandage, he would at once have grasped his wife's arm high up under the armpit, thereby compressing the brachial artery—which runs down the centre of the under part of the upper arm, and a branch whereof the accident has just severed—and at once the spouting blood would have subsided into an immaterial trickle. He would then either have continued the pressure with his fingers until the doctor's arrival; or, with his handkerchief, a bit of coal and a stick of firewood, or even the sugar-tongs and a piece of string, extemporised a tourniquet that would at once have put a stop to any further serious loss of blood, and enabled the patient, if fainting, to be kept up by weak stimulants till professional aid came. Instances might of course be multiplied to show the great value of 'a little knowledge' in such emergencies, in opposition to the venerable saying.

The work of the Association is carried on thus: As soon as it appears desirable that a 'detached class' should be held—where a 'centre' has not already been established by the Association—a few of the inhabitants arrange for the hire of a room for a few weeks for the lectures, collect a number of pupils to form the class—from twenty to thirty is considered the best number, from each of whom able to pay they will obtain two shillings and sixpence or five shillings, so as to be enabled to transmit to headquarters a cheque for about fifteen guineas—according to distance from London. This sum is to pay the lecturer, for hire of diagrams, splints, &c., and the examiner. On this amount being forwarded to St John's Gate, together with particulars of the intended class, the Association will send down a doctor with all the necessary appliances; and a course of five lectures, with a week's interval between each, will

be delivered. As no doctor examines his own class, these lectures will be followed in about another week by the visit of another medical gentleman, who will test the proficiency of the class by an examination; after which, those who pass will receive a certificate entitling them to make practical use of the instruction they have received, for a year from its date; while those who have failed had better attend another course of lectures and try again.

The lectures, which generally last about an hour or an hour and a half, are by no means so dry or uninteresting as outsiders might suppose; most of the pupils find them the very reverse. They are well illustrated by the help of diagrams, &c., and the lecturers endeavour to make everything as clear and simple as possible. At the close of each lecture, the class is invited to ask any questions upon which they may desire information, the same being asked while the class is assembled, in order that the question and answer may be for the general benefit. Some of the lecturers, also, at the end of the evening—the classes are generally held in the evenings, as more convenient for attendance—give out a few questions on the subjects treated of, the answers to which are to be written out and brought at the next lecture. But this is not always the case.

The subjects of the five lectures are as follows: (1) General outline of the structure of the human body, with description of bones, &c.; and bandaging. (2) Arteries, veins, &c.; mode of stopping bleeding described; and bandaging. (3) Fractures, and treatment; bandaging. (4) Apoplexy, epilepsy, &c.; bandaging. (5) Carrying the injured. This last is for men only; in women's classes, a lecture on nursing takes its place. The classes for the two sexes are always separate. There is also for women a further class, called the 'advanced class,' which embraces all the details of the sick-room.

The lectures at headquarters are held in the room directly over the centre of the old Gateway, which is the one alluded to in the article on 'St John's Gate,' in No. 33 of this *Journal*, as the room wherein Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, an inscription on the wall over a bust of Shakspeare commemorating the event. At the opposite end of the room is grouped an arrangement of old weapons and armour, guarded by two mailed figures; while in other parts of the room may be found sundry relics of the Order's ancestors in the shape of stone cannon-balls and other ingenious implements in use for thinning the population in former times. Here, about eight P.M., when the lectures are on, may be seen an attentive group of men of all ages and callings, the professional man seated by the side of his humbler but not less useful co-worker in life's round, and all eager to profit by the coming instruction. To them enters the courteous and indefatigable secretary, Mr Easterbrook; and then, after the taking down of the names—for four out of the five lectures *must* be attended, to qualify for examination—and a few necessary preliminaries connected with the payment of the necessary fee, the lecturer is introduced, and the business of the evening commences. In clear and easily comprehended phraseology, and avoiding technical terms as much as possible, the class

is made acquainted with the main portions of that wonderful piece of mechanism the human frame, with the various accidents to which it is liable, and the best mode of treatment to be adopted on their occurrence, with the appliances usually at hand on such occasions. In cases of fractures and wounds, drowning, &c., the pupils are made to comprehend the precise treatment necessary in each case by practical examples, the class binding up one another for supposed accidents; so that, were it not for the happy appearance of the patients, a visitor arriving unexpectedly at about nine P.M. would think he had stumbled upon the accident ward of an hospital.

Thus evening after evening the instruction goes on, with a week, as stated, between each lecture, during which period the pupil can study his handbook, and practise on his family circle the lessons he has received, until at length the fifth evening is reached, when, after having heartily cheered the lecturer and bid him good-bye, the class is informed that on a certain day the examination will take place, which generally causes a sensation in the class. But there is no need for any one who has really attended to his lectures to fear being 'plucked.' The examiners are not let loose with instructions to harass and worry the pupils, after the manner we hear of as occasionally practised at medical examinations; they are gentlemen who wish merely to ascertain whether the candidates for their certificates are honestly fit to be intrusted with, perhaps, the lives of their fellow-creatures; and all their questions will be simply to test that knowledge fairly. The writer having passed his three examinations and obtained the medallion, can speak from personal experience. The certificates are frequently presented by members of the royal family, who take a great interest in the movement, as they always do in any work for the public good. The late Duke of Albany not only went through a course of instruction, but also became the president of a centre; and others of the royal family, by becoming patrons and otherwise, have evinced their appreciation of the work of the Association. The certificate thus obtained lasts for a year from its date; after which, those who intend to keep up their training must pass a second examination, merely to see that they have not forgotten the teaching. The passing of this gives another year's license, when a third and final examination must be gone through, with the same object of refreshing the memory; after which the successful candidate is presented with a bronze medallion—which he may wear at his watch-chain, &c., but never as a decoration—and is freed from any further ordeal. Those medallion holders who choose can purchase silver or gold copies of their medallion from the Association; but the *status* of the wearer is precisely the same, of whatever metal his badge is composed.

The *pons asinorum* at these lectures seems to be the 'reef-knot,' which is the only knot allowed on a bandage. It is singular what a number of pupils find a difficulty in tying it with certainty, though it is often tied by accident. It is difficult to describe a knot in writing only; but if the reader will attend to the following instructions, he will be enabled to tie

the mysterious knot every time. Take a piece of cord about a foot long. With this tie an ordinary single knot, loosely. The reef-knot is merely a double knot, but it makes all the difference how you begin the second one. On looking at the first knot, it will be seen that one end of the cord comes out over, and the other under, the knot. Now, to tie the reef-knot, all you have to do is to remember to keep that end which is *over* on leaving the first knot, *over* also in commencing the second. If you put it under, you will not succeed.

The Association also gives numerous gratuitous lectures where the pupils cannot afford any payment, as at collieries, seaports, &c.; many hundreds of the police, regular forces, railway, and dockyard employees and workers in similar avocations having thus become instructed. Of necessity, all this requires money; and therefore the Association has to be supported by the donations of friends, the subscriptions of life members—five guineas; annual members—five shillings; the receipts from paying classes, and the sale of various useful appliances connected with the treatment of the injured, as litters, &c.

If any of our readers desire to become associated with life-preservation, let them ascertain from the secretary at headquarters where a course of lectures can be attended, and go through it. The step will never be regretted, as the time thus spent will be passed pleasantly and profitably; and the result may be the means of saving lives near and dear to them in cases of sudden and unexpected emergency.

NUMBER 492.

SOME years ago I was making a sketching tour in the West Country, and found myself one September afternoon on Dartmoor, a few miles from Princes Town. I had been strolling lazily about for some time, when I suddenly came upon a bit of moorland, which I decided it was imperatively my duty to transfer to canvas, so I sat down on a mossy boulder, and was soon diligently at work, and absorbed in the task of trying to represent the lovely autumnal tints on stream, rock, and heather. Intent on my picture, I took no note of time, till suddenly I perceived the shadow getting ominously long; and consulting my watch, I found it was past five o'clock, and that, unless I made a speedy start, I should hardly reach Princes Town before nightfall; so I hastily packed up my traps, deciding that I would come and finish the sketch on the following day. I was just lighting my pipe preparatory to starting, when I fancied that I saw something move behind a large rock a few yards away, and I heard what sounded very like a smothered cough. I was a bit startled, as, save the birds, no living thing had been near me for hours; but I thought I would see what it was, so I walked up to the spot, and, pushing aside the high bracken, was going to examine the place, when suddenly a figure rose up and confronted me. I am not a nervous man, but I must confess I got a start as I saw before me a man clothed in convict garb, bare-headed, wild, and dishevelled. Even in my first alarm, I remember I noticed the number 492 on his clothes, and I don't fancy I shall ever forget

that number. I grasped my stick firmly, and thought to myself that I was, so to speak, in a very nice little fix. Convicts are not pleasant neighbours at any time; but a *tête-à-tête* with an escaped convict on a lonely moor, miles from any house, is decidedly an interview not to be desired. However, my fears speedily subsided, for my convict did not seem at all disposed to make himself disagreeable, but merely stood looking at me, trembling in every limb, and from time to time coughing in a way that shook his wasted frame all over. Poor chap! he was a piteous spectacle—his cheeks all sunk and hollow, and with his prison dress just hanging about him, he looked like a living skeleton.

The situation was awkward for me. As a law-abiding citizen, I felt that it was my duty to take some means of restoring him to the establishment at Princes Town, which he had evidently quitted without leave; while, as an ordinary human being, I felt the sincerest pity for the haggard fellow-creature who stood there, gazing at me with hollow, feverish eyes. However, the contest between duty and compassion was speedily put an end to by No. 492 himself, for, after a more than usually racking cough, his legs gave way under him and he rolled down among the bracken. Duty fled; compassion won the day; I went and picked him up, and propped him with his back against a rock, where he gasped and choked till I really thought he would die then and there. In a minute or two, however, he revived, and in a very faint and feeble voice said: 'I'm nigh starved, guv'nor; I guess it's about up with me.'

I went back to get some sandwiches out of my case, and offered them to him; he seized them eagerly, and began to eat them ravenously; but again a terrible fit of coughing came on, and he sank back saying: 'It ain't no use; I can't eat now; s'pose I'm gone too far.'

Here was a pleasant position. The man was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion; and even my unpractised eye could see that No. 492 had his days, or even hours, numbered. I moistened his lips with some brandy out of my flask, and saw, to my satisfaction, that this produced a decided improvement. But what in the world I should do next, perplexed me sorely, so I repeated the dose of brandy and took counsel with myself as to the next move.

Under the influence of the brandy, my patient propped himself up again, and with great difficulty told me how he had escaped from the convict prison three days before, and had wandered over the moor, till want of food and exposure had—to use his own words—'spoilt his game;' and he was going back to the prison to give himself up. Seeing me sketching, and feeling his strength almost gone, he had decided to come and surrender himself to me; but when he got near, the poor fellow's courage failed him, and he had crawled away behind the rock where I had discovered him.

'It ain't no use my trying to get away, guv'nor,' said he sadly; 'I'm that weak, I can't walk a step. I couldn't escape now, not if a carriage-and-four was waiting for me. I'd want a nuss to lift me up into it. Guess I'll die in quod after all.'

I did not think he would die in quod; but

I kept my thoughts to myself, for I felt sure that before the prison could be reached, No. 492 would be far enough away, and it would only be a suit of convict clothes or a wasted skeleton that would enter the gloomy gate.

'Look here, my poor chap,' said I. 'You can't stop here; you must just let me carry you as well as I can; and I must try and get you back to the prison.' I felt rather mean as I said this, for I did pity him heartily. I knew nothing about his crimes. He might have been the greatest villain; yet I felt for him, having just tasted liberty, and having to go back to captivity. Still, I could do nothing else; and a single glance at him showed pretty plainly that the prison would not hold him long, even if we ever got there. I expected some attempt at resistance; but, to my surprise, he quietly acquiesced, saying: 'All right, guv'nor; it can't be helped. I've had my try, but summat told me as I wouldn't succeed.'

It was now getting late, and the sun was just down, so there was no time to be lost, as we had a long way to go, and I was rather doubtful about my powers of carrying him, for he was, or had been, of a tolerable size and weight; but now he looked such a mere bundle of bones, that I thought I might manage it. At any rate, there was nothing to do but to try; so I hoisted him up on my back and started off in the direction of Princes Town.

I shall not easily forget that journey; it soon grew quite dark, as I toiled on over the lonely road, with frequent halts to rest, while poor No. 492 grew weaker and weaker, and his terrible cough more and more frequent. We had gone, I suppose, about three miles, when I began to feel that it was quite impossible for me to accomplish the remaining distance, as it was so dark that I stumbled painfully over the rough path, and at each stumble my burden groaned with pain, and coughed so dismally, that I felt my well-meant endeavours were only putting him to complete torture; so I stopped, laid him down on the grass, and told him that we would not try to go on until the moon rose. 'All right, guv'nor,' said he feebly, and fell back fainting; so I administered the last few drops of brandy I had left, covered him up as well as I could with my coat, propped his head up on my sketching-case, sat down by his side, and wondered what would be the end of my adventure.

I looked at my watch, and saw that it was nine o'clock. The moon, I knew, would not rise till nearly midnight, so we had three hours to wait. I think those three hours were the longest I ever passed in my life. The silence and loneliness of the moor were terrible, and No. 492 lay with his eyes closed, and, save for an occasional groan, might have been dead. Once or twice he tried to speak, but apparently it was beyond his powers, and he fell back again exhausted. Once he put out his hand, caught mine, and, to my great surprise, carried it to his lips and kissed it. I am not much used to having my hand kissed at any time, and should probably, under any circumstances, feel the situation embarrassing; but to have it kissed by a dying convict out on Dartmoor, in the middle of the night, was a novel experience.

I did not mean to hurt the feelings of No. 492, but I drew it away somewhat hastily; and then, seeing his lips move, as if he was trying to say something, I bent over him to listen, and in a voice little more than a whisper he said: 'Beg your pardon, sir; but you've been precious kind to me, and I feels weak and silly like; I didn't mean no offence.'

I hastened with some compunction to assure him that I was not offended; and again he closed his eyes; and around us once more was silence.

At last, to my great joy, the sky brightened up a bit; the outlines of the tors became more distinct, and then the moon appeared over the hills, and shot a flood of silver light all over the moor. My spirits, which had fallen below zero, revived considerably; darkness has at all times a depressing influence, and under my peculiar circumstances, had reduced me to a most profound melancholy. I felt quite glad to see the moon rise, though, beyond the fact of being able to see where we were, it did not materially assist me out of the fix I was in.

I looked at No. 492, and he seemed to be asleep. I did not like to wake him, so I got up quietly, intending to walk to the top of a hill close by, and see if I could discover the lights of Princes Town, or any house nearer, to which I might direct my steps. I was not gone long—perhaps half an hour; and when I came back, I found No. 492 with his eyes wide open, and, to my great surprise—though I do not know why I should have been so surprised—tears running down his cheeks. Really, my ideas about convicts were becoming quite upset; one who furtively kissed my hand, and who wept, was, I thought, indeed an anomaly. I bent over him, and asked if he was in worse pain, or what was the matter. Poor fellow! he lifted his wasted hand, drew it across his eyes, and said: 'No; I ain't in no pain now, sir; but I woke from a bit of a doze, and saw you was gone; and I thought as how you had left me; and somehow I felt lonesome and afeared;' and then a great sob shook him.

I assured him that I was not going to leave him, and he appeared comforted. Then, after a pause, he said: 'I ain't one as has been much afeared in my time, sir; but, somehow, now I can't 'elp it; I seems all of a tremble; and it looks awful dark ahead of me, and I be so weak I don't seem able to face it nohow.'

I longed truly to be able to help him, and wished with all my heart that I could do it better; but, feeling rather ashamed, I tried to tell No. 492 something about a strong Hand which will help us in the dark valley, and One who will be near us when of ourselves, as he said, 'we don't seem able to face it nohow.' He listened attentively, and then closed his eyes, murmuring something I could not catch.

After a pause, I asked him if he would try to go on again. 'All right, guv'nor; you knows best,' was his answer, but very faint and feeble.

Well, I picked him up again, and off I started. By this time the moon was high up, so we progressed a good deal faster than before, and had traversed a considerable distance before I had to stop and put my burden down. Even then, I could have gone a bit farther, but No. 492

whispered: 'Stop, sir, now; it ain't no use; I shan't get no farther.'

I laid him down, and saw at a glance that our journey together was about to end. In the moonlight he looked ghastly and wan; and as I laid him down, a violent fit of coughing came on, and after it, a red stream flowed from his mouth. Poor fellow! thought I; and yet I could hardly pity him really, for to him Death must have come as a true friend. He lay quiet for some time, and I wiped the blood from his lips; then, just as the first gray streak of dawn appeared, he raised himself on his elbow and whispered: 'I've been a bad un, I knows; but I didn't 'ave no chance. Say a bit of a prayer for me, sir.'

There was no refusing; and as I finished, his face lighted up, and again repeating his formula, 'All right, guv'nor,' he fell back—dead. He had succeeded in his escape, after all.

I covered up the body, and thinking no one would be likely to come near the spot, I drew it aside near a rock which I should recognise again, and started off, walking briskly to Princes Town, considering many things by the way. I went to the prison, and came back with some warders to show them the spot; and, as I was obliged to await the inquest, I attended the funeral of poor No. 492.

I trust that in the 'Other Land' it may be for him—as for many of us for whom it has been all wrong here—'All right.'

WHEN SHALL WE LOSE OUR POLE-STAR?

THIS may be to some of our readers a startling question; for most of us have had that star pointed out to us many years; and perhaps those who directed our eyes to it little thought that there would ever be any other pole-star. It is well known that if the northern extremity of the axis of our earth were lengthened until it met the imaginary sphere of the heavens, it would come very near to our present pole-star, hence called Polaris; and if, for any cause, the direction of that axis were materially altered, that star would no longer be a true index of the north. We now propose to show that such a change of the direction of the earth's axis is continually taking place; and that the terrestrial axis when thus lengthened describes a cone, the apex of which is the centre of the earth; and the circumference of the base of the cone is a circle described amongst the stars. When the axis has described one-half of its course, the angle between the two positions it occupies at the beginning and at the middle of the rotation is about forty-seven degrees. And thus the extremity of the axis will successively come near to other stars than our present pole-star; and in about twelve thousand years it will have as the Polaris the very conspicuous star Vega, or α in the constellation Lyra.

We now proceed to explain the reason of this movement of the earth's axis. It is well known that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles, being what astronomers call an oblate spheroid. Now, the sun's attraction upon such a spheroidal body is not quite the same as it would be upon a perfect sphere. When the

sun is at either equinox—that is, just over the equator—the attraction exercised upon our earth is the same as if that body were spherical; but when the sun is at or near the upper tropic, its action upon the terrestrial matter which bulges at the equator has a tendency to pull that matter towards the ecliptic, and to make the axis of the earth approach to a vertical to the ecliptic. The same influence is at work when the sun is near the lower tropic. And if this influence were not counteracted, the effect would be to cause the ecliptic and equator ultimately to coincide; and our annual succession of seasons would be done away with. But as no such catastrophe is threatening us, and the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator remains about twenty-three and a half degrees, there must be some force which neutralises the above tendency: this is the rotation of the earth on its own axis. No one but a good mathematician could *a priori* tell the exact effect of these two forces combined. But any one may see how rotation may affect the motion of a body acted on by another force, by observing how a pegtop is kept upright by the rotation, whilst it falls as the rotation ceases. The influence of this rotation to keep a body from falling may be noticed by any one who carefully observes a spinning coin when about to fall. While the coin spins rapidly, its uppermost part appears as a point. As it falls, the point becomes a small circle, increasing as the rotation slackens. But if the coin be very closely watched, when beginning to fall, it will be seen that the small circle is for a moment diminished, showing that the coin had partially recovered its upright position. This recovery is entirely due to the rotation. Similarly, a bicycle is kept from falling by its horizontal motion; and a conical bullet, which has gained a great rapidity of rotation from a rifled barrel, keeps the direction of its axis without deflection to the right or left. And thus we find that the present position of the earth's axis with respect to the ecliptic is not altered; but the two forces acting upon the earth cause the axis to rotate, as above described, so that the north pole describes a circle in the heavens. But as the period of this rotation is very great, it was not easy to detect such a result, except after a long period of observation. It was discovered thus. The point where the ecliptic and equator cut is called the first point of the constellation Aries, one of the well-known twelve signs of the zodiac. From this point all celestial measurements are made eastwards. Each star of importance has had its distance east of that point—called its right ascension—recorded. In the course of time, the tables of these numbers so recorded appeared to be erroneous; but the error was so regular, and all in one direction, that it was conjectured that the point from which these right ascensions were reckoned had itself shifted its place. And so it proved; and if any one looks at a celestial globe, he will see that Aries no longer occupies the position where the equinox is, but is somewhat to the east, or right, because the point of intersection of the ecliptic and equator has slipped back. But as the sun appears to take a shorter time to come back to the equinox than to arrive at the same stars, which were once close to that point of intersection, this slow retrograde motion is termed the *precession* of the equinoxes.

The distance on the equator caused by this retrograde motion would, if not otherwise modified, be 50°·41 annually. But the attraction of the planets on each other produces a very small motion of the equinox in the other direction; and so the resulting precession is about 50°·1 annually. If we divide the three hundred and sixty degrees in every circle by the above small quantity, we shall find that the period of the revolution of the earth's axis is twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight years.

Of course the moon has an influence on the extra mass at the earth's equator, as the sun has, similar in kind, but far less in quantity. This influence would cause the earth's axis to describe very small cones of the same nature as the large cone above described; and the period of every rotation would be about nineteen years. The effect of this second or lunar influence is to cause the earth's axis to dip a little towards the equator, and then to resume its position; and this nodding motion is termed *nutation*, from the Latin word *nuto*, to nod. Thus the axis of the earth describes a cone not of uniform surface, but as it were fluted, and completes its majestic round in nearly twenty-six thousand years, pointing to a various succession of stars which will in their turns be honoured by future astronomers as the pole-stars of their respective generations.

CONCRETE.

RAPID as has been the development of concrete during the last few years, never has that progress been more marked than at the present time, when scarcely an undertaking is carried out, be it cottage construction of the simplest type, or public building vast in size—be the design insignificantly small, or the scheme one involving the outlay of millions, but we find constructors and contractors gladly availing themselves of this material, which unites so happily economy and durability with ease in manipulation, and great adaptability to forms and shapes required. Concrete is no new thing. The Romans understood the employment of concrete; nor did the builders of that day hesitate to press into their service the advantages derived from its use, with a skill and success to which at the present day the test of centuries bears ample testimony.

To the great strides in all constructive art—to the ever-pressing demand for cheaper materials—to the improvements which have been effected in the manufacture and manipulation of cement, as well as to the economy resulting from the introduction of special machinery for crushing stone—to these, amongst other considerations, must we look for the causes which have resulted in the revival of concrete.

The composition and preparation of concrete may be briefly explained. Concrete is an artificial agglomeration formed by the admixture of lime or cement with sand and gravel or broken rock. The preparation of concrete, though exceedingly simple, requires to be carried out with system and regularity, if satisfactory results are to be obtained. The ingredients just mentioned having been well mixed by shovelling, water is added, and after further turning over, the concrete is ready. All that remains to be done is to throw

the viscid admixture into its final position—into the trench, where a foundation is being formed—or between the two parallel rows of planking, forming as it were a huge mould, and marking the position of a future concrete wall. The material rapidly hardens, and in an astonishingly short period assumes that monolithic hardness which is so justly esteemed for solidity and stability.

In this country, the cement usually employed in the preparation of concrete is that bearing the name of Portland cement—a designation derived, it is believed, from its similarity in appearance to Portland stone. Portland cement is prepared by the 'calcination' or burning of chalk and clay, and is manufactured in large quantities on the banks of the Thames and Medway. The sand employed aids in the formation of a solid mass, by filling up interstices between the larger material. It should be angular and sharp, also free from extraneous matter. When it is impossible or undesirable to use gravel, crushed stone, usually that of the neighbourhood, provided it is suitable, is employed. When used in sufficiently large quantities to warrant the employment of steam-power, a stone-crushing machine is usually provided. The stone is broken to a size similar to that of road-metal. Both as regards materials and composition, concrete necessarily presents considerable variation. The materials employed are those most available economically and physically; whilst the proportions of the admixture depend on the class of work to be executed, as well as on the individual judgment of the designer. The ratio between the quantity of cement and that of other material employed forms the standard by which concrete is known. Thus a six to one concrete implies a material compounded of six parts by volume of gravel or crushed stone or brick, as the case may be, with one part by volume of cement.

An enumeration of the many purposes to which concrete is now adapted would form a formidable list; suffice it to point out that in almost every class of construction, in the execution of designs both great and small, the economical advantages derived from its employment are more and more appreciated.

VERB 'TO BE.'

(PRESENT TENSE.)

I AM—a lonely, bitter-hearted woman;
(I might have been—a happy honoured wife.)
Thou art—another's husband; thou art human;
(Thou mightst have been—the joy of all my life.)
She is—my jealous cruel enemy;
(She might have been—as once—my trusted friend.)
We are—but strangers meeting; woe is me!
(We might have been—together to the end.)
You—fate or fortune—are—both deaf and blind;
(You might have been—a goddess gentle-eyed.)
They—my own household—selfish are—I find;
(They might have been—as bulwarks by my side.)

The present tense is harder far, I ween,
To conjugate than this, 'It might have been.'

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CHURCH-ALES.

IN days gone by, one of the most important anniversaries in many of our old country parishes was the 'Church-ale,' a festival which, originally instituted in honour of the church saint, was in after-years frequently kept up for the purpose of contributing towards the repair and decoration of the church. Anyhow, it was by all classes recognised as the gala season of the parish; and from the various accounts and incidental allusions that have been bequeathed to us in connection with it, there can be no doubt that this yearly festival was the occasion of every kind of merry-making coupled with a complete cessation from business.

In the time of Shakspeare, and indeed for a century or two before his day, it appears that the term *ale* was synonymous with festival; and hence its occurrence in such phrases as *Leet-ale*, *Whitsun-ale*, *Bride-ale*, &c., numerous references to which we meet with in the literature of that period. Thus Chaucer uses it in this sense; and Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Queens*, makes one of the hags say: 'A piper it got at a church-ale.' Shakspeare also employs the expression in *Pericles*:

It hath been sung at festivals,
On Ember-eves and holy-ales.

As at these festivals, ale seems to have been the predominant liquor, it is highly probable that from this circumstance the term took its origin. On such an occasion, for instance, it was the business of the churchwardens to have specially brewed a considerable quantity of strong ale, which was sold to the visitors; a practice which, it is recorded, led to 'great pecuniary advantage, for the rich thought it a meritorious duty, besides paying for their ale, to offer largely to the church fund.' Hence, it was no uncommon thing in some parishes to have several of these ales in the course of the year, and sometimes one or more parishes would agree to hold annually a certain number of them. As an

illustration of this usage, we may quote the following curious stipulation, preserved in the Bodleian Library: 'The parishioners of Elvaston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four ales betwixt this (the time of the contract) and the feast of St John Baptist next coming; and that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ales; and every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, and every cottager one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elvaston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ales, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elvaston.'

Unfortunately, however, these festive gatherings were in course of time greatly abused; and we read how even in the body of the church, when the people were assembled together for devotion, they not only turned their attention to diversions, but actually introduced drinking. It is easy to understand how such scenes were received with considerable ill-favour amongst a certain number of persons, and indeed so scandalised the Puritans of the seventeenth century that in many places they were wholly discontinued. Thus Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses* (1585), speaks in no friendly term of the church-ale; and after describing the usual method of procedure at these times, adds: 'In this kind of practice they continue six weeks, a quarter of a year, yea, half a year together. That money, they say, is to repair their churches and chapels with, to buy books for service, cups for the celebration of the sacrament, and such other necessities. And they maintain other extraordinary charges in their parish besides.' Although, of course, Stubbs has given a somewhat exaggerated account of the case, yet it is evident that the bounds of moderation were only too frequently ignored. An additional cause of complaint, moreover, arose from these church-ales being now and then held on Sunday, as appears from a sermon preached by one William Kethe at Blandford Forum in the year 1570, wherein occurs the following passage: 'Which holyday, the multitude call their revelyng day,

which day is spent in bulbeatings, bearebeatings, dieying, cardyng, daunsynges, drunkenness, &c.'

It must not be supposed, however, that of the many holiday observances which marked the social life of our forefathers, the church-ale was more than any other specially abused, the same fault having been laid to the charge of most of the principal festive anniversaries, many of the observances connected with which have for this very reason long ago fallen into disuse. In the history of the church-ale, it is curious and interesting to note the gradual development of a custom from its original purpose. Thus, as we have already pointed out, whereas this institution was at first intended to be a commemorative rejoicing in honour of the church saint, it was by degrees extended to the holiday festivities connected with such anniversaries as Easter or Whitsuntide, and lastly, was applied to any number of similar festal gatherings which might be summoned in the course of the year by the parish authorities to defray church expenses.

Amongst some of the many well-known church-ales formerly kept up throughout the country, may be mentioned one noticed by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*, who has thus described it: 'For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yearly chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who make collection among the parishioners of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing and baking against Whitsuntide, upon which holydays the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merrily feed on their own victuals. When the feast is ended, the wardens yield in their accounts to the parishioners, and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is laid up to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish.' But this custom has long ago vanished, and is numbered now amongst the things of the past. Again, Aubrey in his introduction to the *Natural History of Wiltshire*, tells us that there were no rates for the poor in his grandfather's days, the church-ale of Whitsuntide doing the business. According to his account, 'in every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crooks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c.' The church-ale of Castle-Combe, in the same county, was long kept up with much enthusiasm; and to encourage the celebration of this festival, no one was allowed to brew so long as any of the church-ale remained unsold. According to Britton, the inhabitants met at this annual festival 'to distribute alms to the indigent and to make merry. Near the church was a house furnished with the utensils required for dressing victuals. After a sober entertainment, the younger individuals of the party amused themselves with dancing.' At Tarring, near Worthing, Sussex, the church-ale was yearly kept up without interruption from a very early period till the year 1548, the second

year of the reign of Edward VI. In this year, the parish having lost seven shillings and sixpence by the festival, it was discontinued till the year 1559, when it once more regained its attractions, and was attended with profit.

Hutchinson, in his *History of Northumberland*, informs us that in the northern counties the church-ale was a very popular institution. The manner of holding these festivals, he tells us, was under tents and booths erected in the churchyard, where all kinds of diversions were introduced. Interludes were performed, 'being a species of theatrical performance, consisting of a rehearsal of some passages in Holy Scripture personated by actors.' On these occasions, he further adds, 'great feasts were displayed, and vast abundance of meat and drink.' Once more, the festivities of a church-ale were so intimately associated with the sacred fabric itself, that several pieces of sculpture in Cirencester Church commemorate these merrymakings, in which music, too, held an important place. In the porch of Chalk Church, Kent, have been preserved some grotesque figures, illustrating the merry scenes of a church-ale.

That these church-ales were not unattended with expense may be gathered from many of the old churchwardens' accounts. Thus, we read how in the year 1603 the pewter for the church-ale at Minchinhampton cost twenty-six shillings and sixpence; the best pan, twenty-four shillings; the two spits and the pair of racks, twenty shillings and fourpence; the furnace and the other pan, fifty-three shillings and threepence. At Broad Blunsdon, in North Wilts, an old manuscript informs us how on one occasion the church-ale gained four pounds and fourteen shillings profit. In Coates's *History of Reading* (1802), under the churchwardens' accounts of St Mary's parish, we find sundry references to the church-ale expenses. Under the year 1557, for example, occurs this item: 'Payed to the morrys-daunsers and the mynstrelles mete and drink at Whytsontide, iij*s*. iiij*d*.' Among the churchwardens' accounts, too, of the parish of St Laurence for the year 1504, we may quote the following: 'Payed for bred and ale spent to the use of the church at Whitsontyd, i*s*. viij*d*. Item for wyne at the same tyme, xiiij*d*.' 1505. 'Item recvd of the mayden's gaderyng at Whitsontyde by the tre at the church dore, iij*d*.'

To cover the expenses of the church-ale, persons not unfrequently left in their wills special bequests for this purpose. Thus, Sir Richard Worsley, in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, in his description of the parish of Whitwell, tells us that there is a lease in the parish chest dated 1574, 'of a house called the Church-house, held by the inhabitants of Whitwell, parishioners of Gatcombe, of the lord of the manor, and demised by them to John Brode, in which is the following proviso: Provided always, that if the quarter shall need at any time to make a quarter-ale or church-ale for the maintenance of the chapel, that it shall be lawful for them to have the use of the said house, with all the rooms both above and beneath, during their ale.' We may also compare a similar bequest at Biddenham, in Bedfordshire. According to Edward's *Old English Customs and Remarkable Charities* (1842), 'an ancient customary donation of a quantity of malt was made

annually at Whitsuntide by the proprietor of Kempston Mill, near the parish. The malt was always delivered to the overseers of the parish of the poor for the time being, and turned by them into ale, which was distributed among all the poor inhabitants of Biddenham on Whit-Tuesday.'

It would seem that occasionally fines were enacted in the case of those who were absent from the church-ale. Thus, in an old parish document relating to the parish of Walsall, in Staffordshire, we read how, in the year 1493, 'John Arundel, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, by a decree of confirmation, under the seal of the diocese, directed to the Mayor of Walsall and his bretheren, for the advantage of Walsall Church, declaring that they (the mayor and his bretheren) shall keepe the drynkynges iii. times in the year, and hee that is absent at any of these drynkynges to forfeit a pounce of waxe to burn for the light of the chapel of Sainte Kateryn, in the sayd church.'

Apart from the feasting and merry-making which took place at these gatherings, it appears that certain amusements were provided for the recreation of the visitors. Miss Baker, in her *Glossary of Northamptonshire Words* (1854), describing the celebration of a Whitsun or church-ale early in the present century in a barn at King's Sutton, says that it was specially fitted up for the occasion. The lord, as the principal, carried a mace made of silk, finely plaited with ribbons, and filled with spices and perfumes for such of the company to smell as desired it. Six morris-dancers were amongst the performers. From the same source, we also learn that at an ale kept at Greatworth in the year 1785, all those who misconducted themselves were obliged to ride a wooden horse; and 'if still more unruly, were put into the stocks, which was termed being my lord's organist.'

Another feature of the church was the 'rush-bearing,' various allusions to which custom we find in the literature of the past. In the churchwardens' accounts of Minchinhampton, amongst the items of expenses connected with the church-ale we are told that the church-house was mossed in the year 1611 at the cost of twelve shillings and eightpence. Usually, rushes were employed for this purpose; but in this case there may have been no rushes, or else moss might have been preferred. Bridges, in his *Northamptonshire*, speaking of the parish of Middleton-Chenduit, says: 'It is a custom here to strew the church in summer with hay gathered from six or seven swaths in Ash-meadow, which have been gathered for this purpose.' This strewing of the church with rushes seems to have been attended with no small amount of festive ceremony, which thus harmonised with the general surrounding of the church-ale.

Such, then, were some of the principal characteristics of the English church-ale, an institution which, in spite of its widespread popularity, is now almost completely forgotten, its memory only lingering here and there in a few of our country villages. Existing at a period prior to the establishment of church-rates, the contributions levied at this season were a real necessity, if the fabric of the church was to be kept in repair; indeed, the church-ale, which

has been likened to our yearly fairs of the present day, was naturally made as attractive as possible, its primary object, after all, having been to provide adequate funds for parish wants.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XII.

THE days ran on for about a week with a suppressed and agitating expectation in them which seemed to Frances to blur and muddle all the outlines, so that she could not recollect which was Wednesday or which was Friday, but felt it all one uncomfortable long feverish sort of day. She could not take the advantage of any pleasure there might be in them—and it was a pleasure to watch Constance, to hear her talk, to catch the many glimpses of so different a life, which came from the careless, easy monologue which was her style of conversation—for the exciting sense that she did not know what might happen any moment, or what was going to become of her. Even the change from her familiar place at table, which Constance took without any thought, just as she took her father's favourite chair on the loggia, and the difference in her room, helped to confuse her mind, and add to the feverish sensation of a life altogether out of joint.

Constance had not observed any of those signs of individual habitation about the room which Frances had fancied would lead to a discovery of the transfer she had made. She took it quite calmly, not perceiving anything beyond the ordinary in the chamber which Frances had adorned with her sketches, with the little curiosities she had picked up, with all the little collections of her short life. It was wanting still in many things which to Constance seemed simple necessities. How was she to know how many things were in it which were luxuries to that primitive locality? She remained altogether unconscious, accordingly, of the sacrifice her sister had made for her, and spoke lightly of poor Frances' pet decorations, and of the sketches, the authorship of which she did not take the trouble to suspect. 'What funny little pictures,' she had said. 'Where did you get so many odd little things? They look as if the frames were home-made, as well as the drawings.'

Fortunately, she was not in the habit of waiting for an answer to such a question, and she did not remark the colour that rose to Frances' cheeks. But all this added to the disturbing influence, and made these long days look unlike any other days in her life. She took the other side of the table meekly with a half-smile at her father, warning him not to say anything; and she lodged in the blue room without thinking of adding to its comforts, for what was the use, so long as this possible alteration hung over her head? Life seemed to be arrested during these half-dozen days. They had the mingled colours and huddled outlines of a spoiled drawing; they were not like

anything else in her life, neither the established calm and certainty that went before, nor the strange novelty that followed after.

There were no confidences between her father and herself during this period. Since their conversation on the night of Constance's arrival, not a word had been said between them on the subject. They mutually avoided all occasion for further talk. At least Mr Waring avoided it, not knowing how to meet his child, or to explain to her the hazard to which her life was exposed. He did not take into consideration the attraction of the novelty, the charm of the unknown mother and the unknown life, at which Frances permitted herself to take tremulous and stealthy glimpses as the days went on. He contemplated her fate from his own point of view as something like that of the princess who was doomed to the dragon's maw, but for the never-to-be-forgotten interposition of St George, that emblem of chivalry. There was no St George visible on the horizon, and Waring thought the dragon no bad emblem of his wife. And he was ashamed to think that he was helpless to deliver her; and that, by his fault, this poor little Una, this hapless Andromeda, was to be delivered over to the waiting monster.

He avoided Frances, because he did not know how to break to her this possibility, or how, since Constance probably had made her aware of it, to console her in the terrible crisis at which she had arrived. It was a painful crisis for himself as well as for her. The first evening on which, coming into the loggia to smoke his cigarette after dinner, he had found Constance extended in his favourite chair had brought this fully home to him. He strolled out upon the open-air room with all the ease of custom, and for the first moment he did not quite understand what it was that was changed in it, that put him out, and made him feel as if he had come, not into his own familiar domestic centre, but somebody else's place. He hung about for a minute or two, confused, before he saw what it was; and then, with a half-laugh in his throat, and a mingled sense that he was annoyed, and that it was ridiculous to be annoyed, strolled across the loggia, and half seated himself on the outer wall, leaning against a pillar. He was astonished to think how much annoyed he was, and with what a comical sense of injury he saw his daughter lying back so entirely at her ease in his chair. She was his daughter, but she was a stranger, and it was impossible to tell her that her place was not there. Next evening, he was almost angry, for he thought that Frances might have told her, though he could not. And indeed Frances had done what she could to warn her sister of the usurpation. But Constance had no idea of vested rights of this description, and had paid no attention. She took very little notice, indeed, of what was said to her, unless it arrested her attention in some special way; and she had never been trained to understand that the master of a house has sacred privileges. She had not so much as known what it is to have a master to a house.

This and other trifles of the same kind gave to Waring something of the same confused and feverish feeling which was in the mind of Frances. And there hung over him a cloud as of some-

thing further to come, which was not so clear as her anticipations, yet was full of discomfort and apprehension. He thought of many things, not of one thing, as she did. It seemed to him not impossible that his wife herself might arrive some day as suddenly as Constance had done, to reclaim her child, or to take away his, for that was how they were distinguished in his mind. The idea of seeing again the woman from whom he had been separated so long, filled him with dread; and that she should come here and see the limited and reclusive life he led, and his bare rooms, and his homely servants, filled him with a kind of horror. Rather anything than that. He did not like to contemplate even the idea that it might be necessary to give up the girl, who had flattered him by taking refuge with him and seeking his protection; but neither was the thought of being left with her and having Frances taken from him endurable. In short, his mind was in a state of mortal confusion and tumult. He was like the commander of a besieged city, not knowing on what day he might be summoned to surrender; not able to come to any conclusion whether it would be most wise to yield, or if the state of his resources afforded any feasible hopes of holding out.

Constance had been a week at the Palazzo before the trumpets sounded. The letters were delivered just before the twelve o'clock breakfast, and Frances had received so much warning as this, that Mariuccia informed her there had been a large delivery that morning. The Signor padrone had a great packet; and there were also some letters for the other young lady, Signorina Constanza. 'But never any for thee, carina,' Mariuccia had said. The poor girl thus addressed had a momentary sense that she was indeed to be pitied on this account, before the excitement of the certainty, that now something definite must be known as to what was to become of her, swelled her veins to bursting; and she felt herself grow giddy with the thought that what had been so vague and visionary, might now be coming near, and that in an hour or less she would know! Waring was as usual shut up in his bookroom; but she could see Constance on the loggia with her lap full of letters, lying back in the long chair as usual, reading them as if they were the most ordinary things in the world. Frances for her part had to wait in silence until she should learn from others what her fate was to be. It seemed very strange that one girl should be free to do so much, while another of the same age could do nothing at all.

Waring came in to breakfast with the letters in his hand. 'I have heard from your mother,' he said, looking straight before him, without turning to the right or the left. Frances tried to appropriate this to herself, to make some reply, but her voice died in her throat; and Constance, with the easiest certainty that it was she who was addressed, answered before she could recover herself.

'Yes? So have I. Mamma is rather fond of writing letters. She says she has told you what she wishes, and then she tells me to tell you. I don't suppose that is of much use?'

'Of no use at all,' said he. 'She is pretty explicit. She says'—

Constance leant over the table a little, holding

up her finger. 'Don't you think, papa,' she said, 'as it is business, that it would be better not to enter upon it just now? Wait till we have had our breakfast.'

He looked at her with an air of surprise. 'I don't see,' he said—then, after a moment's reflection: 'Perhaps you are right, after all. It may be better not to say anything just now.'

Frances had recovered her voice. She looked from one to another as they spoke with a cruel consciousness that it was she, not they, who was most concerned. At this point she burst forth with feelings not to be controlled. 'If it is on my account, I would rather know at once what it is,' she cried.

And then she had to bear the looks of both—her father's astonished half-remorseful gaze, and the eyes of Constance, which conveyed a warning. Why should Constance, who had told her of the danger, warn her now not to betray her knowledge of it? Frances had got beyond her own control. She was vexed by the looks which were fixed upon her, and by the supposed consideration for her comfort which lay in their delay. 'I know,' she said quickly, 'that it is something about me. If you think I care for breakfast, you are mistaken; but I think I have a right to know what it is, if it is about me.—O papa, I don't mean to be—disagreeable,' she cried suddenly, sinking into her own natural tone as she caught his eye.

'That is not very much like you, certainly,' he said, in a confused voice.

'Evil communications,' said Constance, with a laugh. 'I have done her harm already.'

Frances felt that her sister's voice threw a new irritation into her mood. 'I am not like myself,' she said, 'because I know something is going to happen to me, and I don't know what it is.—Papa, I don't want to be selfish, but let me know, please, only let me know what it is.'

'It is only that mamma has sent for you,' said Constance lightly. 'That is all. It is nothing so very dreadful.—Now, do let us have our breakfast in peace.'

'Is that true, papa?' Frances said.

'My dear little girl—I had meant to explain it all—to tell you—and I have been so silly as to put off. Your sister does not understand how we have lived together, Frances, you and I.'

'Am I to go, papa?'

He made a gesture of despair. 'I don't know what to do. I have given my promise. It is as bad for me as for you, Frances. But what am I to do?'

'I suppose,' said Constance, who had helped herself very tranquilly from the dish which Domenico had been holding unobserved at his master's elbow, 'that there is no law that could make you part with her, if you don't wish to. Promises are all very well with strangers; but they are never kept—are they?—between husband and wife. The father has all the right on his side; and you are not obliged to give either of us up.—What a blessing,' she cried suddenly, 'to have servants who don't understand. That was why I said don't talk of it till after breakfast. But it does not at all matter. It is as good as if he were deaf and dumb.—Papa, you need not give her up unless you like.'

Waring looked at his daughter with mingled

attention and anger. The suggestion was detestable, but yet—

'And then,' she went on, 'there is another thing. It might have been all very well when we were children; but now we are of an age to judge for ourselves. At eighteen, you can choose which you will stay with. Oh, younger than that. There have been several trials in the papers. No one can force Frances to go anywhere she does not like, at her age.'

'I wish,' he said with a little irritation, restrained by politeness, for Constance was still a young-lady visitor to her father, 'that you would leave this question to be discussed afterwards.—Your sister was right, Frances—after breakfast—after I have had a little time to think of it. I cannot come to any decision all at once.'

'That is a great deal better,' said Constance approvingly. 'One can't tell all in a moment. Frances is like mamma in that too. She requires you to know your own mind—to say Yes or No at once.—You and I are very like each other, papa. I shall never hurry your decision, or ask you to settle a thing in a moment.—But these cutlets are getting quite cold. Do have some before they are spoiled.'

Waring had no mind for the cutlets, to which he helped himself mechanically. He did not like to look at Frances, who sat silent, with her hands clasped on the table, pale, but with a light in her eyes. The voice of Constance running on, forming a kind of veil for the trouble and confusion in his own mind, and doubtless in that of her sister, was half a relief and half an aggravation; he was grateful for it, yet irritated by it. He felt himself to play a very poor figure in the transaction altogether, as he had felt ever since she arrived. Frances, whom he had regarded as a child, had sprung up into a judge, into all the dignity of an injured person, whose right to complain of the usage to which she had been subjected no one could deny. And when he stole a furtive glance at her pale face, her head held high, the new light that burned in her eyes, he felt that she was fully aware of the wrong he had done her, and that it would not be so easy to dictate what she was to do, as everybody up to this moment had supposed. He saw, or thought he saw, resistance, indignation in the gleam that had been awakened in Frances' dove's eyes. And his heart fell—yet rose also—for how could he constrain her, if she refused to go? He had no right to constrain her. Her mother might complain; but it would not be his doing. On the other side, it would be shameful, pitiable on his part to go back from his word—to acknowledge to his wife that he could not do what he had pledged himself to do.

In every way, it was an uncomfortable breakfast, all the forms of which he followed, partly for the sake of Constance, partly for that of Domenico. But Frances ate nothing, he could see. He prolonged the meal, through a sort of fear of the interview afterwards, of what he must say to her, and of what she should reply. He felt ashamed of his reluctance to encounter this young creature, whom a few days ago he had smiled at as a child; and ashamed to look her in the face, to explain and argue with, and intreat,

where he had been always used to tell her to do this and that, without the faintest fear that she would disobey him. If even he had been left to tell her himself of all the circumstances, to make her aware gradually of all that he had kept from her (for her good), to show her now how his word was pledged! But even this had been taken out of his hands.

All this time, no one talked but Constance, who went on with an occasional remark and with her meal, for which she had a good appetite. 'I wish you would eat something, Frances,' she said. 'You need not begin to punish yourself at once. I feel it dreadfully, for it is all my fault. It is I who ought to lose my breakfast, not you. If you will take a few hints from me, I don't think you will find it so bad. Or perhaps, if we all lay our heads together, we may see some way out of it. Papa knows the law, and I know the English side, and you know what you think yourself. Let us talk it all over, and perhaps we may see our way.'

To this, Frances made no reply save a little inclination of her head, and sat with her eyes shining, with a certain proud air of self-control and self-support, which was something quite new to her. When the uncomfortable repast could be prolonged no longer, she was the first to get up. 'If you do not mind,' she said, 'I want to speak to papa by himself.'

Constance had risen too. She looked with an air of surprise at her little sister. 'Oh, if you like,' she said; 'but I think you will find that I can be of use.'

'If you are going to the bookroom, I will come with you, papa,' said Frances; but she did not wait for any reply; she opened the door and walked before him into that place of refuge, where he had been sheltering himself all these days. Constance gave him an inquiring look, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

'She is on her high-horse, and she is more like mamma than ever; but I suppose I may come all the same.'

He wavered a moment; he would have been glad of her interposition, even though it irritated him; but he had a whimsical sense of alarm in his mind, which he could not get over. He was afraid of Frances—which was one of the most comical things in the world. He shook his head, and followed humbly into the bookroom, and himself closed the door upon the intruder. Frances had seated herself already at his table, in the seat which she always occupied when she came to consult him about the dinner, or about something out of the usual round which Mariuccia had asked for. To see her seated there, and to feel that the door was closed against all intrusion, made Waring feel as if all this disturbance was a dream. How good the quiet had been; the calm days, which nothing interfered with; the little housekeeper, whose child-like prudence and wisdom were so quaint, whose simple obedience was so ready, who never, save in respect to the *spese*, set up her own will or way. His heart grew very soft as he sat down and looked at her. No, he said to himself; he would not break that old bond; he would not compel his little girl to leave him, send her out as a sacrifice. He would rather stand against all the wives in the world.

'Papa,' said Frances, 'a great deal of harm has been done by keeping me ignorant. I want you to show me mamma's letter. Unless I see it, how can I know?'

This pulled him up abruptly and checked the softening mood. 'Your mother's letter,' he said, 'goes over a great deal of old ground. I don't see that it could do you any good. It appears I promised—what Constance told you, with her usual coolness—that one of you should be always left with her. Perhaps that was foolish.'

'Surely, papa, it was just.'

'Well, I thought so at the time. I wanted to do what was right. But there was no right in the matter. I had a perfect right to take you both away, to bring you up as I pleased. It would have been better, perhaps, had I done what the law authorised me to do. However, that need not be gone into now. What your sister said was quite true. You are at an age when you are supposed to judge for yourself, and nobody in the world can force you to go where you don't want to go.'

'But if you promised; and if—my mother trusted to your promise?' There was something more solemn in that title, than to say 'mamma.' It seemed easier to apply it to the unknown.

'I won't have you made a sacrifice of, on my account,' he said hastily.

He was surprised by her composure, by that unwonted light in her eyes. She answered him with great gravity, slowly, as if conscious of the importance of her conclusion. 'It would be no sacrifice,' she said.

Waring, there could be no doubt, was very much startled. He could not believe his ears. 'No sacrifice? Do you mean to say that you want to leave me?' he cried.

'No, papa: that is, I did not. I knew nothing. But now that I know, if my mother wants me, I will go to her. It is my duty.—And I should like it,' she added, after a pause.

Waring was dumb with surprise and dismay. He stared at her, scarcely able to believe that she could understand what she was saying. He, who had been afraid to suggest anything of the kind, who had thought of Andromeda and the virgins who were sacrificed to the dragon. He gazed aghast at this new aspect of the face with which he was so familiar, the uplifted head and shining eyes. He could not believe that this was Frances, his always docile, submissive, un-emancipated girl.

'Papa,' she said, 'everything seems changed, and I too. I want to know my mother; I want to see—how other people live.'

'Other people!' He was glad of an outlet for his irritation. 'What have we to do with other people? If it had not been for this unlucky arrival, you would never have known.'

'I must have known some time,' she said. 'And do you think it right that a girl should not know her mother—when she has a mother? I want to go to her, papa.'

He flung out of his chair with an angry movement, and took up the keys which lay on his table, and opened a small cabinet which stood in the corner of the room, Frances watching him all the time with the greatest attention. Out of this he brought a small packet of letters, and threw them to her with a movement which,

for so gentle a man, was almost violent. 'I kept these back for your good, not to disturb your mind. You may as well have them, since they belong to you—now,' he said.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

'Poison may be defined as any substance which when introduced into the system or applied externally injures health or destroys life irrespective of mechanical means or direct thermal changes.' Such is the concise and apt definition of poison laid down in Dr Quain's *Medical Dictionary*. The action of poisons is twofold, being either local or remote, or both. The local action is generally one of a corrosive or inflammatory nature, or is characterised by its effects upon the nerves and sensations. Although it is impossible to deal with so vast a subject in detail, yet nevertheless it cannot be denied that a general knowledge of some of the most virulent poisons and their antidotes is not only a subject of great interest to the public, but at times a matter of life and death. By a fair insight into poisons and their antidotes, life indeed may often be saved, when the delay caused by seeking for medical advice would probably be fatal. The purpose of this paper, therefore, will be to deal as clearly as possible with the most general poisons and their symptoms, and to point out such antidotes as in cases of emergency may be most readily employed.

An acquaintance with the leading symptoms produced by certain poisons is an important factor, for thereby we may hope more rapidly to recognise the especial destructive agency at work, and thus to arrest its further progress. Great care, however, is requisite never to draw a hasty conclusion from one symptom alone, but to bear in mind other signs upon which a correct diagnosis can alone be based. Many attempts have from time to time been made with a view to classify poisons; but the most rational classification is obviously that which is in accordance with their special action. They may therefore be divided generally under the following heads—(1) Corrosives; (2) Irritants; and (3) Neurotics.

Under the head of corrosives, corrosive sublimate stands foremost in importance, being the most typical of this class. The effects are rapid in their development, being well marked by a burning sensation felt in the mouth and throat, followed by agonising pain in the stomach. The tongue and throat have a white appearance, and excessive tenderness and swelling of the abdomen is noticeable. All authorities agree in recommending albumen in the form of raw eggs—both yolk and white—switched up with a little water, as the best antidote in cases of acute poisoning from corrosive sublimate. The albumen combines with the corrosive sublimate to form an insoluble and comparatively inert compound. Should eggs not be immediately obtainable, gluten obtained from flour, or wheat-flour alone mixed with milk or water, may be given until the more reliable antidote is ready. The chief of the corrosive poisons are the mineral acids, sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric; the vegetable acids, oxalic, binoxalate of potash (commonly called salt of lemon and salt of sorrel), and occasionally in large doses tartaric acid; the alkalies, potash,

soda, and ammonia, with certain of their salts, such as pearl-ash (commonly called salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (commonly called washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia; also various metallic compounds, including salts of zinc, tin, silver, and antimony, &c. Poisoning by oxalic acid is a very common method chosen by would-be suicides, probably owing to the fact that it is a substance much used in household operations, and therefore readily obtainable by any one bent on committing suicide. In speaking of the action of this poison, that renowned authority the late Sir Robert Christison observes in his splendid work on Toxicology: 'If a person immediately after swallowing a solution of a crystalline salt which tasted purely and strongly acid, is attacked with burning in the throat, then with burning in the stomach, vomiting, particularly of bloody matter, imperceptible pulse, and excessive languor, and dies in half an hour or twenty minutes, or still more in ten or fifteen minutes, I do not know any fallacy which can interfere with the conclusion that oxalic acid was the cause of death.'

It is obvious in such cases that the chances of success in applying antidotes depend very much upon their immediate employment. For the mineral acids, alkaline bicarbonates, such as bicarbonates of potash or soda (baking-soda), chalk, or magnesia should at once be given, followed by milk; whilst oxalic acid is best treated by the administration of chalk, or magnesia either plain or in the form of carbonate, whereby the insoluble and almost inert oxalates of lime and magnesia are formed.

When poisoning is occasioned by the alkalies potash, soda, or ammonia, or their carbonates, carbonate of potash (also known as pearl-ash or salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia, a strong burning sensation is experienced in swallowing, followed by severe pain and great tenderness at the pit of the stomach, increased by pressure. There are frequent vomits of a brownish matter, swelling of the stomach, and hoarseness of the voice. When seeking to counteract the disastrous effects resulting from this variety of poisons, the great object aimed at is to neutralise the caustic alkalies. This may be best accomplished by means of well-diluted acid drinks copiously imbibed, as advised by Stevenson, who, further, is of opinion that the prompt use of an emetic is never inadmissible. Vinegar and water, lemon-juice with water, also oil, are recommended by Dr Russell under such circumstances. The oil forms a saponaceous compound with the alkali, whilst acid drinks neutralise the alkaline action.

Irritant poisons are divisible under two heads—(1) Metallic irritants; (2) Vegetable and animal irritants, the latter two being grouped together. It would, however, appear that none of them act purely as irritants, as the irritant symptoms to which they give rise are likewise usually accompanied by well-marked action upon the nervous system. The most serious poison of this class is undoubtedly arsenic. Salts of antimony, zinc, and other metals constitute a variety of other metallic irritants. Of the vegetable irritant poisons, elaterium, various essential oils such as savin, and gamboge, afford examples. Poisoning by arsenic may be either acute or chronic, the

acute form being by far most common, following criminal attempts on life. Its effect on the economy is twofold, the most usual being by inducing inflammation of the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, or by lowering the heart's action. Its effects in some instances may be purely narcotic. The first symptoms of arsenical poisoning, according to Orfila, are sickness and faintness, which arise about fifteen minutes after being taken. An intense burning pain is also felt in the stomach, quickly followed by vomiting, increased on attempting to swallow.

Poisoning by arsenic is distinguished from an ordinary bilious attack by the fact that pain and sickness are *not* relieved by vomiting, which usually happens in biliary derangements. A feeble and irregular pulse, accompanied by thirst, with clammy hands, are prominent symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The immediate employment of emetics—except tartar emetic—diluent, and demulcents, has been suggested as perhaps the most serviceable antidotes; but no confidence should be placed in the so-called antidotes, ferric hydrate and magnesia, unless a solution of arsenic has been taken. In chronic arsenical poisoning, most frequently engendered accidentally, by inhalation of arsenical vapour in factories, or by arsenical dust, loss of muscular power and failure of appetite are amongst the most prominent symptoms manifest. Under such circumstances, the cause—which is usually some occupation connected with the manipulation of arsenic—should be promptly sought for and removed—quinine, iron, and change of air being recommended.

Neurotic poisons may be divided into a large category; but in one and all, the symptoms produced from their administration chiefly attack the nervous system. Under this head are embraced pure narcotics, such as morphia, chloral hydrate, strychnia, hyoscyamus, &c. Prussic acid occupies a prominent position, as its effects and termination are very rapid in progress, being one of the most powerful of all poisons. Difficulty of breathing, speedily followed by convulsions, the commencement of which is announced by a loud shriek occasionally, are manifest; subsequently, loss of consciousness and muscular power. Fifteen minutes is the longest time known to elapse between taking this poison and its effects. In some works it is stated that the best mode of treating prussic-acid poisoning is by the application of cold affusions before or after the convulsive stage has commenced, and the inhalation of diluted ammonia or chlorine. Stevenson advises an emetic to be administered also. Friction and artificial respiration have been recommended by other authorities.

Opium and its preparations deserve especial notice, as the greater number of poisoning cases are due to their action. Although the symptoms of opium-poisoning greatly vary, yet they are mostly ushered in by giddiness, listlessness, and drowsiness, followed by stupor, lapsing slowly into complete insensibility. Opium-poisoning is unfortunately often occasioned by the indiscriminate use of 'sleeping-draughts' and quack nostrums. In cases of opium-poisoning, the immediate use of an emetic (a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with tepid water) has been advocated. The head and face should be dashed

with cold water until the stupor is partially removed. The patient should *not* be permitted to sleep, but should be kept in continual motion. A cup of strong hot coffee ought to be given to him on his recovery.

Our space will not permit of a more minute inquiry into other varieties of neurotic poisons; suffice it to say, that in most instances arising from the administration of any preparation of opium, the antidotes above mentioned are considered the most serviceable.

We must not omit to notice poisoning by copper, which at times has arisen by the employment of copper vessels for cooking purposes, which never should be employed in any household. The first indications of copper-poisoning are sudden attacks of griping pains, aggravated by pressure, often accompanied by sickness and a peculiar sallow aspect of countenance. According to Ryan, the white of egg is the best antidote for poisonous preparations of copper. Lead-poisoning is usually owing either to drinking water which has remained for some time in leaden pipes, or by certain avocations in which some preparation of lead is used. Goulard water taken by mistake causes lead-poisoning. Lead-colic is one of its leading symptoms, which is relieved by pressure. Paralysis of the limbs is another well-marked indication. Sulphate of magnesia has been recommended as an antidote. A dram of sulphate of magnesia, five drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and twenty drops of tincture of hyoscyamus in two tablespoonfuls of camphor-water every two hours till the bowels are relieved, and then thrice daily for five days, is the treatment which some consider most appropriate under these circumstances.

In drawing this article to a close, we desire to impress upon our readers the vital importance, in all cases of poisoning, of being able immediately to administer the antidotes, while the medical man is being summoned. Many a valuable life would undoubtedly be saved, were the precautions before mentioned adopted without a moment's delay.

THE FEN FLOOD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THORPE had stated that he was going to Stetton, and incidentally that he would make inquiries there regarding Jabez Godfrey. The truth was, his errand to the little market town was solely on the old farmer's account. He entertained a respect almost amounting to affection for Ruth's father, and had all morning, in spite of his own troubles, been haunted by apprehensions for his safety. He felt certain that, if he had reached Stetton, he would make the attempt to reach Greendykes either on horseback or by boat. If the former, his fate was sealed; and if by the latter, he was exposed to many chances equally fatal. Had Thorpe not been delayed by compulsory attention to his own people and his own affairs, he would have set out earlier; but as it was, he fully expected to be in time to offer the old man a passage in his own boat. Fearing to alarm Ruth and her mother, he had not acquainted them either with his fears or his intentions.

It is easy to understand that the care of the boat and the nature of his mission caused George in a measure to forget the nature of his brief

interview with Ruth. He was shocked and wounded in his self-love, and every now and then recalled with bitterness some flippant word or mocking look he had received in return for his own constancy and devotion. Not being endowed with any large share of imagination, he could not believe Ruth's thoughtless conduct compatible with any solid womanly qualities, far less with affection for himself. To him, she showed only the wild spirits and the frolicsome inconsiderateness of an untamed girl; nor could he credit her even with a modicum of that sound practical sense and unselfishness which formed the real though hidden basis of her character. The more he thought, the firmer his conviction grew that his own self-respect could only suffer more and more the longer he continued his attendance on her; and his previous irresoluteness now gave place to a fixed determination to withdraw from this one-sided courtship.

The rain had not yet ceased; but instead of the torrents in which it fell in the night, or the steady pelt of the morning, there was only a drizzling fall, accompanied by a slight haze. This thin gray mist gave a yet more weird and sinister aspect to the landscape, if such a term can be applied under the circumstances; it also enhanced by many degrees the difficulty of the task which Thorpe had generously undertaken. Such trees and house-tops as they passed, though sure guides at ordinary times, could not now be identified, and were therefore valueless under the present conditions. Everything was dim and indistinct at a distance of half a mile. They were, indeed, on a trackless sea without beacon or compass. For a time, the smoke curling from Greendykes, in their wake, afforded them a point by which to steer; but when that had disappeared, the two boatmen rowed at random. The sign on the front of a roadway inn was at length recognised, and they once more felt at ease. Thorpe called for some refreshment. A window on the second story was opened, and a girl with a tear-stained face appeared. In answer to his inquiries, she informed George that her master, the landlord, had been drowned by falling into the channel of the dike while riding to Stetton in the morning. She pointed out the direction they should take, and closed the window.

Thorpe and Ashling pulled swiftly, but in silence. Now and then their speed was arrested by the necessity of avoiding flotsam and jetsam of various descriptions—masses of hay or corn, timber, gates, harrows, carcasses. They had left the inn about a mile behind, when they fortunately passed a finger-post. The road to Stetton, indicated by one of its arms, was plainly traced for a considerable way by the trees which skirted both sides at irregular distances. Here their progress was easy for a time; but by degrees they found the current increase at right angles to their route, making it difficult to retain the boat between the two lines of trees, against the stem of one of which they had a narrow escape from being upset. Thorpe concluded that they were now approaching the main drain or dike of Stetton Fen. The road they were following crossed it by a bridge, and this he was anxious to make; for, although the viaduct would be flooded like the rest of the roadway, the parapets

would break the force of the stream, and render their passage safer than by crossing the channel of the dike itself. He therefore gave Tom such orders as would keep the head of the boat well against the force of the tide, and so enable them to approach the drain at the required point.

This bridge was exactly a mile from Stetton market, the milestone standing, as Thorpe knew, a few yards on its further side. It was now three o'clock; and the leaden sky and the haze, which seemed to gain in density, threatened to forestall the natural hour of darkness; a few minutes more, however, would bring them to one end of their journey, and both the young men began to breathe more freely. They were within two hundred yards of the bridge, when Thorpe, who stood in the bows with a boat-hook in his hand, observed another boat with a single occupant at a similar distance from the opposite side of the dike. He noticed at the same time that the boat was out of line with the bridge and higher up the stream; so that, in crossing, it would run the risk of fouling the parapet, and being dashed to pieces. He shouted to the solitary rower to go further down, giving his reasons. The advice was readily heard and understood, and the boat's head was turned accordingly. Both boats neared the bridge at the same moment. Thorpe caught the upper parapet with the hook and began to draw slowly across, when he saw that the other boat had missed the passage and was rapidly drifting down with the flow of the dike. The occupant, an elderly man, had evidently missed his way, by being unable to gauge the distance over his shoulder, and had struck the lower parapet and lost an oar.

'Take the other oar and scull!' shouted Thorpe, as he noticed that the old man sat helplessly with one oar over the side, causing the boat to gyrate as if in the circles of a whirlpool.

'Ay, ay,' returned the man, as he collected himself and proceeded to do as directed. He sculled both skilfully and strongly.

'I say, master, I reckon that there's nobody else but old Daddie Godfrey hissen,' cried Tom Ashling.

The same discovery had just flashed upon George.

'Quick, Tom! Let us go back and follow him.'

The boat's head was turned, and each having taken an oar, the distance between them and the fugitive boat was rapidly lessening. Godfrey had got free of the channel, and was manfully struggling to get beyond its influence altogether, when his boat, striking its keel against the top of a gate, heeled over, and the old man was left struggling in the water. Neither Thorpe nor Ashling had seen the accident, but they heard with alarm the wild cry for help, through the now gathering gloom.

Ruth had watched her lover's boat till it disappeared in the thickening haze, watched it in grief, with yearning, and in dread. The newly quickened ardour of her affection also quickened her terrors. That veil of gray vapour seemed to hide her hopes and the object of those hopes for ever. Her love divined the real purpose of that dangerous voyage. The man whom she had treated with the airs and language of a saucy

child had taken his life in his hand to save that of her father. How weak, how small, how guilty she felt! But Ruth was, as we have tried to convey, morally as well as physically robust and pliant. After another flood of bitter tears in the sanctity of her own room, she rallied her spirits, removed the traces of sorrow, and in a frame of mind composed in some degree by good resolutions, betook herself to her mother's room. The old lady expressed some surprise at her long absence, but more particularly at the fact that Thorpe had come and gone without seeing her. Ruth merely stated what the young farmer had said, that he had business at Stetton, but would call in the evening. She then told her mother that she would take Bob and go in the boat to see how the labourers' families were getting on. One of the women, she knew, was down with ague, and might require assistance.

Like all charitable thoughts, this one was as a healing balm to Ruth's heart. The excitement and change which she felt in anticipation further soothed her. There was also the secret joy of imitating, after a fashion, the self-sacrificing and generous spirit of her lover. Her arrangements were soon made. She filled a basket with trifling delicacies, such as children and invalids appreciate, and some simple medicines from her mother's pharmacopœia. She instructed Jennie to prepare a large mess of meat, game, and vegetables for supper—a dish specially relished by her father; and having kissed her mother and told her she would be back to tea, set out on her mission. Bob, like all Fen-men in those days, was accustomed to handling a boat, and as the way to the cottages was direct and clearly defined, the journey was a short one. They had no difficulty in attracting the attention of the poor women and children, who, beside themselves with joy at seeing the 'young missus,' clustered and jostled each other at the tiny attic casements. They had been immured in those wretched little chambers the whole day without occupation or amusement, and with the terrors of their own position only varied by fears for husband and father. Ruth's visit, therefore, although limited to a chat held between the boat and the windows, was inexpressibly welcome. The children received their cakes and tarts with clamorous delight, one rogue declaring it 'was as good as the parson's school-feast—for all the "drown'd." The women naturally spoke of little but their husbands; they were, as might be expected, full of distress at their absence, but took heart from Ruth's hopeful view of matters, and her promise to see that they wanted for nothing. She told the youngsters laughingly that if the 'drown'd' did not disappear, she would send Bob to give them a row in the boat on the morrow. The invalid was no worse, and was very grateful for the wine and medicines Ruth had brought. Having thus cheered and reassured one and all, Ruth returned to the farmhouse, chilled and wet.

Night was closing over the deluged landscape. The lamps had already been lit in her mother's room, as well as in that which served as kitchen for the nonce. After warming herself by the fire, Ruth set out the tea-table, and privately ordered Jennie to place a light in every window of the house. Her courage and

presence of mind were in a large measure recovered; and if her manner had lost some of its liveliness and her laugh some of its merriment, the change was unobserved by the old lady, whose thoughts seemed to dwell more and more upon her husband. Ruth tried every artifice in her extensive repertoire of feminine weapons, to distract her mind, but in vain. There was a far-off look in the pleasant round face, a wistful sadness and seriousness, so unusual, so striking, and so infectious, that the girl by degrees felt a chill creep over her own heart. Could it be that some mystic, psychic sympathy with those they loved, some secret consciousness of their danger, possessed them?

The tea-table cleared, Ruth tried anew to rouse her mother by narrating particulars of her visit to the cottages, giving to every little incident a touch of her own bright humour, in the hope of extracting a smile; but with small success. The arrival of the three labourers, however, with the report that they had got the horses and cattle placed in safety and that Jackson remained to tend them, somewhat raised Mrs Godfrey's spirits. They had had a bad time of it, they said, but were none the worse. Having been first well entertained by Jennie, they set out in their borrowed boat for their homes.

Ruth now went to see that the lights were still burning at the different windows. The rain had altogether ceased, and a light southerly wind had scattered the haze. The young moon was already high above the horizon, and a few stars glimmered palely between the driving clouds. This favourable change in the weather made the young girl's heart leap high with fresh hope, and she hastened to convey the good news to her mother. She took up her station once more at the window, gazing earnestly over the inundated plain in the direction of Stetton. The rays of the moon as it issued at intervals from the clouds, like the rays from a revolving beacon, fell gently athwart the scene, silvering the discoloured waters, and shimmering among the wet branches of the trees. As she gazed, she fancied she heard the noise of oars, but her straining eyes could detect no boat. She listened, and the sounds again reached her ears. And there, at last, as the inconstant moon once more pierced through the clouds, she distinctly saw a boat pulling swiftly in the direction of Greendykes. A few minutes more—though they were hours in duration to Ruth's excited mind—and the boat had drawn up to the window at which she stood, and her father, Thorpe, and Tom Ashling were speedily in the room beside her.

We pass over the various greetings of the reunited friends. As soon as these were over, Jabez Godfrey and Thorpe went to change their dress, while Tom took a seat by the fire beside Bob and Jennie, where we shall leave him to his bacon and beer, and to narrate his adventures in his own way.

A pleasant evening for the other characters of our simple story of Fen-life, closed a day passed in gloom, danger, and anxiety. The supper-board was amply supplied, and the two farmers partook with their customary good-will. Ruth attended to their wants almost in silence; while Dame Godfrey, as if in compensation, now asked a question of George or Jabez, and now expatiated

at length on the day's experience at Greendykes. From all which may be gathered what remains of interest to the reader. The old farmer had left Cambridge early in the morning on horseback, but had had to exchange this mode of travelling when he approached the Fen. He had met with some adventures, and had heard at Stetton of many sad accidents and of heavy destruction of property. These he dwelt upon briefly; but spoke with seriousness and with many expressions of gratitude of his own near escape from death, and the courage which Thorpe had displayed in saving him. From his account, it appears that he had already sunk twice, when the intrepid George, springing into the water, had seized him and supported him till Ashling and he were able to place him in the boat. George ingenuously protested that he himself incurred no real danger, but was forced to listen over and over again to the voluble but sincere thanks of the old lady, who turned pale at the very thought of the peril in which her husband had been placed. Thorpe perhaps felt more pleasure in the grateful look which beamed in Ruth's face and the sympathising tears that stood in her eyes.

'And by-the-bye, Ruth,' said her father, with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'I not only lost the boat, but all the finery I was fool enough to buy for you at Cambridge. There is a handsome dress lying somewhere about Parish's twelve-acre.'

'O father, how can you think of such things? I am glad they are lost. I could never bear the sight of them, after the misery we have been in all day about you;' and she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Thorpe listened to this, and wondered vastly. He listened also with gradually increasing interest to Mrs Godfrey's account of what had been done at Greendykes, from the saving of the furniture to the securing of the horses, cows, &c. The ordinary routine of the household, the old dame added, had gone on like 'clockwork' in spite of the flood. It was Ruth, too, he learned, that had thought of everything, even to fixing the lights in all the windows, which had assisted them so much on their homeward voyage. The visit to the cottages was also referred to; and the old lady wound up her narrative by saying: 'I don't know whatever would have become of us all, but for Ruth. She thought of everything herself, an' kept up all our spirits. I am sure Jabez himself could have done no better, though I was mortal anxious that he should ha' been at hum.'

'Well,' said the old farmer, 'it must be a comfort to Ruth to have a head and to know how to use it.—Eh, lass, I am main glad you have managed so well, and I must try to make up for the loss of that dress and those'—

'Pray, father, don't tease me,' cried Ruth, colouring. 'I was thinking you might be willing to help a little to make up the loss of things at the cottages; and there, dad, if you do, I shan't want a new gown or bonnet till summer. Will you?' and she once more threw her arms round the old man's neck.

George Thorpe was also beginning to have a revelation, although his intuitions had scarcely the lightning speed of Ruth's. He was unusually silent, even for him; and conversely, he thought more deeply than was his mental habit. All this was truly wonderful to him. He fancied

himself dreaming; then he began slowly to lose sight of the merry-hearted, thoughtless romp, who had so often given him the headache, and to see only the clever, brave, and tender-hearted woman whom it would be an honest man's pride to make his wife.

The truth is, of course, that George and Ruth were neither better nor worse than they had ever been, but now they had both come to understand and respect each other; and thus the currents of their young lives were not parted, but blended. Some months after the flood had ceased to be spoken about except by those who thought it a convenient reference date in their calendar, there was a quiet marriage solemnised in the ancient church of Stetton parish, the bride and bridegroom being no other than the simple pair whom that untoward event had happily brought together. The bride, be it recorded, was, considering all things, a trifle too plainly attired to merit the approval of her young neighbours; but that circumstance did not affect seriously her own or George's happiness. The Thorpes are a numerous, hardy race in and around Stetton at this day; and some of them are pleased to claim to have sprung from that happy wedding, and to recount the tales told in their family regarding the last of the Fen floods, which, like the fever and ague, have under a more complete system of drainage long become, we are happy to say, matters of history.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

COUNTER-IRRITANTS, our next point of consideration, play an important part in drawing off to the skin inflammation which has attacked internal organs. The counter-irritant in most common use is mustard, which is prepared according to the strength required. For a very stinging plaster, mix ordinary table mustard to a smooth paste, and spread to the thickness of about an eighth of an inch, on brown paper or rag. Better still is a 'mustard leaf,' which is clean, comfortable, and easily applied, needing only to be soaked for a few seconds in water, cold in summer, tepid in winter. It is a good plan with delicate skins to put a piece of very thin muslin or tissue-paper between the plaster, or leaf and the skin; otherwise, the irritation is apt to be so excessive as to raise blisters, which are often troublesome to heal. In all cases where the skin has not been protected, it should be carefully examined, and all adhering particles be gently sponged off with warm water; the part must then be dried and covered with medicated or cotton wool. Thus treated, there will generally be but slight after-irritation; but should it continue, or be distressing to the patient, dusting with flour or violet powder will give immediate relief. In applying such a plaster to the throat or chest, it is necessary to cover it well with wool or flannel; otherwise, the fumes from the mustard may produce an irritation of the air-passages, which will do more harm than the plaster will do good.

For a less stimulating plaster, half-flour and half-mustard, or one-third of mustard to two-

thirds of flour, may be used, and prepared as above. Some people prefer to substitute linseed for flour; in this case, mix the linseed with boiling water, as for a poultice, and add the mustard, continuing to stir sharply; or, the mustard and linseed may be well mixed before putting into the water.

The mildest way of using mustard is to lightly dust over the surface of an ordinary linseed poultice; or a small quantity, say a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to size, may be mixed with the meal before wetting, and the poultice be put into a bag, as described in our last paper.

A nurse should be particular in ascertaining how long either sort of plaster is to be kept on, as there is a wonderful variety in the sensitiveness of different skins. I have known patients unable to bear the all-mustard treatment for more than two or three minutes; whilst others will not be half so much affected at the end of a quarter of an hour. The third variety, which partakes more of the character of a poultice than a plaster, is generally kept on for hours, and the point to be sure of then is the exact proportion of mustard. It will not do to rely upon guesses, which may make all the difference to the patient's comfort and to the usefulness of the application.

Blisters act more slowly than mustard, but are more radical in their effects. If the old-fashioned blister is ordered, warm the back of it by holding to the fire or round a can of hot water before applying to the skin, which should first have been thoroughly washed with soap and warm water. It is sometimes recommended that a blister be kept in place by strips of diachylon, or that, if spread on plaster, the edges be pressed down upon the skin; but this causes unnecessary pain when the blister begins to rise, and it is quite as easily kept in position by a handkerchief or bandage, which can be regulated at will. Blistering-fluid is now commonly used in place of the spread blister, and this will probably be applied by the doctor; if not, the nurse must be sure that she understands how much she is to use; and in every case, she should ask the doctor to show her the exact part he wishes covered. Some doctors will mark the skin, so as to show the precise position for the blister or fluid, and this marking must be strictly followed. The time a blister is to remain on will depend upon the amount of work it has to do, which varies considerably; and in this, too, a nurse should be sure that she understands, so as to carry out the doctor's wishes.

When the blister has risen to the desired point, the plaster must be gently removed. This can best be done by taking hold of the edges with both hands and drawing them gently towards the middle. If only a small bladder has been raised, the fluid is sometimes allowed to re-absorb itself, the only treatment being a covering of cotton-wool; but, as a rule, the blister is opened and the contents allowed to run out. To do this, it is only necessary to prick with a sharp needle at the most dependent part. Care must be taken that the serum, or fluid within the blister, does not run over the unaffected skin. A piece of soft, old linen, or cotton-wool, will generally be enough to soak it up; but if very large, it is better to keep a sponge, wrung dry,

out of warm water, at the opening. The loose skin of the blister should be pressed down into place, and as much of the fluid as possible squeezed out. In doing this, use a piece of cotton-wool, and handle with the greatest gentleness.

If the place is to be allowed to heal, it is only necessary to lay over it a piece of lint, spread with some soothing ointment, which should be ready for use before the blister is opened. If the action of the blister is to be kept up, poultices will very likely be ordered, or the whole of the scarf (outer) skin may need to be removed. This is done by cutting round the inner edge of the blister with *sharp* scissors, as near the true skin as possible. But it is not an easy task for an amateur; and a nurse who has never done such a thing, had better tell the doctor so before attempting it, especially if her hands are given to shaking over unaccustomed work. When the skin has been removed, the place will need dressing with whatever stimulating ointment has been ordered. This must be spread to the exact size of the wound on lint, half an inch larger all round. This kind of dressing will probably need changing several times, according to directions; and all handling must be very carefully done. If the lint adheres, it should never be pulled at or dragged; bathing with warm water will generally loosen it; and if not, it had better remain till it comes away of itself. The fresh dressing should also be prepared and ready at hand before the old one is removed; and soiled lint or rag should at once be burnt. These directions apply to the dressing of all wounds which may come under a nurse's notice, and again arises the need for absolute cleanliness, without which many a healthy wound has been made into a foul one, and danger actually created.

Leeches are ordered when it is thought desirable to remove a small amount of blood. They are delicate creatures, and should be handled as little as possible. If to be applied dry, they may be taken out of water and allowed to crawl over a towel. The part to which they are to be put must be thoroughly cleansed with soap and warm water. If this is properly done, there will generally be no difficulty in getting the leech to bite; but should it refuse, the skin may be smeared with a little milk, beer, or sugar and water. If this fails, and indeed in dealing with all flat surfaces, the leech may be applied in water. To do this, fill a wineglass nearly full of water; put in the leech; cover with a piece of writing-paper and invert quickly; draw the paper away; and when the leech has taken hold, remove the glass, sucking up the water with a piece of sponge.

A leech must never be dragged off, or the teeth may remain in the flesh, and cause profuse bleeding. If it does not drop off of its own accord, sprinkle a little salt over its head, and it will quickly give way. The place from which the leech has come can generally be closed by simple pressure with the finger, or by a small pad of wet lint; but occasionally, especially with children, this does not have the desired effect, and the bleeding continues profusely. In such cases, it may be necessary to touch the spot with a stick of caustic; or the edges may be pinched up, well dried, and painted with collodion. If it is wished to continue the bleeding, poultices

or fomentations will be needed, and should be applied as hot as the patient will bear them.

A doctor will generally direct where he wishes leeches applied; but if he gives no instructions, avoid the neighbourhood of a vein, and, if possible, choose a point where a bone will give something to press upon.

Turpentine stupes are used for the relief of extreme internal pain; they are made by sprinkling spirits of turpentine upon flannel previously soaked in very hot water, and then thoroughly rinsed. The turpentine must always be sprinkled, never poured; for unless thus carefully managed, it may raise painful blisters. I have known a patient, suffering terrible internal pain, driven nearly out of his mind by the added misery of badly applied turpentine. But even with care, the skin will sometimes blister, or become violently irritated, and when this extends over a large surface, the patient may complain bitterly of the cure as worse than the cause. In most cases, an application of lint soaked in olive oil will give immediate relief; and where the irritation is not extreme, a layer of medicated wool will be enough.

Stimulating liniments are useful in proportion to the ability and thoroughness with which they are applied. They should be rubbed in with a firm even pressure, but without the misguided vigour which leads to soreness of the skin. Some liniments are so stimulating that no friction is necessary, and in applying such as mercurial or croton oil, the nurse should wear a kid glove and apply with a rag, being careful not to let the liniment come in contact with her own skin; and to make assurance doubly sure, she will do well to thoroughly wash her hands after each application.

Evaporating lotions are sometimes used for reducing the temperature of an inflamed part. They consist of water to which a certain amount of spirit has been added. A good proportion is, one part of spirits of wine to eight of cold water. A homely substitute for spirits of wine is ordinary gin, which answers the purpose very well. A single fold of lint, or linen, should be thoroughly soaked in the lotion, and laid on the part, which must, if possible, be freely exposed to the air, and the lint kept constantly wet, without being removed. Such applications must never be used when the skin is broken, or even cracked. Plain cold water is only admissible then; but the effect of the water will be greater if it has the addition of a lump of ice.

Ice is sometimes ordered as an internal remedy, for the relief of thirst, sickness, or hæmorrhage. It should be given the patient in small lumps, which can easily be broken off as wanted by tapping on a needle with a thimble finger. This not only saves the trouble and noise of hammering, but has the additional advantage of economy. Ice to the head is not easily managed by the inexperienced. The best way is to fill a bladder or ordinary sponge-bag half full of ice, broken into small pieces. If the patient is quiet, the bag may be moulded to the shape of the head, and kept in place by tapes attached to the head of the bed, or by being fastened to the pillow with safety-pins. If the patient is restless, take a piece of calico eight or nine inches wide, tear the ends in half to within fourteen inches of

the middle; place the broad untorn part over the ice-bag on the top of the head; draw the back ends forward, and fasten under the chin. Take the front ends, draw them so as to cross at the back of the neck, and carry forward to the forehead, fastening with a safety-pin. These directions sound rather formidable; but it is really a simple matter, and will be less fatiguing to the nurse than a method sometimes adopted, and which consists in placing a piece of ice in a cup-shaped sponge and passing it constantly over the patient's head.

Ice can be kept very well, even in summer, by being wrapped in coarse flannel, so arranged as to allow the drippings to run off. To keep a small quantity in the sickroom, put a piece of coarse flannel over a basin or glass and lay the ice on it. If the flannel is not coarse enough for the melting ice to run through easily, a few small holes may be made, and it is surprising how much longer will be the melting process, than if the ice were simply left in a cup or glass.

It is necessary in using ice to the head or to a joint, to understand that as soon as it has melted its value is gone, and it should be immediately replaced. The ice-water remaining, though cold to the touch, is of a higher temperature than ice itself, and very rapidly indeed increases in warmth. This is a point that requires stress laid upon it, as ice is only ordered in severe cases, and to do good, the action needs to be constantly kept up.

Inhalation is a method of bringing remedies into actual contact with the air-passages by means of steam. Sometimes plain water only is used, but more often some drug is added just before using. If an inhaler is at hand, the only precautions needed are, to be particular that the water is at exactly the prescribed temperature, and that it only half fills the inhaler. A good substitute for an inhaler can be made by covering a jug of hot water with a thick towel, so arranged as to leave only just room for the patient's mouth. A good many people make as much fuss over inhaling as over taking a pill, and with about equal reason, the mistake in both cases arising from false ideas as to the necessity for exertion; and a nurse should instruct her patient to breathe naturally, slowly, and without effort. After five or six inhalations, which should occupy about a minute, it is well to stop, and take one or two breaths in the ordinary way, so as not to continue inhaling uninterruptedly, which is likely to produce a sensation of faintness.

'MOONLIGHTING.'

AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

JUST a word of explanation to my English readers, before commencing to narrate what would otherwise perhaps prove rather perplexing to some of them. Extending for many miles backwards from the banks of the Barwon and the Darling are vast scrubs, in which a few years ago were situated the haunts of thousands of wild cattle or 'scrubbers.' When the country in that direction was first settled, odd cattle strayed away into the bush. In course of time these bred, and were continually being joined by other strays,

till at length the settlers found it well worth their while to have periodical gatherings and brandings. By daylight, it would have been hopeless to attempt to get stock out of the dense scrubs, in some parts of which the sun hardly ever shone, and through which neither man nor horse could penetrate. The only way, then, was to watch by moonlight till the cattle came out of the forest, as they were in the habit of doing every night, to feed in the open country; then, having ready a mob of tame cattle or 'coaches,' rush between the 'scrubbers' and their retreat, and once 'boxed,' or mixed up with the 'coaches,' there was never much difficulty in taking the lot to the stockyard. It was a game that required the most fearless riding, with plenty of pluck, and the best horseflesh obtainable. In those days, and even now in some parts, to hold the reputation of being a first-class scrub-rider is still the summit of the native-born Australian stockman's ambition. But as fencing increases, moonlighting is almost, except in the far-out scrubs of the 'Never-never' country, abandoned, most of the wild cattle having been got in as settlement extended year by year.

We started from Eulaloo, a lately taken-up block of country, containing about two thousand square miles, late one summer's evening, about twenty strong, to muster a dense forest, some twenty miles from headquarters, and known as the Point Danger Scrub, each man on the best stock-horse he could beg, borrow, or 'shake;' for stockmen were not wont to be too particular 'out back,' and would unhesitatingly take the loan of a neighbour's horse for an expedition like the present one, if their own happened to be knocked-up or sore-backed. We were a rather mixed lot, white, black, and half-a-dozen different shades of yellow, these last varying in colour from that of an old saddle to the lighter tint of a ripe lemon, but for all that first-rate horsemen—in the open; as a rule, in the scrub. Five or six black fellows, with old 'Wallaby' as their 'boss,' brought up the rear, driving before them three hundred head of quiet cows and bullocks, to act as 'coaches' to their wild brethren of the scrubs. Each member of the party carried a blanket or a greatcoat strapped in front of him; as also a quart-pot and a pouch containing 'damper,' tea, and sugar, slung to the saddle. Beef there was none—we were going to find that. Two or three of the men had short rifles at their backs, for the purpose of 'potting' any old scrub bull which might turn 'rusty' and charge, as they often do. Although both the owner of the run and his super were amongst the mob, recognised leader there was none, for in moonlighting, the best men invariably go to the front and lead the rest, with whom it is optional whether they follow or not; but a spirit of emulation, and perhaps, above all, the fear of the unmerciful chaffing which falls to the share of the skulker, generally induces every one to do his best.

Our course for the first four or five miles lay along the river-flats, where the long rank grass reached over our knee-pads, and the giant coolibars grew thick and high in the soft loamy soil. Soon the moon rose above the wooded horizon, throwing a weird light over the party as it wound silently along, and casting enormous fantastic shadows amongst the white trunks of the swamp gums and oaks that fringe the river, which we could hear rippling over its bed full forty feet below us.

Insensibly, I fell to thinking of another band which, twenty long years before, had travelled the same track, bound for the far-distant Northern Sea, and whose names are, and ever will be, as household words in our mouths. I saw again in my mind's eye the string of horses and camels winding slowly along—soldierly Burke and faithful Wills, with Gray and King—all, except the last, to find their graves in the silent, hopeless wilderness. My reverie was interrupted by the scraping across my nose of a branch, as we left the river and struck off into the bush, which was thick enough just here to keep us perpetually ducking, to escape straggling limbs, and inquisitive shrubs of the 'wait-a-bit' order. After about a three hours' ride, we halted on the edge of a broad plain, here over a mile wide, lit our pipes, and waited for old Wallaby, who with the 'coaches' soon came up at a trot. On the opposite side of the plain to where we stood, jutting out, dark and sombre, Point Danger, so named because, a few years before the period of my story, four travellers had there been speared by the blacks. It was simply a long, thick clump of great belars, stretching out into the open from the main body of scrub, which extended its broken outlines east and west as far as the eye could reach.

We now left the 'coaches' feeding quietly along the edge of the yarrans which we had just passed through, and as a loud bellowing from the belars told us it was feeding-time, we moved towards the bottom end of the plain so as to get a fair start. In a few minutes, from all parts of the big scrub, appeared apparently endless strings of cattle deploying on to the plain—all colours, sizes, and ages, from the fierce-looking old warrior of the scrubs down to calves of a few days' old. We had the wind, and as yet they suspected nothing. Minute after minute passed, and still they came, till we, having hard work to hold in our impatient horses, longed for the signal to be off. At length the last one seemed to have come out. But we had waited too long. A wary old scrubber had been, for the last minute or two, snorting, pawing the ground, and muttering hoarsely to himself, and now, with a tremendous bellow, signifying that he knew what was in the wind, he began to beat a retreat, followed by the whole mob.

'Now, boys, at 'em!' And away we went. The pace was a real cracker and no mistake; and over such ground too! Riddled with 'melon-holes' from eight inches to two feet deep, and covered with dead myall trees, poking up nasty snaggy branches out of the long grass, it was a wonder every horse in the mob wasn't staked. But born and bred on a cattle-camp, and broken-in to this kind of work, the noble animals seemed to the full as excited as their

riders, and fairly flew over the dangerous ground. The head of the cattle had in the meantime galloped into the scrub; our task was to turn them back if possible; and I must own that my heart sank towards my boots for a minute, as, in company with half-a-dozen others, I found myself tearing madly over logs and holes towards the apparently impenetrable barrier of great trunks, branches, and underwood that loomed black and forbidding before us, and through which we could hear the beasts crashing. It was not my first moonlighting experience by many times, but it was the first in such thick country as this, and there was some excuse for feeling a bit nervous. I had been told to 'leave it all to your horse, only look out for your head;' but although confiding in this advice to a certain extent, I did not go so far as to imagine it capable of taking me clear through such a barricade as the one now fronting me. However, at it we went, Colonel Percy riding gallantly in his long stirrups, as if at the head of his regiment, charging gray-coated Russians or dusky Pandies. Slap, dash, crash, and we were into it, crouching low on our horses' necks, and for my own part, astonished still to find my brains in their proper place.

It was truly wonderful, how, going at top-speed in a place that many horsemen would not walk through by daylight, the stock-horses wound round trunks and underneath overhanging limbs, now grazing your near knee-pad against the bark, now tearing the off side-sleeve out of your coat, but nothing worse. To pull your horse, if you were fool enough to try, was, if lucky, only a broken limb; if the reverse, to leave your brains on the nearest tree. Such a cracking, crashing, bellowing, and yelling, it had not been my lot to hear for many a day, as horses and men strained every nerve to head the excited cattle, which, with the semi-darkness of the scrub in their favour, split in all directions, so that at last we had to make our way as well as we could out on to the plain, where the darkies had got only about four hundred head of the tail, rounded up with the coaches. This was poor work, for there must have been over two thousand head on the plain altogether.

As horseman after horseman emerged from the scrub and gathered together, a consultation was held, in which it was decided to send home the mob we had with three of the black fellows and some of the coaches, then have a spell and a 'feed,' and try our luck once more lower down the scrub. First shooting and bleeding a young cow, we cut the rest off, and gave the darkies a start homewards. Fortunately, water was handy in one of the melon-holes before referred to, and soon the horses were unsaddled, backs washed, and hobbled out for an hour or two, to pick the sweet blue-grass of the black-soil plains. Fires of myall wood were now lit, quart-pots placed thereon, and hot coals raked out, upon which presently were spread great slices of the freshly killed meat. A feed too Abyssinian to suit a great many people, perhaps; but if they had lived 'out back' in Australia, for sometimes months, on but little else than mutton, or beef, and pig-weed, they would not be apt to be too particular. Hunger is a wonderful leveller; and Colonel Percy, refined gentleman as he was, attacked his

half-raw, cinder-covered, smoking steak with as much alacrity as the poorest black fellow on his run could have done.

Not much was said till after supper, midnight tiffin, or whatever else you could call it. But as the last chunk of meat and damper disappeared and pipes were lit all round, a general overhaul took place. Some of us had come off lightly enough; others were scratched and bruised, and had scarcely a stitch of clothing left on them—a state of things they seemed to regard with pride as a proof of prowess, bantering their more fortunate but less denuded mates. The super, who had lost his hat, coat, and one of his riding-boots, came in for his share of chaff; as also did the colonel, on account of his long stirrups.

'Not but what you rides well for a new-chum [the colonel was his employer, and had lately come out from England and taken up the run]—very well; but you'll have to shorten them stirrup-leathers five or six holes, or else you're bound to get a buster one o' these days.' This was 'Slim Jim,' the colonel's head-stockman, who went on: 'Our country 'orses ain't used to have a man set down in the saddle like a lump o' lead, as I seen most new-chums do. It looks well maybe, upright, an' all that, but it ain't well. When I see a man all over the saddle, 'ands well down, an' knees well up, but close in, mind ye, then I says: "There's a chap as can stick a buck, or a dozen if need be."'

'Well, Jim,' replied Colonel Percy good-humouredly, whilst pulling leisurely at his brier-root, 'I like my own way best yet. I've always been accustomed to it, and never knew it to fail me so far, although moonlighting certainly does require a man to be, as you say, "all over his saddle." But it's not bad fun, for all that.'

'Right enough for the young fellows, colonel—their bones knit quickly,' put in quiet Mr Turnbull, the super; 'but rather too warm for men getting on in years like us.'

'Not a bit, sir—not a bit of it,' returned the colonel, tugging at his long gray moustache. 'Gad, sir, that spin to-night was the first one I've had for many a long day, and it did me good, I can assure you—hope we'll have another one directly.'

Our attention was now drawn to a dispute between one of our stockmen and a little Irishman. The latter was saying vehemently to the stockman—a young six-foot 'Cornstalk' (or native of New South Wales), who lay full length on the grass, with his head on his saddle, smiling at his excited mate, who stood over him: 'Me not able to ride! Listen to that, boys! Bad luck to ye, what d'ye mane at all?'

'Now, Mickey,' answered the other, 'don't get on yer tail. Yer knows as well's I do yer can't ride, an' what's more, ye'll never learn now. Why, ye've got no 'ands on a 'orse, no more'n a gohanner.'

Mick was, as some one remarked, 'just jumping' at this last remark, which was clinched by another of the men saying: 'Sit down, Mickey. What's the use o' blowing? Didn't I see old "Nutmeg," what the boss's little kiddy rides, chuck yer clean over his head this very night, when yer was tryin' to pull him away from the scrub!'

Shouts of laughter hailed this last sally; for poor Mick, who really was no horseman, was

rather given to boasting of his exploits after expeditions like these.

Another start was now made for a place three miles away, called 'Jack Smith's Lookout.' Why, I know not. The lookout was an immense tree, belonging to that species of eucalyptus known as 'apple-tree' by bushmen in all parts of the colony, and standing quite alone in the middle of an open space, rather smaller than the scene of our first exploits, and which was known as the Basin.

The moon was still riding high in the heavens, as we cautiously came down against the wind, and were delighted to see the plain covered with cattle; so thick, indeed, they seemed, that the 'Lookout' appeared to be growing out of their close, steadily feeding ranks. There must have been at least twelve or fourteen hundred head, amongst which we recognised many who had before given us the slip.

'Now, kernel!' whispered Slim Jim, 'we got 'em. See! the coaches is boxed a'ready.' And Jim was right, but not till after some hard galloping. About five hundred head got into the scrub; but we met them and drove them back on to the plain, and just at this time an accident happened. Colonel Percy, mounted on an old stock-horse, had galloped to head a roan bullock, which was making back. Seeing the colonel was gaining on him, the beast suddenly dodged short; the colonel's horse, as in duty bound, followed suit; but his unfortunate rider was not 'in it,' and flew over old 'Rataplan's' head, much to that good steed's disgust.

'Ah!' said Jim, as we pulled the old gentleman's arm in again, and bandaged the bark splints with a torn shirt, 'that comes o' long sturruups!'

Our intention had been to have stayed out another night; but now we mustered up our captives and started to drive them stationwards.

Imagine the great Australian moon, beginning to grow a little pale now, shining down through the trees on a tossing sea of horned heads, bellowing with rage, crashing and trampling through the thick underwood; then on a sandy patch raising clouds of dust, through which darted hither and thither wild-looking horsemen, waking the parrots and kookaburras from their morning sleep with the incessant pistol-like cracks of their stock-whips, whilst kangaroos and wallabies leapt, thud, thud, through the scrub.

The colonel had been advised to take a black boy and get home as fast as he could; but he insisted on staying with us, saying his arm, which was only dislocated, was quite comfortable. So the noisy procession passed on through the early morning, over myall plains and belts of pines, through yarran clumps and along the river-flats once more, till at last, just as the fierce, red-looking December sun came peeping over the bald hill at the back of Eulaloo, the great slip-rails were taken down, and the cattle—by this time a little quietened—ushered into the yard amongst their fellow-prisoners, there to await drafting and branding, whilst all hands retired for a well-earned bath and sleep.

So ended one moonlight expedition. But such hauls as we made that night are rare indeed now; and I have known the stockmen after being out for four or five nights to return without a solitary hoof.

Point Danger scrub is long ago fenced off; and in place of the loud bellow of the old scrubber, is now heard the thump, thump of the splitter's maul and wedges.

PUBLIC AMBULANCE CARRIAGES.

An admirable plan has been originated in America, and is now sought to be introduced into Paris, which is to establish at stated points means of communication with the great hospitals, somewhat in the same way that 'fire-alarms' are now given in London by means of posts fixed about the streets. These, of course, would be worked by telegraph, and would take the form of pillars painted red, kept locked, the key at the nearest shop. An ambulance car and horse would always be kept at the hospitals in readiness, so as to be able to start for the spot indicated by the alarm in the short space of forty-two seconds—at least that is the estimate. On receipt of the 'call,' if the accident is very urgent, the ambulance will start from the hospital which has received the alarm, carrying a surgeon with it, who will immediately attend to the injured person, place him in the conveyance, and drive off with all possible speed to the hospital. This is indeed putting the telegraph to the highest and most humane of uses; and if brought into general operation, it is possible that it may, with the help of the ambulance, be the means of saving much suffering and many lives. It is very well known that many a life has been lost for want of a little ready and timely assistance at a critical moment; but such help having been delayed, when it has at last reached the sufferer, has then been too late—the life has fled.

AN INVOCATION.

O wind, snell wind of the North!

Whence cometh thy shroud of snow?
Hath touch of thine quickened the sleeping earth,
Hastened the pangs of the young Spring's birth,
Wakened the life below?

O wind, soft wind of the South!

Come, scatter thy treasures now—
Whispering songs from a siren's mouth,
Moistening dews for the parched earth's drouth,
Buds for the bending bough.

O wind, chill wind of the East!

A roisterer from afar;
Dripping and dank from Neptune's feast,
Thou comest, and lo! white waves, like yeast,
Foam o'er the harbour bar.

O wind, warm wind of the West!

Joy of the summer-tide hours!
Comest thou hither at love's behest,
To woo with a smile the glad earth's breast,
Sweet with the scent of flowers?

O winds, four winds of heaven!

Sweep earth's Æolian strings,
And bear, from regions beyond our ken,
To the hearts of suffering sons of men,
Bright healing on your wings!

W. C. HOWDEN.

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STAMPS.

AMONG the latest acts of the late Postmaster-general, Mr Fawcett, was the appointment of a Committee to report upon the designs, &c., of the series of postage-stamps which were issued to the public in the early part of 1884. It is understood that Mr Fawcett was induced to take this step in consequence of the complaints he received from post-office officials and from members of the general public as to the great similarity existing between the stamps of values running from one penny to one shilling; which, as a consequence, involved considerable trouble, and at times loss of money. The outcome of the labours of this Committee will be looked for with interest.

In recent years, the collection of revenue by means of impressed and adhesive stamps has increased to an enormous extent; for now, not only are stamps employed for the purpose of postage and inland revenue, but a large variety of fees—a class of receipt which in the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer falls under the head of 'Miscellaneous'—are also recovered through the same channel. Thus, for instance, charges in connection with proceedings in the Courts of Justice have for the past few years been collected by means of impressed and adhesive stamps. If a youth desires to undergo an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners, with a view to entrance into the Army, Navy, or Civil Service, he must, as a first step, provide himself with an adhesive stamp. If a promoter seeks to register his Company with the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies at Somerset House, the duty chargeable upon the memorandum and articles of association has to be denoted by stamps. So, again, if an inventor wishes to take advantage of the patent laws for the protection of his invention, the different documents involved must bear impressed stamps. There are sundry other sources of national income, and of charges not falling exactly within that category—such as petty sessions and dog license

stamps in Ireland—similarly dealt with. And it will be found, on referring to the return of receipts paid into the Exchequer in respect of the financial year 1883-4, that, out of a total revenue of some eighty-seven million pounds, stamps of all kinds figure for about one-fourth of the whole amount—some twelve millions and a half being accounted for by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and more than nine millions by the Postmaster-general.

Let us now first see how impressed stamps are provided and dealt with. We find, then, that, although arrangements are made by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for stamping executed documents, such as leases, &c., at Edinburgh, Dublin, and Manchester respectively, the bulk of the business really centres in the Stamping Department at Somerset House. The rooms principally used for stamping purposes are situated in the upper basement of this large building; and here each day from nine A.M. to four P.M. is to be heard the constant din of machinery, with the thud of the die as it strikes the parchment or paper that is being impressed with a stamp. A considerable number of men and boys are employed upon this work, supervised by a body of superintendents and superior officers well acquainted with the technicalities and machinery connected with the stamping processes. In one room may be seen boys rapidly impressing stamps of the value of one penny each upon scores of books of forms of bankers' cheques. Owing to the ingenuity of the machines employed—the invention of a revenue official—as many as one hundred and forty of these forms can be impressed in the space of a minute. In another, will be found a careful stamper deliberately, but at the same time rapidly, impressing a probate affidavit with some two or three stamps which represent many thousands of pounds, that have just been paid up-stairs by way of duty upon the personal estate of a deceased millionaire. The duty that fell to the revenue in the case of a recently deceased nobleman, once a prominent figure in financial circles, reached, we believe, more than

sixty thousand pounds; and this amount, we understand, was denoted by some seven or eight stamps. Again, in a third room, patent-medicine stamps—which, as most persons know, are printed in two colours—are shown to the visitor being rapidly struck off in a single operation by means of an ingenious machine, the invention of the late Sir William Congreve. This is effected under a system of working double plates which fit exactly one into the other, and so arranged that, as the machine is rotated, the different colours are left on the paper with the greatest nicety.

There are a vast number of different dies for impressing stamps used in the stamping-room. All these are of hardened steel, and are the manufacture of Messrs De La Rue & Co., of Bunhill Row, London. Dr Warren De La Rue, F.R.S., late senior partner of this firm, holds the appointment of engraver of dies to the Inland Revenue Department; and the present senior partner, Mr Warren W. De La Rue, that of deputy-engraver. The facial values of the dies range from one penny to eleven thousand two hundred and fifty pounds; and, as may be supposed, every impression taken is closely scrutinised and duly recorded, by way of check and counter-check. Formerly, impressed stamps were uncoloured; but now, by an ingenious arrangement—the invention of some revenue officials—they are all done in colour.

The duty on the bulk of the executed documents and on the blank paper and parchments impressed in the stamping-rooms, is paid either direct to the Receiver-general of Inland Revenue, or to the various distributors throughout the country who act through the Controller of Stamps; but some years since, more fully to meet the convenience of the public, some novel arrangements for expediting the stamping of executed documents were made, under which the duty could be paid direct over the counter to the mechanical officers employed under the Inspector of stamping. Machines were set up in a large room on the ground floor of the Inland Revenue Office, which recorded their own work, and thus dispensed with the necessity for clerical checks upon the receipt of money for stamping. By this means, where the value of the stamps does not exceed ten pounds, a document can now be stamped at once in the room referred to in the presence of the person presenting it. The machines—which, it is said, afford perfect safety to the revenue—are also used at the branch office of the Controller of Stamps in the Royal Courts of Justice, where they are employed for impressing judicature and other stamps.

We turn now to adhesive stamps, the manufacture of all of which vests by law in the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who are also held responsible for all necessary safeguards being taken to secure the state against fraud in the direction of imitation, cleaning-out ink-cancellation, and so on. These securities are necessarily sought for, as against forgery, in the character of the paper and the excellence of the design; and, as against cleaning, in the peculiarly special quality of the inks with which the stamps are printed. Some eighteen hundred millions of adhesive stamps are issued yearly from the office of the Controller of Stamps. These range in

value from a halfpenny to twenty pounds—covering postage and inland revenue from a halfpenny to two shillings and sixpence; postage proper from five shillings to five pounds; inland revenue proper (such as foreign bills, sea policy stamps, &c.) from one penny to ten pounds; and fees (such as judicature, &c.) from one penny to twenty pounds. The penny stamp takes the first place among the numbers issued. Of these, as many as thirteen hundred millions and a half were despatched from Somerset House in the course of a recent twelve months. It will be of interest to see how all these stamps are brought into existence; and we propose now, therefore, to give a sketch of the means by which this is arrived at.

First, then, it will be found that all adhesive stamps are printed upon paper which is water-marked with one or other of the five patterns now employed—namely, Crown, Orb, V.R., Anchor, and Ace. The unified stamps up to one shilling take up the bulk of the paper. This particular lot of paper is marked with crowns, and each sheet is so arranged that one crown shall appear in each space intended to be covered by a stamp. The water-marks are produced by affixing pieces of thin brass, technically styled 'bits,' fashioned in the required design, on the light wire cylinder, or dandy-roll, as it is called, under which, as it travels along the machinery, the paper passes just as it ceases to be pulp; and so, by means of compression where the 'bits' stand out, a pattern is shaped. It does not, however, fall within the scope of this article to describe the process of paper-making; it is sufficient to mention that all the paper used for English government stamps is made by Messrs R. D. Turner & Co. of Roughway Mill, near Tunbridge, Kent, under contract with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The mill is entirely confined to the manufacture of this particular paper, as ordered by the Commissioners, and to such other water-marked paper as is required by the government of India and by some of the colonies for their stamps. The rags used are necessarily of an especially fine quality, and the water employed is most pure. The mill is under the constant close supervision of a body of officers belonging to the department of the Controller of Stamps; and by these officers, every operation conducted therein is strictly watched. The dandy-rolls, with the exception of the one that may be in actual use, are always kept under revenue lock. Every sheet of paper that passes from the machine is counted and scrutinised by the revenue officer; and, if the least flaw be detected, is at once rejected. When finished, the paper is in due course despatched in a locked van to the Controller of Stamps at Somerset House. Here, the van is unlocked by a responsible officer. Every sheet is again examined and counted, and then stored away in a secure repository.

Now we come to the printing of the sheets with stamps. First, it should be mentioned that from 1840—the date of the introduction of the penny postage—down to 1879, the penny postage-stamp and, subsequently, the twopenny, one-half-penny, and three-halfpenny stamps were printed under the recess or line-engraved process. From 1855, however, all the higher values of postage-stamps had been printed by the surface system,

which had already for some time been adopted for the fiscal stamps needed by the Inland Revenue Board. And this latter system proving so satisfactory, it was determined, in 1879, when the then existing contract for the recess-printed stamps lapsed, to have all classes of stamps printed under the surface process. The tender of Messrs De La Rue was accepted, who thereupon entered into a contract with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for a term of years. We will suppose, then, that a quantity of penny unified stamps are required. The first step is for the Commissioners to issue their warrant for the creation of the stamps. Upon this, the Controller of Stamps furnishes Messrs De La Rue with the number of crown water-marked sheets needed; and he will require that firm to give a strict account of every one of these, either in the form of perfect sheets of stamps or by way of spoilage.

We now follow the water-marked paper to Bunhill Row; and being allowed, by the courtesy of Messrs De La Rue, to inspect their works, a permission given to but a privileged few—for visitors are rarely admitted—we will attempt to give our readers some idea of what we saw there in relation to the manufacture of adhesive stamps, postcards, newspaper wrappers, postage envelopes, and value-paper generally.

There are no fewer than six large blocks of buildings, separated from one another by considerable distances. All these buildings are in telephonic communication, and messages are being sent all day long from one building to the other. There is also a telephone in connection with the office of the Controller of Stamps, with whom the firm are in constant communication on the numerous questions relating to stamps to be, or in the process of being, manufactured. So much are the telephones used, that in each building a clerk is stationed whose sole duty it is to receive and transmit messages. Seeing to what an extent these telephones are now used, it is difficult to understand how the work could have been previously carried on without them. It is true that some of the works had been connected by telegraph, but the telegraphic instrument is slow in manipulation as compared with the telephone. From each block, too, a wire proceeds to the nearest fire brigade station, so that in case of an alarm of fire the firemen could be called without a moment's delay. The fire instruments are tested two or three times a day and during the night, so as to insure their being always in proper order. Needless to say that there is a special service of hydrants laid throughout the various buildings, communicating with large reservoirs or tanks at the top of the works; and there is, moreover, a powerful stationary steam fire-engine, which is capable of throwing as much water as three or four of the ordinary brigade engines, and to a much greater height. At night, watchmen patrol the inside of the buildings, and a systematic record is kept of their rounds by means of Julius Sach's patent electric tell-tale clock. Under this tell-tale system, the times at which the watchman visits the various rooms are recorded by his touching an electric tapper in each room. The readings from each clock are taken daily; and if the watchman neglects his duty, either by omitting any of his rounds or by being late upon them, the matter

is brought under the notice of the heads of the firm. These are the points which were most forcibly impressed upon us as we walked through the administrative department, in which a large number of clerks are employed. We cannot, however, attempt to explain, nor would it be of interest to the general reader were we to do so, the administrative part of the business. We proceed, then, to the engraving room, where we find a large number of machines actively engaged in engraving the elaborate designs which are imparted to stamps, bank-notes, and such-like articles. In this room there is a great variety of machinery of the most delicate nature; and it is most impressive to watch the working of these machines, which are capable of executing work of such a character as it would, we understand, be impossible to reproduce without the assistance of like machinery—a fact which imparts an immense security to any stamp or bank-note upon which the work may be printed. We are struck by the absence of gas-burners; and on inquiry, we find that so delicate is the nature of the machinery, that it would be impossible to employ gas, inasmuch as the fumes from it would destroy the machines. When, then, the daylight fails, recourse is had to colza-oil lamps.

We pass from this room through a series of workshops in which a number of interesting operations are being conducted, not, however, connected with stamps, into the room in which the English stamps, postcards, &c., are being printed. The transition from the quiet engraving studio to this bustling scene of activity is most striking. In place of the repose of the one, with its delicate and sensitive machinery, we have here an enormous room filled with the most powerful and massive machinery, working at a very high speed; and the noise that is thereby generated, and the air of activity and bustle that surrounds one, is for the moment quite bewildering. After we have got somewhat accustomed to the scene, we notice in various positions in the room the desks of the officers of the Board of Inland Revenue whose duty it is to watch all the operations and to control every sheet of paper that is printed. Passing on, we are taken to the different classes of machine; and after we have for some time watched the rapidity and exactness with which the sheets of paper are taken up, printed, and then ejected by powerful machines, and having subsequently looked at the beautiful manner in which the embossed stamp is imparted to the postage envelopes, we are, by the courtesy of the principal Inland Revenue officer, permitted to inspect one of the printing-plates used for printing adhesive stamps. This is of a bright metal, and contains as many stamp-pieces as there are to be stamps upon the sheet. Every stamp resembles exactly the other, whilst they are all absolute fac-similes of the die from which the plate was made. This die we are allowed to handle. It consists of a block of steel upon which all the work has been engraved with infinite elaboration and pains. Each die, it seems, takes several months to complete; and even then, there is a possibility of the whole of the work being rendered useless by its cracking in the hardening process. The die is to this end made red hot, and then plunged into a cold solution, so that it may be very suddenly chilled. The

tension that takes place often results in the breaking of the die into fragments. Returning to the plate, it is difficult to realise why the machines used for taking impressions from it should be so large and powerful. On inquiry, we are told that, unless the sheet of paper to be printed is pressed to the plate with enormous pressure, really good printing cannot be obtained. The force used to impart the requisite pressure is so very great as sometimes to cause massive parts of the machine, made of solid iron, to crack in two with a loud report, as of a cannon being fired. The horse-power required to drive the machinery in this printing-room is very large, as each one of the numerous machines needs considerable force.

Proceeding now to the room in which the gum for the adhesive stamps and newspaper wrappers is made, we observe many tons of the finest gum carefully stacked away, and we are shown a series of brightly polished copper vessels and apparatus employed in the preparation of the gum. This is pumped up by a special apparatus into the gumming-rooms, where it is applied by a large staff of girls in the most delicate manner to the backs of the stamps and to the end of the newspaper wrappers. The rooms in which this work is conducted are of immense area. This is a necessity, inasmuch as, after the sheets have been gummed, they have to be laid out in large racks to dry. The process of drying is effected by hot and dry air being blown into the several rooms by large fans working at a great velocity, and by the damp air being then drawn away up large air-shafts, varying in height from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet.

The high polish that is imparted to the adhesive stamps is given by a system of glazing which is carried out by powerful and beautiful machinery. The process is an interesting one to watch, although, when one is told that if by any chance a part of a man's dress were to get between the rollers of any of the machines, he might be drawn in and killed, one feels some hesitation in standing near.

The perforation of the stamps is carried on in a separate room. The machines that effect this are here pulsating up and down with great rapidity, and punching out the little discs of paper which have to be removed in order to leave the perforation in the sheets. The noise attending the operation is considerable. Formerly, this work was done in the basement of Somerset House; but so much inconvenience was felt by the officials in the rooms above from the overpowering thudding of the machines, that it became necessary to remove them.

Every sheet of stamps, and every single post-card, newspaper wrapper, and stamped envelope is most carefully examined, and any defective one is rejected. The cutting of the postcards and newspaper wrappers is effected by special machinery of a very complicated nature, which it would be difficult to describe within the limits of our space; whilst the counting, boarding, and packing are conducted by a very large number of hands. Nothing can impress one more with the magnitude of the postal and revenue business of this country than a visit to this establishment, where one sees an army of men, women, and children engaged all day long throughout the

year in producing the stamps, &c., required by the departments concerned. Standing in the printing-room, one can hardly realise that, at every impression of the numerous machines, a sheet of stamps or newspaper wrappers has been produced; whilst, when one passes into the various other rooms and sees the number of people employed in dealing, with great rapidity, with all these articles in their several stages towards completion, the impression is even more striking. We have only visited the rooms in which the work for the English government is conducted. Separate departments of nearly the same extent are devoted to work for the Indian, colonial, and other governments. Taking, then, postage-stamps alone, one is impressed with the vastness of correspondence developed in recent years throughout the world, and which is no doubt largely due to the low rates now charged—a new departure of which this country was the pioneer.

Whilst walking through the various rooms we noticed trucks of work passing hither and thither, and lifts moving up and down from one floor to another, pointing to a vast consumption of manual labour and steam-power. The source of this last we visited towards the end of our inspection, and found enormous boilers and steam-engines in full activity; whilst in the basement of one of the works we saw an engineer's shop fitted with all the most modern engineering appliances, in which—after being designed and modelled in another department—all the machinery that is used in the business is made.

Having now, with much interest, completed our inspection of the various works in which stamping and cognate operations are carried on, we are conducted to the private offices of the firm. Here—and we only mention it as pointing to the complete organisation that must reign throughout the beehive in the centre of which we stand—we find the partners have leisure to answer and to discuss the numerous questions we put; and amongst other things, we are astonished to learn that, although we have already done a good day's work, we have only visited about one-tenth of the firm's works. In the parts not seen by us are carried on all their vast trading business, as distinguished from that done for government. Next to the magnitude of the works, which are most certainly the largest of their description in the world, the point which most struck us was the cleanliness and order that reigned everywhere amidst so much bustle and activity; and after seeing all that we witnessed, we were not surprised to learn that the loss of a sheet of stamps is practically unknown.

The development of this gigantic business has no doubt been the work of many men and of many minds; and it is no less surprising than interesting to find that the third generation of the family, in which it is now vested, in no way lack either the fertility of resource or the keen spirit of enterprise that must have been possessed by their predecessors so as to found and successfully promote a trading concern of such magnitude.

Returning now for a moment to Somerset House, we learn that the stock of stamps always held by the Controller of Stamps represents a money value of some five or six millions of

pounds sterling; and this stock, which is being constantly replenished by consignments from Messrs De La Rue as they complete the sheets of stamps in course of manufacture, is daily depleted by issues to the various postmasters and distributors of stamps throughout the United Kingdom. The stamps in the custody of the Controller are always stored away in separate repositories at a safe distance from each other, so that, in case of fire and a possible destruction of one portion of Somerset House, no inconvenience should arise. Some idea of the volume of business of the particular class transacted in the office of the Controller, and of the multitude of stamps, postcards, &c., that are despatched therefrom, may be formed when it is known that, on an ordinary day, the weight of the stamp postbags leaving Somerset House is measured by some three or four tons; whilst at certain seasons, such as Christmas and other exceptional periods of the year, the weight removed on a day by the Post-office vans reaches as much as eight tons, representing a money value of more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. From year to year, there has been a steady increase in these quantities.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Come out for a walk, papa,' Constance said.

'What! in the heat of the day? You think you are in England.'

'No, indeed. I wish I did—at least, that is not what I mean. But I wish you did not think it necessary to stay in a place like this. Why should you shut yourself out from the world? You are very clever, papa.'

'Who told you so? You cannot have found that out by your own unassisted judgment.'

'A great many people have told me. I have always known. You seem to have made a mystery about us, but we never made any mystery about you; for one thing, of course, we couldn't; for everybody knew. But if you chose to go back to England.'

'I shall never go back to England.'

'Oh,' said Constance with a laugh, 'never is a long day.'

'So long a day, that it is a pity you should link your fortunes to mine, my dear. Frances has been brought up to it; but your case is quite different; and you see even she catches at the first opportunity of getting away.'

'You are scarcely just to Frances,' said Constance with her usual calm. 'You might have said the same thing of me. I took the first opportunity also. To know that one has a father, whom one never remembers to have seen, is very exciting to the imagination; and just in so much as one has been disappointed in the parent one knows, one expects to find perfection in the parent one has never seen. Anything that you don't know is better than everything you do know,' she added with the air of a philosopher.

'I am afraid, in that case, acquaintance has been fatal to your ideal.'

'Not exactly,' she said. 'Of course, you are quite different from what I supposed. But I

think we might get on well enough, if you please. —Do come out. If we keep in the shade, it is not really very hot. It is often hotter in London where nobody thinks of staying indoors. If we are to live together, don't you think you must begin by giving in to me a little, papa?'

'Not to the extent of getting a sun-stroke.'

'In March!' she cried with a tone of mild derision. 'Let me come into the bookroom, then. You think if Frances goes, that you will never be able to get on with me.'

'My thoughts have not gone so far as that. I may have believed that a young lady fresh from all the gaieties of London'—

'But so tired of them; and very glad of a little novelty, however it presents itself.'

'Yes, so long as it continues novel. But the novelty of making the *spese* in a village, and looking sharply after every centesimo that is asked for an artichoke'—

'The *spese* means the daily expenses? I should not mind that. And Mariuccia is far more entertaining than an ordinary English cook. And the neighbours—well, the neighbours afford some opportunities for fun. Mrs Gaunt, is it? expects her youngest boy. And then there is Tasie.'

The name of Tasie brought a certain relaxation to the muscles of Waring's face. He gave a glance round him, to see that all the doors were closed. 'I must confide in you, Constance; though, mind, Frances must not share it. I sitting here, simply as you see me, have been supposed dangerous to Tasie's peace of mind. Is not that an excellent joke?'

'I don't see that it is a joke at all,' said Constance without even a smile. 'Why, Tasie is antediluvian. She must be nearly as old as you are. Any old gentleman might be dangerous to Tasie. Tell me something more wonderful than that.'

'Oh, that is how it appears to you?' said Waring. His laugh came to a sudden end, broken off, so to speak, in half, and an air of portentous gravity came over his face. He turned over the papers on the table before him, as with a sudden thought. 'By the way, I forgot I had something to do this afternoon,' he said. 'Before dinner, perhaps, we may take a stroll, if the sun is not so hot. But this is my working-time,' he added with a stiff smile.

Constance could not disregard so plain a hint. She rose up quickly. She had taken Frances' chair, which he had forgiven her at first; but it made another note against her now.

'What have I done?' she said to herself, raising her eyebrows, angry, and yet half amused by her dismissal. Frances had gone to her room, too, and was not to be disturbed, as her sister had seen by the look of her face. She felt herself, as she would have said, very much 'out of it,' as she wandered round the deserted salone, looking at everything in it with a care suggested by her solitude rather than any real interest. She looked at the big high-coloured water-pots, turned into decorations, one could imagine against their will, which stood in the corners of the room, and which were Mrs Durant's present to Frances; and at the blue Savona vases, with the names of medicines, real or imaginary, betraying their original intention; and all the other decorative

scraps—the little old pictures, the pieces of needle-work and brocade. They were pretty when she looked at them, though she had not perceived their beauty at the first glance. There were more decorations of the same description in the ante-room, which gave her a little additional occupation; and then she strolled into the loggia and threw herself into the long chair. She had a book, one of the novels she had bought on the journey. But Constance was not accustomed to much reading. She got through a chapter or two; and then she looked round upon the view and mused a little, and then returned to her novel. The second time she threw it down and went back to the drawing-room, and had another look at the Savona pots. She had thought how well they would look on a certain shelf at 'home.' And then she stopped and took herself to task. What did she mean by home? This was home. She was going to live here; it was to be her place in the world. What she had to do was to think of the decorations here, and whether she could add to them, not of vacant corners in another place. Finally, she returned again to the loggia, and sat down once more rather drearily.

There had never occurred a day in her experience in which she had been so long without 'something to do.' Something to do meant something that was amusing, something to pass the time, somebody to entertain, or perhaps, if nothing else was possible, to quarrel with. To sit alone and look round her at 'the view,' to have not a creature to say a word to, and nothing to engage herself with but a book: and nothing to look forward to but this same thing repeated three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! The prospect, the thought, made Constance shiver. It could not be. She must do something to break the spell. But what was there to do? The *spese* were all made for to-day, the dinner was ordered: and she knew very little either about the *spese* or the dinner. She would have to learn, to think of new dishes, and write them down in a little book, as Frances did. Her dinners, she said to herself, must be better than those of Frances. But when was she to begin, and how was she to do it? In the meantime, she went and fetched a shawl, and while the sun blazed straight on the loggia from the south, to which it was open in front, and left only one scrap of shade in a corner scarcely enough to shelter the long chair, fell asleep there, finding that she had nothing else to do.

Frances had gone to her room with her packet of letters. She had not thought what they were, nor what had been the meaning of what her father said when he gave them to her. She took them—no, not to her own room, but to the blue room, in which there was so little comfort. Her little easy-chair, her writing-table, all the things with which she was at home, belonged to Constance now. She sat down, or rather up, in a stiff upright chair, and opened her little packet upon her bed. To her astonishment, she found that it contained letters addressed to herself, unopened. The first of them was printed in large letters, as for the eyes of a child. They were very simple, not very long, concluding invariably with one phrase: 'Dear, write to me'—

—'Write to me, my darling.' Frances read them

with her eyes full of tears, with a rising wave of passion and resentment which seemed to suffocate her. He had kept them all back. What harm could they have done? Why should she have been kept in ignorance, and made to appear like a heartless child, like a creature without sense or feeling? Half for her mother, half for herself, the girl's heart swelled with a kind of fury. She had not been ready to judge her father even after she had been aware of his sin against her. She had still accepted what he did as part of him, bidding her own mind be silent, hushing all criticism. But when she read these little letters, her passion overflowed. How dared he to ignore all her rights, to allow herself to be misrepresented, to give a false idea of her? This was the most poignant pang of all. Without being selfish, it is still impossible to feel a wrong of this kind to another so acutely as to yourself. He had deprived her of the comfort of knowing that she had a mother, of communicating with her, of retaining some hold upon that closest of natural friends. That injury she had condoned and forgiven; but when Frances saw how her father's action must have shaped the idea of herself in the mind of her mother, there was a moment in which she felt that she could not forgive him. If she had received year by year these tender letters, yet never had been moved to answer one of them, what a creature must she have been, devoid of heart or common feeling, or even good taste, that superficial grace by which the want of better things is concealed! She was more horrified by this thought than by any other discovery she could have made. She seemed to see the Frances whom her mother knew—a little ill-conditioned child; a small, petty, ungracious, unloving girl. Was this what had been thought of her? And it was all his fault—all her father's fault!

At first, she could see no excuse for him. She would not allow to herself that any love for her, or desire to retain her affection, was at the bottom of the concealment. She got a sheet of paper, and began to write with passionate vehemence, pouring forth all her heart. 'Imagine that I have never seen your dear letters till to-day—never till to-day! and what must you think of me,' she wrote. But when she had put her whole heart into it, working a miracle, and making the dull paper to glow and weep, there came a change over her thoughts. She had kept his secret till now. She had not betrayed even to Constance the ignorance in which she had been kept; and should she change her course, and betray him now?

As she came to think it over, she felt that she herself blamed her father bitterly, that he had fallen from the pedestal on which to her he had stood all her life. Yet the thought that others should be conscious of this degradation was terrible to her. When Constance spoke lightly of him, it was intolerable to Frances; and the mother of whom she knew nothing, of whom she knew only that she was her mother, a woman who had grievances of her own against him, who would be perhaps pleased, almost pleased to have proof that he had done this wrong! Frances paused with the fervour of indignation still in her heart, to consider how she should bear it, if this were so. It was all selfish, she said to

herself, growing more miserable as she fought with the conviction that whether in condemning him or covering what he had done, herself was her first thought. She had to choose now between vindicating herself at his cost, or suffering continued misconception to screen him. Which should she do? Slowly she folded up the letter she had written and put it away, not destroying, but saving it, as leaving it still possible to carry out her first intention. Then she wrote another shorter, half-fictitious letter, in which the bitterness in her heart seemed to take the form of reproach to the fate which was altering her life, and her consent to obey her mother's call was forced and sullen. But this letter was no sooner written than it was torn to pieces. What was she to do? She ended, after much thought, by destroying also her first letter, and writing as follows:

DEAR MOTHER—To see my sister and to hear that you want me, is very bewildering and astonishing to me. I am very ready to come, if, indeed, you will forgive me all that you must think so bad in me, and let me try as well as I can to please you. Indeed, I desire to do so with all my heart. I have understood very little, and I have been thoughtless, and, you will think, without any natural affection; but this is because I was so ignorant, and had nobody to tell me. Forgive me, dear mamma. I do not feel as if I dare write to you now and call you by that name. As soon as we can consider and see how it is best for me to travel, I will come. I am not clever and beautiful, like Constance; but indeed I do wish to please you with all my heart.

FRANCES.

This was all she could say. She put it up in an envelope, feeling confused with her long thinking and with all the elements of change that were about her, and took it back to the bookroom to ask for the address. She had felt that she could not approach her father with composure or speak to him of ordinary matters; but it made a little formal bridge, as it were, from one kind of intercourse to another to ask him for that address.

'Will you please tell me where mamma lives?' she said.

Waring turned round quickly to look at her. 'So you have written already?'

'O papa, can you say "already?" What kind of creature must she think I am, never to have sent a word all these years?'

He paused a moment and then said: 'You have told her, I suppose?'

'I have told her nothing except that I am ready to come whenever we can arrange how I am to travel.—Papa,' she said with one of those sudden relents which come in the way of our sternest displeasure with those we love, 'O papa!' laying her hand on his arm, 'why did you do it? I am obliged to let her think that I have been without a heart all my life—for I cannot bear it when any one blames you.'

'Frances,' he said with a response equally sudden, putting his arm round her, 'what will my life be without you? I have always trusted in you, depended on you without knowing it. Let Constance go back to her, and stay you with me.'

Frances had not been accustomed to many demonstrations of affection, and this moved her almost beyond her power of self-control. She put down her head upon her father's shoulder and cried: 'Oh, if we could only go back a week; but we can't; no, nor even half a day. Things that might have been this morning, can't be now, papa! I was very, very angry—oh, in a rage, when I read these letters. Why did you keep them from me? Why did you keep my mother from me? I wrote and told her everything; and then I tore up my letter and told her nothing. But I can never be the same again,' said the girl, shaking her head with that conviction of the unchangeableness of a first trouble which is so strong in youth. 'Now, I know what it is to be one thing and appear another; and to bear blame and suffer for what you have not deserved.'

Waring repented his appeal to his child. He repented even the sudden impulse which had induced him to make it. He withdrew his arm from her with a sudden revulsion of feeling, and a recollection that Constance was not emotional, but a young woman of the world, who would understand many things which Frances did not understand. He withdrew his arm, and said somewhat coldly: 'Show me what address you have put upon your mother's letter. You must not make any mistake in that.'

Frances dried her eyes hastily, and felt the check. She put her letter before him without a word. It was addressed to Mrs Waring, no more.

'I thought so,' he said with a laugh, which sounded harsh to the excited girl; 'and to be sure, you had no means of knowing. I told you your mother was a much more important person than I. You will see the difference between wealth and poverty, as well as between a father's sway and a mother's, when you go to Eaton Square. This is your mother's address.' He wrote it hastily on a piece of paper and pushed it towards her. Frances had received many shocks and surprises in the course of these days, but scarcely one which was more startling to her simple mind than this. The paper which her father gave her did not bear his name. It was addressed to Lady Markham, Eaton Square, London. Frances turned to him an astonished gaze. 'That is where—mamma is living?' she said.

'That is—your mother's name and address,' he answered coldly. 'I told you she was a greater personage than I.'

'But, papa'—

'You are not aware,' he said, 'that, according to the beautiful arrangements of society, a woman who makes a second marriage below her is allowed to keep her first husband's name. It is so, however. Lady Markham chose to avail herself of that privilege.—That is all, I suppose? You can send your letter without any further reference to me.'

Frances went away without a word, treading softly, with a sort of suspense of life and thought. She could not tell how she felt, or what it meant. She knew nothing about the arrangements of society. Did it mean something wrong, something that was impossible? Frances could not tell how that could be, that your father and mother should

not only live apart, but have different names. A vague horror took possession of her mind. She went back to her room again, and stared at that strange piece of paper without knowing what to make of it. Lady Markham! It was not to that personage she had written her poor little simple letter. How could she say mother to a great lady, one who was not even of the same name? She was far too ignorant to know how little importance was to be attached to this. To Frances, a name was so much. She had never been taught anything but the primitive symbols, the innocently conventional alphabet of life. This new discovery filled her with a chill horror. She took her letter out of its envelope with the intention of destroying that too, and letting silence, that silence which had reigned over her life so long, fall again and for ever between her and the mother whose very name was not hers. But as this impulse swept over her, her eye caught one of the first of the little letters which had revealed this unknown woman to her. It was written in very large letters, such as a child might read, and in little words. 'My darling, write to me; I long so for you. Your loving mother.' There was no viscountess there. Her simple mind was swept by contending impulses, like strong winds carrying her now one way, now another. And unless it should be that unknown mother herself, there was nobody in the world to whom she could turn for counsel. Her heart revolted against Constance, and her father had been vexed she could not tell how. She was incapable of betraying the secrets of the family to any one beyond its range. What was she to do?

And all this because the mother, the source of so much disturbance in her little life, was Lady Markham, and not Mrs Waring! But this, to the ignorance and simplicity of Frances, was the most incomprehensible mystery of all.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE SEA.

WE were sitting one sunny morning on the esplanade at Weymouth, my dear old friend Colonel Ramsay and I, watching with interest the movements of an unusually large vessel at some distance from the land. Accustomed to see vessels of all sizes and builds, I knew at once that she was no mere merchantman; and for some time, as she approached little by little, and showed a lofty side and a forest of spars, both the colonel and I were inclined to think her a large ironclad, probably detached from the Channel Fleet. But as her distance lessened, and we saw that her lofty sides were painted white, and were scored along their whole length with small square ports, we knew that she was one of those great Indian troopships employed by the Admiralty for the special purpose of carrying our soldiers in safety and comfort to or from our Eastern dependency. Presently she rounded the Breakwater, headed for the anchorage in Portland, and in doing so, passed behind the Nothe Fort and out of our sight.

'Ah, my dear madam,' said the colonel, as he removed and wiped his glasses, 'they take more care of the British subaltern nowadays than they did when I joined the service. Nobody had ever heard of a troopship in those days; we just took

a passage in any vessel that was available, no matter if she was fit for the work or not; and where these ships take weeks, we used to take months, and regard it as a matter of course.'

'Yes,' said I; 'I have often read of difficulties, and even dangers, incurred by our troops on their Indian voyage; but I used to think them probably greatly exaggerated.'

'Exaggerated, madam!' quoth the colonel hotly. 'Say, rather, not a tenth part was told. I once, on my first voyage, encountered perhaps the most bloodthirsty pirate that then sailed the seas.'

'How terrible!' I cried. 'A pirate! I thought a vessel carrying troops would be certainly safe from such an attack.'

'Stay!' interrupted the colonel. 'I have not said that the ship was full of armed troops; though even in that case she might be unequal to the task of driving off a determined pirate. But the case I am speaking of was very different, and if you care to hear it, I will tell it to you.'

'I should like it very much,' I said; 'the attraction of a story of real life is too great to be resisted.'

'Very well,' said the old colonel; 'then you shall have it, whether worthy of your interest or not. You must know,' he continued, 'that when I joined the army—more than fifty years ago—I was gazetted to a regiment then quartered in the West Indies; and on making inquiries as to my passage, I was informed that a vessel would shortly sail for that station, and that some other officers, belonging to my own and other regiments, would take a passage in her. She was a barque of about seven hundred tons, called the *Alfred*, and I joined her at Gravesend. A smart, trim, little craft she was; and her captain prided himself on her appearance, and inspired his men with the same feeling. I found two or three young fellows going out like myself to join their regiments; a married major with his wife and child and his sister-in-law; and two other ladies going to join their husbands abroad. As usual, we were shorthanded enough as regards the crew, who barely numbered twenty all told.

'Just before I went down to join the ship, a terrible tale of outrage upon the high seas had occupied the minds of all in England, for the papers were full of the horrible story of the discovery of the *Morning Star*, and of the tragedy that was revealed when that unhappy vessel was boarded as a derelict. If I remember aright, they who were told off to board and examine the apparently deserted ship found, on entering the saloon, her ill-fated officers and passengers sitting back to back around the long table, closely lashed in pairs, each with his throat gashed from ear to ear! And there were fair and delicate girls among them too—none spared—not one! And the fiends who had done this deed had attempted to scuttle the ship, that she might sink, and carry all evidence of the awful crime down to the bottom of the sea, to join the sad list of vessels that are posted as "missing," none know how or where. But Providence willed it otherwise.

'Well, as I say, it was this story that was in the minds and mouths of us all as we gathered first around the table in the *Alfred's* saloon, and the weaker expressed strong apprehensions of a similar fate befalling us on our lonely voyage; and some who were strong of heart tried to

laugh down the notion; and others even made as if they would desire such a meeting, that they might wreak vengeance upon such demons. Our good little captain said nothing, or at anyrate but little; but, as we afterwards found, he made every inquiry that was possible as to the appearance, size, armament, and habitat of the pirate-ship to which this deed was ascribed. Then we sailed; and for the first time I experienced the delicious pleasure of sweeping down Channel with a fresh and fair wind, the English coast spreading out before us from the Foreland to the Start, as we rushed along hour after hour, bright sun overhead, tight little ship underfoot, young blood in my veins, and all the world before me. What wonder, then, that ere we were clear of the Channel, the ghastly mystery of the *Morning Star* was pretty nearly erased from my memory, crowded out by the thousand new sensations consequent upon this new departure in my life.

'All went well with us; no hurricane came down to drive us struggling in the wild whirl of waters; the wind was not always fair, nor the sky always bright, but the monotony of the voyage was disturbed by no menace of disaster. At last a day came when our little captain at breakfast announced to us that if the wind held fair and strong, we might hope to reach our destination in another forty-eight hours; and to us, more than satisfied as we were with our experience of the sea, weary of being cooped up in so small a vessel, and full of eager desire to see the wonders of the foreign land, the announcement was delightful; and often and anxiously did we pop up from below and cast a glance around to see if the wind still held fair. On one of these occasions, when I had for the twentieth time in the last hour put my head up the hatchway to see if all was well, I noticed the skipper standing aft with his glass to his eye looking long and hard at some distant object; and following the direction of his telescope, I saw a speck which could be nothing else but a ship.

"Hillo! captain," said I, "a stranger in sight?"

"Yes," said he quietly; "she is coming up with us fast. She must be bringing up a breeze with her, or we are running out of the wind, which she still holds. A short time ago, we could only see her topsails, and now her hull is rising. Take a look at her," as he handed the glass to me.

'I looked. She seemed a small brig or brigantine, with very square yards, and she was, as he said, overhauling us fast; but other than that I could not tell.

"The wind is failing fast," said our skipper; "I am afraid it will end in a dead calm."

'I did not answer; I merely rushed down below with the eagerness of youth. "I say, a sail! you fellows—that looks like nearing land, eh?—Miss Dash! a sail! You'll see it right aft; the captain thinks the wind is falling;" and away I rushed on deck again to inspect anew the interesting stranger.

'I was surprised not to see the skipper anywhere about the deck; but following the eye of the man at the wheel, I looked aloft, and saw him settling himself down in the

crosstrees and levelling his glass once more. He, too, was interested in her, that was evident. Presently he closed his glass, came down from aloft, and said to the first-mate: "Mr Brown, stunsails!"

'How glad we were! We loved to see the stunsails set, and to feel that the little ship was doing her best to bring her long voyage to an end, and our captain was evidently anxious to be in port. The extra canvas pulled her along considerably faster than she had gone before; but it was evident that the breeze was fading away both with us and with the stranger, for the glass showed that she too had set stunsails. As the evening came down, the wind fell to almost nothing, and in its place an exceedingly heavy ground-swell got up, on which our little ship rolled and squattered in a most restless and uncomfortable manner.

'As it was impossible to remain comfortably on deck, the ship rolled so incessantly and wildly, I went below, turned in, and tried hard to sleep, but the motion of the ship made it almost impossible. Again and again I woke through the hot night, and in the occasional intervals of noise, fancied I heard the skipper's voice giving orders on deck, but this I supposed was merely imagination. At last, at about five A.M. I could stand it no longer—my bunk was intolerable; and, tossing on my clothes, I scrambled as best I could up the ladder and staggered cautiously aft.

"Good-morning, captain. Not a breath of wind, eh? and she is rolling worse than ever, I think.—Ah, there's our friend!" I added, as I looked in the direction of the strange vessel. "Seems nearer than last night, after all. What do you make of her?"

"I don't like the look of her at all," said he, very gravely and in a low voice. "I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily, but I never saw a craft of more suspicious appearance. She is showing no colours, though ours were hoisted at daylight; she carries a great number of guns for a vessel employed in trade; she has a perfect swarm of men on board; and what is more," added he, sinking his voice so that not even the man at the wheel could hear him, "she is terribly like the description of the craft which is supposed to have taken the *Morning Star*!"

'For an instant my blood seemed to rush back to my heart and congeal there; but I mastered my excitement and concealed it as best I might.

"What can we do?" said I in a low voice.

"Not much, I fear," returned he calmly. "We have two guns, carronades, but a very small supply of shot and powder, and if it came to fighting in that way, he could lie off and sink us at his leisure. But he won't do that; that is not his business—he must *take first*, and *sink afterwards*; and if it comes to boarding—God help us!—Say nothing about it down below to the ladies," he added. "They will know it, if it is true, far too soon as it is; but you might give a hint to your brother-officers."

'With a heavy heart, I made my way to the hatchway to whisper dismay and terror to my friends below. What a terrible breakfast that was! To sit with the ghastly secret weighing down my heart like lead, and hear the gay chatter of the ladies as they anticipated a speedy arrival,

laid out their plans for the future, and rallied me and the other men on our want of spirits. We tried after breakfast, by various excuses, to keep them down below; but they laughed us aside; and gaily scrambled up the hatchway to renew their acquaintance with the stranger, full of eager hope that she might be within speaking distance. How they laughed to see her roll till her copper showed bright and radiant half-way to her keel; how they plied the skipper with questions about her; ventured to imagine that she might have friends of theirs on board, and finally waved handkerchiefs to her in their guilelessness!

'At last the captain made some excuse for requesting the ladies to retire below, and having succeeded in his object, took us all into his counsel and laid the matter before us.

"If, as I have every reason to fear, gentlemen," said he, "the craft astern of us is a pirate, we must face the fact and try and make some plan of escape. At present, I believe we are safe from him as long as this calm and this tremendous ground-swell last. He cannot come any nearer, there being no wind; he cannot hoist out his boats and tow up to us in so heavy a roll. My idea is, that he will wait for the roll to go down and the breeze to spring up, and then take us at his ease, knowing that we cannot escape now. But there are one or two things in our favour: he cannot have been waiting for us, for our cargo would be worthless to him. He has probably fallen across us by accident, and he will want to know what we are before he attacks us. Vessels of his trade have occasionally caught a tartar, and they learn to be wary. If he thinks we are worth taking, he will not, as he might, stand off and play at long-bowls, because that would result in the probable sinking of the ship and loss of her cargo. On the other hand, he will be very wary of boarding, should he anticipate a determined resistance from a large number of armed men; and in that case, the best thing we can do, as it seems to me, is to let him believe that we have troops on board, and that any attempt on his part to board will meet with a warm reception. What do *you* think, gentlemen?"

'The captain was undoubtedly correct in his reasoning, and his opinion was at once acted upon. All of us who held a commission in the army put on our uniforms and appeared in them on the upper deck; while some of the hands forward were rigged up in mess-jackets, &c., supplied by the officers for the purpose, and were instructed to show themselves at intervals on the forecastle, multiplying themselves as much as possible; while a soldier-servant of the major's was ordered to do sentry-go with a musket aft. Moreover, our two twenty-four pounder carronades were loaded each with a round-shot and a large bag of musket-bullets; muskets—for we had a few—were served out to the men, with a cutlass apiece; and we who had swords and sporting-guns and pistols made them ready for use.

'But all this preparing of arms and unpacking of uniforms could not be done without the knowledge of the ladies of our party; and the apprehensions of the major's wife were first aroused, and gradually spread in terrified whispers to the whole of the party, until at last it was necessary

to take them partially into our confidence and let them know that there was danger.

'As night fell, we fancied that the swell was somewhat less in bulk, but it might be only fancy; anyhow, the captain would not hear of us all keeping watch all night, which was what we youngsters especially proposed to do. "No, gentlemen," said he. "Go and turn in, and get what rest you can while you have the chance."

'I went below, and turned in at his bidding, and wearied with excitement and watching, I fell asleep, a troubled, unsatisfactory sleep, it is true, but not the less sleep; and from this troubled rest I was aroused by hearing my name whispered and feeling a gentle touch upon my arm. I started up, and saw by the dim light of a lantern the figure of our old quartermaster. "Beg pardon, sir," said he; "but the cap'n sent me down to say the brigantine is on the move, and he'd like you to know."

'I jumped up, seized my arms, and hurried on deck. It was about two in the morning; the swell had gone down considerably, though still very great; the stars were all over the sky. The captain silently pointed in the direction of the brigantine. I looked, but at first could see nothing; then she rose upon the swell, and I saw her clearly. She was much nearer!

"But how—how?" I asked. "There is still no wind, and"—

'The captain grasped my arm, to make me silent, and whispered: "Sweeps! Listen!"

'Intently I listened, and for some seconds without result; but, the ship pausing for one moment in her tumbling roll, and allowing a momentary cessation to her creaks and groans, I heard faintly and mistily, as if in a dream, the smothered cheep of the sweeps (long oars) as the unknown vessel strove to work herself forward by this means.

"What can they do?" I whispered.

"Nothing yet, while this roll lasts, except come closer up and make a nearer inspection of us. When the day dawns, we must change our tactics," replied the captain. "Go down again; there is nothing you can do."

'But I was wrought up to too high a pitch to go down again; and the captain and I remained up all the rest of the night until daylight dawned discussing the situation, and racking our brains for a method of escape.

'And now the sun sprang up and glorified the tumbling ocean, whose troubled bosom was certainly heaving with far less vehemence than before; and there, not half a mile away from us, on our larboard quarter, lay the brigantine, still rolling heavily as we ourselves did, her row of guns, eight on a side, gleaming brightly in the morning sun; her bulwarks thickly lined with heads; and at her gaff, admitting of no doubt any longer as to her character—a coal-black flag! We could see that we were the object of eager examination by her crew; and for their benefit we enacted a little pantomime, which the captain and I had planned the night before. No uniforms were now to be seen upon the deck; but, as we knew that their glasses were upon us, intent on discovering our force, those in uniform were instructed to appear occasionally at the hatchways both fore and aft, as if about to come on deck, with their arms in their hands, when they

would at once be peremptorily ordered below by one of the mates—giving those in the brigantine the idea that we were full of troops.

'As the morning passed, it was evident that the brigantine's people were puzzled, and hardly knew whether to leave us alone or not. All that day and all that night we lay about half a mile apart, courtesying to each other as we rose and fell on the swell, with no incident to cause us fresh apprehension, save that at night they again got their sweeps out, and actually swept her right round us, in order, I suppose, to keep us in a state of panic and anxiety.

'Again the day dawned, again the blaze of sunlight streamed over the waters. What is it that is making such a stir in the swarm on board the brigantine? Why are they getting out their sweeps again in such haste? Are they going at last to attack us? Are they?—But no! their stern is towards us. They are moving in the opposite direction! Is help coming to us? Are they moving off in fear? Our captain rushed up into the maintop with his glass, and even before he had reached that height, the shout of "A sail!" came from his lips, and his finger pointed over our larboard quarter. Eagerly we strained our eyes in that direction, and far away, hull down beneath the horizon, in the very quarter to which the brigantine was steering, we saw the gleam of white which betokened the presence of a large vessel under sail.

"A large merchantman, homeward-bound, I should say," the captain shouted from the top. "That villain must have been waiting for her when he fell in with us. Let us hope she will get away from him. She seems to have a breeze, at anyrate."

'What a relief it was to see that swarm of miscreants moving off by their own exertions! How we followed them with our eyes and glasses as hour after hour their sweeps rose and fell upon the now subsiding surface of the sea! By-and-by, her sails seemed to fill, she heeled slightly to one side; her sweeps were no longer to be seen—she had a breeze.

'Shortly after this, an exclamation from our skipper attracted my attention. "I thought so," he said; "there are two of them!" and as we looked, just clear of the merchantman on the other side we saw a suspicious-looking schooner. The brigantine at once hoisted a signal and fired a gun, as we could see by the white smoke; and then the two evidently converged upon the great merchantman. She, too, saw them, that was evident, for she piled up canvas upon canvas, to woo the too sluggish breeze. Now the foe were nearing her, and all disguise was evidently thrown aside, for puff after puff of white smoke darted from their sides, responded to, we were glad to see, by puffs at longer intervals from hers; and faintly on the nearing breeze we caught the sound of the explosions. But closer still and closer crept the foe, and every eye was strained upon the desperate fight, and all minds intent on that alone, when "All hands make sail!" shouted the captain; "here is the breeze right on top of us!" and sure enough there it was, coming down crisp and fresh almost before we were ready for it. Quickly our good fellows covered the good ship with a cloud of canvas; and as she felt the gentle power of the young breeze and heeled over

to it, and the bubbles began swiftly to course astern, a terrible load fell from our hearts, and we felt that we were saved.'

The colonel paused a moment, his eye fixed on vacancy, as if he saw himself once more upon the deck of the *Alfred*.

'And what became of the merchantman?' I asked, when silence had lasted for some moments.

'Don't ask me—don't ask me!' he replied in agitated tones. 'Poor souls! murdered—every one of them—and the ship scuttled.'

'And was no vengeance exacted for so terrible a crime?'

'Before an hour had passed after our arrival, a thirty-six gun frigate had sailed on our information to capture or destroy those miserable villains wheresoever they might find them; but vessels such as those may go where no great warship can follow them, and the intricate passages and keys of the West Indies were better known to such outcasts of land and sea than to His Majesty's officers.'

'And they escaped?'

'Within a month from the time of our encounter, those vessels were caught in a furious West Indian tornado; were dismasted, and, after tossing about for days at the mercy of the storm, were wrecked on one of the islands, where most of their crew miserably perished in their efforts to swim through the surf. Their leader, however, and one or two more, managed to reach the shore alive, where the natives had come down to render what help they could; but, being immediately recognised, they were seized and hanged without mercy on the nearest tree.—There, madam! that is one of the experiences of a subaltern in the old days, and you will agree with me in thinking it by no means a pleasant one.'

'I do indeed,' replied I. 'But did you ever hear the name of the man who commanded those two vessels?'

'His name! Yes, of course. I used to know his name well enough once; but my memory is getting weak.—What on earth now was that scoundrel's name! Gossett? Gaston? Gaspard?—Yes, that's it! I think his name was Gaspard, as far as I can recollect; but I won't be certain. Gaspard! yes; that's the name, I believe.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ASTRONOMICAL and meteorological students are offered by Mr Warner of Rochester, New York State, U.S.A., two prizes of two hundred dollars each, to be competed for during the present year. The first is for the discovery of a new comet; and the second is for the best essay upon the Origin of the Gorgeous Sunsets which have been witnessed during the past eighteen months in various parts of the world, and which have been attributed by many to volcanic particles suspended in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Competitors for the first prize must communicate their discovery by telegram to Dr Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, before taking any one else into their confidence. The essays must also be sent to the same gentleman

not later than December 1. Each communication must have a distinguishing motto, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, also bearing that motto, and containing within it the name of the author.

A good imitation of celluloid may, according to a continental journal, be made from potato pulp. The mode of preparation is simple. Potatoes after being peeled are boiled for several hours in water containing eight per cent. of sulphuric acid. The resulting pasty mass is then deprived of its adherent moisture by pressure, and is afterwards moulded into any required form. It is said that good billiard balls can be made of this substance, and that pipe-bowls manufactured from it are difficult to distinguish from meerschaut.

Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed: 'Why, I declare it has done me good already.' The doctor humoured her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the *Philadelphia Medical News*, an hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood! but capped with metal, so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

A new brown gunpowder, called Cocoa Powder, has been tested by our military authorities. Its great recommendation is that when fired it gives little or no smoke. This would seem an apparently unimportant detail of field-service. But when we call to mind the incidents of General Grahame's victory at Tamasi—in the Soudan—last year, we shall be able to note its real importance. Upon that occasion, our men in their excitement fired their weapons prematurely, enveloping themselves in a veil of smoke, under cover of which the fearless Arabs broke the British square, and for a brief time were masters of the situation. This is but one instance out of many which might be adduced to show the inconvenience of smoke on the battlefield.

The work of widening the Suez Canal, which is now definitely decided upon, will, it is estimated, occupy two years; but the benefit of the alterations will make itself felt before their completion. The enlarged waterway will be capable of an almost indefinite amount of traffic, and this result may be said to be necessary; for calculation shows that the traffic has in the past doubled itself in five years; and there is every reason to believe that this rate of increase will continue in the future.

Some interesting particulars relating to the amount of colonial possessions possessed by different states have lately been published. Britain heads the list with sixty-five square miles of colony to each mile of her own area. Then follow—Holland, with fifty-four miles; Portugal, with twenty; Denmark, with six; and France, with not quite two miles of colonial land to each mile of mother-country. It is calculated

that the lands over which Britain holds sway exceed the great Russian empire by two hundred thousand square miles, and that they represent as nearly as possible one-sixth of the land area of the globe.

It has lately become quite a common occurrence to find rough pictorial illustrations inserted in daily and weekly newspapers which have heretofore depended upon the attractions of letterpress alone. It is not perhaps generally known that these cuts are produced automatically, without the help of the engraver in any stage of the process. There are now several different methods by which these interesting results can be achieved, most of them depending more or less upon photography. It has been arranged to hold an international competition of these automatic-engraving processes, and the specimens sent in will eventually form a part of the Exhibition at South Kensington. Full particulars can be obtained of Mr J. S. Hodson, the hon. secretary, at 20 High Holborn, London.

Our contemporary *Land and Water* has lately done a useful service in pointing out the fallacy of the widespread belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling-house is productive of damp walls and general unhealthiness. The very opposite of this is really the case. If any one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain, he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers, in drawing out any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a greatcoat, keeping the house from wet, and warm into the bargain. One more virtue it has, in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty.

The Cremation Society of England have issued circulars to the effect that they are now in a position to undertake the cremation of bodies at Woking in Surrey. The chief practical objection to this new-old method of disposing of the dead is that all traces of poison feloniously administered would be destroyed. This is sought to be guarded against by the rule of the Society, that two medical certificates as to the cause of death must be produced before they can consent to act. The cost of cremation is, as at present fixed, under twelve pounds sterling, which will compare favourably with the sums often paid for ordinary and, as a rule, needlessly expensive sepulture.

Several very efficient electric gas-lighters have for some time past been before the public. In one of these, a button is pressed, which sets in motion a vulcanite arrangement, thereby exciting frictional electricity, and causing a train of sparks to appear at the top of the instrument. These sparks will readily fire the gas. Another contrivance contains within it a bar of zinc and one of carbon together with an exciting fluid, which is only brought into contact with them when the instrument is inverted. Directly this occurs, a thin platinum wire becomes red hot, and the gas can be lighted. A modification of this latter arrangement is for

the purpose of detecting gas-escapes without the usual catastrophe. It consists of a similar platinum wire inclosed within a safety envelope of wire-gauze. When brought into a gaseous atmosphere, the temperature of the platinum is much increased, and a warning bell is set ringing.

Some experiments in ocean telegraphy are about to be tried in the Mediterranean, which, if successful, will have important and far-reaching applications. It has been suggested by a French officer of engineers that deep-sea cables could be furnished at certain intervals with branch lines leading to the surface of the water, and that these lines could be buoyed in such a manner that passing vessels could attach to them the necessary appliances for communicating with the shores. The present experiments are to be tried upon the cable between France and Algiers; but a more important field for the system would be on the broad Atlantic, where not only could ships send news of their own safety and of the well-being of ships they had spoken with, but storm warnings of the greatest value for weather forecasting could also be sent home. The result of the Mediterranean experiments will be looked for with great interest.

This year will see the completion of one of the greatest submarine engineering feats ever undertaken in Britain. The Severn tunnel was first begun by the Great Western Railway sixteen years ago, and the accomplishment of the great work has been delayed by difficulties which a few years back would have been thought insurmountable. Twice has an enormous volume of water flooded the works, through the accidental tapping of land springs; besides which, fissures in the rock were met with which let the tidal waters into the tunnel. The river is two and a quarter miles broad at the site of the works, but the tunnel itself is nearly double that length, in order to allow for the necessary gradient on either side, the crown of the tunnel being fifty feet below the deepest part of the river. The enterprise has cost considerably more than a million of money.

The stupendous task of printing the entire catalogue of books in the British Museum Library, numbering one million three hundred and fifty thousand printed books and fifty thousand manuscripts, has for some time been steadily progressing. The system in vogue up to a recent period was to write the names of the books with their reference numbers, &c., upon slips of paper, which were afterwards pasted into the catalogue volumes in alphabetical order. From two such volumes, which sufficed to describe the collection in 1787, the number had swelled to two thousand volumes in 1878. The number of printed volumes now amounts to seventy-four, and the importance of the reform will be recognised when we state that these seventy-four new volumes replace no fewer than two hundred and seventy-six of the far more cumbersome manuscript volumes. It may not be generally known that any subscriber of three pounds ten shillings annually can obtain copies of these catalogue volumes as they are issued, the present rate of issue being thirty each year. The government grant for this truly national work is only three thousand pounds per annum, and we are inclined to think that the most captious parliamentary critic would not raise an objection if this sum were considerably increased.

Those who have a desire to become students of geology, but who think that they are deterred from practical work by living in great cities with few opportunities of getting outside the region of bricks and mortar, would do well to pay attention to a lecture upon the Geology of the Metropolitan Streets, lately delivered by Mr Skertchly, F.G.S., at the London Institution. In speaking of the building-stones of the great city, he showed how formerly they were confined to easily worked limestones and sandstones. But of late years a great and welcome change has occurred, for architects have availed themselves of crystalline rocks—the many-coloured granites—and heretofore-plainness is gradually giving place to artistic erections. The student of geology may therefore now find many examples of interesting and picturesque rock-building material, whereas formerly, London and Waterloo bridges were the only examples of them to be found within the metropolitan area. The lecture was well illustrated both with large specimens and sections of rock, the structure of which was shown by means of the microscope.

According to all accounts, the roller-pulp machine invented by a Mr Pond is capable of very marvellous results. It will turn sawdust, shavings, chips, and any fragments of wood into all descriptions of paper, and this without the admixture of rags. It will also render available the stalks of sugar-cane, cotton, hemp, and other plants at the rate of two to three tons per day. A Vermont newspaper is entirely printed on paper made from sawdust treated by this machine, its tensile strength being such that it will stand a test of seventeen pounds to the square inch. Besides paper-manufacture, the wood-pulp can be moulded papier-mâché fashion into pails, barrels, and many other utensils. Even for railway carriage-wheels, prepared wood-pulp has been found serviceable; and if so, why should not the experiment be made of testing its efficacy for the rails themselves? Wooden sleepers, closely placed, have latterly enhanced the pleasure of a railway journey. The ease of transit, and possibly the safety, may by-and-by be secured by hardened pulp. The woods best adapted to the process are those of soft quality, such as fir, pine, poplar, &c.

'Australian System of reducing Iron Ores' is the title under which a process has been patented by Mr W. H. Harrison of Sydney, for dealing with the valuable native ores of New South Wales. Numerous attempts have been already made to manufacture iron and steel from them; but these have failed, it is said, because the experimenters have adhered too rigidly to British modes of working, without considering certain peculiarities in the Australian ores, which require special modes of treatment. Mr Harrison separates the impurities which form the chief difficulty by means of hydrogen, which carries off these impurities in a gaseous condition, leaving the pure metal behind. It has been said that this new process is likely to do for our Australian colonies what the Bessemer process has done for the mother-country. Whether this is an exaggeration or not will ere long be ascertained, for works on a large scale will presently be complete for working the process. If it be successful, the saving to the colony in the import of English ores will amount to a vast sum annually.

It seems astonishing that in these days of luxurious railway carriages, the comforts of which have been extended to the third-class passengers, a better system of heating than the cumbersome and uncomfortable foot-warmers has not invariably been introduced on the British lines. In Sweden, the waste steam is utilised—at very trifling expense and by simple appliances—to secure an equable heat in the coaches; but for some unknown reason, the railway directors in this country as a rule prefer the antiquated system of scorching the feet and leaving the rest of the body uncared for. Splendid speed is attained by our locomotives, which, for instance, bring London and Edinburgh within nine hours of each other. Why not utilise the engine's heating as well as her break-powers?

A paper lately read before the Society of Chemical Industry by Mr Redwood gave many interesting particulars of the Russian petroleum wells. Although it has been estimated that the area of oil-producing territory in Russia measures fourteen thousand square miles, the field at Baku is the only one worked, and this covers a space of three and a half square miles only. Its enormous output is said to be sufficient for the requirements of the whole world. Mr Redwood happened to be present when one of the wells was opened. He tells us that a mighty column of oil spouted up to the height of one hundred feet, carrying big stones with it, and that it continued gushing out until a huge lake of petroleum was formed. The product is refined on the spot by a process of distillation, the residue being used as fuel both for steamers on the Caspian and upon many of the Russian railways. The by-products of the distillation, such as naphthaline, benzole, &c., meet with some attention; but that branch of the manufacture is at present in its infancy. The oil-wells of America have always been considered remarkably productive, but they are certainly rivalled by those at Baku.

The Indian Rhea plant possesses such a tenacious fibre, that it was long ago pointed out that it would be of great value for various manufacturing purposes; but a difficulty stood in the way, because of there being no machine known by which the grower could produce from it a clean and unbroken fibre fit for market. Thereupon, as we formerly informed our readers, the Indian government offered a valuable prize to the inventor of the coveted machine. At the recent Calcutta Exhibition, nine machines were shown of more or less merit, but only one fulfilled all the conditions laid down by the authorities. This is called the Universal Fibre Cleaning Machine, and its main feature consists of an iron drum upon which several metal beaters are bolted. As it revolves, a jet of water releases the refuse loosened by the beaters, and also softens the gummy matter by which the fibres are bound together. The cost of the machine is small, and it can be driven by steam or by bullocks. It is anticipated that this invention will open up a new source of textile industry, and will be especially valuable in certain districts of India where the Rhea plant grows wild, and has been hitherto looked upon as cumbering the ground.

Visitors to the Health Exhibition last year may remember that there was to be found there an

Anthropological Laboratory, where, on payment of a small fee, any person could be measured, weighed, have his sight tested, his strength of pull recorded, his lung capacity measured, &c. The results in each case were tabulated upon a card and handed to the visitor. This laboratory was organised by Mr Frances Galton, who has done much other original work in the study of his fellow-beings. He has lately published the general results attained at this unique laboratory, and they are both curious and instructive. We learn, for instance, that the breathing capacity of men is much greater than of women. The average height of the two sexes was five feet eight inches and five feet three inches respectively. In keenness of sight, the ladies, we are not surprised to hear, were about equal to the sterner sex. We are disposed to think, in looking at these figures, that the average is placed too high, and for this reason: persons of good build and great strength would feel a natural pride in seeing their personal advantages recorded. But at the same time, undergrown, weakly men and women would shrink from exhibiting their shortcomings. In this way, may not Mr Galton have had the flowers of the flock from which to draw his conclusions?

Two famous aeronauts and engineers have lately died in France. The one was M. Giffard, the constructor of the famous captive balloon of 1878, the largest and most powerful aërostat ever made. He is, however, better known as the inventor of the famous steam-injector, which is now used all the world over for filling the boilers of engines with water. The other was M. Dupuy de Lôme, the engineer of the first French iron-clad, *La Gloire*. He was the prime mover of the balloon mail-service which was established in Paris at the time of the memorable siege.

In the Report for 1884 of the Council of the National Smoke Abatement Institution, many proofs are given that the labours of the Society have met with some success. Gas stoves let out by the gas Companies to private consumers have in many cases taken the place of coal-fires. Large quantities of bread are now baked in various districts without any smoke being produced. It appears that the recommendations in various quarters to use slow combustion stoves to reduce smoke from open grates have been made on erroneous data. The Council plead for an extension of the Metropolitan Smoke Act beyond its present boundaries, and also recommend a more stringent application of its provisions, now that in various trades the suppression of the smoke nuisance is merely a matter of care. We may state in this connection that it has been calculated, from the extra consumption of gas necessarily involved, that a single foggy day costs the consumers ten thousand pounds, to say nothing of its effect upon human life.

The Trawling Commissioners have presented their Report to the Home Secretary, and it is now issued in the form of a White-book, extending to over forty pages. It deals with the subject in a most exhaustive manner, as the following summary (for which we are indebted to the *Scotsman*) will show: The Commissioners find that in territorial waters from the Moray Firth to Grimsby there has been a falling-off of flat fish, and a decrease of haddocks in certain places;

that in offshore waters there has been no decrease in the total takes of fish in the North Sea, except in the case of soles; that the beam-trawl is not destructive to cod and haddock spawn, and there is no proof of injury to the spawn of herrings or other edible fish; that there is no wasteful or unnecessary destruction of immature food-fishes by the beam-trawl; that the number of fish on particular grounds, especially in narrow waters, may be sensibly diminished by the use of the beam-trawl; that the injury done by the beam-trawl to the food of fish is insignificant; that it has not been proved that the use of the beam-trawl is the sole cause of the diminution of fish in territorial waters; that in the absence of a proper system of fishery statistics and scientific observations, it was impossible to discover the causes of or measure the fluctuations of the fisheries; that much damage has been done to drift-nets and haddock lines, particularly by steam-trawlers; and that peculiar difficulties attend the recovery by fishermen of compensation under the Sea Fisheries Act, or of civil damages. The Commissioners make various recommendations suggested by the conclusions arrived at.

The question of the raising of the temperature of buildings lighted by gas or electricity has been cleverly determined at the Royal Theatre, Munich. It had been arranged that, before the commencement of the performance, the curtain should be raised and all the lamps should be allowed to burn for an hour. At the end of that time, observations on the temperature were taken at intervals of five minutes, simultaneously in the boxes, pit, and gallery. Again, the same observations were continued every ten minutes, after the audience had assembled and throughout the performance. By these experiments it was proved that the electric light—unlike its rival, gas—actually *diminished* the temperature, instead of adding to it. Instead of helping in the generation of carbonic acid gas, and thereby increasing the discomfort of public buildings, especially when filled by a large audience, the reverse appears to be the case; which, if really the case, must ultimately prove of immense advantage in theatres, music-rooms, churches, or other large structures; and this—to say nothing of the enormous superiority of the electric light—would alone give it a place as the most brilliant light in the world.

The great south window in Westminster Hall, which was seriously damaged by dynamite explosion on the 24th of February, was executed between the years 1847 and 1851, and opened the year of the first Great Exhibition. The artists were Messrs John Hardman & Co., and the subjects represented are the arms of all the kings and queens, and founders of reigning houses of England, from some time before the Conquest downwards. The drawings, which were prepared by Messrs Hardman nearly forty years ago with infinite care and labour, are all fortunately preserved, and will be employed by those gentlemen in the restoration of the portions of the window broken by the explosion, this work having been intrusted to that firm by the First Commissioner of Works. The panels of glass, which were much torn and twisted by the violence of the dynamite, are

nearly one hundred in number, and the damage otherwise was considerable.—A scientific contemporary has the following very interesting remarks on the curious effect of the action of the dynamite: 'The window in its present damaged state exhibits a remarkable and interesting evidence of the power of *suction* peculiar to dynamite in explosion. The panels of leaded glass, which are much distorted by the force of the explosion, are nearly without exception bulged *inwards*; whilst the plain diamond-shaped glazing, which formed an outer guard or protection to the stained glass, is bulged *outwards* at every point; but the inner window bears unmistakable evidence of a sudden and violent contraction of air immediately subsequent to the first expansion recorded by the state of the outer glass. It would seem that the same force would account for the fact of the two constables and Mr Green being found drawn into the hole which the explosion itself had made.'

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

CATS.

I HAVE always been very fond of cats, and like all our family we have been in the habit of making great pets of them. They are not, I think, as a general rule, troubled with special or peculiar antipathies, but it is certain that they are endowed with far more intelligence, sagacity, and affection, than most people give them credit for. My experience and observation, extending over many years, convince me that where cats are well treated, petted, and rightly understood, they are capable of great affection for persons individually, and not merely for places, as it is so much the fashion to allege. Many people have a great dislike to the whole race, speak ill of them, and attribute to them every bad and worthless trait. This I consider a great injustice to one of the most beautiful, graceful, and, when properly treated, affectionate of our household pets.

A beautiful and touching anecdote of personal affection in a cat for her playmate, a child, was related recently in the *Leisure Hour*, where the cat not only refused food when the child died, but, like the celebrated Edinburgh dog, Greyfriars Bobby, passed most of her time in the village churchyard sitting by the grave, and returning home regularly for food. Was the faithful animal aware that the child was lying beneath? And did she expect her return to earth? It would seem that some such thought must have possessed her, and that she therefore resolved to await the child's reappearance.

A splendid tabby Tom belonged to my late father-in-law, and was a great pet of his daughter (my wife) when living at home before her marriage. Tab was very fond of his mistress, always selecting her lap, when possible, for his moments of repose. He was so well trained and intelligent that he would follow her about the garden or the adjoining fields, and answer to his name exactly like a dog; and yet, with all his affection, he would not allow my wife to sing, or even hum. When she sang, he would jump up, lash his tail—an unmistakable sign of anger—utter short sharp 'mews,' whilst every movement of the animal betrayed extreme uneasiness and annoyance. If the singing did not cease, the

mews would be extended into a sort of howl or cry, and he would stand on his hind-legs and pat the lady's knee with his paw, as a gentle remonstrance; sometimes he would fling himself down at full length, and scratch with his claws at the carpet in the oddest manner. These performances were most amusing. But one day, I am sorry to say, he lost both his patience and his temper, and behaved in a manner highly discreditable to a well-bred and intelligent feline. He was asleep in my wife's lap when she began, quite thoughtlessly, to hum a melody. In a moment Tab was sitting erect in her lap, glaring fiercely up into her face and uttering little angry cries. Rather amused than otherwise, my wife continued her humming, when Tab suddenly sprang up and stuck his claws into both sides of her face, below each ear. Seizing his paws and throwing him sharply down, my wife ceased the music, when—all being silent—Tab looked up, evidently rather surprised at his rough treatment, whisked his tail about, and then, seeming to think better of it, instantly jumped into her lap again, and commenced purring a loud song of—let us hope—repentance for his bad conduct.

This is another and equally mysterious instance of musical antipathy, exhibited towards the singing of one person only; for I never heard that Tab showed the least dislike to the singing of any one else, or took any notice of music in general, whether vocal or instrumental; and in this he resembled the previously related cases of the dog Wag and the horse Jenny,* neither of which could endure the singing of one particular lady.

We possessed, at the old home in Surrey, when I was a lad, a remarkably fine white cat. From her great size and strength, Fairy was always supposed to be a 'Tom;' but she belonged to what in her case was undoubtedly the 'fair' sex. She was very sagacious and clever. She would sit up and beg, jump through the hands held high, and, what was perhaps most singular, she would keep up a conversation with you by regularly answering, with an odd sort of pretty little short mew, every time you spoke to her. Frequently, when sitting alone by the fire, with Fairy for a companion, she has afforded me great amusement by her conversational powers; and I confess I would often rather have passed an hour in her company than in that of many persons I have since known, who were chiefly remarkable either for the most overpowering capacity for talk, or else for none at all—a state of things equally boring and wearisome.

Fairy was celebrated for her great intelligence in many ways, as well as her strong affection for my mother, who always seemed to be her especial favourite. When she returned home, puss would come forward to welcome her, tail erect, and then turning, would walk before her into the house in the most stately manner, uttering some odd little mews, evidently expressing genuine pleasure. As soon as my mother sat down Fairy would settle herself in her lap, commence a loud song of satisfaction, and positively decline to be removed therefrom; for if she was put down, on one side, she would immediately jump up on the other with the most amusing perseverance.

But with all her affection and sagacity, Fairy

had a particular antipathy to whistling—not necessarily the whistling of a musical melody, but whistling of any sort, such as the calling of a dog, or otherwise. She had a great objection to a long, loud, sharp whistle; the longer and louder it was, the more annoyed and fidgety she would become. She would throw herself at full length on the carpet, then start up and look you full in the face, uttering the usual short mews or cries—evidently intended as a gentle hint or remonstrance against your whistling propensities. If the long sharp notes continued, she moved uneasily about the room, occasionally stopping short, looking straight at the whistler, and giving two or three little short mews, in the drollest manner possible, saying as plainly as an animal could: 'Why do you continue this stupid noise? Don't you see how very much it disturbs me? I wish you'd be quiet!'

One day I continued whistling loud and shrill notes, and poor Fairy got so annoyed, that after the usual exhibition of mewing and prostrations on the carpet, she suddenly jumped on my knee, and then standing on her hind-legs, repeatedly tapped my chin with her soft velvet paw. When I suddenly stopped, she looked intently into my face, gave a little jerky sort of mew, and then laid herself quietly down in my lap, satisfied, apparently, that I had stopped the peculiar sound which gave her so much annoyance.

'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.'

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all.
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall.
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall,
For 'might have been.'

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;
Sorrow for vanished hours, and yet—ah, yet—
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er 'might have been.'

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast fall,
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all,
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The 'might have been.'

KATIE M. LUCK.

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* See Nos. 6 and 37 (1884) of this Journal.

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FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

THE question of food and feeding is one of such importance that it well deserves the attention it is at present exciting; and whilst it affects all classes, it is of special importance to those whose limited incomes demand the full value for money expended. Yet it is just this class who, as matters now stand, have difficulty in procuring wholesome unadulterated food at a reasonable cost; for whatever may be said as to the advantages of the present state of trade and competition, it can hardly be asserted that the poor man reaps practical benefit therefrom; indeed, as a rule, really good food is beyond his reach; and it is rare for him to get—in large towns, at least—even his staple article of diet, bread, without more or less of adulteration.

As a consequence of the high price of food, the dietary of that very large class, the decent poor, has resolved itself into very narrow limits, and consists, mainly, of bread, potatoes, dried fish, and cheese, with highly adulterated beer and spirits; or tea made from 'siftings,' with or without watered milk. In many such families, the Sunday dinner of meat is looked forward to as the treat of the week, though, in nine cases out of ten, the meat will be of inferior quality and badly cooked. There is a fashion, indeed, amongst some writers and speakers, of crying down the extravagance of the poor, who in prosperous times are represented as wasting money which should be laid by for a 'rainy-day,' in the pleasures of the table, with a special leaning towards unseasonable delicacies. We do not deny the force of the complaint in regard to the artisan class, who greatly need such instruction in cookery as we referred to lately, by means of which, wholesome and inexpensive food may be made so tempting as to take the place of the present system of 'treats.'

But in respect to the class below the artisan, our experience points in an altogether different direction; though even were there truth in the statement, we doubt whether those who are so

quick to criticise would not be equally ready to vary such an extremely limited bill of fare, at those rare opportunities when money is fairly plentiful. That thousands of unskilled labourers and their families do live strictly within such limits, those who know anything of their life can testify; and the case of a poor woman is by no means exceptional, who, on being asked if she would like a basin of dripping to take home, responded eagerly: 'That I should; the childer's mighty fond of a bit of *grease* with their bread, and they don't often get it.'

'But,' objects the poor man's critic, 'why is not more use made of such things as peas, beans, and lentils, which are both cheap and nourishing?'

Undoubtedly they are, and equally they *can* be made appetising, but scarcely with the restrictions under which the labourer's wife has to set about her cooking. To begin with, the stock, dripping, or lard which the richer cook uses as a matter of course, are beyond her reach; and even the minor details of herbs, spices, or flavourings are not to be had for the asking. But, allowing that she could lay her hand upon such essentials to tempting dishes, there remains a difficulty so great as to be practically insurmountable. As houses for the poor now stand, it is only the inhabitant of the kitchen who is the possessor of a grate that will cook, or at least that was originally intended for that purpose. All the other lodgers—say from six to ten families—are without any sort of oven or boiler, and frequently without even a hob on which to rest a saucepan or kettle. In very many cases, the difficulty is increased by the bad state of repair of the apology for a grate; and the large percentage of smoky chimneys would astonish those who have not gone into the subject.

Now, under such circumstances, a thoroughly good and clever cook *might* manage the soups and stews, which, we are sometimes gravely assured, the French peasant can make out of 'nothing;' but it is certainly a feat of skill far beyond the average working-woman; and even

could she do it, it is an open question whether the constant smell incidental to cooking would not do more harm than good, when that cooking must of necessity be carried on in the one room where the whole family lives, eats, sleeps, and washes.

It must also be remembered that this is not merely a question of taste, involving no graver considerations than a limited selection of food. On the contrary, the matter of the palate is trivial, compared with the lack of nourishment such diet affords. In the country, as a rule, the labourer, however low his wages, has access to fresh vegetables, and has the means for securing home-made bread; but it is not the least amongst the evils of large towns that the poor are forced to live in such a way that the degenerate physical condition of the working classes is becoming proverbial; indeed, to our thinking, the only wonder is that, with our present system of bad lodging and bad feeding, we have not even a worse health-average. Nor is this an evil for which 'time' will provide a remedy, but rather may we expect each succeeding generation to be something less strong and vigorous; and not the most sanguine spirit would venture to affirm that our trade prospects are such that we can afford to look with indifference upon the prospect of an enfeebled race of workers.

Hitherto, there have been but few efforts to provide wholesome, well-cooked, nourishing food for the labouring man. Soup-kitchens, which do good work in their way, are mainly helpful to the destitute, whose case we are not considering. Coffee-stalls, cheap eating-houses and coffee-palaces, do something; but the former are very limited in accommodation and resources; and the latter have hardly had such capital and support as to give them a fair chance; and even when they succeed, the benefit is confined to the man himself, and does not include his family, which represents the next generation. It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we hail a comprehensive scheme for the establishment of public kitchens to supply the working-man and his family with food, wholesome, nourishing, well cooked, and at such a moderate cost as to bring it within the reach of the whole labouring population. The scheme is very ably and fully worked out in a small volume before us, entitled *Food for the Million*, by Captain M. P. Wolff (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.). From the preface, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, we find that the writer, Captain Wolff, in June 1883 read a pamphlet, at the request of the National Health Society, in which he dealt with an acknowledged blot in our social system. I allude to the bad food and altogether shocking and expensive cuisine of the poor. The remedy which he suggested was received with that cautious apathy which characterises the Englishman's treatment of everything out of the usual routine. Captain Wolff proposed to start public kitchens on an enormous scale. Ninety million fourpenny portions were to be issued annually from one hundred and fifty kitchens, situated in the poorest parts of London. Instead of the present ruinous plan pursued by the poor of buying raw material in small quantities, and then wasting half, and cooking the rest badly, the public kitchens would offer them small but adequate quantities of exquisitely cooked food, the raw materials of which had been purchased wholesale, and distributed

cheaply, because worked up in vast quantities at a time. The poor were to save thirty to fifty per cent. by the transaction, whilst those who invested their capital in the kitchens were to realise seventeen per cent. for their money. John Bull listened, shrugged his shoulders, said the German captain was sanguine, went home, and soon forgot all about Wolff and his public kitchens. And John Bull, who is not accustomed to connect fabulous interest with safe investment, may well be pardoned for thinking seventeen per cent. rather 'too good to be true.'

But Captain Wolff, fully believing in the truth of his own ideas, very wisely set to work to support his statements; and by careful collection of facts relating to cost of material and working expenses, has fully proved the feasibility of his scheme from a pecuniary point of view; and the impartial reader of his powerful arguments can hardly fail to be impressed with the desirability of a fair trial being given to a scheme, at once simple, complete, and advantageous.

The first and most important part of the work of these kitchens will naturally be the providing of dinners, which can either be eaten in the dining-hall, or taken away for home consumption. In the latter case, it is proposed to supply bivalved tin vessels from the size of one to four portions; these are to be exposed for sale at cost price; and there is to be a plentiful supply of hot-water taps for the filling of these vessels; thus the food will be kept hot, and the wasteful warming-up will be unnecessary. As to the amount of food in a 'portion,' Captain Wolff says: 'To satisfy a man's appetite, three-fifths of a quart of solid vegetables, such as peas, lentils, haricot beans; or four-fifths of the lighter kind, as potatoes, or potatoes with cabbages, or greens, or broad beans, or with carrots and turnips, will be sufficient; whilst a quarter of a pound (raw weight) of meat and edible fat, with gravy, or one-third of a pound of fish, might represent the lowest limit of intrinsic nutritious food which health requires, and the highest which can be supplied for the low price of fourpence a portion. But half-portions, of just one half the contents and the price of a full portion, should be offered as well. A little hungry male or female street arab, even should he or she have somehow or other scraped together the necessary penny, could scarcely swallow a full portion; not to mention the other fact, that they, as well as a good many men and women, would be prevented by want of means from getting a mouthful of hot and tasty food at all, unless half-portions were given.'

But the providing of dinners is not to be the only work of the kitchens. It is suggested that they should offer 'breakfasts and suppers on the premises, as well as for home consumption. How many thousands of tons of coal are yearly wasted during the summer alone. One penny for a large cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa ought to be the maximum charge. Bread, butter, cheese, sausages, cold ham, and such cold meat, or hot meat, with vegetables, as might have been left from the mid-day meal, and every kind of non-intoxicating drink, might equally be offered from six to eight a.m., and from six-thirty to nine p.m., all the year round.'

It is also proposed that lavatories should be

attached to each kitchen, with the entrance-fee of one halfpenny, and that part of the dining-hall could be reserved in an evening, as a sort of clubroom, for customers.

The subject of the bill of fare has an interesting chapter, showing what elements are necessary to the proper nutrition of the body, and how these may be obtained at the lowest possible cost. In view of the extremely small sums charged, this is an important consideration; and with great wisdom and moderation, the writer concludes his remarks thus: 'It cannot possibly be doubted that the introduction of public kitchens will soon be much appreciated. It nevertheless will destroy old time-honoured habits; and such a transition cannot be effected without a great deal of shaking heads, discussion, nay, even heart-burnings. I have also proposed a better mode of preparing vegetables, and this represents another shock to the palatal prejudices of the masses. I therefore do not believe that the public would be able to endure more at a time. For the full execution of the rational mode of nutrition, as shown above, requires the extensive use of peas, beans, and lentils in the form of pies or soups, as they represent, considering the price, the highest content of units of nutriment of all vegetables. But pulse is not at all liked in England, nor are soups.'

Without losing sight of the ideal end, that is, the gradual importation of this rational nutrition of the customers, by offering them, one day to come, such breakfasts and suppers as would be necessary for completing the 'units' given by the dinners up to the necessary total, the future Board of Directors ought at the beginning to content themselves with the first part of the task, as described above, leaving it to the customers' choice to enjoy, as heretofore, their tea or coffee with bread, butter, cheese, sausages, &c., as their fancy may induce them to do, in the morning and evening.

The formation of a working staff, with its Board of Directors, lady-superintendent, cook, kitchen-maids, &c., is carefully explained, and great stress is laid on the value of lady-helpers to assist at the mid-day meal. Giving his own experience on this point, the writer says: 'I secured in that little kitchen which I started in Germany with considerable success, the help of ladies for every week in turn, in order not only to look occasionally after the general working arrangements, but particularly to receive each day the empty, and return the filled vessels for home consumption at the kitchen window, and to hand the filled plates through another window to the customers in the dining-room. Thus they soon became acquainted with each face, as they themselves became known to the public. A kind look, an approving or pitying word, a little support to a helpless old woman or small child, soon established a sort of mutual regard and sympathetic feeling, not only between those two parties, meeting for so short a time, but towards the establishment itself likewise. Nor was I in any difficulty about finding such helpers; for those who had had only once the opportunity of seeing, after returning the filled vessel to some pale-faced, ragged, hungry-looking little boy, his eyes light up at the anticipation of his savoury meal, felt highly rewarded for such a two hours'

self-sacrifice, and were ever ready to offer their services again.'

There is much more on the same subject well worth reading; and we fully indorse the sentiment, that whilst, as a rule, 'man's manner of performing business bears a distinctly curt, strict, and exclusively rational character,' there is that in a true woman's nature which gives her the power of arousing the sympathy of others by the unaffected offering of her own.

Finding that his high figures were too startling to the uninitiated, Captain Wolff now suggests that a beginning might be made thus: 'A small number, say eight to ten sample kitchens, should be started in London under a well-chosen number of ladies and gentlemen of reputation. In these experimental establishments, the ground-plan of the kitchens and the adjoining rooms, the style of the business, the cooking, frying, and roasting apparatus, the best manner of preparing the food, the introduction of new dishes, the easiest way of issuing the portions, the method of keeping the accounts, &c., could be shown; and a staff of carefully chosen kitchen-directresses and head-cooks could be educated, and so well instructed as to be able to work independently and satisfactorily wherever there might be a demand for them.'

Once fairly started, Captain Wolff has no sort of doubt as to the success of the enterprise, the one obstacle at present being the want of funds sufficient to secure a firm basis; for without sufficient capital to buy in large quantities at wholesale prices, it would be impossible to provide nourishing food at the low figures named. Once at work, the affair would be more than self-supporting; but the poor for whose benefit it is to be undertaken lack funds to make a start; and to begin with less than sufficient capital would be to end in failure.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIV.

WARING went out with Constance when the sun got low in the skies. He took a much longer walk than was at all usual, and pointed out to her many points of view. The paths that ran among the olive woods, the little terraces which cut up the sides of the hills, the cool gray foliage and gnarled trunks, the clumps of flowers—garden flowers in England, but here as wild, and rather more common than blades of grass—delighted her; and her talk delighted him. He had not gone so far for months; nor had he, he thought, for years found the time go so fast. It was very different from Frances' mild attempts at conversation. 'Do you think, papa? Do you remember, papa?'—so many references to events so trifling, and her little talk about Tasie's plans and Mrs Gaunt's news. Constance took him boldly into her life and told him what was going on in the world. Ah, the world! that was the only world. He had said in his bitterness, again and again, that Society was as limited as any village, and duchesses curiously like washer-women; but when he found himself once more on the edge of that great tumult of existence,

he was like the old war-horse that neighs at the sound of the battle. He began to ask her questions about the people he had known. He had always been a shy, proud man, and had never thrown himself into the stream; but still there had been people who had known him and liked him, or whom he had liked; and gradually he awakened into animation and pleasure.

When they met the old general taking his stroll, too, before dinner, that leathern old Indian was dazzled by the bright creature, who walked along between them, almost as tall as the two men, with her graceful careless step and independent ways, not deferring to them, as the other ladies did, but leading the conversation. Even General Gaunt began to think whether there was any one whom he could speak of, any one he had known, whom, perhaps, this young exponent of Society might know. She knew everybody. Even princes and princesses had no mystery for her. She told them what everybody said, with an air of knowing better than everybody, which in her meant no conceit or presumption, as in other young persons. Constance was quite unconscious of the possibility of being thus judged. She was not self-conscious at all. She was pleased to bring out her news for the advantage of the seniors. Frances was none the wiser when her sister told her the change that had come over the Grandmaisons, or how Lord Sunbury's marriage had been brought about, and why people now had altered their houses for the Row. Frances listened; but she had never heard about Lord Sunbury's marriage, nor why it should shock the elegant public. But the gentlemen remembered his father; or they knew how young men commit themselves without intending it. It is not to be supposed that there was anything at all *risqué* in Constance's talk. She touched, indeed, upon the edge of scandals which had been in the newspapers, and therefore were known even to people in the Riviera; but she did it with the most absolute innocence, either not knowing or not understanding the evil. 'I believe there was something wrong, but I don't know what—mamma would never tell me,' she said. Her conversation was like a very light graceful edition of a Society paper—not then begun to be—with all the nastiness and almost all the malice left out. But not quite all; there was enough to be piquant. 'I am afraid I am a little ill-natured; but I don't like that man,' she would say now and then. When she said, 'I don't like that woman,' the gentlemen laughed. She was conscious of having a little success, and she was pleased too. Frances perhaps might be a better housekeeper; but Constance could not but think that in the equally important work of amusing papa she would be more successful than Frances. It was not much of a triumph, perhaps, for a girl who had known so many; but yet it was the only one as yet possible in the position in which she now was.

'I suppose it is settled that Frances is to go?' she said, as General Gaunt took the way to his bungalow, and she and her father turned towards home.

'She seems to have settled it for herself,' he said.

'I am always repeating she is so like mamma—

that is exactly what mamma would have done. They are very positive. You and I, papa, are not positive at all.'

'I think, my dear, that coming off as you did by yourself, was very positive indeed—and the first step in the universal turning upside down which has ensued.'

'I hope you are not sorry I came?'

'No, Constance. I am very glad to have you. And this was quite true, although he had said to Frances something that sounded very different. Both things were true—both that he wished she had never left her mother; that he wished she might return to her mother, and leave Frances with him as of old; and that he was very glad to have her here.

'If I were to go back, would not everything settle down just as it was before?'

Then he thought of what Frances, taught by the keenness of a personal experience, had said to him a few hours ago. 'No,' he said; 'nothing can ever be as it was before. We never can go back to what has been, whether the event that has changed it has been happy or sad.'

'Oh, surely sometimes,' said Constance. 'That is a dreadful way to talk of anything so trifling as my visit. It could not make any real difference, because all the facts are just the same as they were before.'

To this he made no reply. She had no way, thanks to Frances, of finding out how different the position was. And she went on, after a pause: 'Have you settled how she is to go?'

'I have not even thought of that.'

'But, papa, you must think of it. She cannot go unless you manage it for her. Markham heard of those people coming, and that made it quite easy for me. If Markham were here'—

'Heaven forbid.'

'I have always heard you were prejudiced about Markham. I don't think he is very safe myself. I have warned Frances, whatever she does, not to let herself get into his hands.'

'Frances in Markham's hands! That is a thing I could not permit for a moment. Your mother may have a right to Frances' society, but none to throw her into the companionship of'—

'Her brother, papa.'

'Her brother! Her step-brother, if you please—which I think scarcely a relationship at all.'

Waring's prejudices, when they were roused, were strong. His daughter looked up in amazement at his sudden passion, the frown on his face, and the fire in his eye.

'You forget that I have been brought up with Markham,' she said. 'He is *my* brother; and he is a very good brother. There is nothing he will not do for me. I only warned Frances because—because she is different; because'—

'Because—she is a girl who ought not to breathe the same air with a young reprobate—a young'—

'Papa! You are mistaken. I don't know what Markham may have been; but he is not a reprobate. It was because Frances does not understand chaff, you know. She would think he was in earnest, and he is never in earnest. She would take him seriously, and nobody takes him seriously. But if you think he is bad, there is nobody who thinks that. He is not bad; he only has ways of thinking'—

'Which I hope my daughters will never share,' said Waring with a little formality.

Constance raised her head as if to speak, but then stopped, giving him a look which said more than words, and added no more.

In the meantime, Frances had been left alone. She had directed her letter, and left it to be posted. That step was taken, and could no more be thought over. She was glad to have a little of her time to herself, which once had been all to herself. She did not like as yet to broach the subject of her departure to Mariuccia; but she thought it all over very anxiously, trying to find some way which would take the burden of the household off the shoulders of Constance, who was not used to it. She thought the best thing to do would be to write out a series of *menus*, which Mariuccia might suggest to Constance, or carry out upon her own responsibility, whichever was most practicable; and she resolved that various little offices might be turned over to Domenico without interfering with her father's comfort. All these arrangements, though she turned them over very soberly in her mind, had a bewildering, dizzying effect upon her. She thought that it was as if she were going to die. When she went away out of the narrow inclosure of this world, which she knew, it would be to something so entirely strange to her that it would feel like another life. It would be as if she had died. She would not know anything; the surroundings, the companions, the habits, all would be strange. She would have to leave utterly behind her everything she had ever known. The thought was not melancholy, as is in almost all cases the thought of leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;' it made her heart swell and rise with an anticipation which was full of excitement and pleasure, but which at the same time had the effect of making her brain swim.

She could not make to herself any picture of the world to which she was going. It would be softer, finer, more luxurious than anything she knew; but that was all. Of her mother, she did try to form some idea. She was acquainted only with mothers who were old. Mrs Durant, who wore a cap, encircling her face, and tied under her chin; and Mrs Gaunt, who had grandchildren who were as old as Frances. Her own mother could not be like either of these; but still she would be old, more or less, would wrap herself up when she went out, would have gray, or even perhaps white hair (which Frances liked in an old lady: Mrs Durant wore a front, and Mrs Gaunt was suspected of dyeing her hair), and would not care to move about more than she could help. She would go out 'into Society' beautifully dressed with lace and jewels; and Frances grew more dizzy than ever, trying to imagine herself standing behind this magnificent old figure, like a maid of honour behind a queen. But it was difficult to imagine the details of a picture so completely vague. There was a general sense of splendour and novelty, a vague expectation of something delightful, which it was beyond her power to realise, but no more.

She had roused herself from the vague excitement of these dreams, which were very absorbing, though there was so little solidity in them, with a sudden fear that she was losing all the afternoon,

and that it was time to prepare for dinner. She went to the corner of the loggia which commanded the road, to look out for Constance and her father. The road swept along below the Punto, leading to the town; and a smaller path traversing the little height, climbed upward to the platform on which the Palazzo stood. Frances did not at first remark, as in general every villager does, an unfamiliar figure making its way up this path. Her father and sister were not visible, and it was for them she was looking. Presently, however, her eye was caught by the stranger, no doubt an English tourist, with a glass in his eye—a little man, with a soft gray felt hat, which, when he lifted his head to inspect the irregular structure of the old town, gave him something the air of a moving mushroom. His movements were somewhat irregular, as his eyes were fixed upon the walls, and did not serve to guide his feet, which stumbled continually on the inequalities of the path. His progress began to amuse her, as he came nearer, his head raised, his eyes fixed upon the buildings before him, his person executing a series of undulations like a ship in a storm. He climbed up at last to the height, and coming up to some women who were seated on the stone bench opposite to Frances on the loggia, began to ask them for instructions as to how he was to go.

The little scene amused Frances. The women were knitting, with a little cluster of children about them, scrambling upon the bench or on the dusty pathway at their feet. The stranger took off his big hat and addressed them with few words and many gestures. She heard *casa* and *Inglese*, but nothing else that was comprehensible. The women did their best to understand, and replied volubly. But here the little tourist evidently could not follow. He was like so many tourist visitors, capable of asking his question, but incapable of understanding the answer given him. Then there arose a shrill little tempest of laughter, in which he joined, and of which Frances herself could not resist the contagion. Perhaps a faint echo from the loggia caught the ear of one of the women, who knew her well, and who immediately pointed her out to the stranger. The little man turned round and made a few steps towards the Palazzo. He took off the mushroom top of gray felt, and presented to her an ugly, little, vivacious countenance. 'I beg you ten thousand pardons,' he said; 'but if you speak English, as I understand them to say, will you be so very kind as to direct me to the house of Mr Waring?—Ah, I am sure you are both English and kind! They tell me he lives near here.'

Frances looked down from her height demurely, suppressing the too-ready laugh, to listen to this queer little man; but his question took her very much by surprise. Another stranger asking for Mr Waring! But oh, so very different a one from Constance—an odd, little, ugly man, looking up at her in a curious one-sided attitude, with his glass in his eye. 'He lives here,' she said.

'What? Where?' He had replaced his mushroom on his head, and he cocked up towards her one ear, the ear upon the opposite side to the eye which wore the glass.

'Here!' cried Frances, pointing to the house, with a laugh which she could not restrain.

The stranger raised his eyebrows so much and so suddenly that his glass fell. 'Oh!' he cried—but the biggest O, round as the O of Giotto, as the Italians say. He paused there some time, looking at her, his mouth retaining the shape of that exclamation; and then he cast an investigating glance along the wall, and asked: 'How am I to get in?'

'Nunziata, show the gentleman the door,' cried Frances to one of the women on the bench. She lingered a moment, to look again down the road for her father. It was true that nothing could be so wonderful as what had already happened; but it seemed that surprises were not yet over. Would this be some one else who had known him, who was arriving full of the tale that had been told, and was a mystery no longer, some 'old friend' like Mr Mannering, who would not be satisfied without betraying the harmless hermit, whom some chance had led him to discover? There was some bitterness in Frances' thoughts. She had not remembered the Mannerings before, in the rush of other things to think of. The fat ruddy couple, so commonplace and so comfortable! Was it all their doing? Were they to blame for everything? for the conclusion of one existence, and the beginning of another? She went in to the drawing-room and sat down there, to be ready to receive the visitor. He could not be so important—that was impossible; there could be no new mystery to record.

When the door opened and Domenico solemnly ushered in the stranger, Frances, although her thoughts were not gay, could scarcely help laughing again. He carried his big gray mushroom top now in his hand; and the little round head which had been covered with it seemed incomplete without that thatch. Frances felt herself looking from the head to the hat with a ludicrous sense of this incompleteness. He had a small head, thinly covered with light hair, which seemed to grow in tufts like grass. His eyes twinkled keen, two very bright gray eyes, from the puckers of eyelids which looked old, as if he had got them second hand. There was a worn and wrinkled look about him altogether, carried out in his dress, and even in his boots, which suggested the same idea. An old man who looked young, or a young man who looked old. She could not make out which he was. He did not bow and hesitate, and announce himself as a friend of her father's, as she expected him to do, but came up to her briskly with a quick step, but a shuffle in his gait.

'I suppose I must introduce myself,' he said; 'though it is odd that we should need an introduction to each other, you and I.—After the first moment, I should have known you anywhere. You are quite like my mother.—Frances, isn't it? And I'm Markham, of course, you know.'

'Markham!' cried Frances. She had thought she could never be surprised again, after all that had happened. But she felt herself more astonished than ever now.

'Yes, Markham. You think I am not much to look at, I can see. I am not generally admired at the first glance.—Shake hands, Frances.—You don't quite feel like giving me a kiss, I suppose, at the first offset? Never mind. We shall be very good friends, after a while.'

He sat down, drawing a chair close to her. 'I am very glad to find you by yourself. I like the looks of you.—Where is Con? Taken possession of the governor, and left you alone to keep house, I should suppose?'

'Constance has gone out to walk with papa. I had several things to do.'

'I have not the least doubt of it. That would be the usual distribution of labour, if you remained together.—Fan, my mother has sent me to fetch you home.'

Frances drew a little farther away. She gave him a look of vague alarm. The familiarity of the address troubled her. But when she looked at him again, her gravity gave way. He was such a queer, such a very queer little man.

'You may laugh if you like, my dear,' he said. 'I am used to it. Providence—always the best judge, no doubt—has not given me an awe-inspiring countenance. It is hard upon my mother, who is a pretty woman. But I accept the position, for my part.—This is a charming place. You have got a number of nice things. And those little sketches are very tolerable. Who did them?—You?—Waring, so far as I remember, used to draw very well himself. I am glad you draw; it will give you a little occupation.—I like the looks of you, though I don't think you admire me.'

'Indeed,' said Frances, troubled, 'it is because I am so much surprised. Are you really—are you sure you are?'

He gave a little chuckle, which made her start—an odd, comical, single note of laughter, very cordial and very droll, like the little man himself.

'I've got a servant with me,' he said, 'down at the hotel, who knows that I go by the name of Markham when I'm at home. I don't know if that will satisfy you. But Con, to be sure, knows me, which will be better. You don't hear any voice of nature saying within your breast, "This is my long-lost brother?"—That's a pity. But by-and-by, you'll see, we'll be very good friends.'

'Oh, I didn't mean that I had any doubt. It is so great a surprise—one thing after another.'

'Now, answer me one question: Did you know anything about your family before Con came?—Ah,' he said, catching her alarmed and wondering glance, 'I thought not. I have always said so:—he never told you. And it has all burst upon you in a moment, you poor little thing. But you needn't be afraid of us. My mother has her faults; but she is a nice woman. You will like her. And I am very queer to look at, and many people think I have a screw loose. But I'm not bad to live with.—Have you settled it with the governor? Has he made many objections? He and I never drew well together. Perhaps you know?'

'He does not speak as if—he liked you. But I don't know anything. I have not been told—much. Please don't ask me things,' Frances cried.

'No, I will not. On the contrary, I'll tell you everything. Con probably would put a spoke in my wheel too. My dear little Fan, don't mind any of them. Give me your little hand. I am neither bad nor good. I am very much what people make me. I am nasty with

the nasty sometimes—more shame to me, and disagreeable with the disagreeable. But I am innocent with the innocent,' he said with some earnestness; 'and that is what you are, unless my eyes deceive me. You need not be afraid of me.'

'I am not afraid,' said Frances, looking at him. Then she added, after a pause: 'Not of you, nor of any one. I have never met any bad people. I don't believe any one would do me harm.'

'Nor I,' he said with a little fervour, patting her hand with his own. 'All the same,' he added, after a moment, 'it is perhaps wise not to give them the chance. So I've come to fetch you home.'

Frances, as she became accustomed to this remarkable new member of her family, began immediately, after her fashion, to think of the material necessities of the case. She could not start with him at once on the journey; and in the meantime where should she put him? The most natural thing seemed to be to withdraw again from the blue room, and take the little one behind, which looked out on the court. That would do, and no one need be any the wiser. She said with a little hesitation: 'I must go now and see about your room.'

'Room!' he cried. 'O no; there's no occasion for a room. I wouldn't trouble you for the world. I have got rooms at the hotel. I'll not stay even, since daddy's out, to meet him. You can tell him I'm here, and what I came for. If he wants to see me, he can look me up. I am very glad I have seen you. I'll write to the mother to-night to say you're quite satisfactory, and a credit to all your belongings; and I'll come to-morrow to see Con; and in the meantime, Fan, you must settle when you are to come; for it is an awkward time for a man to be loafing about here.'

He got up as he spoke, and stooping, gave her a serious brotherly kiss upon her forehead. 'I hope you and I will be very great friends,' he said.

And then he was gone! Was he a dream only, an imagination? But he was not the sort of figure that imagination produces. No dream-man could ever be so comical to behold, could ever wear a coat so curiously wrinkled, or those boots, in the curves of which the dust lay as in the inequalities of the dry and much-frequented road.

INSIDE A CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

ST CUTHBERT'S, USHAW.

EVERY one knows the stories of the wanderings of the bones of Joseph and of St Cuthbert—how the former found rest at last by Shechem, where a Mohammedan mosque marks the place; and how the many troublous journeyings of the dead body of the latter saint ended on the lovely banks of the Wear, and how over his tomb arose the sombre aisles of Durham Cathedral. This is perhaps the most finely situated of all our great churches; the river, with its richly wooded banks, bending in a graceful curve round the acclivity on which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the university, reminding the

traveller who is fortunate to see it with a background of moonlit clouds, of a Heidelberg made more massive and more mightily towering into the heavens.

When the Abbey Church of St Cuthbert and its attached monasteries were lost to the Roman Church at the Reformation, a general proscription being levelled against all such institutions, two difficulties faced the adherents of the traditional creed—how to find priests to administer the consolations of religion, and how to educate their children in their own faith. When things grew desperate under Elizabeth, they were driven to the expedient of establishing an English ecclesiastical seminary at Douay, on the borders of French Flanders, whither English Catholic nobles sent their sons, and whence missionary priests were brought, with many risks, and often courting danger, throughout the turmoils of the next two hundred years. Once they had to move the college to Rheims, owing to troubles in the near Netherlands; and frequent scares disturbed their platonic peace. But it was not till England, after the French Revolution, interfered by proclaiming war against the young Republic, that in the chaos of affairs they were dispersed at the potent bidding of Robespierre, their property confiscated, their rooms pillaged by a *ca ira* roaring mob, their buildings turned into barracks, their professors and students outrageously insulted, and as many of them as could not contrive to escape, imprisoned for two years, and subjected to perpetual ill-treatment at the hands of the myrmidons of the tricolor. When deliverance came, the survivors returned to English shores, resolved to rear within their happier native land a training-college for their ministers; and after many a futile project, St Cuthbert's College was founded, forming the nucleus of the present pile at Ushaw, and dedicated to the saint whose name it bears. And this college is to-day the sole lineal descendant of the Anglo-French Institution which gave to the world the Douay Bible.

The present extensive series of buildings stands on a bleak high moor, exposed to every wind that blows across Weardale and from the pineclad hillsides of the Browney valley. Wolves once ravened there, and Wolf's Bank—'Ulf-shaw'—has come down to modern ears as 'Ushaw.' By a severer metamorphosis, Philistine lips have converted the monastic 'Beau-re-père' that lies in the valley below into 'Bear Park.' Fifteen hundred acres, mostly of pasturage, surround the central suite of halls and chapels. This large estate has slowly grown by the accretion of bequests and purchases. The principal chapel is being enlarged just now; but despite its temporary disuse, there is no lack of opportunity for ritual exercise, for before each of the eight altars within the precincts mass is celebrated every morning. The Museum is the present substitute for the church; and four times daily, between six A.M. and ten P.M., the whole of the inmates assemble for public worship, which is impressively rendered by their ample array of priests actual and priests potential, and their

posse of choristers and clerical assistants. Under the care of twenty Father-professors, there are three hundred students, about half of whom are destined to become priests.

It is interesting to contrast the course of study which pertains at Ushaw with that pursued at our Protestant theological colleges. For the most part, the future priest is captured while still young and all unaware of the high calling which is being provided for him by his seniors and betters. At the age of eight or ten years he is entered in Ushaw or in Stonyhurst, and the course of fourteen years is begun. The main pabulum of his days and nights for some time to come is Latin; and it is the exaggerated attention that is paid to that language which gave humorous point to the slips of the Tichborne claimant. He was alleged to have endured the thorough curriculum of Stonyhurst, and was hopelessly floored by the initial legend that appears on all documents of English Catholic colleges—A.M.D.G. ('Ad majorem Dei gloriam').

As a matter of daily fact, the dead Latin language has been made alive again in the cloisters of Ushaw; and the sooner a boy can learn to think in Roman fashion, to revert and introvert his thought-material as did his ecclesiastical forefathers of the Catacombs, the speedier will be his rise through the strangely named grades whose christening took place at old Douay. He will begin as a 'rudiment'—such is the official name for the homunculous possibility of a 'divine' just fresh to hand; then, fortune blowing out his sails, he will pass through the second embryonic stage of 'low figures,' and after shine as a 'high figure.' The 'grammarians' will welcome him next, and the 'syntaxians' receive him into their Lindley-Murray-ish midst. All this time, young Excelsior has been taking off his hat at intervals to stand uncovered whenever he addressed his seniors; but in the next grade he himself will come to some shadow of authority, and inherit a responsibility towards his juniors. The 'poets,' 'rhetoricians,' and 'philosophers' are the three sonorous graduations that tower in increasing majesty in the upper school, so that it may be a second visitor's fate, as it was mine, to hear one youth, calm with transparent modesty, proclaim his poet-hood; while another, equally guiltless of a beard—or the sacerdotal beard-privative—remarks to your astonished ears, 'I am a philosopher.' But above and beyond even these, there towers a higher Alp, where the 'divines' roam all wrapt in super-philosophic garb, and intent on gaining that keen insight into human nature which is held to characterise the Roman priesthood. 'Beyond the divines, there is and can be no higher class,' said a 'high figure' to me, himself awed into tremulousness of expression in describing their august doings. The 'divines' have a theological course of three years, exclusively devoted to divinity; but some dioceses demand still another year of special practical preparation. They preach in the college chapel on Sundays; and I regret to say that their popularity with their fellow-students is inversely proportionate to the length of their prelections, the studential endurance lasting generally a bare quarter of an hour.

The name of Ushaw is well known on the lists of the London University, its alumni often taking

high honours, especially in classics. They labour under severe penalties in science, for, despite their possession of an almost perfect scientific museum and chemical laboratory, the subjects are very inefficiently worked, and the students have no chance of distinguishing themselves. In mental and moral science, too, they are severely handicapped by being obliged to take a course of the orthodox Roman text-book of Sanseverino, an Italian prelate, at the same time that Mill and Bain demand their attention. The result is a mental fog, which is little conducive to success in the stiff metaphysical examinations of Burlington House. The passage from Sanseverino to Bain requires such a somersault, that intellectual dislocation is the likeliest thing to ensue.

The games that engage whatever daylight is left over after subtracting eight hours of study, together with meal-times and the protracted 'chapels,' are very strange to English eyes, and quite unique to the institution, being archaisms handed down from ante-Revolution days. They are almost all played with a kind of battledore, which is specially made on the premises—a cross between a hockey-stick and a tennis-bat; and these clubs are in requisition throughout the whole calendar of the playground, winter and summer. 'Cat'—so named because fourteen (quatorze) players are necessary—hand-ball, trap-in-the-ring, and rackets, are all played with this singular instrument; and the balls that are used are compounded by the boys themselves of wet worsted, hemp, and pitch covered with sheepskin. Their football is governed by a table of rules so recondite that the mysteries of Rugby and Association are comparatively lucid beside them. The half-holiday arrangement is for Tuesdays and Thursdays, by which system the week is more evenly split than when the Sunday rest succeeds immediately to the half-holiday of Saturday. Bishops and popes can, and do, win an easy popularity by granting additional holiday indulgences from time to time; and on all these holidays, the students may wander at will over the countryside in companies of three; and the 'black-coated dragons,' with the inevitable walking-sticks, may be seen on a fine day scouring every wood and exploring every colliery village within walking distance. By a happy arrangement, long expeditions are rendered possible by the possession by the college of three country-houses, which serve as rendezvous and refreshment stations.

For indoor diversion, chief must be reckoned billiards and music. There are several billiard-rooms; and the two bands, string and brass, give entertainments on high-days. Dramatic representations take place in the theatre, and the students enter with great zest into these periodical festivities. The only drawback is that the celibate authorities absolutely forbid the impersonation of female characters, a rule which sometimes lands the actors in strange straits. Portia ceases to assume the robes of masculinity, and becomes a veritable young doctor of the law yclept Portio; Lady Macbeth figures as the swaggering brother of her husband; and poor Shakspeare is bowdlerised to fit that! *Patience* is played without *Patience*, and the *Cloches de Corneville* without the *belles*. To my query, whether *Romeo and Juliet* had yet been attempted on the same plan, I received the serious answer, 'Not yet,' delivered

with the utmost *sang-froid*. *Blue Beard* is a great favourite, the playbills describing it as a 'melodrama by the Rev. Francis Wilkinson, D.D. ;' and *Speculation* is a farce by Cardinal Wiseman. The most ambitious flight of the last-named prelate, however, is reserved for *The Hidden Gem*, which was played at a college jubilee a few years ago ; but its theological nuances and polemical tone will probably limit its success to the circles wherein Catholic mystery plays without plot or passion can command attention.

There is a prefect of discipline, whose unenviable office compels him to execute the Draconian decrees of the professors ; but it is reassuring to hear that, although the régime is very strict, 'maiden' sessions are to him of frequent occurrence. Some Protestant visitors once innocently inquired for the dungeons, and were intensely chagrined at not realising what they had anticipated as the great sight of the place. But many strangers are attracted by the pictures of Domenichino, Rembrandt, and Canaletti, as well as by the exquisite statuary and the multitude of sacred relics. The library is very fine, with a catalogue 'in preparation'—as are most collegiate catalogues—of thirty thousand volumes ; and it delights the Protestant heart to see that there is not the strict *cordon sanitaire* which we have been led to believe encircled Catholic libraries so as effectually to exclude the literature of Protestantism. The books of the great heresiarchs lie side by side with the most ultramontane of treatises that was ever permitted by the papal censor ; and if the books wrangle, at least their discussions are inaudible.

To those who have spent a night at the Hospice of St Bernard, there is something of reminiscence suggested by the moor-surrounded college of St Cuthbert. The sense of loneliness that comes to one among so many gowned ecclesiastics, with the perpetual ringing of 'the church-going bell ;' the endless images of Virgin and saint, always saluted, the sacred pictures, and the odour of incense, are all the same ; while the famous hospitality of the votaries of St Bernard cannot be more heartily rendered than are the good offices of entertainment by the genial authorities of St Cuthbert's.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

A STORY OF AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the walls of the substantial and convenient, but withal elegant residence called Hop Villa, situated in the pleasant county of Surrey, within one hour of London Bridge terminus, the advent of Christmas-tide was being looked forward to with more than the usual joyful anticipation. It may be as well to state at once that the cause of the enhanced interest taken in the approach of the season fatal to turkeys, and beneficial to doctors, by the family of Samuel Dobson, Esq., the eminent brewer, was the drama—nothing less. Yes ; there was to be given an amateur theatrical performance on a 'scale of completeness never before attempted'

(vide playbills), in the large back drawing-room of Hop Villa on Christmas Eve.

The originator and chief promoter of the intended Thespian revels, which were being pushed forward with an extraordinary amount of zeal and energy, was Mr Samuel Dobson, Junior—popularly and curtly known amongst his intimate acquaintances as 'Sam'—the eldest son and hope of 'old Dobson,' as the wealthy proprietor of Hop Villa was invariably and irreverently styled behind his back. The young gentleman possessed very strong dramatic proclivities, and was looked upon by his many associates as an almost infallible authority on any matter pertaining to the stage and its surroundings. It was an undisputed fact that he was on the most intimate terms with several 'pros'—as he familiarly dubbed the holders of 'the mirror up to nature'—and it was even darkly hinted that on more than one occasion Master Sam had 'assisted' at cosy tripe suppers provided by the jovial host of a tavern much affected by certain of the histrionic lights of the day. It was, therefore, no great matter of surprise for Samuel's friends to learn that the young dramatic enthusiast was 'going in for' a regular theatrical outburst at Christmas-tide.

Sam had experienced some difficulty in obtaining 'the gov'nor's' consent to the wished-for project. On several previous anniversaries of old Father Christmas, Dobson *père* had flatly withheld his coveted acquiescence in any such nonsense, as he uncompromisingly termed his son's desire. Yet, although the old gentleman had, until the period of our story, always put his veto on the private-theatrical scheme being carried out in his house, it was not because he was in any way prejudiced against the stage. Decidedly, such was not the case. In his youth and earlier manhood, Mr Dobson had been a regular frequenter at the particular temple of the drama which he usually affected, and like the Danish Prince, believed 'the play' to be 'the thing'—'in its proper place,' as he added. His real ground of objection—and not an unreasonable one—was, 'to having the house turned upside down and inside out, in order that a number of stage-struck young people might be enabled to make themselves ridiculous.'

'No, Samuel,' Mr Dobson had always emphatically said, 'I will not give my consent to the theatrical idea ; but I don't mind sanctioning a milder form of amusement—say singing and recitations.'

This proffered concession on his father's part had always been 'declined with thanks' by Samuel, who expressed no little contempt for what he called those milk-and-watery affairs.

It was thus, therefore, how matters with regard to the amateur drama had stood at Hop Villa until the particular Christmas with which our story has to do.

And now at last Sam's fondest desires were about to be realised. 'The gov'nor had caved in,' as he informed his associates in idiomatic

English, with a gleeful chuckle; but at the same time he did not think it worth while to mention the little fact that he had recently found a strong ally in the annual warfare against his father's prejudice. Such, however, was the actual truth, and Mr Frederick Delancy, Sam's recently acquired colleague, had indeed rendered signal service to the young aspirant to managerial honours and responsibilities. His father had indeed found it very difficult to withstand the insinuating address and skilful sharpshooting of this Mr Delancy, supported as he was by the heavy artillery of his son's pleading; so eventually the old gentleman beat a retreat, and gave the long-coveted permission for an amateur theatrical entertainment—a real theatrical entertainment—to be given at Hop Villa.

Mr Delancy, some few weeks before the date of the opening of our tale, had been introduced to the family at Hop Villa by Mr Dobson himself. The opulent brewer had formed his acquaintance at one or other of the numerous resorts in the City devoted to the recuperation of exhausted nature. Who Mr Delancy was, or where he came from, or what were his antecedents, no one seemed to have inquired into; nor apparently did they ever give the subject the slightest consideration. He was gentlemanly in appearance, possessed of good looks, and extremely engaging in his manners. He met his business responsibilities punctually, and had, more than once, proved himself far from being a tyro in matters commercial—a sure passport to the good opinion of the majority of City men. It is true that the office which he occupied was not so very much larger than a good-sized packing-case, and the furniture contained in it was meagrely represented by the proverbial stool, and desk on which reposed the regulation blotting-pad. But the absence of elaborate fittings rather added to than diminished Mr Delancy's reputation: colossal fortunes had undoubtedly been made in counting-houses with no greater pretensions. And so it came about that a chance acquaintanceship struck up between Mr Dobson and Mr Frederick Delancy gradually ripened into a closer intimacy, and almost every Saturday to Monday saw the good-looking man, who was 'something in the City,' a welcome guest at the hospitable country abode of the substantial brewer and maltster.

The family at Hop Villa—by the way, so called to commemorate a lucky 'hit' in the bitter, but useful, plant fostered by Mr Dobson—consisted of—besides the father, who was a widower, and son, already introduced—a middle-aged sister of the former, who was one of the 'vinegary' sort, and who, strange to say, was the only one who did not take readily to Mr Delancy. There were also the two Misses Dobson—Aurelia, an interesting brunette, and Blanche, a pretty blonde, aged twenty-two and eighteen respectively. The young ladies were, as may be easily understood, by no means displeased to have so *distinguished*—looking a *parti* as their papa's new friend added to their Saturday afternoons' lawn-tennis tournaments, when the weather permitted—to say nothing of the satisfaction they enjoyed when they 'trotted out'—as Sam slangily put it—their visitor to church on the Sunday mornings of his very frequent visits.

Permission to get up the dramatic performance once obtained, the next important piece of business was the selection of the play. This was by no means an easy task, and provoked a good deal of discussion, and occasionally was the means of the stirring up of no little feeling amongst the various aspirants to 'good parts.' Eventually, however, that whilom favourite piece of amateurs, the comedy of *Still Waters Run Deep*, was decided upon, as being the most likely to come within the range of the various resources of those who were to interpret it; the scenery, &c., being of a simple nature. Also, another good reason for fixing upon this particular play was that Mr Delancy had previously appeared more than once in the important rôle of Captain Hawksley, and was therefore well up in the entire business of the play. Then came the distribution, amongst the embryo Irvings and Ellen Terrys, of the various parts or characters in the play. To Sam was assigned the delineation of the hero, the cool John Mildmay; and his elder sister was intrusted with the very great responsibility of representing Mrs Sternhold, the leading female character. The youthful Blanche was to impersonate the rather limp and insipid Mrs Mildmay; and old Potter fell to the share of an aspiring youthful acquaintance of Sam's, named Newgrange, who felt sure the simulation of the manner of doddering old idiots was his forte. As for the remaining minor personages of the play, Sam undertook to find adequate representatives, who, however, would not be required until the final rehearsals.

After a few days' studying of the words, or what the professionals term 'cackle,' preliminary rehearsals of the principal characters were called by the unanimously elected stage-manager, Mr Delancy; and this gentleman now found it necessary to 'run down' to the villa at more frequent intervals than the regulation Saturday to Monday. As the chief of the dramatic corps, he was extremely painstaking with the members comprising it, and ruled the histrionic aspirants under his charge with a quiet and courteous, yet firm authority which gained him much esteem. It need scarcely be said that to the ladies he devoted the closest attention. To Aurelia, who had to depict the troubles and embarrassment of Mr Potter's sister, but who had never had the opportunity of seeing the character portrayed by either professional or amateur, his 'coaching' was invaluable and much appreciated. In fact, it was becoming quite *en évidence* to those who went about with their eyes unclosed, that the fair Aurelia was surely developing a feeling towards the fascinating delineator of the scheming Hawksley which threatened to be something more than a girl's admiration for the gentleman's versatile talent, or a mere liking for his pleasant society.

'Depend upon it, me boy,' whispered the youth—in his own estimation a knowing one—who was labouring under the weighty part of Dumbilk, to his companion Newgrange, whose mission, as already stated, was to be the delineator of the imbecile old Potter, as they watched the effective scene—known professionally as the 'lamp scene'—between Captain Hawksley and Mrs Sternhold—'depend upon it, the little Dobson is hit; it won't be her fault if she isn't hit hard too.'

'Shouldn't wonder if you ain't about right,' languidly acquiesced the 'old man.' And no one knew better than the astute 'captain' himself that he was making a most decided impression upon the susceptible heart of the eldest daughter of the House of Dobson; and be certain, too, that he did not allow the slightest opportunity to escape him of making still further advances towards endeavouring to secure the young lady's enhanced opinion of his own personal merits.

The sharp eyes also of the young ladies' aunt had not failed to observe that her elder niece was unmistakably much impressed and attracted by her brother's handsome and gentlemanly new acquaintance; and being naturally of a suspicious turn of mind, she immediately 'sniffed' designs, on the part of the agreeable visitor, upon her niece's 'expectations,' which were considerable. The good old lady, however, thought fit to keep her ideas on the subject within her maiden breast; for, as she said—and not without good cause—to herself, 'it would be quite useless mentioning my impressions to Samuel—at present at anyrate; he is as much infatuated with his new "catch" as all the rest of them. However, we shall see. It is not often I am wrong; and I do not think the unfavourable impression, which I cannot help entertaining, of this Mr Delancy will be dispelled by any future action on his part.'

The concluding full rehearsals now became more frequent as the night fixed for the actual performance of the comedy drew nearer; and they undoubtedly proved to be a great source of enjoyment both to the persons immediately concerned, and those select few who were privileged to be present on the important occasions. And there exists but little doubt that a vast amount of innocent amusement, not to mention a goodly number of hearty laughs, may be got out of the many mistakes made by a party of amateurs—probably finding themselves all together for the first time—doing their honest utmost to follow successfully in the practised footsteps of the professional actor. 'Mr Potter,' for instance, was a continual cause of anxiety to the stage-manager by his pertinacity in trying practically to convince his *confères* that his proper position on the stage was immediately in front of the fireplace, he with his back to it, and hands behind him playing with his coat-tails; and at the same time, every now and then giving forth a nervous, sharp little cough, as though he had got a small fishbone stuck in his throat, and was using his best endeavours to dislodge the irritating substance. The young aspirant, too, who had been 'cast' for the small part of Dunbilk would persist in indulging in the most outrageous Irish brogue, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mr Delancy, and indeed of all concerned.

'My dear young friend,' said Captain Hawksley, 'you don't suppose I should be such an ass as to elevate a "hod-carrying" Paddy to the proud position of assisting me to float grand schemes for the benefit of the investing public? Scarcely likely, eh? Well, then, do, for goodness' sake, tone down the "shure;" and I really fail to discern the word "badad" in the author's text; so kindly forget to use it.' And in this easy, bantering manner the tactical Delancy succeeded in

keeping well in hand those of his little company who needed to be set right in their ideas of the characters allotted to them. The ladies framed admirably, and after two or three rehearsals, went through the business of the scenes, and moved about the miniature stage with such easy grace and freedom that would have led one to suppose they had been very much in the habit of playing at actresses, instead of the present occasion being really their first essay. As for Master Sam, he bade fair to become a formidable rival to the best professional representative of the character of John Mildmay known on the modern stage. And so matters proceeded pretty smoothly on the whole, and the theatrical undertaking at Hop Villa promised to be a great success.

In the meanwhile, as hinted at previously, Mr Delancy had not allowed his chances of winning the smiles of the fair Aurelia to go by without turning them to the utmost account. Endless opportunities for indulging in the dangerous pastime of flirtation present themselves during the getting up of an amateur theatrical performance; and any fond couple desirous of enacting the leading parts in the 'old, old story,' need not despair of finding full scope for following their inclination. And so it happened with Aurelia Dobson and Frederick Delancy. Constantly thrown together, as they perforce were, whilst conning over their parts, there was little wonder that an inexperienced and withal somewhat romantically inclined girl, as Aurelia was, should become seriously taken with so clever and accomplished a man of the world as the gentleman who was so painstaking and patient with his interesting pupil. Yes, Mr Newgrange was not far out in his judgment when he expressed an opinion to his friend, in his own peculiar phraseology, that the elder Miss Dobson was in a fair way to lose her heart to the insinuating impersonator of Captain Hawksley.

On one occasion, Delancy had been more tender in his manner than usual towards the susceptible young lady, and the conversation indulged in by the pair of as yet undeclared lovers was straying dangerously beyond the pale of conventionality.

'It must be nice to have wealth,' observed Mr Delancy.

'Oh, but to *know* that one possesses the true affection of a noble heart,' sighed his fair companion, 'must be a far worthier gratification.'

'Ah,' rejoined Delancy, modulating his really musical voice as he so well knew how, 'for want of that wealth which you speak so lightly of, Miss Dobson—Aurelia—how many a noble heart has been prevented from pouring out its impassioned prayer to the shrine it worships at. I am a poor man.'

'But I am rich—that is, I shall be, Fred—Mr Delancy; impulsively exclaimed Aurelia, looking up at the object of her adoration with ill-concealed fervour; and then, it probably dawning upon her that she had exceeded the proprieties just a little, the now confused girl turned her head in the direction in which her aunt was seen approaching, and started off to obey an imaginary summons from that (on this occasion) opportune old lady.

When Mr Delancy found himself that evening in the privacy of his own room, he repeated

aloud the words, 'But I am rich—that is, I shall be,' which Aurelia had so ingenuously uttered, and the repeating of them seemed to give him peculiar and intense satisfaction.

DOG-WHIPPERS AND SLUGGARD-WAKERS.

ABOUT three years ago, we gave a paper (No. 954, April 8, 1882) on this subject under the heading of 'Keeping Order in Church,' to which we now propose to add a few particulars which have since come under our notice.

In one of his Injunctions of 1552, Archbishop Holgate of York ordered that 'the vergers do attend choir in divine-service time for the expulsion of beggars, other light persons, and dogs forth of the church.' That this practice prevailed at least two years earlier is proved by the churchwarden's accounts at Louth, in Lincolnshire, to which we previously referred. The office of Dog-whipper is referred to in Lodge and Green's *Looking-glass for London and England*—a curious work, published in 1594—in these words: 'A gentleman! good sir; I remember you well, and all your progenitors. Your father bore office in our town. An honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one on working-days, and then he kept the town stage; and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped the dogs out of the church. Methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard, rat's colour, half-black, half-white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose autem glorificans, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Coppersmith's Hall for a monument.'

Whether old Scarlett—see *Book of Days*, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17—the well-known sexton of Peterborough, discharged the duties of dog-whipper in addition to that of sexton, we are unable to state with any degree of certainty. In his portrait on the west wall of the cathedral he is, however, depicted as wearing a whip in his belt; but he may have required it to drive off the juveniles during the discharge of his duties as sexton. The painting also shows that famous man with five keys in his hand, which may indicate that he also discharged the duties of apparitor in addition to that of sexton, so that old Scarlett may have been one of the first dog-whippers in this country. He died in 1591, at the age of ninety-eight.

We gather from the parish accounts that the dog-whipper at Bray, in Berkshire, was provided with 'a jerkin,' to indicate his official position, at a cost of six shillings and fourpence. The same individual appears to have whipped not only dogs but rogues out of the church; and was at a later date furnished with a surplice and a coat, which cost ten shillings. The item paid to Richard Turner for whipping 'the dogs out of the church' at Morton, in Derbyshire, in 1622, was one shilling.

It has been affirmed that the Puritans introduced dogs in the church in order to show their contempt for consecrated places. Whether this were so or not, the presence of dogs became, in the larger churches, such a nuisance, that an

official, called the dog-whipper or dog-'knapper,' was specially appointed to drive dogs from the sacred edifice, the office having previously been held by the sexton or apparitor, as a rule. The close railing about the altars was first introduced about this period, so that the sacrarium and the holy table might be protected from desecration and pollution by these quadrupeds. In the books of Goosnargh, near Preston, Lancashire, under date April 10, 1705, we find that the sexton had to 'whip the dogs out' of the church 'every Lord's day,' in addition to other duties.

The remuneration of dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers varied according to circumstances—from ninepence a year to seven shillings. On his appointment to the office of sexton at St Mary's Church, Reading, in 1571, John Marshall 'undertook to have the church swept, the mats beaten, the windows cleaned, and all things done necessary to the good and cleanly keeping of the church and the quiet of divine service, for the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, paid annually.' The dog-whipper at Great Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, received one shilling in 1652 for the discharge of his duties in respect to the canine race for three months. Nearly a century later, in 1736, the salary of thirteen shillings was received, in addition to a new coat every other year, by one George Grimshaw for his manifold services in Prestwich Church in waking sleepers, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet, and the pulpit and church walks clean. The sexton at Barton-on-Humber formerly received 'four shillings and fourpence by the year from the churchwardens for dog-whipping;' so we gather from an undated 'Survey' relating to the vicarage. In 1764 there was paid to one James Warrington the sum of three shillings and fourpence 'for waking the church.'

In Northorpe Church, a 'Hall-dog pew' was formerly set apart for the use of that portion of the canine race which were favoured with homes at Northorpe Hall. It is the only one which has come to our knowledge; but there was probably similar accommodation provided for the dogs of the gentry in other parts of the country.

In admonishing young people, the author of *A Choice Drop of Seraphic Lore*, said: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God; but bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely do not consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation with their noise and clamour. Be thou careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent.' At this time, a footman was often seen 'following his lady to church with a large Common Prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other.'

The Rev. William Paul, D.D., minister of Banchory-Devenick, in his entertaining reminiscences of seventy years, published in 1881, under the title of *Past and Present Aberdeenshire*, affirms that many years ago ministers in Scotland 'were much annoyed by dogs, which were allowed by their owners to follow them to church. In consequence of the disturbance and distraction thus created during divine service, it was part of the beadle's duty to put dogs out. For this purpose

in some parishes he kept an instrument called "a clip," of the construction of a blacksmith's tongs, and having long wooden handles with a joint near the point, by which, without injury to himself, he could lay hold of the intruding animal and drag him out. These instruments were not in use in my time; but the late minister of Durris told me, continues Dr Paul, 'that one of his friends being annoyed by a dog during the delivery of his sermon, and being unable to bear it any longer, said to his beadle: "Peter, man, canna ye put out that dug?" "Na," said Peter; "he winna gang oot, sir." "Canna ye clip him, then?" said the minister. "Na, sir," said Peter; "I canna dee't; he's a terrible surly-like beast, an' I'm feart at him."'

Mr Grant, the predecessor of Dr Paul's friend, the late worthy minister of Methlick, was at one period of his ministry much annoyed by dogs during divine service in the church, and had found clip and beadle and much scolding of the congregation alike ineffectual for ridding him of the annoyance. On one occasion he found an unexpected ally who did him good service. He was preaching with great animation and vigour as usual, when a large black dog came stepping up the passage with great formality, moving his long tail from side to side, and sniffing at the entrance of every seat, in order to find out his master. As bad luck for him would have it, he stopped at one of the seats where a rough, half-witted-looking fellow was sitting with his chin leaning upon a stick, which he clasped with both his hands. The fellow, thinking that the dog was stopping in order to bite, gave him a smart blow upon the nose, and down fell the dog stunned at his feet. On seeing this, the minister was greatly delighted, and having halted, said to the man with great emphasis: 'Thank you for that, sir,' and then proceeded with his discourse.

Early in the present century, the minister of Old Meldrum, named Harry Likely, was a very eccentric character. One day when preaching, he suddenly paused, and said to the beadle: 'Tammas, put out that dog there that's lyin' in the pass; he's like to gar me laugh, gashin' an' gnappin' there at the fleas. Put him out, man, an' dinna miss a thud o' him till ye hae him bye Nether Fowlie's door; and haste ye back to the worship.'

Dr John Brown, a dear friend of dogs, relates the story of the first dog he ever owned. It was rescued from drowning by his brother, and was a remarkable dog, 'without one good feature, except his teeth and eyes and his bark.' It was named 'Toby.' 'Toby was usually nowhere to be seen on my father leaving,' writes his genial biographer; 'he, however, saw him, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side, like a detective; and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company.' Dr Brown's father was a clergyman, and one Sunday, Toby had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. 'The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the church, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked

somewhat abashed; but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice; and not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease, when he beheld his friend, the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet, and invisible to all but himself. Had he sent old George, the minister's man, to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George.'

When Her Majesty attended Crathie Church for the first time, the clergyman was followed up the pulpit stairs by a large dog, which reclined against the door during the delivery of the sermon. The minister in attendance on the Queen remonstrated with the clergyman. On the next Sabbath day the dog was not at church. A day or two afterwards, whilst dining at Balmoral, the clergyman was asked by Her Majesty to explain the cause of absence of the animal from church. He explained that he had been informed that the dog's presence had annoyed the Queen. 'Not at all,' was the royal response; 'pray, let him come as usual. I wish everybody behaved as well at church as your noble dog.'

A clergyman from Edinburgh officiating at a country kirk, could not comprehend why the congregation kept their seats when he rose to pronounce the benediction, instead of standing up, as was then the custom in Scotland. Seeing his embarrassment, the precentor, who had guessed its cause, called out: 'Say awa', sir, say awa'; it's joost to cheat the dowgs!'

We have only dealt with the subject as far as it relates to Great Britain; but the necessity for appointing dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers has existed across the Atlantic, and elsewhere. Here are instances: As a clergyman in Connecticut was reading one of the Lessons for the day, he noticed a surly-looking dog frisking along the aisle, evidently in search of something upon which he might exercise his mischievous bent. Soon he secured a hat which was placed outside one of the pews. The owner seeing this, and objecting to this unceremonious proceeding with his chapeau, poked him with a cane, hoping thereby that he might regain his headgear. The cur was disoblighing. The sexton soon appeared on the scene. The dog then beat a hasty retreat with his prize. Some of the congregation joined in the chase; but after cleverly dodging his pursuers for some time, the dog reached the door, carrying off with him what remained of the gentleman's hat.

During his visit to Sarna, Du Chaillu tells us in his *Midnight Sun* that on ascending the pulpit he 'saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather, the whole reminding me of a martinet. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers; the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at one end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to

keep the church awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now, pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing for a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.*

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead, and copper were also used at an early period; after which, the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree; but this being too coarse, the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans *liber*, the Latin word for book; and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called *volumen*, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats, and asses were the next materials used; and so nicely were they prepared, that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was a hundred and twenty feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment, skins smoothed and polished by pumice-stone; to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum, gold and silver letters were stamped with hot-metal types. Some of these productions are very beautiful, requiring much time and labour to prepare and complete them; and the more carefully they are examined, the more do we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed.

The papyrus, an Egyptian plant, a kind of rush, was the next substance that came into operation; hence the word *paper*. In addition to its value for writing, a sweet nutritive juice was extracted from the pith, the harder portions were made into cups and staves, and the fibrous parts into clothes, ropes, and wick for lamps. The paper was made by placing on a table layers of the plant, saturating them with water, and pressing them closely together; then they were dried, beat with a mallet, stretched, polished with a shell, and cut into various sizes. This process of manufacturing the papyrus commenced about two hundred years before the Christian era, and was continued with improvements till the ninth century, when cotton paper was made in China or Persia—for opinion as to this is divided. But there is no doubt that in the tenth century this cotton paper was generally used for writing

purposes, and continued to be so till the close of the thirteenth, when it was superseded by paper made from linen rags. The inventor and the exact date of the invention have not been clearly ascertained; but there is no book of linen paper extant earlier than 1380. Towards the close of the century, paper-mills were erected in several places of the continent, though it does not appear that any paper was made in England till 1588—the maker being a German, and the place Dartford in Kent.

Such were the materials employed for the transmission of knowledge previous to the invention of the art of printing, and we shall now notice some of the tools and instruments used for writing during the same period.

The chisel was employed for inscribing on stone, wood, and metal. It was so sharpened as to suit the material operated on, and was dexterously handled by these early artists. The *style*, a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, ivory, or bone, was used for writing on wax-tablets. The *style* was unsuitable for holding a fluid, hence a species of reed was employed for writing on parchment. These styles and reeds were carefully kept in cases, and the writers had a sponge, knife, and pumice-stone, compasses for measuring, scissors for cutting, a punchon to point out the beginning and the end of each line, a rule to draw and divide the lines into columns, a glass containing sand, and another with writing fluid. These were the chief implements used for centuries to register facts and events.

Reeds continued to be used till the eighth century, though quills were known in the middle of the seventh. The earliest author who uses the word *penna* for a writing-pen is Isidorus, who lived in that century; and towards the end of it, a Latin sonnet 'To a Pen' was written by an Anglo-Saxon. But though quills were known at this period, they came into general use very slowly; for in 1433, a present of a bundle of quills was sent from Venice by a monk with a letter, in which he says: 'Show this bundle to Brother Nicolas, that he may choose a quill.'

The only other material to which we would refer is ink, the composition and colours of which were various; the black was made of burnt ivory and the liquor of the cuttle-fish. We are not prepared to say what other ingredient was used or how it was manufactured; but these ancient manuscripts prove that the ink was of a superior description. Red, purple, silver, and gold inks were also used. The red was made from vermilion and carmine, the purple from the murex; and the manufacture of these, especially the gold and silver varieties, was an extensive and lucrative business.

From the above statements, it is obvious that the obstacles to the transmission of knowledge in the early and middle ages in respect of materials were very great. Blocks of stone, planks of wood, plates of brass or lead, were too heavy and cumbersome to circulate; and even after better materials were used, such as parchment and the papyrus, the difficulties were considerable. But the discovery and production of paper gave a mighty impetus to the diffusion of knowledge. Copyists sprang up in great numbers, and found remunerative employment. That we may form some idea of the extent of business

* In many outlying Scottish parish churches, the shepherd is still attended at service by his faithful collie.—Ed.

carried on, it may be stated that libraries containing thousands of volumes were collected in several places, and that in the thirteenth century there were in Paris alone more than six thousand persons engaged in copying and illuminating manuscripts.

But numerous though copyists and books were, the hindrances to the diffusion of knowledge were still very great. The copies were few, after all, compared with the demand; and the cost of transcription enormous, considering the value of money and the rate of wages. As illustrations of this, it may be noticed that in 1274 a Bible sold for fifty marks—thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence. The price of wheat was three shillings and fourpence a quarter, a labourer's wage three-halfpence a day, a harvestman's twopence. So that the value of the Bible sold for fifty marks was equal to the value of two hundred quarters of wheat, or the pay of four thousand harvesters for one day. In 1429, a copy of Wicliffe's New Testament was four marks and forty pence—two pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence. In 1433, the sum of sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, which was chained in the library of the Gray Friars. The price of wheat at that time was five shillings and fourpence the quarter, the wages of a ploughman a penny a day, and of a stone-cutter fourpence. This being the state of things, it was only rich persons who could purchase books and procure libraries, and therefore the information diffused was of a very limited description. But the invention of printing removed these serious impediments, opened up the greatest facilities for the spread of literature, so that now books are so cheap and so numerous as to be within the reach and the purchase of the poorest of the population. It might be wished that the boon were more generally prized, for in the midst of much knowledge there is also much ignorance. It is encouraging and cheering, however, to know that books are being more valued, and the taste for reading becoming greater every day.

'COOPERING' IN THE NORTH SEA.

THE system of 'coopering' in the North Sea has recently been brought into some prominence. The North Sea fishermen in pursuing their calling are exposed to many dangers, and it is only just that, where practicable, steps should be taken to minimise those dangers as much as possible. It is a notorious fact that for some years past the coopers have been carrying on an extensive and increasing trade in the North Sea, particularly among the flotillas of boats engaged in the herring-fishery, and it is to be regretted that their trade is productive of so much evil. The coopers' vessels are generally fitted up in a most elaborate manner, and trade principally in spirits of various kinds, perfumed waters, and tobacco, all of which articles have a ready sale among fishermen. The spirits are of such a vile nature that a very small quantity has a maddening effect, and the other articles are also of an inferior quality. They may be purchased from the

coopers at a considerably lower rate than articles of the same denomination on shore, owing to the inferiority of the articles, and also to the fact that a heavy duty is levied upon like goods purchased ashore. With such facilities for obtaining these luxuries, it is not to be wondered at that the fishermen should take advantage of the opportunity, and frequently reduce themselves to a state of stupefaction by indulging in the liquor purchased from the coopers. Recently, the Board of Trade have held several inquiries into the conduct of smack-masters, who, it has been alleged, have been rendered incapable of performing the duties of their office owing to an excessive indulgence in the coopers' spirits. The evidence adduced at these inquiries has disclosed a disgraceful state of affairs, and proves conclusively the necessity of taking immediate action in the matter for the better protection of life and property at sea.

It frequently happens that quarrels arise on board the fishing-boats amongst those who have partaken of the drugged spirits, and these sometimes result in injury to one or more members of the crew. Should a drunken brawl occur on shore, the presence of a policeman is generally sufficient to quell it; but at sea, where the police are not available, the fishermen are placed at a disadvantage; and consequently, the quarrels arising there cannot be so easily decided. When drunkenness exists on board a vessel, improper navigation must ensue, thus placing life and property at a great risk; but now that the Board of Trade can deal with the certificates of defaulting smacksmen, it is to be hoped that greater care will be exercised by those in charge of vessels.

The coopers not only seek money in payment for the goods vended by them, but they are willing to exchange for any of the vessels' belongings. This is a temptation to the fishermen which ought not to be allowed to exist, as it is detrimental to the interests both of the fishermen and of the smack-owners themselves, seeing that the latter are frequently not made cognisant of the dealings of the men at sea. The usual mode of obtaining the goods is for intending purchasers to go from their vessel in the small boat and board the cooper, there purchasing the articles required. This is often attended with great danger, particularly if the occupants of the boat should indulge too freely whilst on board the so-called 'floating grog-shop.' The seizures of contraband goods made from time to time on board the fishing-craft point to another attendant evil of the system of coopering. The fishermen are no doubt induced to purchase the goods hoping thereby to add a few shillings to the otherwise small revenue arising from their usual employment, provided, of course, that they should escape detection. On several recent occasions, however, fishermen with large quantities of the coopers' tobacco in their possession have been detected on shore, and have been brought before the magistrates and heavily fined. This should prove a warning to others who may be tempted to invest in the coopers' stores in the hope of making a little profit by getting the goods ashore.

EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS IN JAPAN.

THE Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan for 1884 contains (says *Nature*) a paper, by Professor Milne, on three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes observed during two years in North Japan. To determine the extent of country over which an earthquake was felt, he distributed bundles of postcards to the government officials at all important towns within a distance of one hundred miles of Tokio, with a request that every week one of the cards should be posted with a note of any earthquakes that might have occurred. By this expedient it was discovered that the Hakme Mountains, to the south of the Tokio plain, appeared to stop every shock coming from the north; and accordingly the barrier of postcards was stopped in that direction, but was extended gradually to the north until it included the forty-five principal towns in the main island to the north of Tokio, besides several places in Yezo. In Tokio, observations as to direction, velocity, and intensity were made with various earthquake instruments. A description of the principal instruments used, with a comparison of their relative merits, has already been given by Professor Milne in vol. iv. of the Transactions of the Society. The second part of the paper is devoted to a list of the three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes recorded, with particulars of each; one hundred and twenty-four maps of earthquake districts, as well as numerous other illustrations, are appended.

The results of an exhaustive study of these earthquakes may be summed up as follows: (1) As to distribution in space: of the three hundred and eighty-seven shocks, two hundred and fifty-four were local, that is, they were not felt over an area greater than fifty square miles; one hundred and ninety-eight of these were confined to the seaboard; and fifty-six were inland. The average diameter of the land surface over which the remaining one hundred and thirty-three extended was about forty-five miles, but four or five of them embraced a land area of about forty-four thousand square miles. These great shocks originated far out at sea, and consequently were not so alarming in their character as many which originated nearer to or beneath the land. (2) Simultaneous shocks: some of the disturbances took place at areas remote from each other, whilst intermediate stations did not record them. (3) Origins of earthquakes: the general result under this head is that the greater number of earthquakes felt in Northern Japan originated beneath the ocean, eighty-four per cent. of the whole having so originated. The district which is most shaken is the flat alluvial plain around Tokio. Indeed, the large number of earthquakes felt in low ground as compared with the small number felt in the mountains is very remarkable. It is also noticeable that in the immediate vicinity of active or recent volcanoes seismic activity has been small. The map marking the general distribution of volcanoes and the regions of the greatest seismic activity shows that these are not directly related to each other. The district, too, where earthquakes are the most numerous is one of recent and rapid elevation, and it slopes down steeply beneath an ocean which, at one hundred

and twenty miles from the coast, has a depth of about two thousand fathoms; whilst on the other side of the country, where earthquakes are comparatively rare, at the same distance from the shore the depth is only about one hundred and twenty fathoms. In these respects the seismic regions of Japan resemble those of South America, where the earthquakes also originate beneath a deep ocean, at the foot of a steep slope, on the upper parts of which there are numerous volcanic vents; whilst on the side of this ridge opposite to the ocean earthquakes are rare. (4) Relation of earthquakes to various natural phenomena: the preponderance of shocks in winter, as revealed by this investigation, is really remarkable; two hundred and seventy-eight took place in the winter months, as against one hundred and nine in the summer; and of the former number, one hundred and ninety-five, or more than half of the whole number for the two years, took place in the three coldest months of the year—namely, January, February, and March; in other words, there is a general coincidence between the maximum of earthquakes and the minimum of temperatures. But the relation of seismic intensity (as distinct from the number of earthquakes) is even more remarkable, for the figures show that the winter intensity is nearly three and a half times as great as the summer intensity. M. Perrey thought he discovered a maximum of earthquakes for the moon's perigee, but no such maximum has been found for Japan. Speaking generally, no marked coincidence was found in the present instance in the occurrence of earthquakes and the phases of the moon.

The above are the general results, stated briefly, of the most exhaustive and remarkable study yet undertaken in the domain of seismology.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, good-bye. The words are said;
We part as strangers part,
And each must turn aside the head,
And still the throbbing heart.
Good-bye, good-bye. No words of love,
Only this bitter pain—
That we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye. For deep and wide,
Across our pathway lies
The cruel gulf of wealth and pride,
In which Love faints and dies.
Though hearts may break, no tears must fall;
Bright smiles must hide our pain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye; and this is all.
Still onward flows Life's stream;
The past we neither dare recall—
'Twas but an idle dream.
For Love is lying cold and dead.
He touched our hearts in vain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

ROSIE CHURCHILL.

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POPULAR APPLICATIONS OF PROPER NAMES.

IN this age of universal research, it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the benefits to be derived from the study of philology. The fact that this pursuit opens to us boundless stores of historic truth is now universally recognised, and voluminous works of verbal criticism point out the derivations and meanings of the words, which are the stones, so to speak, in the mighty fabric of language. We would, however, briefly venture to call the attention of our readers to a class of words in our own language which is particularly interesting, as containing memorials of nations, and more especially of individuals. Many names have become incorporated in the English language in remembrance of some characteristics of their original bearers; but in spite of the efforts of their contemporaries and immediate successors to immortalise their fame, these etymological heroes have in many cases sunk into oblivion; while others live only in the dry tributes accorded to their memories in dictionaries and encyclopædias. There are, of course, notable exceptions; but the time may come when even the words which to us are associated with the individuality of the persons whom they commemorate, will have lost their present significance, while already, to a large majority of the uneducated public, they are mere empty sounds.

We would first recall a few of those words which lead us back to national or tribal characteristics. In *myrmidons* we have the name of a race of Thessalians who followed Achilles to the famous siege of Troy, and by their savage brutality and rapacity perpetuated their fame as unscrupulous followers of a daring leader. In *laconic* we have a standing memorial of the preference of the Laconians or Spartans for brief and pithy speaking. A striking example of this occurred when Philip of Macedon in his career of conquest warned the Spartan rulers that 'if he entered Laconia, he would raze Lacedæmon to the ground;' and received by way of answer or

comment the single monosyllable 'If.' It may be remarked that this reply would have come better from the Spartans at an earlier stage of their history, for already luxury had reduced the state to a shadow of its former greatness, and not long after it yielded to the conqueror. *Frank* and its derivatives remind us of the independent spirit and love of truth which distinguished the German tribe who at the breaking-up of the Roman empire possessed themselves of Gaul, to which they gave their name. A sadder cry comes from the word *slave*, which gained its present degraded significance from the fact that vast multitudes of the Slavs—a name in Slavonic signifying 'noble'—were carried captive from their homes on the banks of the Danube by their Roman masters. Before passing from the broader basis of history to the biography of individuals, we may mention another national designation incorporated in our language, namely, *gasconade*, a term of contemptuous ridicule applied to the habit of vain-glorious boasting ascribed to the natives of Gascony.

In turning to names of individuals, it is singular to notice how many words in daily use commemorate persons whose names are otherwise unrecognised and forgotten. The word *pamphlet*, for instance, is perhaps derived from the name of a Grecian lady Pamphila, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, and who wrote numerous epitomes of history. Again, it was the Earl of *Sandwich*, in the time of George III., who brought into common use the article of food which bears his name; although the gambling propensities which rendered a midnight refreshment of that kind indispensable to him scarcely entitle him to respect. Some people also acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Colonel *Negus*, a member of a Norfolk family in the reign of Queen Anne, as the inventor of the beverage which bears his name; while others rejoice in the example of abstemiousness held up by the London undertaker William *Banting*, who published in 1863 a pamphlet on the treatment of corpulence. The names of two artisans of the eighteenth century have been preserved to us by their work or its

imitation. These are the French *Buhl* or *Boule*, a cabinet-maker to whom Louis XIV. granted apartments in the Louvre in recompense of specimens of beautiful inlaid brass-work; and his English contemporary *Pinchbeck*, whose ingenuity in imitating precious metal is hardly recompensed by the somewhat contemptuous meaning now attached to his name.

Several terms of a similar derivation connected with crime or its punishment occur to us. The first of these, the verb to *burke*, recalls with horror the manner in which a notorious murderer pursued his monstrous trade. Another, the American word *lynch*, perpetuates the name of a Virginian farmer of the seventeenth century, noted for sound judgment and impartiality, who was selected by the inhabitants of his district—far removed from any regular court of justice—to pass sentence on offenders whose crimes demanded speedy retribution. The terrible instrument of death which we meet with again and again in the bloody annals of the French Revolution derives its name from an eminent physician, Joseph Ignace *Guillotin*, who in the Constituent Assembly of 1789, with the humane view of avoiding unnecessary suffering to persons sentenced to capital punishment, moved the adoption of this mode of decapitation. The proposal was for a time dropped; but three years later, this method of execution was adopted. The dread instrument was at first, in memory of another surgeon, Antoine Louis, who determined its form, known as *la petite louison*. But the mind of the nation reverted to him who first suggested its use, and it is Guillotin's hard fate to be thereby remembered. It has often been stated that Dr Guillotin fell a victim to his bloody namesake, as the Scottish Regent Morton to the 'Maiden' which he had invented. But although Guillotin was at one time in some danger, it is satisfactorily proved that he survived the Revolution and died a natural death. Before passing to a pleasanter phase of our subject, we may recall the *Bowie* knife, worn in the Southern and Western States of America, and named from its inventor, Colonel Bowie.

Science in its onward progress has assimilated many names of inventors and discoverers, which, as merely technical terms, are beyond our present scope. We may, however, point out the name given to the comparatively recent discovery of *galvanism* from Dr Galvani of Bologna, who first observed its extraordinary effect upon animals; while *mesmerism* perpetuates the name of the German physician, Mesmer, who first practised it about 1766. Two methods of portraiture, revealing the infancy of the art of photography, will also occur to our readers. These are the *daguerreo-type*, or first form of photograph on a copper plate, invented by the French scene-painter Daguerre in 1835; and the *talbotype*, a process of obtaining a negative from which prints can be thrown off, which was the invention of Mr Fox Talbot, an eminent member of the Royal

Society. The older method of executing a cheap and meagre portrait, known as the *silhouette*, by tracing the outline of a shadow thrown on to a sheet of paper, was named in derision after Etienne de la Silhouette, a French minister of finance in 1759, who introduced some reforms which were considered unduly parsimonious. The names of two Scotchmen who passed away in the first half of the present century present themselves as belonging to this class of words. Charles *Mackintosh*, a native of Glasgow, added in 1822 to his other services in the science of chemistry his discovery of the process of procuring a water-proof varnish by dissolving india-rubber in naphtha, which has spread his fame to every portion of the civilised world; while John *Macadam* conferred a national benefit by his invention, about the beginning of the century, of the system of road-making which bears his name. Space prevents an enumeration of the other inventions which have in their designations perpetuated the names, if not in all cases the memories of their authors, and we also pass over articles bearing the names of men of widely different fame who have popularised them by their use, such as *Wellington* and *Blücher* boots, *Garibaldi* bodices, and *Broughams*.

Turning now to individuals who by their circumstances, characteristics, or achievements have left their impress upon our language, several classical examples first present themselves. The adjective *stentorian* commemorates the loud and far-reaching voice of the Greek herald Stentor, whose fame is preserved by Homer. So also the verb *tantalise* recalls the terrible sentence of the gods on the ancient king, Tantalus, who was condemned to linger in intolerable thirst, while refreshing fruits and fresh water were ever in his sight, only to retreat when he attempted to reach them. The name of another royal personage, Mausolus of Caria, is preserved to us in a somewhat melancholy manner by the word *mausoleum*, first applied to the monument erected to his memory by his sorrowing queen. From an early experimenter in the walks of chemistry, the Chaldean philosopher Hermes Trismegistus, mentioned by Milton in his *Il Penseroso*, we have the expression *hermetically* sealed, which, from its original application to closing up the necks of bottles, has gradually gained a more general significance. Another despised term, *scaramouch*, commemorates the somewhat envious contempt of the Londoners for the feats of agility exhibited in that city in 1673 by an Italian mountebank named Scaramoche.

Some names which fall within the range of our subject have been twisted and perverted until their application and meaning are hardly reconcilable with the facts to which they originally referred. One of these strange perversions unworthily commemorates a woman belonging to Old Testament history; for the use of the word *abigail* for maid-servant sprang originally from the account of the interview between David and Nabal's wife, in which she repeatedly calls herself his 'handmaid.' Possibly the circumstance of the Christian name of Queen Anne's favourite waiting-woman, Mrs Masham, being Abigail further popularised this sense of the word. We may mention another word derived from a Biblical name which points more sadly to the fact that virtues are too

often in the eyes of the world regarded as weaknesses or vices, and is a striking example of the manner in which words of high moral significance are debased to unworthy uses. It has been well said that if penitential tears had been held in due honour in the world, the weeping *Magdalen* of Christian art could never have given us the word *maudlin*. A curious sequence of ideas derives *tawdry* from St Audrey or Ethelreda, the sainted Saxon princess whose memorial is the glorious cathedral of Ely. A fair used to be held annually in the isle of Ely on St Audrey's day, October 17th, at which worthless but showy wares freely changed hands, and to these mementos of the day the name of the saint gradually came to be applied.

But a harder and totally undeserved fate is the derivation of the term of contempt *dunce* from the name of the great schoolman of the fourteenth century, Duns Scotus. It is indeed a strange lot that the name of this great teacher of Christian truth, one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men, should have been turned into a byword expressive of stupidity and obstinate dullness. But the transition has been explained in the following manner. Duns Scotus flourished at a time when controversy was rife, and he headed the school of thought of which the adherents are generally known as Scotists, against the followers of his rival philosopher, Thomas Aquinas. We can easily imagine that the disciples of Duns Scotus were sometimes called by their opponents *Dunsters* or *Dunses*, which was gradually developed from a name of party strife into a general term of scorn. The opprobrious epithet is alleged by others to have been applied indiscriminately, after the revival of letters, to the adherents of the scholastic philosophy, in opposition to classical literature, of whom Duns Scotus was taken as the representative.

Only a little less humiliating to the memory of an ancient worthy is the fact that every 'glib and loquacious hireling' who shows strangers through palaces, picture-galleries, and churches, is termed by the Italians a *cicerone*, after the greatest orator of their nation. The present application of the name of *Hector*, the hero of the siege of Troy, is also singularly inappropriate, for it is not the modest and noble-minded patriot of classical history, but his unworthy imitator in medieval pageants, who is represented in modern times by the boaster and the bully.

The French army supplies a more honourable hero, an officer in the time of Louis XIV., whose name *Martinet* is preserved in our language as a term for a strict disciplinarian, while his own countrymen have given it the more practical significance of the instrument of corporal punishment popularly known as the 'cat-o'-nine-tails!'

A vast number of words of varied significance, derived from the names of races and individuals who have long since passed away, will no doubt present themselves to the minds of our readers in addition to those which we have briefly enumerated; but we will close our category with a word of very recent adoption which bids fair to vindicate its claims to perpetuity. We refer to the application of the name of Captain *Boycott* to the iniquitous system of terrorism prevalent in Ireland, of which he was one of the first victims. This late addition to our vocabulary

will serve to remind us of the ever-increasing nature of language, and of its value as a storehouse, in which we may find a key to many obscure pages of the history of the past.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

THE walk with Constance, though he had set out upon it reluctantly, had done Waring great good. He was comparatively rehabilitated in his own eyes. Between her and him there was no embarrassment, no uneasy consciousness. She had paid him the highest compliment by taking refuge with him, flying to his protection from the tyranny of her mother, and giving him thus a victory as sweet as unexpected over that nearest yet furthest of all connections, that inalienable antagonist in life. He had been painfully put out of *son assiette*, as the French say. Instead of the easy superiority which he had held not only in his own house but in the limited society about, he had been made to stand at the bar, first by his own child, afterwards by the old clergyman, for whom he entertained a kindly contempt. Both of these simple wits had called upon him to account for his conduct. It was the most extraordinary turning of the tables that ever had occurred to a man like himself. And though he had spoken the truth when in that moment of melting he had taken his little girl into his arms and bidden her stay with him, he was yet glad now to get away from Frances, to feel himself occupying his proper place with her sister, and to return thus to a more natural state of affairs. The intercourse between him and his child-companion had been closer than ever could, he believed, exist between him and any other human being whatsoever; but it had been rent in twain by all the concealments which he was conscious of, by all the discoveries which circumstances had forced upon her. He could no longer be at his ease with her, or she regard him as of old. The attachment was too deep, the interruption too hard, to be reconcilable with that calm which is necessary to ordinary existence. Constance had restored him to herself by her pleasant indifference, her easy talk, her unconsciousness of everything that was not usual and natural. He began to think that if Frances were but away—since she wished to go—a new life might begin—a life in which there would be nothing below the surface, no mystery, which is a mistake in ordinary life. It would be difficult, no doubt, for a brilliant creature like Constance to content herself with the humdrum life which suited Frances; and whether she would condescend to look after his comforts, he did not know. But so long as Mariuccia was there, he could not suffer much materially; and she was a very amusing companion, far more so than her sister. As he came back to the Palazzo, he was reconciled to himself.

This comfortable state of mind, however, did not last long. Frances met them at the door with her face full of excitement. 'Did you meet him?' she said. 'You must have met him. He has not been gone ten minutes.'

'Meet whom? We met no one but the general.'

'I think I know,' cried Constance. 'I have been expecting him every day—Markham.'

'He says he has come to fetch me, papa.'

'Markham!' cried Waring. His face clouded over in a moment. It is not easy to get rid of the past. He had accomplished it for a dozen years; and after a very bad moment, he thought he was about to shuffle it off again; but it was evident that in this he was premature. 'I will not allow you to go with Markham,' he said. 'Don't say anything more. Your mother ought to have known better. He is not an escort I choose for my daughter.'

'Poor old Markham! he is a very nice escort,' said Constance, in her easy way. 'There is no harm in him, papa. But never mind till after dinner, and then we can talk it over.—You are ready, Fan?—Oh, then I must fly. We have had a delightful walk. I never knew anything about fathers before; they are the most charming companions,' she said, kissing her hand to him as she went away. But this did not mollify the angry man. There rose up before him the recollection of a hundred contests in which Markham's mocking voice had come in to make everything worse, or of which Markham's escapades had been the cause.

'I will not see him,' he said; 'I will not sanction his presence here. You must give up the idea of going altogether, till he is out of the way.'

'I think, papa, you must see him.'

'Must—there is no *must*. I have not been in the habit of acknowledging compulsion, and be assured that I shall not begin now. You seem to expect that your small affairs are to upset my whole life!'

'I suppose,' said Frances, 'my affairs are small; but then they are my life too.'

She ought to have been subdued into silence by his first objection; but, on the contrary, she met his angry eyes with a look which was deprecating, but not abject, holding her little own. It was a long time since Waring had encountered anything which he could not subdue and put aside out of his path. But, he said to himself—all that long restrained and silent temper which had once reigned and raged within him, springing up again unsubdued—he might have known! The moment long deferred, yet inevitable, which brought him in contact once more with his wife, could bring nothing with it but pain. Strife breathed from her wherever she appeared. He had never been a match for her and her boy, even at his best; and now that he had forgotten the ways of battle—now that his strength was broken with long quiet, and the sword had fallen from his hand: she had a pull over him now

which she had not possessed before. He could have done without both the children a dozen years ago. He was conscious that it was more from self-assertion than from love that he had carried off the little one, who was rather an embarrassment than a pleasure in those days, because he would not let her have everything her own way. But now, Frances was no longer a creature without identity, not a thing to be handed from one to another. He could not free himself of interest in her, of responsibility for her, of feeling his honour and credit implicated in all that concerned her. Ah! that woman knew. She had a hold upon him that she never had before; and the first use she made of it was to insult him—to send her son, whom he hated, for his daughter, to force him into unwilling intercourse with her family once more.

Frances took the opportunity to steal away while her father gloomily pursued these thoughts. What a change from the tranquillity which nothing disturbed! now one day after another, there was some new thing that stirred up once more the original pain. There was no end to it. The mother's letters at one moment, the brother's arrival at another, and no more quiet whatever could be done, no more peace.

Nevertheless, dinner and the compulsory decorum which surrounds that great daily event, had its usual tranquillising effect. Waring could not shut out from his mind the consciousness that to refuse to see his wife's son, the brother of his own children, was against all the decencies of life. It is easy to say that you will not acknowledge social compulsion, but it is not so easy to carry out that determination. By the time that dinner was over, he had begun to perceive that it was impossible. He took no part, indeed, in the conversation, lightly maintained by Constance, about her brother, made short replies even when he was directly addressed, and kept up more or less the lowering aspect with which he had meant to crush Frances. But Frances was not crushed, and Constance was excited and gay. 'Let us send for him after dinner,' she said. 'He is always amusing. There is nothing Markham does not know. I have seen nobody for a fortnight, and no doubt a hundred things have happened.—Do send for Markham, Frances.—Oh, you must not look at papa. I know papa is not fond of him. Dear! if you think one can be fond of everybody one meets—especially one's connections. Everybody knows that you hate half of them. That makes it piquant. There is nobody you can say such spiteful things to as people whom you belong to, whom you call by their Christian names.'

'That is a charming Christian sentiment—entirely suited to the surroundings you have been used to, Con; but not to your sister's.'

'Oh, my sister! She has heard plenty of hard things said of that good little Tasie, who is her chief friend. Frances would not say them herself. She doesn't know how. But her surroundings are not so ignorant. You are not called upon to assume so much virtue, papa.'

'I think you forget a little to whom you are speaking,' said Waring with quick anger.

'Papa!' cried Constance with an astonished look, 'I think it is you who forget. We are not in the middle ages. Mamma failed to

remember that. I hope you have not forgotten too, or I should be sorry I came here.'

He looked at her with a sudden gleam of rage in his eyes. That temper which had fallen into disuse, was no more overcome than when all this trouble began; but he remained silent, putting force upon himself, though he could not quite conceal the struggle. At last he burst into an angry laugh: 'You will train me, perhaps, in time to the subjection which is required from the nineteenth-century parent,' he said.

'You are charming,' said his daughter with a bow and smile across the table. 'There is only this lingering trace of medievalism in respect to Markham. But you know, papa, really, a feud can't exist in these days. Now, answer me yourself; can it? It would subject us all to ridicule. My experience is that people as a rule are not fond of each other; but to show it is quite a different thing. O no, papa; no one can do that.'

She was so certain of what she said, so calm in the enunciation of her dogmas, that he only looked at her and made no other reply. And when Constance appealed to Frances whether Domenico should not be sent to the hotel to call Markham, he avoided the inquiring look which Frances cast at him. 'If papa has no objection,' she said with hesitation and alarm. 'Oh, papa can have no objection,' Constance cried; and the message was sent; and Markham came. Frances, frightened, made many attempts to excuse herself; but her father would neither see nor hear the efforts she made. He retired to the bookroom while the girls entertained their visitor on the loggia; or rather, while he entertained them. Waring heard the voices mingled with laughter, as we all hear the happier intercourse of others when we are ourselves in gloomy opposition, nursing our wrath. He thought they were all the more lively, all the more gay, because he was displeased. Even Frances. He forgot that he had made up his mind that Frances had better go (as she wished to go), and felt that she was a little monster to take so cordially to the stranger whom she knew he disliked and disapproved. Nevertheless, in spite of this irritation and misery, the little lecture of Constance on what was conventionally necessary had so much effect upon him, that he appeared on the loggia before Markham went away, and conquered himself sufficiently to receive, if not to make much response to the salutations which his wife's son offered. Markham jumped up from his seat with the greatest cordiality, when this tall shadow appeared in the soft darkness. 'I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, sir, after all these years. I hope I am not such a nuisance as I was when you knew me before—at the age when all males should be kept out of sight of their seniors, as the sage says.'

'What sage was that?—Ah! his experience was all at second-hand.'

'Like yours, sir,' said Markham. And then there was a slight pause, and Constance struck in.

'Markham is a great institution to people who don't get the *Morning Post*. He has told me a heap of things. In a fortnight, when one is not on the spot, it is astonishing what quan-

ties of things happen. In town, one gets used to having one's gossip hot and hot every day.'

'The advantage of abstinence is that you get up such an appetite for your next meal. I had only a few items of news.—My mother gave me many messages for you, sir. She hopes you will not object to trust little Frances to my care.'

'I object—to trust my child to any one's care,' said Waring quickly.

'I beg your pardon. You intend, then, to take my sister to England yourself,' the stranger said.

It was dark, and their faces were invisible to each other; but the girls looking on saw a momentary swaying of the tall figure towards the smaller one, which suggested something like a blow. Frances had nearly sprung from her seat; but Constance put out her hand and restrained her. She judged rightly. Passion was strong in Waring's mind. He could, had inclination prevailed, have seized the little man by the coat and pitched him out into the road below. But bonds were upon him more potent than if they had been made of iron.

'I have no such intention,' he said. 'I should not have sent her at all. But it seems she wishes to go. I will not interfere with her arrangements. But she must have some time to prepare.'

'As long as she likes, sir,' said Markham cheerfully. 'A few days more out of the east wind will be delightful to me.'

And no more passed between them. Waring strolled about the loggia with his cigarette. Though Frances had made haste to provide a new chair as easy as the other, he had felt himself dislodged, and had not yet settled into a new place; and when he joined them in the evening, he walked about or sat upon the wall, instead of lounging in indolent comfort, as in the old quiet days. On this evening he stood at the corner, looking down upon the lights of the Marina in the distance, and the gray twinkle of the olives in the clear air of the night. The poor neighbours of the little town were still on the Punto, enjoying the coolness of the evening hours; and the murmur of their talk rose on one side, a little softened by distance; while the group on the loggia renewed its conversation close at hand. Waring stood and listened with a contempt of it which he partially knew to be unjust. But he was sore and bitter, and the ease and gaiety seemed a kind of insult to him, one of many insults which he was of opinion he had received from his wife's son. 'Confounded little fool,' he said to himself.

But Constance was right in her worldly wisdom. It would make them all ridiculous if he made objections to Markham, if he showed openly his distaste to him. The world was but a small world at Bordighera; but yet it was not without its power. The interrupted conversation went on with great vigour. He remarked with a certain satisfaction that Frances talked very little; but Constance and her brother—as he called himself, the puppy!—never paused. There is no such position for seeing the worst of ordinary conversation. Waring stood looking out blankly upon the bewildering lines of the hills towards

the west, with the fresh breeze in his face, and his cigarette only kept alight by a violent puff now and then, listening to the lively chatter. How vacant it was—about this one and that one; about So-and-so's peculiarities; about things not even made clear, which each understood at half a word, which made them laugh. Good heavens, at what? Not at the wit of it, for there was no wit. At some ludicrous image involved, which to the listener was dull, dull as the village chatter on the other side; but more dull, more vapid in its artificial ring. How they echoed each other, chiming in; how they remembered anecdotes to the discredit of their friends; how they ran on in the same circle endlessly, with jests that were without point even to Frances, who sat listening in an eager tension of interest, but could not keep up to the height of the talk, which was all about people she did not know—and still more without point to Waring, who had known, but knew no longer, and who was angry and mortified and bitter, feeling his supremacy taken from him in his own house, and all his habits shattered, yet knew very well that he could not resist, that to show his dislike would only make him ridiculous; that he was once more subject to Society, and dare not show his contempt for its bonds.

After a while, he flung his half-finished cigarette over the wall, and stalked away, with a brief, 'Excuse me, but I must say good-night.' Markham sprang up from his chair; but his step-father only waved his hand to the little party sitting in the evening darkness, and went away, his footsteps sounding upon the marble floor through the salone and the anteroom, closing the doors behind him. There was a little silence as he disappeared.

'Well,' said Markham with a long-drawn breath, 'that's over, Con; and better than might have been expected.'

'Better! Do you call that better? I should say almost as bad as could be. Why didn't you stand up to him and have it out?'

'My dear, he always cows me a little,' said Markham. 'I remember times when I stood up to him, as you say, with that idiocy of youth in which you are so strong, Con; but I think I generally came off second best. Our respected papa has a great gift of language when he likes.'

'He does not like now; he is too old; he has given up that sort of thing. Ask Frances. She thinks him the mildest of pious fathers.'

'If you please,' said the little voice of Frances out of the gloom, with a little quiver in it, 'I wish you would not speak about papa so, before me. It is perhaps quite right of you, who have no feeling for him, or don't know him very well; but with me it is quite different. Whether you are right or wrong, I cannot have it, please.'

'The little thing is quite right, Con,' said Markham.—'I beg your pardon, little Fan. I have a great respect for papa, though he has none for me.—Too old! He is not so old as I am, and a much more estimable member of society. He is not old enough—that is the worst of it—for you and me.'

'I am not going to encourage her in her nonsense,' said Constance, 'as if one's father or

mother was something sacred, as if they were not just human beings like ourselves. But apart from that, as I have told Frances, I think very well of papa.'

SEED AND SOIL.

FARMERS with their seed sown are so completely at the mercy of the weather, that they have not inaptly been compared to sailors who before they left port had to set their sails, and were thereafter debarred from altering them till the voyage was ended. When farmers do suffer from unfavourable weather, the public are ready to give them practical sympathy; but if it could be shown that 'bad weather' is the scapegoat of very many failures which by skill and industry could be averted, then much of their grumbling would have to cease.

In 1877, which it may be remembered was rather a bad year for farmers, an investigation was made, at the instance of the government, into the circumstances which affected the growth of wheat, oats, and barley; and some curious facts were brought out to show that, besides weather, the character of soil and seed have more to do with the harvest than has been generally supposed, even by farmers themselves. Though the general character of the soil can be little altered, yet, by thorough and skilful cultivation, the farmer is able to make the most of its natural resources. In one case which was investigated, two neighbouring farms, under the same conditions as regards soil and climate, and also, it may be added, valued and taxed alike, were found to yield totally different results. The one was properly and thoroughly tilled, and yielded per acre fifty bushels of oats, weighing forty-three pounds each; while the other, which had a thin slice of its surface turned over annually, yielded only at the rate of ten bushels, of twenty-two pounds each, per acre. Here was a loss of nearly two thousand pounds of oats through what was probably little else than slovenly farming.

In another case, the good effect of drainage was plainly shown. The oats which grew on two adjoining fields—the one drained, and the other undrained, but otherwise under similar conditions—were examined, and it was found that the former yielded four hundred and thirty-eight pounds of oats, and of a superior quality, more than the latter, besides a considerable weight of straw. As additional proof of the value of thorough tillage and drainage, the result of experiment is that without them there is no hope of the success of the recently much-talked-of continuous growth of corn; but by their means, on good land, success seems to have been well-nigh attained. At Sawbridgeworth, Mr Prout farms five hundred acres by steam, sells off the whole produce, and spends fifty shillings per acre on artificial manures; and it was found that the fourth crop of wheat—which was the ninth corn-crop in direct succession—was at the

rate of forty-eight bushels, of sixty-two pounds each, to the acre.

Another important item, but one to which too little attention seems to be given, is the selection of that seed most likely to utilise all the previous labour of tillage. Carelessness in this particular annually causes immense loss and much disappointment. When it is remembered that wheat, oats, and barley—corn-producing grasses—have been by cultivation brought to their present state, and also how much power we have over plants, the wonder is that farmers generally seem to be content with the progress made in this branch, while so much trouble is taken to have live-stock converted into 'improved' producers of meat. The difference between the return from good seed suitable for the soil and climate, and bad and unsuitable seed, is remarkable. In the investigation referred to, two fields similarly situated as to soil, climate, and management, but the one sown with a good and suitable, and the other with an unsuitable, variety of wheat, were found to yield at the rate of sixty bushels of sixty-three pounds, and forty bushels of sixty-four pounds, per acre respectively; which, valued at two pounds per quarter, showed that the farmer by the use of unsuitable seed suffered a loss of five pounds per acre. In the case of oats, the difference between the yield from good and bad seed sown under similar conditions seems to be even more marked. In one case examined, the good seed yielded thirty-five bushels, worth three shillings each; while the bad seed gave a return of only twenty-two bushels, worth about eighteenpence each. The selection of a suitable seed cannot, however, be made once for all; for if the seed be grown and sown on the same farm year after year, it gradually becomes less productive; while if it be sown in a different soil and climate, the yield is considerably increased. Why this so-called 'change of seed' should be so beneficial, is as yet a mystery. Professor Tanner suggests that the conditions of growth as regards soil and climate are seldom perfect, and thus any imperfection in the seed is becoming annually more marked; but a change seems to rectify these imperfections, and to give an increased vigour of growth, just as a change of food and air does for an invalid. To prove the value of 'change of seed,' the produce of a field grown from changed seed, and that of another grown from seed grown on the same farm for some length of time, were examined; and it was found that though the conditions under which both specimens were grown were fairly equal, yet the produce in the first case exceeded that of the second by nine hundred and fifty-four pounds of grain per acre.

Though, under proper conditions, seed will keep for almost any length of time, yet, kept as it ordinarily is, some of the seeds yearly lose their vitality. At the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, Dr Sturtevant found that of turnip-seed one year old a hundred per cent. germinated, and ninety per cent. vegetated; while of seed twelve years old, only thirty-six per cent. germinated, and six per cent. vegetated. In the case of swedes, new seed seems to grow with greater rapidity than that two or three years old, but at a sacrifice of good form, and, what is worse, of feeding-value. Considerations like these, it may be suggested, should lead farmers to form for

themselves small experimental plots, and so be able to judge of the value of manures, seeds, &c., before risking many pounds in the purchase of them, while they are uncertain of their suitability.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

CHAPTER II.

MR JOSIAH JOWITT of the detective police force was universally allowed, by those best able to judge of such matters, to be at the top of the proverbial tree in his avocation. When any transgression of the laws of the land had taken place, and the statute-breaker was known to possess artfulness above the average of his class in eluding the vigilance of the vindicators of justice, the order that went forth from the chief at Scotland Yard was, 'Jowitt must take this case in hand,' whereupon the iniquitous career of the malefactor who happened to be 'wanted' was considered to be drawing to a very rapid close. The personal appearance of this astute unraveller of criminal Gordian knots could not, strictly speaking, be called prepossessing. He was under the average height; had reddish hair; a nose of abnormal size separated a pair of small, but keen and twinkling gray eyes; and his thin hatchet face was entirely innocent of any appendages of a hirsute nature.

As we now behold Mr Josiah Jowitt pacing to and fro in a less crowded part of the London, Brighton, and South Coast platform at London Bridge terminus, his face certainly indicates a somewhat perplexed state of the detective mind. Occasionally, he knits his brows and appears to be addressing the ground, so intent is he in bending his eyes in a downward direction. Presently, he is joined by a youthful-looking man, who seemed to spring up from nowhere in particular.

'Well, Dixon?' interrogated Mr Jowitt in a sharp tone.

'Missed him; bother it!' replied the individual. 'I believe in this way, sir'—

'Never mind *how* you missed him—you did; that is more than enough for me,' interrupted the renowned one, in a tone of voice evidently meant to impress his subordinate with the intense disgust which he doubtless inwardly experienced.

After a moment or two occupied in seeking inspiration out of the hard flagstones, he turned sharply to the crestfallen young man by his side and said: 'Now, you are quite certain about the information? He was to leave this particular station by an early morning train. Consider a moment now; might it not have been Victoria, for instance?'

'I am quite sure the place named was London Bridge, and no other,' emphatically answered the man, and with an air which seemed to lend conviction to his utterance.

'That will do, then, for the present; but be in readiness later on—I may want you;' and Josiah Jowitt dismissed his subordinate with a curt nod.

'Ah, if I didn't think something would be wrong!' soliloquised the irritated little man, as he resumed his exercise. 'What a fool I was not to come down myself! But there; what's the good of me talking like that! A man can't cut

his body in two pieces and have a head and brains to each! Now, I wonder if the woman has sold us? I don't *think* so; she seemed to be too much in earnest, and too unmistakably jealous of some lady, she said, that the fellow had got in with by some means or other. Ah, well it's now eleven-thirty, and no train on to that branch line till two-thirty. It is no use me waiting till that time here, as far as I can see. Not much use, either, telegraphing. Too many passengers at a time like this, even for so small a place as it is. I'll just—

'Hold, enough!' came in sonorous tones from a burly individual whom the detective had run up against.

'What, Mully, my boy!' exclaimed Josiah, as he recovered himself and looked up at his accoster.

'Tis myself—Marcus Mulford, and none other,' replied that individual, assuming an intensely theatrical air.

'And how does the world use you?' inquired Mr Jowitt.

'Hum! ha! pretty much in the old style, Josiah. And how wags it with you, my lord? Still successful in tracking the bandit to his cave—or, in the plain language of a prosaic age, I take it you have lost none of your ancient cunning in bringing to justice criminals who are "wanted," eh?'

'Well, well, I still manage to keep my hand in,' modestly answered the detective with a quiet smile.—'But,' continued he, 'let us adjourn to the refreshment room; it will not be quite so cold there.'

'You are right, Josiah; and a trifle of something on a keen day like this will do no harm to my inner man; therefore, "lead on—I'll follow thee."'

The two acquaintances having reached the proposed friendly shelter, each was soon engaged in consuming what he liked best; the disciple of Thespis indulged in a glass of rum, while the detective contented himself with a modest draught of beer.

After some few minutes had been whiled away by an interchange of observations on that grand old topic, the weather, and so forth, Mr Marcus Mulford pointed, with the substantial silver-headed cane he carried, to an advertisement frame which hung on the wall on the customers' side of the room. 'See that?' he asked of his companion.

Mr Jowitt nodded affirmatively.

'The legend inscribed thereon, you will observe,' continued Mr Mulford, 'is "Dobson & Co.'s noted Ales." I, though but a lowly individual, have the honour to be acquainted with Dobson & Co.; in fact, my dear Josiah, I am now on my way to the Dobsonian mansion—at least I shall be, when the two-thirty train steams out of this for Selwick.'

'Professionally?' inquired Josiah.

'Correct, my boy. The long and short of it is, sir, that at Hop Villa, the residence of Samuel Dobson, Esquire, an amateur performance is to take place to-night, and I am engaged for the responsible post of prompter. I have been down to the villa pretty frequently lately, and have met with the kindest treatment, sir; in fact, dear boy, I should not object to a similar engagement once a week the year round.'

'Amateurs, eh, Mully? Do you remember the

time when *we* used to inflict our stage-struck ravings upon our friends in the little room in Jerringham Street?'

'I do well remember it,' replied the actor, with a solemn shake of the head. 'It is a long time ago. "Thus creeps on our petty pace," as the great William truthfully has it.'

'And what sort of a performance do you expect, eh?'

'A tolerably tidy one. I have great faith in the ladies and gentlemen who take part in it. The piece is that legitimate and sterling comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*. The principal characters will be well sustained. Young Mr Dobson—whom I am privileged to call by his Christian name, Samuel—will be, from what I have seen at rehearsals, a capital John Mildmay; while as for the captain—Hawksley, you know, the forger—he will be represented by about the most fitting man, professional and amateur, for the part that it has ever been my lot to come across. Yes, my boy, Mr Frederick Delancy is'—

'Eh?' exclaimed the detective with much enhanced interest, as the name fell from his friend's lips. Then quickly reassuming his previous air of ordinary attention, he said: 'Good actor, I suppose, this—this Mr what-d'ye-call-him?'

'I was about to observe,' said Mr Mulford, 'that Mr Frederick Delancy is an A one Captain Hawksley.'

'I daresay you're right, Mully my boy; and you've somewhat excited my curiosity. I should like to see this paragon of yours. Do you think you could manage it so that I could just have a peep at him, eh?'

'Hum! Well, you know'—

'Oh, I do not have much concern in the matter; only, you may remember that Captain Hawksley was a part I was rather fond of attempting myself.'

'Quite right, Jowitt.'

'Now, that's why I should like to get a peep—being a trifle in my line, eh? I might learn a wrinkle, you know. Ha, ha!'

'I think I can manage that,' said Mr Mulford; 'so meet me at the Station Hotel at Selwick about six, and we will discuss the matter further.'

'I will be there. A train leaves here at four-thirty, arriving at five-thirty-five,' said Mr Jowitt, who had been apparently, during the last three or four minutes, amusing himself in turning over the leaves of a local time-table. 'And now,' he continued, glancing at the clock, 'Mully, my boy, I must leave you; I have a little affair to look after. Business, you know, eh?'

'I understand. Farewell, till we meet again.'

'Well, I'm in luck,' mused Mr Jowitt as he left the station. 'Ah, *what* a lot of chance there is in our profession! Only to think I should meet Mulford, after not having seen him for an age; and, stranger still, that *he* should happen to be in a position to put me direct on to the scent, after it had been lost by that stupid Dixon. Must be what they used to call in the old plays the "hand of fate!"'

CHAPTER III.

It was a busy and exciting time behind the scenes of the mimic stage at Hop Villa for some two hours previous to the rising of the green

baize curtain upon the first scene of *Still Waters Run Deep*. No expense had been spared in order that the first venture in the way of theatrical entertainment as promoted by Sam Dobson, should appear in the best possible light in the sight of that young gentleman's numerous acquaintances, who had been invited to 'assist' at the representation. A real stage carpenter, who was temporarily out of employment, had been retained to fit up the stage in as complete a manner as limited space would allow of; whilst the scenery, which in the piece in question is not of a very complicated character, had been prepared by one of Sam's particular cronies, who was the 'artist' to a large firm of painters and decorators. The principal scene, a room with trellis-work opening on to a garden at the back, was unanimously voted to be of artistic excellence.

That important adjunct to a theatrical performance, the orchestra, had not been left out of calculation, and the organisation of an amateur band had been intrusted to one who was allowed to be no mean performer on the pianoforte. The musicians who had volunteered their services were not many in number, seven being the total, all told, including the side drum and triangle; but any shortcoming in the matter of quantity was more than made good by the earnestness and ambition of the executants. Truly, they were ambitious, when they selected for the overture that of *Semiramis*. However, by dint of diligent practice—to the horror of the neighbours—at each other's houses in turns, they had so far managed to conquer the difficulty before them, that at the final grand rehearsal there were not more than a couple of bars' difference at the quickest passage between the piccolo and the first violin, the former making the running; and it was pronounced 'Not so bad, considering, don't you know!'

It is not intended to enter into what might be considered a tedious description of 'behind the scenes.' The subject has been about exhausted in one shape or other, and nearly everybody nowadays is more or less well acquainted with the 'seamy side' of the drama. The 'making up'—that is, causing the face to reflect, by the aid of various pigments, colours, burnt cork, &c., the characteristics of and resemblance to the person to be portrayed by the actor—is always, where a conscientious desire exists to be faithful to the author's ideas and intentions, a serious matter with your amateurs, especially young ones. Consequently, this part of the responsibilities of the night which were to be borne by Sam Dobson's dramatic corps, was not considered quite so pleasing as the other portion, involving as it did an almost constant call upon each other's good-nature and forbearance. It certainly was trying for young Smythe, the Markham of the evening, to be called upon by the irrepressible individual before alluded to, who was to appear as Dunbirk, to 'just come and put a nice fine line of Indian ink, me boy, underneath my lower eyelids,' when he (Smythe) was vigorously using the shaving-brush over the whole area of his smooth and round face.

And now, just when the indefatigable orchestra was commencing to operate with all its pristine vigour upon the difficult overture, we must look

in upon Mr Frederick Delancy, undoubtedly as Captain Hawksley, the hero of the evening. As the honoured guest of the house, he had had apportioned a room to his own exclusive use; and whilst in the other parts of the villa, anxiety and no small amount of irritability were being displayed in various forms, he was calmly and self-complacently smoking a cigarette in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair before a cheerful fire.

'At last,' he said with a sigh of satisfaction, addressing the ornament on the chimney-piece—'at last, I believe I am landed in a good safe harbour. The old gentleman believes in me tremendously, in fact his confidence is truly touching; and as for the son, bah! he— Well, I have earned his eternal gratitude by assisting him to carry out the cherished wish of his aspiring career. As for the ladies'—and here the noble captain indulged in a smile of gratified vanity—'why, I can only think I have scored my usual success; though, to be candid with myself, I really do not think the antiquated maiden aunt is particularly taken up with me. But what of that? When once I call the fair Aurelia mine—and I think I shall do her the honour of asking her to be my wife at the first opportune moment after this—this tomfoolery is over—I can afford to treat her with condescending pity. Yes, I think I am perfectly safe at last. I am now a respectable City man, and my credit is becoming better every day. When I am the son-in-law of the substantial Samuel Dobson, who knows to what pinnacle of commercial fame I may not attain? Why, one day I may actually become an alderman of the City of London. And yet I must not lull myself into a feeling of too absolute security; and somehow, to-night, although I consider the future horizon to be free from dark clouds, I have a peculiar—I scarcely know what to call it—foreboding of ill, as superstitious fools would say. Bah! why should I fear? There is only one who could put the blood-hounds of the law on my track, and I flatter myself she loved me too well to betray me. I regret only one thing—the not destroying these lovely bank-note plates. The best I ever handled!'

In this strain the gentlemanly forger and possible alderman of the future allowed his thoughts to wander during the playing of the overture; and all the while, Nemesis, in the shape of a wily officer of the law, was nearing him! Yes, Mr Josiah Jowitt had, as agreed, met his friend Marcus Mulford at the Station Hotel, which was situated about a mile from Hop Villa; and had satisfactorily arranged with that worthy—without raising the slightest suspicion in the prompter's breast as to his true motive—to obtain admittance behind the scenes; and in order to pass away the time, the detective solaced himself with sundry refreshments in the snug bar of the inn.

'Bravo! bravo!' cried the delighted and friendly critics, as the act-drop descended at the conclusion of the second act, the scene, known as the 'Office scene,' being the most dramatic one in the whole comedy; and the two principal characters in it, John Mildmay (Sam Dobson)

and Captain Hawksley (Frederick Delancy) had to come before the footlights and bow their acknowledgments in the orthodox manner. Undoubtedly, the performance so far was an unqualified success, and Master Samuel was congratulating himself and everybody else as well. Mr Delancy had proved himself to be an actor of considerable talent; and although great things had been expected of him, the result was a pleasant surprise. It was universally admitted that his finest efforts were those in the scene where the 'captain' encounters Mrs Sternhold, who has taken the place of Mrs Mildmay, in order to defeat Hawksley's insidious designs upon her niece. The fair Aurelia also came in for no small measure of praise for her really fine rendering of the trying part of Mrs Sternhold.

The prompter tinkles his little bell, and the act-drop rises on the third and last act. Amidst the rapt attention of the audience, the concluding portion of the comedy is progressing in the same smooth manner as had marked the earlier part of it. The action of the piece had arrived at that point where the Mildmay household are receiving their guests for the dinner-party, and Gimlet, the detective in the play, had been hurriedly introduced as 'Mr Maxwell from the North,' and had retired to his position in the background. Then followed the entrance of Captain Hawksley, and the exciting episodes of the horse-ship and the proposed duel with pistols, one loaded, the other not, had duly enthralled the audience. John Mildmay then denounces Hawksley as a felon. 'A felon in this house! Where? Police! police!' cries old Potter. Mr Brownsmith was just about to step forward in his character of Gimlet and arrest the 'captain,' alias 'Burgess,' when a little thin man was observed to 'enter' quickly from the wings on the prompt side, and to push himself dexterously between Hawksley and Gimlet, at the same time saying, as he produced and snipped on to the wrists of Hawksley a pair of handcuffs: 'I arrest you, Frederick Delancy, alias Montague, alias Smithson!'

The thing was accomplished in so short a space of time, that both actors and audience had not recovered from their natural surprise at seeing a stranger walk on to the stage and take, as it were, another man's business into his own hands. During the few moments of breathless surprise following the above startling episode, and while the spectators were slowly beginning to realise the fact that something was happening which had evidently not been rehearsed, Josiah Jowitt whispered rapidly to Delancy: 'It's all up guv'nor—woman split—got the plates and the paper; you'll go quietly, won't you? I've got a cab waiting at the door.'

'Those plates! curse me for an idiot!' muttered Delancy beneath his breath as he was being led away.

Young Dobson being the first to recover from the effects of the unlooked-for incident and interruption, inquired, addressing himself to Josiah: 'Who are you?'

'Josiah Jowitt of Scotland Yard, at your service, sir. I arrest this man for forgery. I have a warrant, which you can see if you choose; all in order I assure you, sir!'

Delancy hung his head, making no effort to

dispute the lawfulness of the proceedings. For a few seconds a painful silence reigned upon the mimic stage and amongst the auditors, when it was broken by a faint cry coming from the back of the stage, in which direction, naturally, all eyes were at once directed; and it was observed that the elder of the Misses Dobson appeared to be very agitated, and a deathlike pallor, in spite of the slightest *souffron* of rouge on her cheeks, showed itself in her face.

'Aurelia,' said the maiden aunt as she stepped on to the stage from the wings, where she had been standing, 'is a little overcome with the heat and the excitement, and at the sudden incident which we have just witnessed as well.—Come, Aurelia, my dear; I will conduct you into the fresh air, which, no doubt, will speedily revive you;' and with this well-timed bit of tact, the elderly one took hold of her niece's arm and led her from the spot.

Mr Dobson, from his position amongst the spectators, had not failed to notice his daughter's perturbation, and he exclaimed beneath his breath: 'Can it be possible? Aurelia in love with that man! What a providential escape, to be sure! I shall be very careful in the future whom I introduce to my household. This comes of picking up chance acquaintances at luncheon bars.'

'Ahem!' coughed the detective. 'Ladies and gents all, I'm very sorry, I'm sure, to have interrupted your little amusement, but I need not tell you that duty is everything. I had learned from—well, from "information received," that my man was located here; so of course I came simply as a matter of business; and I think I may claim your indulgence, sir,—looking at Brownsmith—for having necessitated at the last moment a *change in the cast*. Gents all, yours to command; good-night, and a happy new year when it comes.' And with this parting wish, Josiah Jowitt and his latest capture marched off the stage on their way to the vehicle which awaited them at the hall door.

This sensational termination to the Dobsonian theatricals formed a relishing topic of conversation for many a night afterwards amongst Sam's friends and acquaintances; but Mr Dobson vowed that, as that had been the first stage-play enacted under his roof, so should it be the last. Samuel to this day considers his father's determination very arbitrary.

SINGULARITY.

ALTHOUGH we have the reputation amongst foreigners of being the most eccentric of nations, perhaps there is nothing to which the average individual Englishman has a stronger objection than to being singular; and this is the more extraordinary when we consider that the performing of some feat which has never been performed by any one before holds out an especial attraction to most Englishmen. Thus, the same man who will put himself to any amount of trouble and expense, and will expose himself to all sorts of difficulties and dangers, in order to scale a virgin peak, or to plant the Union-jack on a spot where the human foot has never yet penetrated, is the most miserable and uncomfortable of beings if

he discovers that he is the only man in an assembly wearing a light suit or a low hat, and would put up with a great amount of privation and disappointment rather than not be, in this respect, as other men are. Of course, the reason for this is, that in the one case Fame is the reward, and in the other that an unenviable distinction is the result. None the less, however, is there a paradoxical touch about it, and one would imagine that a man accustomed to perfect self-dependence in abnormal situations would not be affected by the mere idea that other folk were jeering at him.

As regards the international meaning of the word singularity, it may be said to express in each nation's language that which is not usual in the manners and customs of that nation; but with regard to Englishmen in particular, the word most usually employed is eccentricity. Thus, in those parts of the globe where out-of-door life is all but intolerable during certain hours of the day to all but natives, the solitary British globe-trotter, who has a certain time at his disposal in which to perform a certain amount of sight-seeing work, is a familiar object. Hence the common phrase in such countries descriptive of broiling weather: 'Fit only for Englishmen and dogs.' But in such a case there is some plausible foundation for the application of this epithet to us; whilst in many others we are dubbed eccentric simply because our habits and ideas do not tally exactly with those of our satirists. Hence we are deemed eccentric because we have a firm belief in cold water and fresh air; because we must play cricket wherever we go; because when we meet each other in the streets we do not hug and kiss; because we travel many miles in all weathers in order to see a crumbling bit of old wall or to hear a curious echo. The reverse of all this in the foreign character makes us say, 'What singular people these are!' and, just as that which is one man's meat may be another man's poison, so that which is natural in one nation becomes singularity or eccentricity in another.

But we in England are far less tolerant of eccentricity than are foreigners. The eccentric Briton is gazed at, smiled at, shoulders are shrugged, the remark is made in an apologetic, explanatory tone, 'He is English,' and the matter is dropped. But at our hands the smallest singularity from our point of view meets with open derision and sarcasm. The first Volunteers, the first Bicyclists and Tricyclists who appeared in the London streets underwent a species of constant martyrdom before the *profanum vulgus* became familiar with their presence. Let a man walk through a London suburb in the garb worn by hundreds of men when they are shooting or tramping—knickerbockers, loose coat, and Tam o' Shanter bonnet—and he will be as much stared and grinned at as if he were incased in chain-armour.

And when a certain type of Briton goes abroad, he comports himself in a similar fashion. He sees a Frenchman on a blazing hot day sensibly arrayed in a Panama hat, a bombazine coat, and white duck trousers, and he says, 'What queer beggars these Frenchmen are, to dress themselves like that!' quite oblivious of the fact, that he himself is the 'queer beggar' for preferring to

swelter in a heavy hat, a tight collar, and tweed trousers.

Thus it may be noticed how in the streets of London the most absurdly trivial circumstance attracts public notice. A man tying up his shoe-strings, or having his boots blacked, or buying fruit from a street stall, provided he be well dressed, is an occasion almost for excitement amongst the loafers and gamins; whilst such phenomena as a horse down, or a bill-poster putting up an advertisement, or a slight accident, or the smallest of rows, is as sure to gather an eager, open-mouthed mob as Punch and Judy or a fire-engine.

But the ridiculous stress which we put upon not appearing singular, is even better exemplified in our ordinary everyday life. A man, let us say, when alone invariably drinks beer with his dinner; but if he invites a few friends to dine with him, he would as soon think of having the fish served before the soup, as of permitting a beer-jug to be set on the table. Similarly, it may happen to be an intensely warm evening; but the guest who should choose to come to dinner in a cool light suit would be deemed not only singular, but ill-bred, and would be considered to be setting the proprieties at defiance. To such an extent is this typically English fashion of dressing for dinner in one style during all seasons and under all circumstances carried, that in one of the once princely mercantile houses of the Far East, the employees are absolutely commanded never to sit down to dinner except in evening dress, and the melancholy, ridiculous spectacle is often presented of a couple of junior clerks sitting opposite to one another in all the glory of black coats and white chokers, whilst the thermometer stands at ninety, and a coolie is pulling the punkah with all his might.

Respect for the proprieties is all very well; but when we pay this respect at the cost of common-sense and our personal comfort, it becomes an exacted tribute rather than a voluntary offering. It is this dread of appearing singular which induces men regularly to attend the opera and the fashionable concerts who do not know the difference between the *British Grenadiers* and the Old Hundredth Psalm; which makes them 'tip' well-paid officials and servants; shut themselves up in London at that time of the year when the country is most attractive, and do a hundred other things which are distasteful in themselves, and which procures for them a very trifling atom more respect and consideration than if they were left undone. Mrs Grundy has a good deal to answer for in not making the grooves of our everyday lives smoother, but assuredly for nothing more than her crusade against what is called singularity.

But the most extraordinary feature in the popular estimation of what goes to make singularity is the readiness with which people will rush in a diametrically opposite direction, when once the example is set them by some one of influence or position. Thirty years ago, the man who smoked in public was stared at as a singular being; so was the man who wore moustaches; so would have been women of fashion clad in semi-masculine attire and driving out alone; or the man who would have dared to go to his office in the morning clad in a light

suit. The first innovators who dared to burst through the prickly hedge of public opinion suffered for it; but when the gap became pretty large, people rushed through it with something very like enthusiasm, and accommodated themselves to the new fashion with almost ludicrous alacrity.

Now, upon the other side of the question, there are people who sin by running to the opposite extreme. As a rule, the individual who is described as 'being so singular, you know,' is extremely offensive, and there are men who cultivate singularity for the toleration which it wins them from a too good-natured Society, and for the license it gives them to behave in an extraordinary manner. Abernethy with his gruff, insolent manner was tolerated; but when a school of imitators sprang up who possessed the great doctor's manner and not his genius, the public very soon took their real measure, and they learned that what one man may do with impunity, palled upon repetition.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that a second Samuel Johnson, even with the mind of his great model, would be suffered in these days, or that any man would be allowed to arrogate to himself the position of Social Dictator simply on the ground of possessing a strong pair of lungs, or the faculty of silencing an adversary with a sneer.

Inoffensive singularity is oddity, and this, of course, people cannot help—indeed, when the oddity is thoroughly quaint and original, its possessors are in many cases the more pleasing for the possession of it. But the singularity which may be defined as the being what is not natural, simply for the sake of being distinct from the ordinary run of folk, may be included in that great category of national failings and weaknesses which is termed Snobbism.

THE STORY OF A TRANCE.

IN August 187-, I was surgeon of the E. N. Company's steamer *Racehorse*, and we were lying at Madras on our homeward voyage, when, the evening before we sailed, a gentleman named Talbot, a young fellow in the Civil Service, came on board to see the captain. They walked up and down the deck for some time, and then the captain sent for me, and introducing me to the stranger, said: 'Mr Talbot has come to ask me to take charge of his wife, doctor, who is going to honour us with her presence on our voyage out next time; and as he says she is very young and delicate, I thought he might like to speak to you about her.'

I found Mr Talbot very gentlemanly and agreeable, and we spent a pleasant hour together. He told me he had been married about a year; but on account of his wife's health, he had been obliged to leave her behind when he came to India a few months ago; that the doctors at home thought her well enough now to undertake the journey; and that, as he was very anxious to see her again, he wished her to come out at once, in preference to waiting till later in the year, especially as at that time the steamers were more crowded, and she would not be so well attended to. I assured him we should

be very happy to do all we could to make his wife comfortable, and that we had an excellent stewardess, to whom I introduced him. He thanked us very warmly, and slipped a handsome present into the stewardess' hand as he went over the side.

We sailed from Madras next day, and arrived safely in London.

I had almost forgotten my meeting with Mr Talbot, when one morning, a few days before we were due to leave London again, as I was writing in my cabin, the captain being on shore, the quartermaster brought me a card inscribed 'Rev. G. Morris, Ledborough,' and said the gentleman was waiting on the quarter-deck to see me. I at once went out; and found a fine-looking old parson, one of the old school, between sixty and seventy years of age, I should think, who addressed me in a very courteous manner, apologised for disturbing me, but said he had heard from his son-in-law, Mr Talbot of Madras, that I had kindly promised to take charge of his daughter, who was going out to Madras in the *Racehorse*, to join her husband.

I said how pleased I should be to do all I could for the young lady, but trusted that my services would not be required professionally. I showed the old gentleman round the ship and down into the saloons and cabins; and I assured him I would do my best to get Mrs Talbot one of the latter to herself, which, I thought, would not be difficult, as we were rarely crowded with passengers so early in the season; and after half an hour's conversation, we parted, mutually pleased with each other. He left a card for the captain, with a pressing invitation for us both to dine with him that evening at his hotel in the Strand, when he would have the pleasure of introducing us to his daughter.

The captain returned on board shortly afterwards, and I gave him the card and message. He said how sorry he was he had an engagement that evening, but that I must go alone, and make his apologies; which I accordingly did, arriving at the hotel a few minutes before seven, the hour named for dinner. On inquiring for Mr Morris, I was shown by the waiter into a large and handsomely furnished private sitting-room, where a round table was ready laid for dinner. As the door opened, a young lady, who was seated at a piano at the other end of the room, rose and came towards me, and I found myself face to face with Mrs Talbot. I am not good at describing female beauty, but I should like to give you some idea of this lady, with whom I was destined to go through such startling experiences hereafter. She was about eighteen years of age, but looked a year or two older, tall, above the average height of women, with a most perfect figure, which was well set off by the plain, dark-coloured, close-fitting dress she wore. Her hands and feet were small, and beautifully formed. Her fair broad forehead was set off by wavy braids of rich brown hair, and hazel eyes, beautifully softened in their brightness by dark silken lashes. Her face was not strictly beautiful, maybe, from a classical point of view; but I can only say that when she smiled and showed two rows of pearly teeth, and a bewitching dimple in either cheek, I thought I had never seen a more lovely creature.

I had just shaken hands with Mrs Talbot, and was apologising for the non-appearance of Captain G—, when her father came in, and shortly afterwards we sat down to dinner. A capital one it was too, with very good wine.

The conversation during dinner naturally turned upon our coming voyage, and I learned that this was the first time Mrs Talbot had ever been out of England, or had in fact been separated from her parents—to whom she was evidently devotedly attached—for more than a few weeks at a time. She told me, with tears in her lovely eyes, that she had said good-bye to her mother the day before, as Mrs Morris was not strong enough to travel up to town from their home in the west of England, and that she dreaded the parting with her father very much.

'Only natural, my dear May,' said he; 'but think of poor Will in his lonely bungalow at Madras, eagerly expecting your arrival; and cheer up.'

'So I do, papa,' she replied; 'but I dread the parting all the same, and only wish Will would give up that horrid India, and come home, so that we could all be together.'

I thought of the many young, fresh-looking, pretty English girls that I had seen going out to that country, whom I had met only a few years afterwards, looking pale-faced, worn, and quite old, and how much better it would be for her to remain in England; but of course I did not say so.

When dinner was over, we had music; and I found Mrs Talbot played and sang most delightfully; and I thought we had cause to congratulate ourselves upon such an acquisition during our long voyage.

After giving them all sorts of advice about sending their luggage on board and their own embarkation, I took my leave; and as I wended my way eastward, I confided to my cheroot what a charming creature I thought Mrs Talbot, and how much I considered Talbot was to be envied.

The days passed on, and the morning of our departure arrived; and about noon I saw the small steamer that brings off the passengers coming alongside the *Racehorse* where she was lying in the river off Gravesend. I was called away just at the moment, and on returning shortly afterwards, found Mr Morris and his daughter on the quarter-deck talking to the captain. I was rather vexed at not having been the first to welcome them on board; but this feeling soon passed away, and I set myself to work to assist them in getting their traps down into the cabin, which, as I thought, I had been able to secure for Mrs Talbot alone. I must pass over the parting between father and daughter—it is too sacred to be lightly touched upon; and though one in my position sees so much of that sort of thing, I was very much affected by it. As the old man went over the side to return to the shore, leaving his child behind him, whom he might never see in this world again, the tears stood in his eyes, and I think also in mine, as he pressed my hand, bade God bless me, and whispered: 'Take care of her; she is very sensitive, and will, I know, feel these partings very much.'

I was still gazing at the small steamer, which was now at some distance from the *Racehorse*, thinking how many sad hearts were on board her,

and especially of the brave old man who was returning to his childless home, when I was interrupted by the stewardess, who informed me that Mrs Talbot, after parting from her father, had retired to her cabin, where she had had a succession of fainting-fits, followed by an hysterical burst of tears. I gave Mrs Abbott directions what to do, said she was to be kept perfectly quiet, and that I would come and see her later on, but that at present I thought the fewer people she saw, the better. By this time we were under way; and as the good ship threaded her course down the crowded river, I turned to have a look at the other passengers, who were nearly all at that time on deck. They were the usual sort we have before the really busy season commences, mostly Civil Service and other government officials returning from their three months' leave, with very few ladies. But one, I may as well say a few words about now, as she plays an important part in my story, though I did not make her acquaintance till some time later. She was a Mrs Johns, a very handsome Eurasian (or 'half-caste,' as we call them), wife of a government pleader in Calcutta, who, though not in society there, yet gave herself no end of airs, on the strength, I suppose, of the many rupees her husband was making. She was a tall, fine woman of about thirty, I believe, but looked some years older, with flashing black eyes, and, like all those people, dressed in the most magnificent style. At first sight, she gave one the impression of being a supercilious and disagreeable woman; but I afterwards found that beneath the layer of affectation, she possessed a warm and kind heart. She travelled with her ayah and kitmutghar (native table servant), and quite looked down upon those who were not similarly accompanied.

Some hours afterwards, as I walked up and down the deck with a young fellow in the P. W. D., who had taken a former trip with us, I noticed Mrs Abbott the stewardess standing by the companion hatchway, evidently wishing to speak to me. I went forward, and asked her how Mrs Talbot was. She told me that she had at last fallen asleep, but not before she had completely worn herself out with crying. Even now, she was not quiet, but moaning and sighing in her sleep. The stewardess then whispered something in my ear, at which I started, and exclaimed: 'Impossible! The doctors would never have allowed her to make the voyage if such were the case.'

'You will find I am right,' replied Mrs Abbott. 'But I wish, sir, you would come and see her.'

I at once went below with the stewardess, thinking what a complication this would make, if true. As I entered the cabin where Mrs Talbot was lying on a sofa, looking, I thought, very pale and exhausted, she opened her eyes, showing how light her sleep had been, and holding out her hand, said with a slight blush: 'You little thought I should so soon be in your hands professionally, Dr Weston; but I told you how I dreaded the parting with my father; and you see my instincts were true. I fell asleep just now, and oh!'—she shuddered—'what horrid dreams I had. I dreamt that I died on the voyage, and was buried in the Red Sea, and'—

'Hush, my dear young lady,' said I, seeing how excited she was becoming. 'Try and compose yourself by looking forward to your happy meeting with your husband.'

'Ah! Will, poor Will,' she cried, 'I shall never see you again either;' and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

Seeing my presence had only the effect of exciting her more, I quitted the cabin, telling the stewardess not to allow her to talk, but to give her the medicine I would send, at once. As soon as I had despatched one of the stewards with the draught, I went to my cabin to dress for dinner. While dressing, I thought a good deal about my fair patient. She was, I could see, of a very excitable temperament, one of those highly and sensitively organised creatures who feel pain and pleasure far more acutely than we more phlegmatic ones can imagine. I trusted a night's rest would do her great good, and that before we reached Malta, she would be quite herself again. Vain hope; but I must not anticipate.

Next morning, I was delighted to hear that Mrs Talbot had passed a quiet night, and felt well enough to come on deck. She continued to improve, but did not seem to recover her spirits, and more than once I found her in tears. 'Do not scold me,' she said on one occasion; 'I know how foolish it is; but I can't help it, when I think of those two dear old things at home, to whom I was all in all, and how they will get on without me. I feel so miserable, and half inclined to return home from Gibraltar.'

I tried to soothe her by again saying she should try to look forward, instead of back; but it seemed of no use; she appeared to shrink from all mention of her husband's name, and I began to wonder why. I knew she had been married very young—when barely seventeen, in fact; but I understood it to be a love-match, and—Well, you see, being a bachelor myself, I suppose I couldn't make it out.

We chatted away on different subjects for some time, and I was glad to see her getting into a more cheerful frame of mind. She told me, among other things, that she had made the acquaintance of Mrs Johns, who, though vulgar, was yet amusing in her intense conceit.

We had a smooth passage to Gibraltar; the much-maligned Bay of Biscay, that all seem so much to dread, was as calm as a millpond; and on anchoring there, I went for a run on shore with young Moncrieff, the P.-W.-D. man I spoke of. We were to sail again at five p.m., so in good time we drove down to the *Ragged Staff* and returned to the ship.

On arriving on board, I was shocked to hear from Mrs Abbott, that shortly after I had gone ashore, the mail-boat came off, and that Mrs Talbot got a letter, which she took to her cabin, where the stewardess found her shortly afterwards in a dead faint, from which she had some difficulty in reviving her.

I went down at once, and found Mrs Talbot still sobbing hysterically. She told me all had happened as she expected—that the letter was from her father, who wrote that on his return home he had found her dear mother ill in bed, evidently overcome by the shock of her daughter's departure.

I was sure she was making the worst of matters, and exaggerating what her father had written, as I felt certain he was too sensible to write such a thing, even if it were the case; but all I could say was of no avail, so I left her to the care of the stewardess.

I will not weary you with accounts of Mrs Talbot's health from day to day; suffice it to say she was again getting better, when a fearful shock awaited her at Malta. Among the letters brought on board there was one for her with a deep black border, addressed in a man's hand. Not knowing Mr Morris's handwriting, I thought at first it was from him, containing the news of her mother's death; but on looking again, I saw the postmark was 'Glasgow;' and smiling to myself to think how nervous I was getting on Mrs Talbot's behalf, I took the letter down to her, forgetting that she might very likely jump to the same conclusion, which, unfortunately, proved to be the case; for, not finding her in the saloon, I knocked at her cabin door, which she opened, and seeing the black-edged letter in my hand, shrieked out: 'She is dead! and you have come to break the news to me. O my poor mother!' and fell fainting into my arms.

I laid her on the sofa and called loudly for the stewardess. Mrs Johns was in her cabin opposite, and hearing me calling, rushed in to see what was the matter, and assisted me in restoring her to consciousness. This took a long time, which rather alarmed me, especially as I felt how feeble her pulse was; but at last we succeeded, and Mrs Johns kindly assisted the stewardess to undress and put her to bed. I went to the surgery to get her some medicine, inwardly anathematising myself for having behaved so foolishly as to take down the letter as I did; but who could have foreseen the consequences?

On my return, I found her lying with her eyes wide open, but noticing nothing; and it was a long time before I could make her understand the letter was not from her father at all, but from Glasgow. When she did at last comprehend it, she exclaimed: 'From my uncle! Oh, thank God! My dear mother!' and burst into tears.

I am afraid you will think my patient a regular Niobe; but you must remember what I have told you of her excitable disposition, her present state, and all she had gone through.

When I saw her next morning, I thought she seemed a little better, but alas! I was mistaken; the shock had been too much for her, and she became worse and worse until we arrived at Suez.

I was terribly anxious then as to what effect the heat of the Red Sea in September would have upon her, but at the same time knew it was out of the question thinking of landing her in her present state, so determined to do the best I could for her, hoping that, once the terrible Sea was passed in safety, the refreshing breezes of the Indian Ocean would pull her round a bit before we reached Colombo.

The heat of the Red Sea was truly fearful, the little wind there was being after us, so that the smoke from our funnels ascended in a perfectly straight column; and I confess that more than once I thought of her dream, and how fearfully probable it seemed that it would come true.

The captain gave up his cabin on deck to her, which, being fitted with a punkah and jalousies that opened all round, was by far the coolest place in the ship, especially as we had the roof covered with canvas kept wet, which somewhat tempered the rays of the fierce sun, which seemed to burn right through our double awnings. With some trouble, we succeeded in moving her, bed and all, up here; and Mrs Johns, who was kindness itself, and the stewardess watched by her in turns. But she seemed to get lower and lower, and at last one Saturday night, as Mrs Johns and myself were sitting by her, she gave one sigh, and all was over!

I went to report the fact to the captain, who was terribly cut up. Just imagine our feelings. Putting aside our grief for her who was gone, how could we meet the young husband at Madras, who was now probably counting the hours until his beloved wife should be with him, and tell him we had left his darling in the Red Sea, that terrible Sea, where so many of England's loved ones lie sleeping till the day when the 'sea shall give up her dead?' Of course we could break the news by telegram from Aden, but even then there were all the sorrowful details to be given.

We went together to look at her. Mrs Johns and the stewardess had done what was necessary; and as we gazed on her, she appeared more like one in a quiet sleep than a dead creature.

'How beautiful she looks!' said the captain.

'Yes,' replied I; 'so young and lovely to be taken, while the old and haggard are left. What a mystery it all is!'

Day was now breaking, and the captain arranged that she should be buried that evening. The forenoon passed on, and each of the passengers having visited and taken a silent farewell of the dead, nothing now remained but to provide the shroud, before committing the body to the deep, so I sent for the old sailmaker to perform his melancholy part of the business. He had taken the measure and again left the cabin, and all was still, when, as I was leaning over the side, looking at the water and thinking of her who was gone, I was startled by the captain rushing with staring eyes from the cabin, shouting: 'Doctor, doctor! she's not dead. Come and see; she moved just now.'

I hastened with him to the cabin, and saw at once that what he said was true. Her hands, which had been folded across her body, were now apart; and the captain explained, that having wished to take a last look at her before the sailmaker completed his work, he had gone into the cabin, and that, as he was leaving, he had stooped to press a kiss on her hands, when they had moved to the position I saw them.

My yarn is already longer than I intended, so I will not trouble you with a description of how we brought her round, but tell you that in a few hours' time she was able to speak, when, to our horror, she told us that she had never lost consciousness, but had heard all we had said from first to last, though unable to move, or of course to see, as her eyes were closed—that she had actually felt the sailmaker taking her measure; and was quite aware that in a few hours, unless she made some sign, her burial would take place; and it was only at the last

moment, by a supreme effort, she had been able to move her hands as described.

Can you imagine anything more awful? and yet, strange to say, it had no ill effect on her mind, though one would almost have thought it would have driven her mad.

From that day, she seemed to recover, and by the time we arrived at Colombo, was able to sit on deck, and, on our reaching Madras, to welcome the husband she never expected to see more.

By her own earnest wish, no one told him the whole facts of the case, only that she had been very ill, as she wished to tell him all herself when they were alone.

My story is rather a melancholy one; but it is true in every respect, except that names, dates, and places are altered, for the lady is still alive, and the happy mother of a family.

WAITING FOR A RISE.

BY A KEEN ANGLER.

ONE bright day in the end of April, some years ago, I was fishing Loch Awe with Dugald M'intyre, a thorough Celt and first-class boatman. There was hardly a breath of air, and far too bright a sun. We were close to the rocks in a little bay on the west side, into which fell a small river. I dropped my fly on to the nearest rock and let it fall into the water; it was at once taken by a lusty trout—a three-quarter pounder. After securing him, I happened to look round, and saw a cat's-paw rippling the loch from the south. 'Pull out a bit, Dugald.' As the ripple reached us, I took a good fish. The ripple increased to a slight breeze, all the rest of the loch as far as we could see being calm. In forty minutes I had nine good trout, weighing over ten pounds. Then the breeze died away, and never another fish rose.

'Ah,' says Dugald, 'we will *do* old C—to-day.' And so we did, for every other boat came in clean.

'Well, what's to be done now, Dugald?'

'I think we had better go ashore and get our lunch,' was the wise suggestion of my boatman.

So ashore we went. Two other boats finding it useless, pulled to join us; and a party of eight sat down on the soft turf at the mouth of the stream, and ate and drank and smoked and talked.

'You're in luck to-day, doctor,' said one.

'Yes; the prettiest bit of sport I ever saw on a loch, short as it lasted.'

Just as I spoke, I heard my reel go crick-crick. On springing to the rod, I found something heavy on it, which turned out to be an eel about a pound-weight, which had got caught by my flies, which I had carelessly allowed to sink in the water from the stern of the boat. The nasty varmint was landed, having of course destroyed the casting-line beyond all disentanglement.

'Did you ever know eels take the fly by the mouth?' asked one of the party.

'Yes,' replied another. 'One night, when fishing the Eden at Carlisle, I was obliged to stop on account of eels. They were on the run;

and six good-sizers got caught on my flies, three of which were taken by the mouth.'

'Did you ever live in a thorough eel-country?' I asked.

'No. What do you mean?'

'Well,' I replied, 'if you had ever lived in New Zealand, you would know what an eel-country means. The size and numbers of these creatures are beyond belief. Don't mistake what I am about to say for a traveller's tale; I appeal to any old Pakeha to corroborate me, with the utmost confidence. Why, one of the commonest ways in which the Maori takes them is to walk through a swamp and "proge" the mud and roots with a long thin narrow spear—quite casually—he never sees them; but when his spear transfixes one, he feels it. Then he slips his foot below the fish, gets the spear between his big and second toes, and so lands him. In this way he will take a good "kitful" in a few hours. As to size, we had a great joke against the old Sixty-fifths, who were quartered out there for many years. The story goes, that shortly after they arrived in the colony, a detachment was ordered up to the Hutt valley, some ten or twelve miles from Wellington. Some of the men went out fishing one night in the Hutt river. First one fellow pulled out a sizable eel; soon another hauled out what he considered a boomer, and made them all stare a bit; but a third pulled out by a powerful effort such a boa-constrictor-looking brute that all the Tommy Atkinses bolted in a mob.

'But the queerest dodge for killing eels I ever saw was at Whanganui. Near the mouth of the river there is a series of large lagoons, which communicate with the river by numerous very shallow small streams running through the sand. The natives had told some of us that these lagoons teemed with eels, which were on the run any moonless night. Accordingly, a party of us started off one evening in a canoe, armed with spears. But a bright thought had struck the leader, poor little Charlie B—, who was shortly afterwards murdered in cold blood by the rebels up the coast. He came equipped with an old blunt cutlass, and a bundle of torches made of reeds and steeped in tar and paraffin.

'What are you doing with the toasting-fork, Charlie?'

'Wait a bit and you shall see.'

'After a paddle of some three miles, we landed at one of the outlet streams. Sure enough, there were plenty of eels, many of them of great size. By the light of the torches, we could see them squirming about in all directions. A few were got with spears; but it was Charlie who did the trick.

'Now look here,' says he. 'One of you come on one side of me with a torch, and another on the other; go quietly, and hold the light steady.'

'Two of us obeyed.

'Now then, steady.'

'Out bolts a specimen some three feet or so long. Down goes the cutlass, cutting him half through, and pinning him to the hard sand.

'Up with him.'

'This was easier said than done. First, their proverbial slipperiness asserted itself; and second, they bit like dogs. Such a scene of fun and laughter—one fellow head-over-heels in the water, another objurgating the monster in a series of

"explosive commas" for biting him. At last he was secured. Soon Charlie got more expert; he managed to clip most of them near the head, and so they were handled with less danger. In three hours we filled, or nearly filled, two gunny-bags (raw-sugar bags), and started home with fully a hundredweight of fish. The largest weighed eight pounds. I don't suppose you will believe me, but I once saw an eel taken by Maoris from Willie W—'s little lake, Grasmere, near Whanganui, over twenty pounds. They brought him in on a stick run through the head. As they carried him, the ends of the stick resting on their shoulders, his tail trailed on the ground.—You smile. Well, there are some things you can never get fellows to believe. Now, you can never get a non-colonial Englishman to believe that a buck-jumper can buck the saddle over his head without bursting the girths.—You snigger again. It can't be helped. But such is the fact. I have seen a horse do it three times in one hour.—Hillo! there's a bit of a breeze. Let's give the trout another chance.'

'What shall we try now, Dugald? That's a good fly.'

'Oh, a very good fly.'

'What do you think of that one?'

'Oh, it is a very good fly too.'

'Which shall we try?'

'Ay, ay, sir, that will be the question.'

But no further opinion could I extract from Dugald, and no more fish from the loch.

AN OLD LETTER.

Only a letter,
Yellow and dim with age:
Wistfully gazing,
I hold the torn old page.

Only a token
From one who loved me well;
The faded writing
Scarce the fond words can tell.

Only a letter,
Yet dearer far to me
Than all else beside,
Minding me, love, of thee.

Only a letter,
Yellow and old and torn;
On my heart it lies,
Now I am old and worn.

Only a message,
Tender and true and sweet,
The writer long dead—
Never again we meet.

Only a letter,
Hid in an oaken chest;
Close, close to my heart,
When I am laid to rest!

KATIE M. LUCK.

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THE NORTH SEA LIFEBOATS.

BY AN OLD SHELLBACK.

THE highest instance that can be given of a noble mind is that a man should risk his life to save that of another; and perhaps in the catalogue of deeds of this description there are none more gallant than those performed from year to year by our fishermen in the North Sea. I have had many opportunities of studying the character and habits of these men, and though they are a rough and ready set of fellows, they are as a rule brave and honest and well skilled in their craft. There are many men sailing in trawlers who have done deeds as heroic as any for which the Victoria Cross has been received; but the trawler, as a rule, receives no decoration. I do not mean it to be understood that they have never been recognised, or that barometers, medals, and rewards have not been given them in some cases; but still I am deeply impressed with the fact that, taking all things into consideration, though the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Society has acted generously in the matter, in these rescues, both the owners and crews of the smacks have not been well treated by our own or foreign governments. The men themselves do not complain; but when I state that in every case of a rescued crew being brought into port, both the owner and the crew suffer a serious pecuniary loss, which in very few instances is repaid to them, I feel that I have stated a fact for which some remedy should be sought. But whether a remedy is found or not, I am confident it will make no difference in the future conduct of the fishermen. If you speak to them of these things and of the danger and risk to their own lives, they only laugh, and tell you that when a shipwrecked crew has to be saved, go they must—there is no help for it; and spite of the risk to life and the pecuniary loss which follows, the boat is launched, and away they go. A landsman watching them as they are tossed about,

almost at the mercy of that tempestuous sea, would quail before and shudder at the perils they are surrounded by, and would probably set them down as foolhardy and reckless. But as they have hitherto always escaped the danger and accomplished their purpose, the charge of recklessness must be abandoned.

The narratives which appear from time to time in the local papers, though not so graphic as they might be, are, notwithstanding, more calculated to excite a powerful interest than the most ingenious and startling fiction. But the papers which contain these narratives do not circulate far beyond the locality, and therefore the general public know nothing of them, and consequently are not able to appreciate the gallantry and devotion which these humble fishermen display. Beyond this, an ordinary newspaper writer knows nothing of the disadvantageous condition under which these noble deeds are performed. The skipper of a smack, when he falls in with a disabled ship, has at his command only a small boat, not of the best description, and often not particularly seaworthy. It is not, as in the case of a lifeboat, specially adapted for the purpose of saving life. It is not self-righting; it has no air-tight compartments, and is not ballasted with water, as a lifeboat is. Neither are the men clad in cork jackets, to keep them afloat in case the boat is capsized or swamped. If, therefore, in their passage between their own vessel and the wreck, an oar should break or any accident happen, the chance of the two hands who have manned her being saved from a watery grave is very small. Besides, clothed as these men are, and must necessarily be, the strongest swimmer would find it difficult to keep afloat; but even if he could, the chances would be ten to one that he could be picked up. These facts are stated not with the view of detracting from the courage and daring displayed by the noble fellows who man our lifeboats, but simply to show that all these safeguards are wanting in the case of a rescue by a smack in the North Sea.

With a desire to give the reader an idea of the perils these men go through to save life, I shall proceed to portray in as graphic a manner as possible the story of a rescue, as described to me by the skipper of one of the smacks belonging to Ramsgate.

"Want to know how we managed to rescue them poor chaps?" he said in answer to my request. "Well, sir, I'll try and tell you. We had been out three days. It had been blowing pretty stiffly from the south-east, and there was a loup of a sea on; in the afternoon matters changed for the worse. A great bank of clouds was gathering away in the north-west, and the sun set with a dull-red glare—a sure sign of a gale. Night came on dark and threatening, so we close-reefed the mainsail, stowed the foresail, set the storm-jib, and made all snug. Shortly after dark, the gale came down in earnest. We had got her head off the land, so we knew we could keep her in this tack till daylight. Before midnight, the gale was at its height, and my little hooker began to labour heavily in the big billows that surrounded us on all sides. Every now and then a sea would come aboard of us, slashing over the bows, and washing aft to the companion-hatch, drenching us to the skin. A wilder night I was never out in; the sky was inky black, and you could hardly see an inch before you. I don't know nothing about hurricanes, but if ever there was one in these latitudes, it was on that November night I am telling you about. It was just terrific. The wind blew and howled and shrieked till I thought it would take the sticks out of her. As to sleep, none of us got a wink that night, except the boys, and they, poor little footers, seemed to be able to sleep through it all. You see, sir, a fisherman's life is not all sunshine; hail, rain, snow, or blow, he's got to face it; and if anything happens to the smack, there's not much chance of escape, as many a poor fellow in the North Sea has found out. Many and many's the good little craft as has sailed out of Ramsgate and never been heard of again. But that's neither here nor there. How the little hooker breasted these tremendous seas and weathered that storm, I could not tell you; but she did; and so the night passed, and morning came. But daylight didn't bring us much comfort. The clouds hid the sun; and the gale, if anything, was as fierce as ever; the daylight broadened; and when we rose on the top of a sea, a wild sight met our view. As far as the eye could see, the waves were raging and tossing madly. We roused up the boys, and managed to get our breakfast somehow. I had just finished mine, when my mate, who was on deck, put his head down the hatch and said: "There's something down to leeward, William; hand us up the glass, and let's see if I can make her out."

"I was on deck in a minute. "What do you make of her?" said I.

"Can't tell. She's got nothing but her main-mast standing."

"I took the glass, and had a good look; then I said: "Ease away the main-sheet, lads; we'll run down and see if there's any poor fellow left as we can save.—So! well there! Keep straight for her."

"As soon as the helm was put up, and we

let her have the sheet, away went the little hooker like a racehorse. How she did fly on the top of them big seas was a sight to see! They came curling and tossing astern, seeming as if they must come right aboard and swamp us. Once I thought it was all up with us, for a great monster of a wave came tossing its great angry head right close to our stern. "Hold on, all!" cried I. On came the wave, and away flew the hooker, the angry water leaping and tossing astern like mad; and, by jingo! if she didn't beat it! Then I took another look at the wreck. "There's a lot o' men in the rigging, mate," said I; "eight o' 'em, as I'm a sinner!"

"By this time we could make out that she was a brig, and water-logged; and how that poor craft was rolled and tossed about was something tremendous. One minute she was pointing her bowsprit right up to the sky, and the next she was plunging headlong into the sea, which was making a clean sweep of her deck. It made us all shiver to look at her; every plunge she made we thought must be her last. Well, on went our little hooker, flying over the sea like a duck, just as if she knew as there was life to be saved and was doing her best to help to save it.

"And now the poor fellows had seen us, and they seemed to grow wild-like, for they waved their sou'-westers and threw their arms about like madmen, as though that would bring us along faster. When we got within hail, they shouted: "For God's sake, don't leave us to perish. Come aboard and save us."

"That's just what we're going to do, my lads," I said to myself, "if it pleases God to help us."

"I ran as close as I could under the brig's lee, and then luffed up and hauled the jib-sheet to windward. We didn't make much bones about launching our little boat. I'd have gone in her myself; but I'd got my owner's interest to think about. You see my third hand wasn't up to much in the way of navigation; so, in case of a mishap, he and the two boys would have made a poor fist at getting back to Ramsgate. So I let Jim and Daniel go; and away they pulled like Trojans, and presently they were under the lee of the wreck. All this, you know, sir, is easy to tell about; but the reality was no joke. More than once, when a sea broke over 'em and the boat disappeared in the trough, my heart sank, for I thought I should never see her again. However, all's well that ends well, and thus far all had gone well. Under the lee of the wreck, the water was pretty smooth; but here came another difficulty. The brig was quite low in the water; and when a sea struck her and she rolled to leeward, the water poured over her side in a cataract, so that it was impossible to go close to her, for fear of the boat being filled. However, between the seas they pulled in, and one hand sprang aboard; this was done six times; and then there was a parley. What was the matter, I couldn't tell; but the next minute the boat's head was turned, and they were pulling down towards us. I let draw the jib-sheet, and luffed her up so as to get to windward of 'em, and then flung a line right over the boat. One of the sailors caught it; and then in a twinkling the whole six tumbled aboard; and before you could

say Jack Robinson, they laid hold of a piece of raw pork, and, tearing it to pieces, began to eat it. When that was done, they began to eat some raw cabbage. Poor chaps! they were famished. They told us afterwards that they hadn't had anything to eat or drink for three days.

"Why didn't you bring the other two, Jim?" I asked.

"They wouldn't come. The old man said as how the weather was going to clear up, and he's made up his mind to stop by the ship."

"Stop by the ship!" cried I. "What for? There's about as much chance of ever getting her into port as there is of my taking up the Monument and chucking it into the Thames. Duty's one thing, mate, and suicide's another; and if the captain and mate of that ship stop by her much longer in this gale, I shall have to bring in a verdict of temporary insanity.—Now, let the boat go astern, and then give these poor chaps some hot coffee and grub; it's all ready."

"Well, I luffed up and hailed the brig; but the old man was obstinate, and wouldn't leave her. But I was obstinate too; and in the end I conquered. One thing was—he thought, because the wind had sagged a bit, that the gale had blown itself out; but I knew better, and I was right. Old Boreas was only taking a spell; for a little after twelve, the black clouds to windward began to grow and spread, and anybody with half an eye could see that a big squall was brewing; so we hauled up the boat, and Jim and Daniel started on another trip.

"Good-luck to you," said I as they started. "Pull for your lives, or that squall will be down on us before you're back; and if you're caught in it, God help you!"

"They got safe alongside; but the captain hesitated. Precious time that was being lost. To windward, it was as black as thunder; and although where we lay it was in comparison, as you may say, almost calm, the roar of the coming squall could be heard as plain as possible; and a white cloud, like smoke, crept down towards us; while the tops of the seas began to break and growl, as if they wanted to warn us of what was coming. I was getting quite mad with them two chaps aboard the wreck; and if I'd been behind 'em, I should have taken 'em by the scruff of the neck and pitched 'em into the boat without so much as with your leave or by your leave. However, at last they both sprang in, and Jim and Daniel were pulling back like mad. We were all ready. A line was thrown to 'em; the captain and mate and my two hands tumbled aboard, and the boat was hoisted in and stowed in a brace of shakes. Not a minute too soon, though, for the squall came thundering down upon us. As ill-luck would have it, it struck us right on our broadside; and for a minute or two, spite of all we could do, the little hooker was fairly on her beam-end, and I thought she would have turned keel up. However, I'd got the helm hard-up, and at last she began to pay off; and in another second the main-sheet was eased off, and she was flying before the wind like a lap-wing. But before she had gathered way, a great roaring wave slashed right aboard us, over the taffarel, and swept the decks fore and aft. I clung like grim Death to the tiller; but I tell you I thought it was all up with us, and that

she'd never rise again. At last she struggled herself free, and rose gaily out of the sea, like a wild-duck shaking her feathers after a long dive, and having hove-to, we soon made capital weather of it again.

"The first thing I did was to look round to see if all hands were safe; and, thank heaven, they were. Then I looked for the brig; but she was gone! That was the niggest touch I ever had; and if my little hooker hadn't been a good sea-boat, I should never have been here to spin you this yarn.

"There isn't much more to tell. The squall lasted about half an hour, and then it settled down into a good, hard, steady blow, which lasted all night and far into the next day. To stow away eight extra hands aboard a little craft under fifty tons wasn't the easiest thing in the world. There were only six bunks; but we managed pretty well, sleeping turn and turn about. But the first night, we poor fishermen never turned in at all, for when these poor fellows had got their stomachs full and had turned in, they never started tack or sheet, doing fourteen hours right off the reel. It was Wednesday when we took 'em off the wreck, and it was Saturday before we got into port, and all that time the way these chaps tucked in the grub was something tremendous. We fishermen can take our batty of grub with most men, and some of you gentlemen would be rather astonished to see what a healthy smackman could put away at a meal; but these eight hungry sailors beat us hollow."

"And did you ever get paid for this?" I asked.

"No, sir; never a halpenny. But we don't care about that—that's not where the shoe pinches. You see, it took us four days to get into port; we lay three days in Ramsgate, doing lots of little repairs, especially the boat, which cost three pounds to make seaworthy again; and it took us nearly two days to get back to our fishing-ground—that's nine days that we hadn't the chance of earning a penny. Leaving out of the question the grub for thirteen hands for four days, which didn't cost less than four pounds, there was, at the lowest reckoning, a week's fishing lost, and it's a bad week that we can't earn twenty pounds. We come in every six weeks to settle. Well, I've many and many a time taken my share of a hundred and fifty pounds, and even more, what we'd earned in the six weeks; that would average five-and-twenty pounds a week; so if I set down what we lost on that job more nor twenty pounds, besides the repairs which were paid for by the owner, I think I'm well under the mark."

"What countryman was this brig?" I asked.

"A Norwegian."

"Well, did not the owners or the Norwegian government make you any recompense for your loss?"

"No; not a penny. The consul at Ramsgate did all he could for us; but we never got anything from them. What we got was from the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Society; and that was a barometer and four pounds. Daniel and Jim got the four pounds between them; and I got the barometer. The poor owner, who had to stand the racket of most of the loss, never got a farthing."

'Well, then, my friend,' I said, 'I think the owners of the brig and the Norwegian government behaved very shabbily to you.'

'So do I, sir,' he replied; and we ended our colloquy.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was no more said for a day or two about the journey. But that it was to take place, that Markham was waiting till his step-sister was ready, and that Frances was making her preparations to go, nobody any longer attempted to ignore. Waring himself had gone so far in his recognition of the inevitable as to give Frances money to provide for the necessities of the journey. 'You will want things,' he said. 'I don't wish it to be thought that I kept you like a little beggar.'

'I am not like a little beggar, papa,' cried Frances with an indignation which scarcely any of the more serious grievances of her life had called forth. She had always supposed him to be pleased with the British neatness, the modest, girlish costumes which she had procured for herself by instinct, and which made this girl, who knew nothing of England, so characteristically an English girl. This proof of the man's ignorance—which Frances ignorantly supposed to mean entire indifference to her appearance—went to her heart. 'And it is impossible to get things here,' she added with her usual anxious penitence for her impatience.

'You can do it in Paris, then,' he said. 'I suppose you have enough of the instincts of your sex to buy clothes in Paris.'

Girls are not fond of hearing of the instincts of their sex. She turned away with a speechless vexation and distress which it pleased him to think rudeness.

'But she keeps the money all the same,' he said to himself.

Thus it became very apparent that the departure of Frances was desirable, and that she could not go too soon. But there were still inevitable delays. Strange! that when love imbibed made her stay intolerable, the washerwoman should have compelled it. But to Frances, for the moment, everything in life was strange.

And not the least strange was the way in which Markham, whom she liked, but did not understand, the odd, little, shabby, unlovely personage, who looked like anything in the world but an individual of importance, was received by the little world of Bordighera. At the little church on Sunday, there was a faint stir when he came in, and one lady pointed him out to another as the small audience filed out. The English landlady at the hotel spoke of him continually. Lord Markham was now the authority which she quoted on all subjects. Even Domenico said 'meelord' with a relish. And as for the Durants, their enthusiasm was boundless. Tasie,

not yet quite recovered from the excitement of Constance's arrival, lost her self-control altogether when Markham appeared. It was so good of him to come to church, she said; such an example for the people at the hotels! And so nice to lose so little time in coming to call upon papa. Of course, papa, as the clergyman, would have called upon him as soon as it was known where he was staying. But it was so pretty of Lord Markham to conform to foreign ways and make the first visit. 'We knew it must be your doing, Frances,' she said with grateful delight.

'But, indeed, it was not my doing. It is Constance who makes him come,' Frances cried.

Constance, indeed, insisted upon his company everywhere. She took him not only to the Durants, but to the bungalow up among the olive woods, which they found in great excitement, and where the appearance of Lord Markham partially failed of its effect, a greater hero and stranger being there. George Gaunt, the general's youngest son, the chief subject of his mother's talk, the one of her children about whom she always had something to say, had arrived the day before, and in his presence, even a living lord sank into a secondary place. Mrs Gaunt had been the first to see the little party coming along by the terraces of the olive woods. She had, long, long ago, formed plans in her imagination of what might ensue when George came home. She ran out to meet them with her hands extended. 'O Frances, I am so glad to see you. Only fancy what has happened. George has come.'

'I am so glad,' said Frances, who was the first. She was more used to the winding of those terraces, and then she had not so much to talk of as Constance and Markham. Her face lighted up with pleasure. 'How happy you must be,' she said, kissing the old lady affectionately. 'Is he well?'

'Oh, wonderfully well; so much better than I could have hoped.—George, George, where are you?—Oh, my dear, I am so anxious that you should meet; I want you to like him,' Mrs Gaunt said.

Almost for the first time, there came a sting of pain to Frances' heart. She had heard a great deal of George Gaunt. She had thought of him more than of any other stranger. She had wondered what he would be like, and smiled to herself at his mother's too evident anxiety to bring them together, with a slight, not disagreeable flutter of interest in her own consciousness. And now here he was, and she was going away! It seemed a sort of spite of fortune, a tantalising of circumstances; though, to be sure, she did not know whether she should like him, or if Mrs Gaunt's hopes might bear any fruit. Still, it was the only outlet her imagination had ever had, and it had amused and given her a pleasant fantastic glimpse now and then into something that might be more exciting than the calm round of every day.

She stood on the little grassy terrace which surrounded the house, looking towards the open door, but not taking any step towards it, waiting for the hero to appear. The house was low and broad, with a veranda round it, planted in the midst of the olive groves, where there was a

little clearing, and looking down upon the sea. Frances paused there, with her face towards the house, and saw coming out from under the shadow of the veranda, with a certain awkward celerity, the straight slim figure of the young Indian officer, his mother's hero, and, in a visionary sense, her own. She did not advance—she could not tell why—but waited till he should come up, while his mother turned round, beckoning to him. This was how it was that Constance and Markham arrived upon the scene before the introduction was fully accomplished. Frances held out her hand, and he took it, coming forward; but already his eyes had travelled over her head to the other pair arriving, with a look of inquiry and surprise. He let Frances' hand drop as soon as he had touched it, and turned towards the other, who was much more attractive than Frances. Constance, who missed nothing, gave him a glance, and then turned to his mother. 'We brought our brother to see you,' she said (as Frances had not had presence of mind to do).—'Lord Markham, Mrs Gaunt. But we have come at an inappropriate moment, when you are occupied.'

'O no! It is so kind of you to come.—This is my son George, Miss Waring. He arrived last night. I have so wanted him to meet'—She did not say Frances; but she looked at the little girl, who was quite eclipsed and in the background, and then hurriedly added, 'your—family: whose name he knows, as such friends!—And how kind of Lord Markham to come all this way.'

She was not accustomed to lords, and the mother's mind jumped at once to the vain, but so usual idea, that this lord, who had himself sought the acquaintance, might be of use to her son. She brought forward George, who was a little dazzled too; and it was not till the party had been swept into the veranda, where the family sat in the evening, that Mrs Gaunt became aware that Frances had followed the last of the train, and had seated herself on the outskirts of the group, no one paying any heed to her. Even then, she was too much under the influence of the less known visitors to do anything to put this right.

'I am delighted that you think me kind,' said Markham, in answer to the assurances which Mrs Gaunt kept repeating, not knowing what to say. 'My step-father is not of that opinion at all. Neither will you be, I fear, when you know my mission. I have come for Frances.'

'For Frances!' she cried, with a little suppressed scream of dismay.

'Ah, I said you would not be of that opinion long,' Markham said.

'Is Frances going away?' said the old general. 'I don't think we can stand that.—Eh, George? that is not what your mother promised you.—Frances is all we have got to remind us that we were young once. Waring must hear reason. He must not let her go away.'

'Frances is going; but Constance stays,' interposed that young lady.—'General, I hope you will adopt me in her stead.'

'That I will,' said the old soldier; 'that is, I will adopt you in addition, for we cannot give up Frances. Though, if it is only for a short visit, if you pledge yourself to bring her

back again, I suppose we will have to give our consent.'

'Not I,' said Mrs Gaunt under her breath. She whispered to her son: 'Go and talk to her. This is not Frances; *that* is Frances,' leaning over his shoulder.

George did not mean to shake off her hand; but he made a little impatient movement, and turned the other way to Constance, to whom he made some confused remark.

All the conversation was about Frances; but she took no part in it, nor did any one turn to her to ask her own opinion. She sat on the edge of the veranda, half hidden by the luxuriant growth of a rose which covered one of the pillars, and looked out rather wistfully, it must be allowed, over the gray clouds of olives in the foreground, to the blue of the sea beyond. It was twilight under the shade of the veranda; but outside, a subdued daylight, on the turn towards night. The little talk about her was very flattering, but somehow it did not have the effect it might have had; for though they all spoke of her as of so much importance, they left her out with one consent. Not exactly with one consent. Mrs Gaunt, standing up, looking from one to another, hurt—though causelessly—beyond expression by the careless movement of her newly returned boy, would have gone to Frances, had she not been held by some magnetic attraction which emanated from the others—the lord—who might be of use; the young lady, whose careless ease and self-confidence were dazzling to simple people.

Neither the general nor his wife could realise that she was merely Frances' sister, Waring's daughter. She was the sister of Lord Markham. She was on another level altogether from the little girl who had been so pleasant to them all and so sweet. They were very sorry that Frances was going away; but the other one required attention, had to be thought of, and put in the chief place. As for Frances, who knew them all so well, she would not mind. And thus even Mrs Gaunt directed her attention to the new-comer.

Frances thought it was all very natural, and exactly what she wished. She was glad, very glad that they should take to Constance; that she should make friends with all the old friends who to herself had been so tender and kind. But there was one thing in which she could not help but feel a little disappointed, disconcerted, cast down. She had looked forward to George. She had thought of this new element in the quiet village life with a pleasant flutter of her heart. It had been natural to think of him as falling more or less to her own share, partly because it would be so in the fitness of things, she being the youngest of all the society—the girl, as he would be the boy; and partly because of his mother's fond talk, which was full of innocent hints of her hopes. That George should come when she was just going away, was bad enough; but that they should have met like this, that he should have touched her hand almost without looking at her, that he should not have had the most momentary desire to make acquaintance with Frances, whose name he must have heard so often, that gave her a real pang. To be sure, it was only a pang of the imagination.

She had not fallen in love with his photograph, which did not represent an Adonis; and it was something, half a brother, half a comrade, not (consciously) a lover, for which Frances had looked in him. But yet it gave her a very strange, painful, deserted sensation when she saw him look over her head at Constance, and felt her hand dropped as soon as taken. She smiled a little at herself, when she came to think of it, saying to herself that she knew very well Constance was far more charming, far more pretty than she, and that it was only natural she should take the first place. Frances was ever anxious to yield to her the first place. But she could not help that quiver of involuntary feeling. She was hurt, though it was all so natural. It was natural, too, that she should be hurt, and that nobody should take any notice—all the most everyday things in the world.

George Gaunt came to the Palazzo next day. He came in the afternoon with his father, to be introduced to Waring; and he came again after dinner—for these neighbours did not entertain each other at the working-day meals, so to speak, but only in light ornamental ways, with cups of tea or black coffee—with both his parents to spend the evening. He was thin and of a slightly greenish tinge in his brownness, by reason of India and the illnesses he had gone through; but his slim figure had a look of power; and he had kind eyes, like his mother's, under the hollows of his brows: not a handsome young man, yet not at all common or ordinary, with a soldier's neatness and upright bearing. To see Markham beside him with his insignificant figure, his little round head tufted with sandy hair, his one-sided look with his glass in his eye, or his ear tilted up on the opposite side, was as good as a sermon upon race and its advantages. For Markham was the fifteenth lord; and the Gaunts were, it was understood, of as good as no family at all. Captain George from that first evening had neither ear nor eye for any one but Constance. He followed her about shyly wherever she moved; he stood over her when she sat down. He said little, for he was shy, poor fellow; yet he did sometimes hazard a remark, which was always subsidiary or responsive to something she had said.

Mrs Gaunt's distress at this subversion of all she had intended was great. She got Frances into a corner of the loggia while the others talked, and thrust upon her a pretty sandalwood box inlaid with ivory, one of those that George had brought from India. 'It was always intended for you, dear,' she said. 'Of course, he could not venture to offer it himself.'

'But, dear Mrs Gaunt,' said Frances, with a low laugh, in which all her little bitterness evaporated, 'I don't think he has so much as seen my face. I am sure he would not know me if we met in the road.'

'Oh, my dear child,' cried poor Mrs Gaunt, 'it has been such a disappointment to me. I have just cried my eyes out over it. To think you should not have taken to each other after all my dreams and hopes.'

Frances laughed again; but she did not say that there had been no failure of interest on her side. She said: 'I hope he will soon be quite

strong and well. You will write and tell me about everybody.'

'Indeed, I will. O Frances, is it possible that you are going so soon? It does not seem natural that you should be going, and that your sister should stay.'

'Not very natural,' said Frances with a composure which was less natural still. 'But since it is to be, I hope you will see as much of her as you can, dear Mrs Gaunt, and be as kind to her as you have been to me.'

'Oh, my dear, there is little doubt that I shall see a great deal of her,' said the mother, with a glance towards the other group, of which Constance was the central figure. She was lying back in the big wicker-work chair; with the white hands and arms, which showed out of sleeves shorter than were usual in Bordighera, very visible in the dusk, accompanying her talk by lively gestures. The young captain stood like a sentinel a little behind her. His mother's glance was half vexation and half pleasure. She thought it was a great thing for a girl to have secured the attentions of her boy, and a very sad thing for the girl who had not secured them. Any doubt that Constance might not be grateful, had not yet entered her thoughts. Frances, though she was so much less experienced, saw the matter in another light.

'You must remember,' she said, 'that she has been brought up very differently. She has been used to a great deal of admiration, Markham says.'

'And now you will come in for that, and she must take what she can get here.' Mrs Gaunt's tone when she said this showed that she felt, whoever was the loser, it would not be Constance. Frances shook her head.

'It will be very different with me. And dear Mrs Gaunt, if Constance should not—do as you wish'—

'My dear, I will not interfere. It never does any good when a mother interferes,' Mrs Gaunt said hurriedly. Her mind was incapable of pursuing the idea which Frances so timidly had endeavoured to suggest. And what could the girl do more?

Next day, she went away. Her father, pale and stern, took leave of her in the bookroom with an air of offence and displeasure which went to Frances' heart. 'I will not come to the station. You will have, no doubt, everybody at the station. I don't like greetings in the market-places,' he said.

'Papa,' said Frances, 'Mariuccia knows everything. I am sure she will be careful. She says she will not trouble Constance more than is necessary. And I hope'—

'Oh, we shall do very well, I don't doubt.'

'I hope you will forgive me, papa, for all I may have done wrong. I hope you will not miss me; that is, I hope—oh, I hope you will miss me a little, for it breaks my heart when you look at me like that.'

'We shall do very well,' said Waring, not looking at her at all, 'both you and I.'

'And you have nothing to say to me, papa?'

'Nothing—except that I hope you will like your new life and find everything pleasant.—Good-bye, my dear; it is time you were going.'

And that was all. Everybody was at the

station, it was true, which made it no place for leave-takings; and Frances did not know that he watched the train from the loggia till the white plume of steam disappeared with a roar in the next of those many tunnels that spoil the beautiful Cornice road. Constance walked back in the midst of the Gaunts and Durants, looking, as she always did, the mistress of the situation. But neither did Frances, blotted out in the corner of the carriage, crying behind her veil and her handkerchief, leaving all she knew behind her, understand with what a tug at her heart Constance saw the familiar little ugly face of her brother for the last time at the carriage window, and turned back to the deadly monotony of the shelter she had sought for herself, with a sense that everything was over, and she herself completely deserted, like a wreck upon a desolate shore.

PEAT AND PEAT-BOGS.

SOME account of our peat-mosses, or bogs as they are called in some localities, ought to possess a certain interest for many persons. Their age, origin, and method of growth are questions of geological interest; and their general character, uses, and products are matters of some industrial importance, when it is considered how large a part of the soil of the British Isles is covered with peat. The proportion of surface so occupied is considerable in England and Scotland, and still larger in Ireland, where it is calculated that three million acres, or about one-seventh of the entire surface, consists of peat-bogs. Those of us who are not geologists, and who have for the first time stood beside a deep cutting where peat-cutting operations were being carried on, may remember to have felt no little curiosity as to the nature and origin of the soft brown-black vegetable mud, with a history stretching between a time apparently so recent and a period so evidently remote. There must be many whose experience it has been to see unearched from under this growth of time strange yet familiar relics of a long-past age, when this part of the world possessed a different climate, and doubtless also enjoyed the advantage, or disadvantage, of a different geographical arrangement of its surface; and some of those may perhaps remember to have set the imagination to work to measure out in inches of black deposit the number of the intervening centuries which divided those remote ages from our own times.

Peat, as every one knows, is vegetable matter in a semi-decomposed state. It is extensively distributed over the northern countries of Europe, particularly in the British Islands, Norway, Sweden, and those parts of the continent bordering on the German Ocean and Baltic sea. It is also found in Canada, Labrador, and Newfoundland. It occupies the lowlands at the level of the sea in the British Islands and Northern Europe, but it gradually retreats to the higher tablelands as we get farther south. In North America, it is not met with to any great extent south of the

latitude of New York; and Darwin says that in the southern hemisphere the parallel of forty-five degrees marks its nearest approach to the equator. These facts of its distribution point clearly to the conditions essential to the growth and formation of peat—namely, a climate sufficiently moist to foster the growth of the plants of the remains of which it is composed, and at the same time cool enough to retard, under certain conditions, the decomposition beyond a certain point of successive generations of those plants.

Many persons wonder at the magnitude of the results of geological changes in the older epochs of the earth's history, and fancy that they point to a time when the forces of nature were more active than they are at present, and all the while remain unconscious of the fact that the atmosphere, rain, winds and rivers of the present day are producing by insensible degrees changes in the earth's surface the sum of which may one day be as stupendous as any which have taken place in the past. The peat deposits, though belonging to the very last of the periods of geological time, evidently have a history which extends far back into remote ages. Yet, in almost any stagnant pool at the present day, we may see the actual formation of peat under conditions similar to those under which the vast deposits in our bogs have been laid down. Bogs and mosses may be divided into two classes—those which have ceased to grow, and those which are still growing. Those belonging to the former class are easily known; for drainage, or loss of moisture from any cause, leads to the cessation of growth, and very soon to the decay of peat-bogs. Those which have ceased to grow are in this country generally either being slowly brought under cultivation, or, as is the case with the deeper ones, they are being cut away to be utilised as fuel. It is in those marshes known as flow-mosses or quaking-bogs, which contain much water, that the large previous deposits of peat are still being added to.

On a small scale, the formation of peat may be studied in almost any shallow piece of stagnant water. Aquatic plants and mosses shoot up round the edges, and the semi-decomposed remains of each year's crop gradually accumulate. The roots and branches of the plants often shoot out and become matted at the surface, holding together floating vegetable matter. In process of time, a floating skin is formed, which throws up a new growth every year, and gradually thickens. Sphagnum or bog-moss is often the principal growth in such cases; and persons walking over mossy ground should carefully avoid stepping upon the gray-looking patches of sphagnum, as they often cover very dangerous places indeed. The decaying vegetable matter of each succeeding year adds a thin layer to the mass, which is prevented from becoming decomposed beyond a certain point by the presence of water and the low temperature. As time goes on and the deposit of vegetable matter accumulates, the outlets by which the surplus water is drained away often get choked up, so that moisture is still retained; and the process continues until it is arrested by drainage or the escape of water by

natural means. The process of formation of our large deposits of peat must have more or less resembled this on a large scale.

In a deep bog, the peat cut from the lower strata is of a black colour, and dries into a hard, heavy, close-grained mass, which in the best kinds somewhat resembles coal. That cut from the middle strata is of a browner colour, and is more spongy in texture; while that taken from the upper layers is of a light-brown colour, of a very spongy texture, with the stalks, roots, and fibres of the plants of which it is composed still fresh and undecomposed. It is very common to find peat-bogs occupying what were the sites of ancient forests, so that when the superincumbent mass is removed, we come upon great numbers of the trunks and branches of former giants of the forest lying as they fell, with the stumps of many of them still rooted in the soil beneath. The wood, even to the bark, is often in the most perfect state of preservation.

A study of the conditions of climate and surroundings under which these buried forests flourished and decayed throws much light upon the question as to the conditions under which peat began to form in these countries. One of the most remarkable matters in connection with the peat-forests is that in many of the localities in which they are found, and in which the trees have evidently grown, trees can now be reared only with difficulty, if at all. In the wild storm-swept flats along the Atlantic seaboard in the west of Ireland, and in the cold, bare, stormy valleys of the Western Highlands of Scotland, it is at the present day difficult to raise even dwarf specimens of hardy trees; yet from beneath the peat-mosses in these localities have been unearthed in great abundance magnificent specimens of the ancient pine and oak forests, which in past ages grew and flourished luxuriantly on the spot. This is evidently due partly to a change in climatic conditions since peat began to form in these places, and partly to the fact that trees will not thrive in situations where the soil is very moist, and consequently sour. The trees found in bogs in these islands are generally the oak, pine, birch, hazel, alder, willow, all of which are still indigenous, so that the change in climate cannot have been very severe. It resulted, no doubt, partly from alteration in the geography of the country, and partly from a change in the level of the land. There is evidence to show that changes of this nature have had much to do with the formation of the large peat deposits in the British Islands and Northern Europe. In the Carse of Gowrie and other parts of Scotland, trunks of trees are found imbedded in peat some distance below the sea-level; submerged forests with overlying peat are found at many parts of the coasts of the British Islands and elsewhere in Northern Europe. On certain parts of the coasts of the Orkneys and Hebrides, and in places off the coast of Ireland and along the northern coasts of France, Holland, and Denmark, the phenomena of submerged peat with the remains of forests imbedded in it are not uncommon. Blocks of peat have been washed ashore on the western coast of Scotland; and peat has been dredged up far out in the North Sea and in parts of the English Channel. These facts all point to the

conclusion, that a considerable subsidence of the land has taken place in Northern Europe since the date when the forests flourished and decayed and became buried beneath the overlying peat. Mr Geikie is of opinion that at the date of the forests, and just before the peat had begun to form, Great Britain and Ireland formed part of the continent of Europe, and the bed of the shallow North Sea was dry land. Speaking of this period, he says: 'The bed of the North Sea was a great undulating plain, traversed from south to north by a mighty river, which carried the tribute of the Thames, Rhine, and other streams, and poured in one magnificent flood into the Northern Ocean.' These islands at that time must have possessed a less insular climate, nearly approaching, no doubt, to that now enjoyed by parts of the continent at the same latitude. It was less moist than it is at present, and the character of the trees found in the peat-mosses shows that the winters were colder and the summers warmer than they are now.

It was under such conditions of geography and climate that the forests, the remains of many of which are still preserved beneath the peat-mosses, flourished in the British Isles. As the subsidence of the land went on, and Great Britain became an island, the climate changed gradually. The forests in many districts no longer held their own against the sea-air and the moist insular climate. When those in low-lying districts succumbed, they, together with the vegetable matter which soon grew over them, gradually choked up the valleys. Drainage being obstructed and the escape of water prevented, swamps were formed, in which the growth of peat went on rapidly, to be continued in many instances almost down to our own day.

The age of some of the peat-bogs in Scotland and Ireland must be enormous. The peat in many places in the former country measures from fifteen to thirty feet in depth; and in some of the bogs in the latter country this depth is often exceeded. Speaking of the age of the bogs in Ireland, Mr Kinahan says: 'Each year's growth is represented by a layer or lamina, and these laminæ in the white turf are about, on an average, one hundred to the foot; in brown turf, two hundred to three hundred; and in black turf, from six hundred to eight hundred.' Any calculation, however, as to the age of peat which might be made from data of this kind can be taken only in a general sense. The rate of growth, no doubt, often varied in different parts of the same moss and in different years. In some bogs, there are evidences that after the peat had continued to form for a considerable depth, the process was arrested for a long interval of time. The surface apparently became again comparatively firm and dry, and was once more covered with a growth of wood; so that it is not uncommon to meet with places where a section of the peat presents the spectacle of the lower strata covering the debris of an ancient forest; then a continuous deposit of peat for some feet; when we again, still many feet below the surface, come upon the trunks and stumps of a second forest. In such cases, it is, of course, manifestly impossible to calculate with any hope of certainty the time required for the

formation of a certain depth of peat. Mr Geikie says: 'The sum of the matter is, that we have no exact data by which to compute the time required for the formation of a given thickness of peat, the rate of growth being extremely variable, not only in different regions but in one and the same bog. Nevertheless, in very many cases it is quite evident that the bogs are of great antiquity, and that it has often taken several thousands of years to form a thickness of twenty, or even of ten feet.' When two layers of wood are found in peat, it is usual to find that the lower forest consisted of oak, and the upper of pine.

Remains of the great Irish deer are very common in the bogs of Ireland, and human relics are often found. Coins, implements, and the remains of old Roman roadways, are often met with in the mosses of the north of England and Scotland. Trees bearing the marks of the axe, and sometimes with part of the wood charred, have been found in bogs. In such cases, however, it is not always to be supposed that the mosses are of such recent origin as the relics might be supposed to imply. Road-making and other operations were no doubt often carried on in ancient times across peat-mosses; and the flow-mosses would often overwhelm the remains of man's handiwork. Heavy implements would sink in the soft peat; and many relics and valuables have no doubt often been buried in the peat in past times, for safety or preservation.

In districts where peat is plentiful, it is extensively used as fuel. Those who are familiar with such districts will have a grateful remembrance of the comfortable appearance of the open hearth on a winter's night with its huge pile of burning peat, backed by a blazing, sputtering log of resinous bog-pine, shedding its genial, evenly distributed light and warmth upon the family circle. Peat gives out less heat and yields more ashes than coal. It is the more cleanly fuel of the two. It does not give forth the noxious carbon-laden fumes peculiar to coal, its pale-blue, slightly acrid smoke somewhat resembling that given off by wood.

The gathering of the peat-harvest in many parts of the country is a matter of much importance to the inhabitants, a wet season seriously interfering with the necessary operations. The cutting commences early in the season, as soon as the winter and spring rains have drained from off the surface. In Ireland, a long narrow slip, measuring from three to six feet across, is cleared to the depth of a foot or so of the light spongy peat and heather which form the surface. Extending back from this, a certain space of surface—called in some districts a *swarth*—is levelled, and prepared for the reception of the blocks of peat, which, according as they are cut, are spread closely upon it to dry. The peat—or *turf*, as it is almost invariably called in that country—is cut in narrow rectangular blocks from a foot to eighteen inches in length. The implement used in cutting—called a *slane*—somewhat resembles a spade, with a flat piece of steel attached to the bottom at the right side, and extending forward at right angles. The blocks are cut from the mass with a downward thrust of the implement, the arms alone being used, without the assistance of the foot, as in an ordinary spade. After the blocks have lain

for some time, and the sides and upper surfaces have dried somewhat, they are turned, and then placed on end in small stacks, which are piled together in larger heaps after the drying process has advanced. The work of cutting, turning, and stacking the peat is not such an unpleasant occupation as might be supposed. It is cleanly work enough. There is no need to handle the peat in a wet state, though even then it does not stain or stick to the hands or person, and has no unpleasant smell. When it has dried somewhat, it is light, clean, and easy to handle.

It is unusual to cut the peat down to the level of the soil beneath; the produce of the lower layers, although most valuable as fuel, drying into hard and brittle fragments, which do not bear handling or removal. When the upper matter becomes exhausted, the remainder is sometimes dug out, mixed with water, and kneaded with the hands and feet. It is then cut into square blocks and dried in the ordinary way.

The peat-bogs of Ireland ought to be a source of considerable profit to that country; and but for the low heating power of peat, which renders it unfit for use as fuel for manufacturing purposes, they would no doubt have long ago led to the development in that country of industrial and manufacturing activity similar, on a small scale, to that produced by coal in England. To remedy this defect in peat as a fuel, various processes have been tried for compressing it, so as to get rid of the large percentage of water always present in even the best dried samples. These experiments have not, up to the present, met with any great success when tried on a large scale. Well-dried peat contains as much as twenty per cent. of water; and even when most of this is expelled, unless the peat is rendered compact and water-proof by some process, its spongy texture causes it to re-absorb a large proportion of moisture from the atmosphere.

The peculiar properties of peat-charcoal have led to its being used with advantage in smelting iron. It also possesses very powerful antiseptic and deodorising properties.

Within recent years, much peat-land has been reclaimed and brought under cultivation in these islands. The first step towards reclamation is drainage. A peat-soil, although consisting almost entirely of vegetable matter, is always at first very poor, and often quite barren. The soil, indeed, as already stated, is sour, and hence unsuitable for plant-growth. When, however, the land is thoroughly drained, and an agent is applied to break up and decompose the inert mass, the vegetable constituents of the soil give out their latent qualities, and a high degree of fertility ensues. Lime is an agent of this description; and well-drained peat-land, incapable in its natural state of producing anything more valuable than coarse grass or heather, will, under its influence, be changed into a rich and productive soil. In many districts, the presence of limestone in the immediate vicinity places at hand a natural agent, which is invaluable in the reclamation of a peaty soil. In Ireland, where the carboniferous limestone is very largely developed, it is a source of wealth to the owners of peat-land, if it happens to be found sufficiently near to allow of its being brought in any considerable quantity to the spot where it

is required. The fuel being at hand to burn the limestone, lime can be cheaply produced, and applied direct to the land, to which it brings an almost immediate fertility.

OSLA'S WEDDING.

A SHETLAND SKETCH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

To one whose memory can go back half a century or thereby, and who knows what Shetland then was, that period seems fairly to merit being called 'the olden time.' These remote islands of the northern sea were then almost completely isolated from intercourse with the busy world, and little known. Most people had a hazy idea of their being in some way connected with Skye or the Outer Hebrides! Scarcely any tourists ever thought of visiting them, and for the very good reason, that if any venturesome explorer succeeded in penetrating so far into the wild and stormy north, the chances were he would become an involuntary prisoner, and it would be weeks, or possibly months, before he got an opportunity of finding his way back again. Mails were brought from the south at irregular intervals by a small sloop, which made six or seven voyages in the year from the Scotch coast. A letter sometimes took two or three months to reach its destination in Edinburgh or London. There were no roads, and of course no wheeled vehicles—scarcely even a cart—anywhere. The only interinsular communication was by small open boat, when occasion required. The hardy, stout-hearted islanders—descendants of the grand old Norse vikings—plied their dangerous avocation of fishermen in their tiny undecked six-oared boats during the three months of summer, and drew from ocean's depths their precarious but on the whole not insufficient subsistence. There was scarcely any trade, properly so called; almost the only exports were dried salt fish, oil, kelp, a little butter, and the coarser kinds of hosiery; and the imports, salt, wood for boat-building, a few cargoes of coal, a very moderate quantity of meal in bad seasons, and groceries. Very few ships of any kind were, therefore, ever seen amongst the islands. Occasionally, a storm-tossed bark or brig, short of provisions, would seek shelter and replenishing of her exhausted stores in some land-locked *vog*, or a Dutch fishing-buss slip in, to disburden herself of a few hundred pounds of tobacco and a few kegs of gin, without leave or fear of His Majesty's custom-house authorities.

Now, regular communication is kept up between Leith and Lerwick by large powerful steamers, thrice a week in summer, and twice a week in winter; and between Lerwick and the north isles of Shetland by a good-sized steamer twice a week in summer, and once in winter; and telegraph wires connect the south with Lerwick, and reach as far north as Haroldswick, in Unst, the most northerly of the group. There are now excellent roads from end to end of the principal island, called Mainland, and across the islands of Yell and Unst. Gigs and phaetons and other wheeled vehicles are numerous, even bicycles and tricycles are occasionally to be seen; and crowds of tourists annually visit the islands. Within the last few

years, fleets of fishing-vessels and many thousands of fishermen, fishcurers, coopers, and gippers from Fraserburgh, Peterhead, the Isle of Man, and Ireland, spend six months of the year on the coast, vigorously prosecuting the ling and herring fishings. Large curing-stations, landing-stages, jetties, warehouses, and fishermen's cottages have been erected all round the coast, chiefly at Lerwick, Scalloway, Whalsay, Mid Yell, Uyea Sound, and Balta Sound. Great numbers of steamers and sailing-vessels are constantly coming and going. Cargoes of ice are brought from Norway. Large quantities of fresh fish, kippered herrings, and smoked haddocks are forwarded to the southern markets, besides dried ling and cod and salt herring, so that it does not seem too much to say in regard to those commodities, that Shetland promises in the near future to become a great fishing industry of the country.

Half a century ago, agriculture was carried on in the most primitive fashion. The fisherman-crofter turned over the soil with a small spade, and covered the seed with a rude harrow of his own making—a light square of wood into which a few big nails were driven—which he himself or some member of his family drew over the fields with a rope. The prices of all native commodities were ridiculously low. You could purchase a good pony or cow at from twenty to forty shillings; a good sheep of the native breed from two to four shillings; and a lamb as low as one shilling, or even less. Geese were from eightpence to twopence each; chickens and fowls from fourpence to twopence a pair; and eggs three-halfpence to twopence a dozen. Now, there are in the islands many good-sized arable and sheep farms, cultivated and managed according to the Scotch system. Excellent crops of turnips, oats, bear, and hay are raised; improved breeds of store cattle and sheep have been introduced, and large numbers are annually exported, and fetch prices in the southern markets equal to those of animals of their class bred and reared in any other part of Scotland; and the prices of other articles above mentioned have risen proportionally since those markets have become accessible. A man's wages used to be twopence to one shilling a day, and a woman's fourpence to sixpence; and the wages of domestic servants were twenty-five to thirty shillings a year. Now they all approximate to those in the south.

Further, many of the old, and in some respects very peculiar social customs, which had come down from the remote times before the islands were annexed to the Scottish Crown, have passed, or are fast passing away. Altogether, modern enterprise and material progress have nowhere made more rapid advancement or effected more striking changes than in those 'melancholy isles of furthest Thule.'

Osla Manson was an exceedingly pretty, bright, blue-eyed girl, the eldest daughter of Magnus Anderson, an active, well-to-do fisherman. All his children were, of course, Mansons.* When about

* Fifty years ago the ancient custom of Shetland in regard to the use of patronymics was still quite common, although not universal. Children did not usually adopt their father's surname, but his *Christian* name converted into a surname. Thus all the children of Henry Thomson would be Hendersons; and supposing their Christian

fourteen years of age, Osla had come to our house in the capacity of a little nursemaid, but as she grew older, had been promoted to be housemaid; and a tidy, clever, faithful servant she had proved, greatly liked and trusted, as she well deserved to be, by all our family. She had not a few suitors amongst the young fishermen; but although many of them were regarded as eligible, she was in no hurry to enter into the state of matrimony. She was decidedly fastidious, and just a little bit coquettish, and the young fellows found that her heart and hand were not to be won quite so easily as perhaps they had imagined. Amongst her numerous lovers, she greatly preferred Ned Winwick; nay, she did not deny that she even liked him, but said she did not think she liked him well enough to marry him, and so, without point-blank repulsing his suit, she had always put him off with one excuse or another. When Ned was a boy of twelve, his father had been drowned in Davis Strait. His widowed mother and her six children, of whom Ned was the eldest, had, by the kindness of the laird, been allowed to remain in their croft at little more than a nominal rent, paid from some small savings left by the poor drowned sailor. The neighbours—always remarkably kind and helpful to widows and orphans whom a sudden calamity at sea had bereft of their breadwinner—assisted to cultivate the little fields of oats and potatoes, and liberally supplied the family with fish. Ned was employed as a 'beach-boy' in the work of curing and drying fish during the summer months; and in winter he was very active in catching pil-tacks and sillacks (young of the saithe), which swam in the bays and along the coast everywhere, and are the most unsophisticated of fish, though withal wholesome and nutritious food. And so the family struggled on bravely, till Ned was old enough to be taken as a junior hand in a fishing-boat. He had then grown to be a big, strong, active lad, bright and obliging, and a great favourite with every one. His goodness and devotion to his mother and the younger members of the family, to whom he became principal breadwinner, won for him universal sympathy and admiration; and so it happened that at an unusually early age he became skipper of a fishing-boat, and one of the most enterprising and successful fishermen in the island. At the time our little story commences, Ned was twenty-five years of age, and his sweetheart, Osla, twenty-two.

One morning, all the fishing-boats, after hauling their lines, had been overtaken far out at sea by a violent storm. Osla's father's boat and Ned's were in close proximity, when, with close-reefed sails—Anderson's boat leading—they bore up for the land. Suddenly, when on the crest of a mighty wave, a fiercer blast than usual struck the foremost boat; mast and sail went by the board, and the next wave swept over her with resistless fury. Ned saw it all.

'Ready to lower away the sail, Jamie,' he cried

names to be James, Andrew, Magnus, Peter, Bartel, their children in turn would be Jamesons, Andersons, Mansons, Petersons, or Bartelsons. This old custom has now almost entirely disappeared. It may be added that married women very rarely took their husband's name, but bore to the end of their days their own maiden name.

to the second hand, who held the sheets; 'and you, lads, stand by your oars.'

'It's useless, Ned,' said Jamie: 'we can't save any of them; and to stop in such a storm and sea is madness.'

'For your life! do as I tell you, all; it may be our turn to-morrow,' said the intrepid and noble-hearted young skipper sternly, and with a gleam in his eye that meant he *would* be obeyed. In a moment more they could see the swamped boat bottom up, with one man, whom they readily recognised to be Osla's father, holding on for dear life to the keel. Instantly, Ned put down his helm, and his buoyant little skiff luffed up and breasted the sea gallantly not more than a hundred yards right to windward of the wreck.

'Haul down, Jamie,' shouted Ned. 'And you, lads, keep her head in the wind's eye.—Now, Jamie!' he added as soon as the sail was gathered in, 'the livers! Crop some livers. Quick, quick!'

His orders were promptly obeyed. Jamie's ready knife ripped up several of the newly caught ling; the livers were torn out, crushed in his hand, and thrown overboard on all sides; and the great waves became smooth and their high crests ceased to break. Meantime, Ned seized one of the fishing-buoys—an inflated sheepskin, to which a long line was attached—and threw it overboard. The tearing wind carried the light messenger on its errand of rescue fast to leeward. The poor castaway apprehended the situation at a glance, caught the buoy, which was skillfully guided to his very hand, gave two turns and a hitch of the line round his arms, lest he should lose consciousness—for, like most Shetland fishermen, he could not swim a stroke—and the next instant he was being hauled through the water, and was soon on board Ned's boat. He was the only man of the ill-fated crew that was saved; the others had disappeared beneath the waves. Ned set sail once more, and reached land in safety.

Strange to say, he did not pay Osla a visit for more than a fortnight after this, and when at last he did come, she reproached him gently. 'Why didn't you come to see me all this time, Ned? I wanted so much to thank you for your brave conduct in saving my father's life, yon dreadful morning. The whole island is ringing with it.'

'I didn't want you to thank me,' Ned replied. 'I did no more than Magnus would have done for me, if I had been in his place and he in mine.'

Then Osla broke down, and sobbed in an incoherent half-hysterical manner, a very natural and pardonable proceeding on her part, in the circumstances, but one which Ned did not understand; but, brave lad as he was, he was also very soft-hearted, and Osla's tears made him feel very sorry for her and very unhappy; so he did his best, in a kind manly way, to soothe her, and not without success; and somehow, before they parted they had discovered and acknowledged that they were very dear to each other. Shortly after this, it was all settled that as soon as the proper season arrived, they should be married. The proper season is the dead of winter, and very seldom does a Shetland marriage take place at any other time of the year.

Osla with many tears gave her mistress notice, protesting she would not have left for any one but Ned; but he was such a dear lad, the best

and bravest and bonniest lad in the island, and had saved her father's life at the risk of his own, she couldn't do otherwise than marry him when he had asked her and said it would make him so happy; and she hoped her mistress, who had always been so kind to her, would not think her ungrateful. Of course her mistress told her she was doing quite the right thing. Osla returned to her father's house at the term, and the wedding was fixed to take place about Yuletide.

The 'wedding-needs,' as the humble trousseau of a Shetland bride is called, had, according to the invariable practice, unless amongst the very poorest, to be fetched from Lerwick, the little metropolis of the islands, a distance of fifty miles. The custom was for the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by a married female relative of the bride's, to go to Lerwick by boat to make the necessary purchases. There was never any lack of neighbours ready to man the boat at no charge to the happy couple. It was always the slack season of the year. Little or nothing was doing, and the young fellows regarded it as a very pleasant trip, and an honour to escort a bride and bridegroom on such an errand. Sometimes several couples would club together and go in one boat. Usually they would be about a week or ten days away; but sometimes, if the weather was boisterous—by no means a rare occurrence in those high latitudes and in the dead of winter—they would be detained two or three weeks. Often, if the wind were contrary, the passage to or from Lerwick could not be made in one day; and I have known a bridal party compelled by stress of weather to land in some *voe* half-way, and there to remain storm-stayed for several days. These, however, were by no means unpleasant contretemps, but rather the reverse. The voyagers were always kindly received and hospitably entertained. Little festive gatherings would be extemporised in honour of the involuntary guests, and nothing in the way of payment was expected; indeed, it would have been regarded as an affront little short of an insult to have offered it.

Towards the end of December, Ned's boat was launched from the 'Noost,' her snug winter-quarters behind the beach. The party consisted of Ned, Osla, a married aunt of hers, sister of her mother, said aunt's husband, and four young fishermen. Osla and her aunt—the latter swelling with importance, and even solemn, under a consciousness of the tremendous responsibility which, at Osla's earnest request, but with some slight show of reluctance, she had undertaken—were snugly and comfortably ensconced in the stern-sheets amongst abundance of straw; and amid the ringing cheers and good wishes of a crowd of friends and neighbours, who gathered on the beach to see them off, they set sail for Lerwick. The voyage was prosperous, and in ten days the party returned. Immediately thereafter, preparations and arrangements for the wedding commenced. Osla's father was the younger son of a small udaller, and was not a little proud of it. He was also a thorough-going and uncompromising conservative, and a great stickler for all the old customs which had come down from his Scandinavian forebears. He was determined, therefore, that on this auspicious occasion everything should be conducted in what

he regarded as strictly proper form. 'My bairn,' said he, 'is a guid lass and a bonny, and name shall hae it to say her wedding was a puir or shabby ane. She is marryin' a lad worthy o' her; an' it's no me that'll haud back frae shawin' a' kindness and honour to my dochter and the man that saved my life.'

The reader will understand, therefore, that what follows is the description of a Shetland wedding as it used to be kept half a century ago amongst well-to-do fishermen.

A FALSE FRIEND.

I RETURNED only three months ago from Melbourne, where I had been in practice as a surgeon for about ten years. When I went out to the colony, there were good openings in most of the larger towns for medical men; and as I was exceptionally fortunate in the introductions with which the forethought of my friends at home had provided me, patients rang my bell in considerable numbers. Within three years I was making an annual income of nearly three thousand pounds; and when, owing to family necessities, I was obliged, regretfully, to turn my back upon the new land that had treated me so handsomely, I had saved twenty thousand pounds, and had, in addition, obtained a very respectable sum by the sale of the good-will of my practice to a distinguished young Edinburgh surgeon, who went out expressly to succeed me. I give these details not in order to encourage ambitious young fellows, fresh from the schools, to rush off to Australia under the impression that it is still an Eldorado, but in order to show that I stood well forward in the front rank of my profession in Melbourne, and in some measure to account for the fact, that when a gentleman who held very high political rank in Victoria met with a severe and ultimately fatal accident, I was called in to attend him. I suppress his name, for reasons which will be obvious later on; but, for convenience, I will call him Sir James Reilly.

Sir James was one of the largest land and stock holders in the colony. I have ridden for thirty miles along the banks of the river Murrumbidgee without going off his property; and whereas ordinary men count their possessions by hundreds of acres, he counted his by hundreds of square miles. He had worked hard, and his upward progress had been gradual; but it had always been steady. When I knew him, no man in Australia was more respected or looked up to. He had been knighted, as a small reward for his services as a colonial minister; he had received all kinds of gratifying testimonials from his fellow-citizens; his word, in all the transactions of life, was as good as another man's bond; and yet, Sir James, forty years before, had come to Australia as a convict, on account of the disgraceful crime of forgery. I never inquired into the details of his case; and indeed I never knew them until he told them to me when he was on his deathbed.

Sir James lived in a beautiful and spacious house overlooking the sea, and distant a few miles from the centre of the city. In spite of his seventy years, he was a good and active horseman; and one morning, as was his frequent custom, he rode into Melbourne in order to transact

some business with his solicitor. He had quitted the lawyer's office, and was already half-way home again, when his horse was frightened by some blasting operations which were being carried on in connection with the making of a new road. The animal became restive, and finally threw Sir James. He fell heavily upon a heap of stones, and his groom coming up, found him lying insensible. The unfortunate gentleman, who was well known to every one in the neighbourhood, was tenderly carried to the nearest house; and no sooner did he regain consciousness than he sent his servant for his carriage, and despatched a messenger to request me to go at once to his house. I rode thither immediately, and reached the place before Sir James's arrival. I feared, of course, that he had met with an accident; but I had not the faintest idea of the nature of it; and therefore I was greatly shocked when, a few minutes later, I saw him lifted from his carriage, helpless and well-nigh speechless. He was conveyed to his bedroom, which was upon the ground-floor; and upon examining him, I discovered that several of his ribs were broken, that the internal organs had been injured, and that there was, practically speaking, no hope of his recovery. Sir James was a bachelor, and had no female relatives in the colony. He might live, I knew, for some days; and as his house-keeper, though a kind and thoughtful woman, was far too advanced in years to be capable of properly attending upon her unfortunate master, I sent the groom back to Melbourne for an experienced hospital nurse, and in the meantime remained with my distinguished patient and did all that lay in my power for him.

When the news of the accident was published in the city, it occasioned great excitement. Several of Sir James's former colleagues immediately met together; and one of them rode to the house to request that I would not leave it so long as my patient continued to breathe. I was to summon any assistance that I might need, and to do exactly as I deemed best.

'We would move heaven and earth,' said the gentleman, 'to preserve his valuable life.'

'I feel,' said I, 'that there is not the slightest hope of saving it; but you may be sure that I will spare no pains.'

Sir James had fainted during his removal from the carriage to the house, and he did not regain the use of his senses for some hours afterwards. I was sitting by his bedside when he opened his eyes.

'So I'm not gone yet, doctor,' he said, with a weird kind of humour. 'Can this last for long?'

'Who can say?' I replied. 'You are sadly hurt. Are you in much pain?'

'No; thank God! In pain, but not in severe pain.'

'I should warn you,' I said, as gently as I could, 'that if you have any worldly affairs to settle, you should settle them speedily. There is grievous danger.'

'I know it,' he returned, with a sad smile; 'but I have settled everything—everything, that is, that a lawyer could help me in. Yet before I die, there is something that I should like to confide to you.'

'Will it agitate you to tell it?'

'I'm afraid it will, a little,' he replied.

'Then wait until to-morrow, Sir James. The danger is great—even inevitable, I fear; but not immediate; and you had better wait until you are calmer and, let us hope, stronger. The shock has tried you terribly, and you have not yet had time to recover from it.'

'As you will,' he assented. 'But do not leave it until too late.'

I recommended him to the care of the nurse, who had by this time arrived, and retired to bed, not knowing how soon I might be summoned to him, or how long it might be before I should be able again to quit his side. In the early morning I returned to his room. He was sleeping, and the nurse informed me that he had passed an unexpectedly good night. After I had breakfasted, therefore, when he once more recurred to the subject which seemed to be uppermost in his mind, I permitted him to talk, but implored him to control himself as much as possible and not to overtax his strength.

What he told me was in substance as follows. I made exhaustive notes of it as soon as I left his room, and I am confident that I have succeeded in recalling many of Sir James's actual phrases. It made a very powerful impression upon me; and I do not doubt that it will equally excite the interest and sympathy of the reader. The names alone are altered.

'I was born,' he said, 'in London in 1812. My father was the rector of St ———'; and after putting me to a good school, he sent me to Cambridge. I took my degree in 1833, and then went to the Bar. My chief friend, both at Cambridge and at the Inner Temple, was Horace Raven, a young man who possessed astonishing ability, remarkably good looks, great ambition, and the prospect of succeeding to a large fortune and to one of the oldest English baronetcies. In all these respects he was, I need scarcely say, my superior. I was a poor man; I had only my energies to depend upon; and I had no influential relatives, no near relatives indeed of any kind, except my father, I being an only child, and my mother having died during my infancy. At the Bar, I was, for a youngster, fairly successful. Raven and I had chambers together; we had our law-books in common; and we were on such terms of friendship that we were known on our staircase as "the Brothers." For some years I lived a very happy life. I made enough to enable myself to live in tolerable comfort; and in time indeed I felt myself to be justified in looking out for a wife.

'One evening, Raven and I went to a ball at Lady D——s. We there met a Miss Mary Bagster, a young girl of surpassing beauty; and before the night was spent, we had both—as I learnt subsequently—fallen in love with her. Her father, like mine, was a poor clergyman. I had but little difficulty in establishing myself upon a footing of intimacy with her family; and often when I visited them, Raven accompanied me. Mary, though she was, as I have said, inexpressibly lovely, was of a somewhat cold disposition. She was unenthusiastic, and self-contained to an unusual degree; and yet, in her way, she was ambitious. She desired to marry a man who would make his way in the world; and it was only after some very flattering hints about me and my ability had been let drop in her

presence by her father, who evidently favoured me, that she consented to become my wife. Raven was not at Mr Bagster's house on that eventful evening. Next morning, when I met him at our chambers, I told him of what had occurred. He changed colour—which at the time I attributed to the strength of his friendship for me—and then congratulated me in a somewhat extravagant manner.

"When are you going to be married?" he asked.

"Soon," I replied. "There is no reason why we should delay. I could wish that I were a little better off; but our misfortune in that respect will, I trust, disappear in course of time. As it is, we shall, I think, be able to do pretty well."

"I wish you joy!" said Raven, as he rose to go into the Chancellor's Court, where he had a brief that morning.

"I had then no idea that he also loved Mary Bagster, and that he had determined, even at that late hour, if not to wrench her from me for himself, at least to prevent my marrying her. His conduct towards me remained, so far as I could see, exactly what it had been previous to my engagement. He was genial and friendly, appeared to take an absorbing interest in all my plans for the future; and actually accompanied me to Brunswick Square, to look over a house which was to be let, and which I thought of taking and furnishing. I found that the place would be rather beyond my means, and regretfully told him so.

"Never mind, Jack," he said; "you will find something better perhaps. But I certainly should like you to have the house."

"That evening, we were sitting together over the fire. "Jack!" he said suddenly, "we are old friends, and I want to give you a handsome wedding present."

"He had, I should explain, recently succeeded to the baronetcy and the estates, and was now a rich man.

"You are very good," I answered. "Anything that you may give us will be valued, not merely for itself, but for the sake of the giver."

"We have been in chambers together," he resumed, "for more than seven years. I shan't like losing your company; for of course I shall be robbed of a good deal of it now. Be plain with me, Jack. Would not money be more useful to you than a mere present? It usually is acceptable, I believe, in these cases."

"I thanked him feelingly for his forethought.

"It would be particularly welcome," I said.

"Without another word, he drew his chair to the table, took his cheque-book from a drawer, and filled in a draft, which, after he had carefully examined, he handed to me.

"I took it, and gazed at it with astonishment—it was for a thousand pounds! "My dear Raven," I gasped, for I was overcome by this act of apparent and totally unexpected generosity, "it is too much; it is too good of you. I cannot think of accepting it."

"You know that I can well afford it," he said curtly. "I insist upon your taking it. If you refuse, we can no longer remain on terms of friendship."

"Nay, Raven," I cried, while my heart seemed to rise in my throat. "Do not misunderstand me. This is noble of you. I thank you with all my heart; but I cannot accept such a large sum."

"He would not listen, however, to my refusal; and finally, I pocketed both my pride and the draft.

"Mary Bagster was at the time paying a short visit to her friends in the country; and thus it happened that I did not mention the fact of my having received Raven's handsome present either to her or to any one else. I looked forward to surprising her with the news upon her return to town; and in the meantime I sent the draft to my banker's, a well-known private firm, with which I had but recently opened an account.

"A few mornings afterwards, I was sitting at breakfast in my bachelor lodgings in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, when, without warning, a police officer entered my room, and showing me a warrant which authorised him to arrest me on a charge of forgery, took me into custody.

"As you may expect, I was thunderstruck. "Forgery? Forgery of what?" I exclaimed, half-maddened by the monstrous charge.

"But I soon learnt a little, and guessed the rest. Raven, in order to dispose of me, and to effectually put a stop to my marriage, had written out the draft in an unusual manner, and had appended his name in a way which had caused his banker to decline to cash the cheque, and to indorse it with the words: "Signature differs."

"The draft had been returned in this condition to Raven, who, without hesitation, had pronounced it to be a forgery. According to his story, which was only too plausible, I alone could be the criminal. The cheque was payable to me; I had access to the drawer in which he kept the book from which the form had been torn; and the clumsy signature had been written much as I might have written it.

"You can guess the sequel, doctor. I was tried; and although I was very ably defended by a leading counsel, who was a personal friend of mine, I was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. How shall I describe to you the agony of those days! In due course, I was sent out here with a shipload of cut-throats and felons. In a few years, doubtless, I was nearly forgotten at home, for my conviction killed my father; and who else was there to remember me save Raven, and Mary Bagster, whom he, to add to my wretchedness, soon afterwards married?"

"At this point, Sir James was seized with spasmodic pains, brought on by his excitement; and I was obliged to temporarily forbid his continuing the painful narrative. An hour or two later, however, finding him calmer, I permitted him to go on.

"I served my time," he continued; "and then, having no friends in England, I decided to remain here. Like many others, I went to the diggings; and, unlike most, I was fortunate. I invested everything in land and stock; tried to make myself publicly useful; gradually obtained the confidence and respect of my fellow-citizens; and two or three years ago, as you know, received the honour of knighthood. I

can now say with truth, doctor, that there is no man in Australia who would refuse to grasp me by the hand because I was once a convict.'

'Has your innocence never been proved?' I asked.

'Never!' he returned. 'I might, perhaps, have made a second endeavour to prove it long ago; but I could not bring myself to make *her* unhappy—unhappier, that is, than he has made her. As I have told you, she became Lady Raven. You cannot expect me to be able to tell you that the man who so cruelly swore away my liberty made her a good husband. He systematically ill-treated her; and although she bore him several children, and was, I have heard, an exemplary wife, until she was crushed by his brutality, he behaved to her as he would not have behaved to his dogs. Do you know, doctor, that I preserve my love for her still? I have never ceased to love her, although she believed evil of me, and never sent me a single word of sympathy; and I have left everything I have to her eldest son, who by this time has sons of his own. But I do not know whether or not she is dead. I have, however, provided that, should she be living, she is to have a life-interest in my estate. Poor thing, she deserves it; for sadly did she suffer, and not unfrequently, I expect, did she want.'

'And he?' I asked. 'What became of Raven?'

'In time, he deserted her, and plunged into the lowest depths of drunkenness and dissipation. He had wasted his fortune; and not very long ago, I read that he had been picked up in a fit in the streets of Paris and had died before his removal to the hospital.'

'I am shortly going to England, Sir James,' I said; 'and if I can be of any use in discovering this poor lady's whereabouts, I shall be glad to do my best.'

'You are going to England? I am happy to hear it. You then can do what I feared would have to be done for me by a third party. I want you to find Lady Raven and tell her what I have told you. Tell her that, although we have been separated for more than forty years, I still think of her; that I die thinking of her; and that I forgive her; and—Yes, doctor, tell her, too, that I forgive him. I must forgive him. Yes; I do, fully.'

I need not go on to describe the painful hours I spent at Sir James's side ere death released him from his sufferings. Suffice it to say that he bore himself, even in his moments of greatest agony, with becoming resignation. Until the last, he was thoughtful for all about him, rather than for himself; and when the long sleep at last closed his weary eyes, I turned away, feeling that Australia had lost a man the memory of whom she might justly cherish.

Two or three months afterwards I returned to England. Lady Raven, who for some time had been in impoverished circumstances, had meanwhile been discovered by my late patient's solicitors; and before I saw her, she had been apprised of the provisions of Sir James Reilly's will.

I introduced myself to her as his friend; and found her occupying a pleasant but not very well furnished house in one of the best squares in Bayswater.

'It is all a mystery,' she said to me, when she

had first apologized for the disorder of her temporary abode. 'Poor James! He was once very fond of me. It was many years ago. We should have married, you know, but for an unfortunate circumstance. Perhaps you have heard of it?'

I was slightly annoyed at the tone in which she spoke of her dead benefactor.

'I have heard of it, Lady Raven,' I returned seriously.

'But it did not spoil his success in life,' she continued with a slight laugh; 'and now, at last, he has made restitution. Well, it is only what we deserve! He robbed my late husband, you know; and it is fitting that we should be his heirs—is it not?'

I was beginning to feel angry. Even if Sir James had been guilty, she had no right to speak of him now in so light and scornful a tone. Already, I saw, she was recklessly spending her newly acquired wealth, though she had not actually entered into possession of it, the will not having then been proved. Her misfortunes had not made a good woman of her. She was gaudily dressed. Instead of being in mourning, she was covered with jewelry. Surely it was well for poor Sir James that this vain woman had never been his wife!

'Lady Raven,' I said sternly, 'we may as well end this. Sir James Reilly never injured you or any other living creature. It was your husband who was the criminal! He wrote his own name to that cheque which led to Sir James's transportation. He denied the facts, and caused your benefactor to be sent to the antipodes! And do you think that I, knowing all this, will suffer Sir James's fair name to be slandered?'

She turned pale, and clung for support to a chair. 'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed; 'is it—can it be true? I knew it, then—I knew it! My husband once told me all, when he was delirious with drink. God forgive me!' and she fell like a corpse to the floor.

I summoned the servants, who carried her to her room. I then sent for a physician, and in the meantime did what I could to revive her. But my efforts were in vain, and soon after my colleague arrived, she expired. An examination subsequently disclosed the fact that she had long been a sufferer from heart-disease.

I am glad to be able to say that her son, who is now enjoying Sir James Reilly's munificent bequest, is worthy of the legacy. A week or two ago he sailed with his family for Victoria, and it is his ambition there to follow in his benefactor's footsteps.

THE EDELWEISS—THE SWISS BRIDAL FLOWER.

It will be a great consolation for young ladies to know that the *Edelweiss*, associated with mystery, matrimony, and maidens, and rejoicing in the name of *Leontopodium Alpinum*, has been making quite a sensation in the *Standard* newspaper. This Edelweiss, so familiar to tourists in the Alps, and to young ladies fresh from the newest novel, has always been thought to belong exclusively to the Alpine regions of Switzerland; but the range of its geographical distribution has been widely extended, and it is now found to belong to various other altitudes besides those of the Switzers. Much romance attaches to the

favourite plant, so nearly allied to our cudweeds and gnaphaliums, and so very near and charming a relation of our pretty *Centennaria dioica*, the Mountain Everlasting, found upon our heaths. The Edelweiss is the bridal flower of the Swiss girls, being used by them, as we use orange blossoms, in the hair and in bouquets at their weddings. It is a plant 'far fetched, dear bought, and good for ladies,' and they will be glad to learn that they have no need to spend anxious hours in seeking it in its Alpine fastnesses in order to possess it.

The writer got some seed—just a pinch—of Freemans, of Norwich. It was put in a cold frame, by way of protection; it came up beautifully and flowered well in the open garden, in Yorkshire sunshine. The Edelweiss is a hardy perennial, and succeeds well in bog soil with plenty of sun; and when sown in spring, every lady may watch it grow for herself in England, and decorate her tresses with it in the autumn. All budding maidens and blushing brides will, we hope, be thankful for this idea. The romantic plant about which they have thought and read so often, and about which such long yarns have been spun, is in reality no more difficult of cultivation than ordinary 'forget-me-nots,' or mustard and cress.

We have great hopes that, after this succinct statement, when we look up at drawing-room windows, and when we go into our friends' conservatories, we shall be sure to see the Edelweiss, with its round head of silvery, white, fluffy, downy flowers and leaves. And when we see them, we shall also be quite sure that some fairy fingers have been at work, that some tender heart is beating fast, that some romance is being played out under those very eaves, and that some happy maiden is cultivating the delicious Edelweiss for no other purpose in the world except an early wedding. And may good luck attend her! It is too much to believe, of course, that the plant will be grown simply as a botanical rarity, or to send out as souvenirs, or to place in herbariums and albums. Depend upon it, if you see the Edelweiss growing and blooming, the next thing is to look out for a pair of white gloves, and a sweet, fluffy bridal cake, as white and chaste and ornate as the Edelweiss itself.

IN YARROW.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A DREAM of youth has grown to fruit,
Though years it was in blossom;
It lay, like touch of summer light,
Far down within my bosom:
It led me on from hope to hope,
Made rainbows of each morrow,
And now my heart has had its wish—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

And as I stood, my old sweet dreams
Took back their long-lost brightness;
My boyhood came, and in my heart
Rose up a summer lightness.
I heard faint echoes of far song
Grow rich and deep, and borrow
The low, sweet tones of early years—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

O dreams of youth, dreamt long ago,
When every hour was pleasure!
O hopes that came when Hope was high,
Nor niggard of her treasure!—
Ye came to-day, and, as of old,
I could not find your marrow;
Ye made my heart grow warm with tears—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

That touch of sorrow when our youth
Was in its phase of sadness,
For which no speech was on the lip
To frame its gentle madness,
Rests on each hill I saw to-day,
Till I was left with only
That pleasure which is almost pain,
The sense of being lonely.

The haunting sense of love, that now
Beats with a feebler pinion
Above the shattered domes that once
Soared high in his dominion,
And in the air of all that time,
Nor joy nor sadness wholly,
Seem all to mix and melt away
In pleasing melancholy.

Why should it be that, as we dream,
A tender song of passion,
Of lovers loving long ago
In the old Border fashion,
Should touch and hallow every spot,
Until its presence thorough
Is in the very grass that throbs
With thoughts of love and Yarrow?

We know not; we can only deem
The heart lives in the story,
And gives to stream and hill around
A lover's tearful glory,
Until it bears us back to feel
The light of that far morrow
That touched the ridge on Tinnis Hill,
Then fell on winding Yarrow.

Ah, not on Yarrow stream alone
Fell that most tender feeling,
But like a light from out a light,
An inmost charm revealing,
It lay, and lies on vale and hill,
On waters in their flowing;
And only can the heart discern
The source of its bestowing.

Yes! we may walk by Yarrow stream
With speech, and song, and laughter,
But still far down a sadness sleeps,
To wake and follow after.
And soft regrets that come and go,
The light and shade of sorrow,
Are with me still, that I may know
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

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AT AN EASTERN DINNER-PARTY.

IN Mohammedan countries generally, there is a greater gravity, a greater appearance of austerity in public, and a more apparent mortification of the flesh, than with us. Grave faces are seldom seen to smile; the corners of the mouth are more often drawn down than up. But this apparent solemnity is much produced by the numerous rules of etiquette, a breach of any of which would cause a serious depreciation in the social position of the man who was guilty of it.

As a rule, the Oriental, more particularly the higher-class Persian, has two entities—one of the silent and solemn pundit, speaking only in whispers, and with either the Spartan brevity of Yes and No, or launching out into complimentary phrases, as insincere as they are poetic—a being clad in long flowing garments of price, behatted or beturbaned, according to his class, and with a knowledge of the little niceties of form and phrase that would do credit to an experienced Lord Chamberlain. Priests, lawyers, merchants, the courtier and soldier classes, all are thus; for a single public slip from the code of ceremonial and etiquette would cause at once a loss of caste. In fact, at first, to the new-comer they seem all Pharisees, and wear their phylacteries broad. Such are the upper-class Persians outside their own homes, and from sunrise to sunset. It is of the Oriental in his other phase, and among his friends, or ‘cup-companions’ as Lane in his *Arabian Nights* translates the word, that I have to tell—in fact, the Persian at home.

Some years have elapsed since I went to the little dinner I am about to describe; the giver and some of the guests have submitted to the irony of fate—two dead in their beds, a noteworthy thing among the grandees or wealthy in Persia; one executed for so-called high-treason, really murdered, after having surrendered himself to the king's uncle under an oath of safety for his life; another judicially done to death because he was rich. One, then the greatest and richest

of the party, is eating in a corner the bread of charity, blind and poor; one young fellow, then a penniless parasite, little more than a servant without pay, who handed pipes and ran messages, is now in high employ, and likely to become a minister. Others of that party would now be glad to hand his pipes and run his messages for the mere sake of his protection. It was this young fellow who brought me my invitation—a verbal one. ‘Mirza M—— Khan sends you his salaams, and hopes you will eat your dinner at his house at an hour after sunset to-night. Will your honour come?’

‘Please to sit. I hope you are well. Who is to be there? Any Europeans?’

‘No; only yourself. At least, there is one—the Dutch doctor; and as he has been so many years here, he is more a Persian than ourselves. And hakim-sahib [European doctor], will you, the Khan says, bring two packs of cards?’

‘Ah, Mirza, the secret's out; it's not me they want, but my two packs of cards.’

‘No, hakim-sahib. By your head, it's not so. You don't know the Khan—at least, not in private. He is good-nature itself; and he wants you to come to eat his dinner, to taste his salt. Besides, Gholam Nahdi is to be there, and there will be dancing. Ba! an entertainment to dwell in the memory.’

Now, the fact of the dancing intrigued me. I knew that Mirza M—— Khan did not merely invite me for the sake of the cards, as he could have had them for the asking. I was anxious to see an entertainment in the house of a rich man, so I resolved to go.

‘On my eyes, Mirza.’

This is the current expression for an affirmative, a respectful affirmative, meaning that I would certainly do myself the honour.

The Mirza declined a pipe, as he had other errands to fulfil; asked leave to depart, as is the custom, and bowed himself out.

I had gladly accepted, for I wished to see the dancing, of which I had heard much, and also the performance of impromptu farces or

interludes, for which the *lâtis* (buffoons) of Shiraz are celebrated throughout Persia; for it was in Shiraz itself that the invitation was given; and it was in the house of one of its local grandees that the entertainment was to take place. If, then, I was ever to see a real Oriental entertainment, now was my time, in the city of Saadi and Hafiz, in the real Persian heart of Persia. Mirza M—— Khan was a grandee, and I knew personally very little of him, save that he was very wealthy, very good-natured, and a very good patient, in the sense that he was grateful for work done and remunerated it with no niggard hand.

At the appointed time, I rode through the narrow dusty streets of the town, as was the custom, having quite a little procession of my own. Was I not going out to dinner? and among Persians, to invite a guest is to invite his servants too; consequently, even to the cook's disciple, they were all there to accompany me. When I remonstrated at so large a following, my head-man told me that 'I really must allow him to keep up my dignity in a proper way.' The only servant left in my house was the doorkeeper, and he was obliged to stay to guard it; the rest all came. First went my two carpet-spreaders, crying, 'Out of the way!' each carrying a big stick, and girded, as is the custom, with the short, straight, hiltless sword called a *kammar*, the sharp point of which would nearly always be fatal if thrust with; but it fortunately is almost invariably used merely to hack; and unless the skull be fractured, merely lets out some of the hot Persian blood, and so the frequent quarrel ends. Then came the cook, an artist in his way. He, doubtless, would give a helping hand with the dinner. With him was the table-man, who strutted in all the glory of a bright blue *moiré* antique tunic; a smart black lambskin cap of the latest fashion, cocked knowingly; a silver watch-chain, and my silver *kalian* or water-pipe; for, though one is provided with these and tobacco galore, every man brings his own; and a European, if wise, invariably followed the custom, for it prevented little hitches, such as that of some holy man or priest being obliged to refuse to smoke the pipe of the dog of an unbeliever, or of a special hubble-bubble being handed to the Giaour for his sole delectation. No visit, much less entertainment, in Persia can be made without the frequent introduction of the water-pipe. Certainly it fills up gaps when the conversational powers of guests or visitors flag; and it is an inexhaustible subject of conversation; besides, it is the poetry and perfection of smoking. With the table-man walked the *sherbetdar*, or sherbet and ice maker. He would doubtless make himself useful. But I fear he went for the more than Homeric feast which he knew would be gladly spread for even the humblest hanger-on of any guest. Then at my horse's head walked my groom, carrying over his arm the embroidered cloth that is thrown over my horse when standing, to preserve him from draughts, and the

saddle from sun and dust. They, too, both horse and groom, would be entertained as a matter of course. Such is the lavishness of Eastern hospitality. My head-man, in a long blue cloth cloak, marched at my side, more with the air of a humble friend than that of a servant. Thus, these men did their duty by me in keeping up my position, while at the same time they were well fed at my host's expense. And probably had I gone alone, the first inquiry would have been: 'Where are your servants, doctor?'

In honour of my host, I had donned a black frock-coat; and as the temperature was about eighty, my sufferings were great; but in the East, a cut-away coat is indecorous; and my linen suits unfortunately were made in the usual shooting-coat shape. After some half-hour's ride through tortuous and evil-smelling lanes, by mosques and through bazaars, in and out of repair, we came to the large mud-plastered portico of Mirza M—— Khan's house. At the door was a sentry, who saluted. I dismounted, my servants—as is the custom—supporting me under the arm-pits.

'The Khan is expecting you—be pleased to enter,' said a grave and well-clad domestic, who proceeded to usher me into the house.

I was shown into the *berāni*, or men's apartments. A paved courtyard, some thirty yards by ten, with sunken beds of common flowers on either side, and many orange-trees covered with their dark-green fruit; a raised tank or *haus* of running water, twenty yards by three, with playing-jets; a crowd of servants with pipes. These struck my eye as I passed up to the further end, where I saw my host seated at the open window of a large room. Although quite light, the whole place was ablaze with lamps and candles in rows. On a carpet in the courtyard sat the Jew musicians, who played their loudest on the usual instruments of torture—the tambourine, two hand-drums, a kind of fiddle, and a sort of guitar; while an old man made night hideous by drumming on a horrible kind of military drum called a *dohol*, a thing that I have seen, except on this occasion, used at Eastern weddings only. Happily, he varied the dreadful performance by eldritch solos on a two-tubed flute, such as that we see in Roman processions on ancient buildings. Singers, too, made night hideous. But all these men were fortunately in the open air, and their performance was not so deafening when one entered the room.

'Ah, hakim-sahib!' said my host, rising. 'Bismillah! be seated; pray be seated.'

All the guests on my entry had risen from the ground on which they sat. I was placed in a seat of honour, far above my social deserts, and introduced to those of the guests with whom I was unacquainted. The rest, whom I knew, all shook hands with me.

'Pipes!' shouted Mirza M—— Khan—'pipes!'

A train of servants now entered the room. Each man brought his master's pipe. Conversation became general; the music played on. The bubbling noise of the water-pipes, the profusion of lights, the gay dresses of the whole party, the handsome carpets, the floridly decorated walls, the flowing water of the fountains, and the bright moon hanging over the orange-trees,

gave one the feeling that one was 'revelling.' There is no other word. Tea in tiny cups is handed. More pipes, more tea. Still the music, still the singing, or rather noise, to which nobody listens, of recited poetry howled in a crescendo scale. More guests, more pipes, more tea. All are assembled. Outer cloaks and heavy garments are thrown off, for the night is warm.

'What is this, hakim-sahib?' said the Khan, pointing to my frock-coat. 'You must be hot.'

I explained that my little white linen cut-aways were not formal enough for the aristocratic assemblage to which I had had the honour to be invited.

'Bah! Send for one. Make yourself at home.'

The order is given by my servant; and my groom gallops off, and soon returns with ease and coolness.

'A colleague of yours is come,' I am told in a whisper; 'he is about to astonish you. You see the bearded Khan I introduced you to; he is S—— Khan, general of cavalry. He has a needle in his back. The surgeon, Agha Ali, will come here and remove it. He doesn't consult you, as he doesn't believe in European doctors.'

Here trays of sweetmeats, salted almonds, pistachios, and other nuts, are brought in; wine in decanters; arrack, either in the form of pure spirits of wine, or flavoured and coloured green by the infusion of the fresh leaves of anise-seed. We all eat the sweetmeats, nibble the nuts, and most help themselves to wine or arrack.

My friend beckons to the cavalry general, who comes over and squats next me. I am introduced. After the usual glowing Eastern compliments, S—— Khan gives me a list of all his ills from birth. I am obliged to listen. The Persian custom is, whenever you meet a doctor, consult him. I learn that the Khan at present suffers from lumbago, and that he has obtained relief by acupuncture; that he has a special confidential valet, who is in the habit of each morning inserting an ordinary sewing-needle for more than an inch in the seat of pain; but that this morning the needle had been inserted, and then had disappeared. The general rapidly removes his clothing, and exposes his back. There are innumerable scars of acupuncture. I gravely examine the back.

'Ah, there, there it is!' he shouts.

I am compelled to frankly inform him that the needle has probably been lost, and is not in his body.

He is most indignant. 'Ah, you Europeans, you Europeans, you never will believe. Why, Agha Ali, the *jerreh* [surgeon], says it's there; and it must be there. Besides, he is going to extract it by the mouse.'

'By the what?' I say in astonishment.

'The mouse. Don't you understand that?'

'No. What mouse?'

'Ah, science; ah, Europeans; he doesn't understand the action of the mouse!'

A chorus of explanations is now afforded me. A live mouse is to be bound on the bare back of the general, and by some occult means the needle will leave his body, and be found in that of the mouse.

I laugh, and remain incredulous. The pooh of scorn is my only answer.

'Will you believe it if you see it?'

'Yes; I am open to conviction.'

'Ah, you soon will; he will be here directly.'

The coming of my Oriental *confrère* is expected eagerly by me. There is no sign of dinner, though eight o'clock. I munch my salted nuts, and ask what kind of needle has been used.

'A European needle—one of these.'

The confidential valet produces a packet of No. 8—an ordinary English sewing-needle.

'Are these what you use?'

'Yes. Always these; never any other. The one that is in the Khan's back—may I be his sacrifice—was one of these out of this very packet.'

The Khan here puts his finger to the exact spot, and his face expresses agony.

At this moment I see my *confrère* coming up the courtyard. No one makes way for him. The native surgeon is evidently not a person of distinction, as the native physician is; he is merely a little tradesman, in social status below his rival the barber. Where the functions of the one end and the other begin is very doubtful. The barber bleeds, cups, draws teeth, reduces dislocations, performs the actual cautery and various other needful operations. The surgeon does all these things; probes and prods at gunshot wounds; looks at fractures and tumours; has a few strange medieval instruments, which, like a clever man, he seldom uses; and in cases of surgical emergency, he looks wise, and never, or hardly ever, interferes. I was, however, now to have an opportunity of seeing a Persian surgical operation.

Agha Ali does not attempt to enter the room till bidden by my host with a loud 'Bismillah!' Then, stooping humbly, his hands carefully covered by his ragged cloak, whose amplitude hides the numerous deficiencies of the rest of the poor fellow's wardrobe, he enters the room.

'Salaam!'—in a loud tone.

To this salutation no one responds, and the surgeon humbly seats himself in the lowest corner. I felt for the man; and to put him at his ease, attempted to converse with him; but he took no notice of my remarks. Was I not a rival and an unbeliever!

S—— Khan, however, ordered him to examine his back; and on his doing so with much parade—listening carefully for the needle with an old stethoscope! the wrong end of which he applied to the general's august person—he formally declared that the needle was deeply seated. But 'Please God,' said he, 'by my science and by the help of the sainted martyrs Houssein and Hessian, I shall remove it.'

I now could perceive, from the looks of conviction of my fellow-guests, that I was looked on as the impostor, and that my ragged *confrère* had the confidence of the spectators.

It was now explained to me that the native surgeon proposed to affix a live mouse to the patient's back; and that, after a time, the needle would, by some mysterious power, be drawn from the body of the sufferer into that of the unoffending little quadruped. Of course so monstrous a proposition was received by me with the silent derision it deserved. I knew that some trick would be played. But what? Probably there was no needle at all in the sufferer's back;

the pain possibly would be cured by playing on his imagination. But how?

'Bring a mouse,' said our host; and several servants scurried off to execute the order. In a large Persian house, there is no difficulty in finding a mouse in the traps, or in the earthen jars in which grain is kept.

'May it please you, Excellency, may I be your sacrifice, I have a mouse ready,' said my surgical rival, taking a small flat tin box from his pocket.

There was a hum of expectation. The certainty of a deception of some sort caused me to watch the fellow narrowly. He opened the box very cautiously; a poor little mouse, a silken ligature affixed to each foot, was in it. He was alive; no doubt of that, but securely tied. When taken up, he gave a squeak of pain.

That squeak decided me; I saw the thing at a glance. 'Do you mean to tell me,' I said, 'that you are able to extract the needle from the Khan's back, and make it enter the body of the mouse?' I asked, open-mouthed, with feigned astonishment.

'Assuredly,' calmly replied the surgeon. 'With Heaven's and the blessed Prophet's help, I shall certainly do so.'

'Ah,' I replied; 'this is indeed a wonderful thing. Agha Ali, the surgeons of Persia have in you a burning and shining light; but your trick is old (here he turned pale).—Observe, my friends. Hey, presto, pass!—Khan, the needle has left you, and is *now* in the poor mouse's body.'

For the surgeon to close the box, in which was the mouse, and spring to his feet, was the work of an instant.

'What is this that the sahib says? What nonsense is this? If the sahib can cure the Khan's pain, why send for me? I am insulted. Let me go!'

But all to no purpose. The box was snatched from him. As I supposed, the needle—that is to say, a needle—was already there, slipped slyly in under the loose skin of the little animal's back. I asked to be allowed to look at it, and requested that it might be compared with the needles in the Khan's packet. It was half an inch too short!

There was no doubt. S—Khan was furious. 'Take him away!' shouted he, almost foaming with rage; nothing a Persian dislikes so much as to be over-reached—'take him away! I shall attend to his matter in the morning.'

A general of cavalry, particularly in Persia, is a great man, and his manner of attending to the affairs of those who have offended him is rough. Two black-bearded soldier-servants hustled the disappointed charlatan out of the room. S—Khan felt almost well already. The mouse ran away, silken bonds and all; and I begged the absent surgeon off with some civility.

'I make you a present of him,' said S—Khan.

This little episode had made the time pass. There was as yet (nine P.M.) no sign of dinner, though roasted quails, smoking hot on the spit, had been handed one to each person, as a sort of stop-gap. Most of the guests began to drink, some heavily.

A little wiry man in a pair of bathing-drawers, and otherwise naked, now entered the room. He juggled; he sung; he played on various instruments; he improvised. He and his son acted a little impromptu farce, in which the priests were mercilessly mimicked; then he did all the tricks of the European contortionist; then he turned somersaults amid a forest of sharp daggers, points upwards; then he ate fire; and finally took a header while vomiting flames into the tank below. This man was Gholam Nahdi, the celebrated buffoon. For his performance, he would get his dinner, and perhaps five shillings of our money.

'Where are the cards, sahib? Hakim-sahib, where are the cards?'

I sent for my servant, who produced them.

'Bismillah! let us play,' shouted Mirza M—Khan.

'Let us play,' assented the guests.

They all set to, at a kind of lansquenet. All were wealthy men, and as they gambled only for silver coin, not much harm was done. Like a Christmas party of children at Pope Joan, how they shouted; and how they cheated, openly, most openly! He who cheated most was happiest, and the only disgrace was in being found out. S—Khan, who sat next to me, had a method of cheating so simple, so Arcadian in its simplicity, that it deserves description. He lost, lost persistently; but his heap did not perceptibly diminish. I watched him. His plan was this. When he won, he put his winnings on his heap of coin. When he lost, he would carefully count out the amount of money he had to pay. 'Sixty kerans; ah! Correct, you see—sixty.' He would then gather it up in his two hands, place the closed hands on his own heap, let out the greater part of the sixty silver coins on his heap, and opening his closed hands from below upwards, apparently paid his losses into the pile of his successful adversary with a 'Much good may they do you! Another sixty kerans.'

After about an hour of this, the music and singing having been going on unceasingly, dinner was announced. The money was pocketed, or handed over to the care of servants. A long sheet of embroidered leather was spread on the ground; over this was placed a sheet of hand-printed chintz, some twelve feet by four; bowls of sherbet (iced sirups and water) were laid at intervals; and the various dishes, filled each to overflowing, and mostly swimming in fat, were placed in circular trays before every six guests. A plentiful dinner—no Barmecide feast. Lambs roasted whole, stuffed with dates, almonds, raisins, and pistachio nuts; sparrow and pomegranate soup; kebabs of lambs and antelope; all the thousand-and-one delicacies of the Persian cuisine—chillaus, pillaus, curries, fowls boiled and roast. All was good, well cooked, and lavish; for each man had some half-dozen servants with him, who would dine on the leavings; and our host had certainly fifty servants, all of whom would get a meal off these crumbs from the rich man's table.

Just as dinner was finishing, a grand display of fireworks took place; and that and dinner over, we all bade our host good-bye, and rode home through the dark streets, lighted only by

the lanterns which were carried by our servants; and the only sounds to be heard besides our horses' hoofs, were the barking of the street dogs, and the strangely human cry of the jackals. It was twelve at night, and Shiraz was fast asleep.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XVII.

'YES, I hope you will come and see me often.—O yes, I shall miss my sister; but then I shall have all the more of papa.—Good-night. Good-night, Captain Gaunt.—No; I don't sketch; that was Frances. I don't know the country, either. It was my sister who knew it. I am quite ignorant and useless.—Good-night.'

Waring, who was on the loggia, heard this in the clear tones of his only remaining companion. He heard her come in afterwards with a step more distinct than that of Frances, as her voice carried farther. He said to himself that everything was more distinct about this girl, and he was glad that she was coming, glad of some relief from the depression which overcame him against his will. She came across one room after another, and out upon the loggia, throwing herself down listlessly in the usurped chair. It did not occur to him that she was unaware of his presence, and he was surprised that she said nothing. But after a minute or two, there could be no doubt how it was that Constance did not speak. There was no loud outburst of emotion, but a low suppressed sound, which it was impossible to mistake. She said after a moment to herself: 'What a fool I am!' But even this reflection did not stem the tide. A sensation of utter solitude had seized upon her. She was abandoned, among strangers; and though she had so much experience of the world, it was not of this world that Constance had any knowledge. Had she been left alone among a new tribe of people unknown to her, she would not have been afraid! Court or camp would have had no alarms for her; but the solitude, broken only by the occasional appearance of these rustic companions; the simple young soldier, who was going to bestow his heart upon her, an entirely undesired gift; the anxious mother, who was about to mount guard over her at a distance; the polite old beau in the background. Was it possible that the existence she knew had altogether receded from Constance, and left her with such companions alone? She was not thinking of her father, neither of himself nor of his possible presence, which was of little importance to her. After a while, she sat upright and passed her handkerchief quickly over her face. 'It is my own fault,' she said, still to herself; 'I might have known.'

'You don't see, Constance, that I am here.'

She started, and pulled herself up in a moment. 'Oh, are you there, papa? No, I didn't see you. I didn't think of any one being here.—Well, they are gone. Everybody came to see Frances off, as you divined. She bore up very well; but, of course, it was a little sad for her, leaving everything she knows.'

'You were crying a minute ago, Constance.'

'Was I? Oh, well; that was nothing. Girls cry, and it doesn't mean much. You know women well enough, to know that.'

'Yes, I know women—enough to say the ordinary things about them,' said Waring; 'but perhaps I don't know you, which is of far more consequence just now.'

'There is not much in me to know,' said the girl in a light voice. 'I am just like other girls. I am apt to cry when I see people crying. Frances sobbed—like a little foolish thing; for why should she cry? She is going to see the world. Did you ever feel, when you came here first, a sort of horror seize upon you, as if—as if—as if you were lost in a savage wilderness, and would never see a human face again?'

'No; I cannot say I ever felt that.'

'No, to be sure,' cried Constance. 'What ridiculous nonsense I am talking! A savage wilderness! with all these houses about, and the hotels on the beach. I mean—didn't you feel as if you would like to run violently down a steep place into the sea?' Then she stopped, and laughed. 'It was the swine that did that.'

'It has never occurred to me to take that means of settling matters; and yet I understand you,' he said gravely. 'You have made a mistake. You thought you were philosopher enough to give up the world; and it turns out that you are not. But you need not cry, for it is not too late. You can change your mind.'

'I—change my mind! Not for the world, papa! Do you think I would give them the triumph of supposing that I could not do without them, that I was obliged to go back? Not for the world.'

'I understand the sentiment,' he said. 'Still, between these two conditions of mind, it is rather unfortunate for you, my dear. I do not see any middle course.'

'O yes; there is a middle course. I can make myself very comfortable here; and that is what I mean to do.—Papa, if you had not found it out, I should not have told you. I hope you are not offended?'

'O no, I am not offended,' he said with a short laugh. 'It is perhaps a pity that everybody has been put to so much trouble for what gives you so little satisfaction. That is the worst of it; these mistakes affect so many others besides one's self.'

Constance evidently had a struggle with herself to accept this reproof; but she made no immediate reply. After a while: 'Frances will be a little strange at first; but she will like it by-and-by; and it is only right she should have her share,' she said softly.—'I have been wondering,' she went on with a laugh that was somewhat forced, 'whether mamma will respect her individuality at all; or if she will put her altogether into my place? I wonder if—that man I told you of, papa'—

'Well, what of him?' said Waring, rather sharply.

'I wonder if he will be turned over to Frances too? It would be droll. Mamma is not a person to give up any of her plans, if she can help it; and you have brought up Frances so very well, papa; she is so docile—and so obedient'—

'You think she will accept your old lover, or your old wardrobe, or anything that offers? I don't think she is so well brought up as that.'

'I did not mean to insult my sister,' cried Constance, springing to her feet. 'She is so well brought up, that she accepted whatever you chose to say to her, forgetting that she was a woman, that she was a lady.'

Waring's face grew scarlet in the darkness. 'I hope,' he said, 'that I am incapable of forgetting on any provocation that my daughter is a lady.'

'You mean me,' she cried, breathless. 'Oh, I can'— But here she stopped. 'Papa,' she resumed, 'what good will it do us to quarrel? I don't want to quarrel. Instead of setting yourself against me because I am poor Con, and not Frances, whom you love— Oh, I think you might be good to me just at this moment; for I am very lonely, and I don't know what I am good for, and I think my heart will break.'

She went to him quietly and flung herself upon his shoulder, and cried. Waring was perhaps more embarrassed than touched by this appeal; but after all, she was his child, and he was sorry for her. He put his arm round her, and said a few soothing words. 'You may be good for a great deal, if you choose,' he said; 'and if you will believe me, my dear, you will find that by far the most amusing way. You have more capabilities than Frances; you are much better educated than she is—at least, I suppose so, for she was not educated at all.'

'How do you mean that it will be more amusing? I don't expect to be amused; all that is over,' said Constance, in a dolorous tone.

He was so much like her, that he paused for a moment to consider whether he should be angry, but decided against it, and laughed instead. 'You are not complimentary,' he said. 'What I mean is, that if you sit still and think over your deprivations, you will inevitably be miserable; whereas, if you exert yourself a little, and make the best of the situation, you will very likely extract something that is amusing out of it. I have seen it happen so often in my experience.'

'Ah!' said Constance, considering. And then she withdrew from him and went back to her chair. 'I thought, perhaps, you meant something more positive. There are perhaps possibilities—Frances would have thought it wrong to look out for amusement—that must have been because you trained her so.'

'Not altogether. Frances does not require so much amusement as you do. It is so in everything. One individual wants more sleep, more food, more delight than others.'

'Yes, yes,' she cried; 'that is like me. Some people are more alive than others; that is what you mean, papa.'

'I am not sure that it is what I mean; but if you like to take it so, I have no objection. And in that view, I recommend you to live, Constance. You will find it a great deal more amusing than to mope; and it will be much pleasanter to me.'

'Yes,' she said, 'I was considering. Perhaps what I mean will be not the same as what you mean. I will not do it in Frances' way; but still I will take your advice, papa. I am sure you are right in what you say.'

'I am glad you think so, my dear. If you cannot have everything you want, take what you can get. It is the only true philosophy.'

'Then I shall be a true philosopher,' she said with a laugh. The laugh was more than a mere recovery of spirits. It broke out again after a little, as if with a sense of something irresistibly comic. 'But I must not interfere too much with Mariuccia, it appears. She knows what you like better than I do. I am only to look wise when she submits her *menu*, as if I knew all about it. I am very good at looking as if I knew all about it.—By the way, do you know there is no piano? I should like to have a piano, if I might.'

'That will not be very difficult,' he said. 'Can you play?'

At which she laughed once more, with all her easy confidence restored. 'You shall hear, when you get me a piano.—Thanks, papa; you have quite restored me to myself. I can't knit your socks, like Frances; and I am not so clever about the mayonnaises; but still I am not altogether devoid of intellect. And now, we completely understand each other.—Good-night.'

'This is sudden,' he said. 'Good-night, if you think it is time for that ceremony.'

'It is time for me; I am a little tired; and I have got some alterations to make in my room, now that—now that—at present when I am quite settled and see my way.'

He did not understand what she meant, and he did not inquire. It was of very little consequence. Indeed, it was perhaps well that she should go and leave him to think of everything. It was not a month yet since the day when he had met that idiot Mannering on the road. To be sure, there was no proof that the idiot Mannering was the cause of all that had ensued. But at least it was he who had first disturbed the calm which Waring hoped was to have been eternal. He sat down to think, almost grateful to Constance for taking herself away. He thought a little of Frances hurrying along into the unknown, the first great journey she had ever taken, and such a journey, away from everything and everybody she knew. Poor little Fan! He thought a little about her; but he thought a great deal about himself. Would it ever be possible to return to that peace which had been so profound, which had ceased to appear capable of disturbance? The circumstances were all very different now. Frances, who would think it her duty to write to him often, was henceforth to be her mother's companion, reflecting, no doubt, the sentiments of a mind, to escape from which he had given up the world and (almost) his own species. And Constance, though she had elected to be his companion, would no doubt all the same write to her mother; and everything that he did and said, and all the circumstances of his life, would thus be laid open. He felt an impatience beyond words of that dutifulness of women, that propriety in which girls are trained, which makes them write letters. Why should they write letters? But it was impossible to prevent it. His wife would become a sort of distant witness of everything he did. She would know what he liked for dinner, the wine he preferred, how many baths he took. To describe how this thought annoyed him would be impossible. He had forgotten to warn Frances that her father

was not to be discussed with my lady. But what was the use of saying anything, when letters would come and go continually from the one house to the other? And he would be compelled to put up with it, though nothing could be more unpleasant. If these girls had been boys, this would not have happened. It was perhaps the first time Waring had felt himself within reach of such a wish, for boys were far more objectionable to his fine tastes than girls, gave more trouble, and were less agreeable to have about one. In the present circumstances, however, he could not but feel they would have been less embarrassing. Constance might grow tired, indeed, of that unprofitable exercise of letter-writing. But Frances, he felt sure, would in all cases be dutiful, and would not grow tired. She would write to him perhaps (he shivered) every day; at least every week; and she would think it her duty to tell him everything that happened, and she would require that he should write. But this, except once or twice, perhaps, to let her down easily, he was resolved that nothing should induce him to do.

Constance was neither tired nor sleepy when she went to her room. She had never betrayed the consciousness in any way, being high-bred and courteous when it did not interfere with her comfort to be so; yet she had divined that Frances had given up her room to her. This would have touched the heart of many people, but to Constance it was almost an irritation. She could not think why her sister had done it, except with that intention of self-martyrdom with which so many good people exasperate their neighbours. She would have been quite as comfortable in the blue room, and she would have liked it better. Now that Frances was safely gone and her feelings could not be hurt any more, Constance had set her heart upon altering it to her own pleasure, making it bear no longer the impress of Frances' mind, but of her own. She took down a number of the pictures which Frances had thought so much of, and softly pulled the things about, and changed it more than any one could have supposed a room could be changed. Then she sat down to think. The depression which had seized upon her when she had felt that all was over, that the door was closed upon her, and no place of repentance any longer possible, did not return at first. Her father's words, which she understood in a sense not intended by him, gave her a great deal of amusement as she thought them over. She did not conceal from herself the fact that there might ensue circumstances in which she should quote them to him to justify herself. 'Frances does not require so much amusement as you do. One individual requires more sleep, more food, more delight than another.' She laid this dangerous saying up in her mind with much glee, laughing to herself under her breath: 'If you cannot get what you want, you must take what you can get.' How astounded he would be if it should ever be necessary to put him in mind of these dogmas—which were so true! Her father's arguments, indeed, which were so well meant, did not suit the case of Constance. She had been in a better state of mind when she had felt her-

self to awake, as it were, on the edge of this desert, into which, in her impatience, she had flung herself, and saw that there was no escape for her, that she had been taken at her word, that she was to be permitted to work out her own will, and that no one would forcibly interfere to restore all her delights, to smooth the way for her to return. She had expected this, if not consciously, yet with a strong unexpressed conviction. But when she had seen Markham's face disappear, and realised that he was gone, actually gone, and had left her to exist as she could in the wilderness to which she had flown, her young perverse soul had been swept as by a tempest.

After a while, when she had gone through that little interview with her father, when she had executed her little revolution, and had seated herself in the quiet of the early night to think again over the whole matter, the pang returned, as every pang does. It was not yet ten o'clock, the hour at which she might have been setting out to a succession of entertainments under her mother's wing; but she had nothing better to amuse her than to alter the arrangement of a few old chairs, to draw aside a faded curtain, and then to betake herself to bed, though it was too early to sleep. There were sounds of voices still audible without, people singing, gossiping, enjoying, on the stone benches on the Punte, just those same delights of society which happy people on the verge of a new season were beginning to enjoy. But Constance did not feel much sympathy with the villagers, who were foreigners, whom she felt to be annoying and intrusive, making a noise under her windows, when, as it so happened, she had nothing to do but to go to sleep. When she looked out from the window and saw the pale sky spreading clear over the sea, she could think of nothing but Frances rushing along through the night, with Markham taking such care of her, hastening to London, to all that was worth living for. No doubt that little thing was still crying in her corner, in her folly and ignorance regretting her village. Oh, if they could have but changed places! To think of sitting opposite to Markham, with the soft night-air blowing in her face, devouring the way, seeing the little towns flash past, the morning dawn upon France, the long levels of the flat country sweep along; then Paris, London, at last! She shut the *persiani* almost violently with a hand that trembled, and looked round the four walls which shut her in, with again an impulse almost of despair. She felt like a wild creature newly caged, shut in there, to be kept within bolts and bars, to pace up and down, and beat against the walls of her prison, and never more to go free.

But this fit being more violent, did not go so deep as the unspeakable sense of loneliness which had overwhelmed her soul at first. She sprang up from it with the buoyancy of her age, and said to herself what her father had said: 'If you cannot get what you want, you must take what you can get.' There was yet a little amusement to be had out of this arid place. She had her father's sanction for making use of her opportunities; anything was better than to mope; and for her it was a necessity to live. She laughed a little under her breath once more, as

she came back to this more reassuring thought, and so lay down in her sister's bed with a satisfaction in the thought that it had not taken her any trouble to supplant Frances, and a mischievous smile about the corners of her mouth; although, after all, the thought of the travellers came over her again as she closed her eyes, and she ended by crying herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE BLACK MUSEUM.

THE name at the head of this paper will be a puzzle to a good many of our readers. Even among Londoners born and bred, not one in a hundred perhaps has heard of the Black Museum. *Whitaker's Almanac* knows it not; and *Dickens's Dictionary of London*, that 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of the wanderer in the great metropolis, makes no mention of it. Mr Samuel Weller himself, 'extensive and peculiar' as his knowledge of London is admitted to have been, might have had to plead guilty of ignorance in this one particular. And yet the Black Museum can show names of mark in its visitors' book. 'Counts a many, and dukes a few,' from Royal Highnesses downwards, have here inscribed their signatures. Literature and music are represented by Mr W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; the drama by Miss Minnie Palmer; the fire brigade by Captain Shaw; and the last offices of the law by Mr William Marwood, who, we are told, was a frequent visitor. Not to keep the reader in suspense, the Black Museum is a small back-room on the second floor of the offices of the Convict Supervision Department, Scotland Yard, and its curios consist exclusively of articles connected in one way or another with crime and criminals. The objects exhibited are about a hundred and fifty in number. They are carefully labelled, and are further described in a bulky catalogue, which, in addition to names, dates, and other particulars, contains a number of photographs and newspaper cuttings having relation to the various items.

The collection is so arranged as to allow free inspection of the various objects, and the curator, Sergeant Bradshaw, takes an evident pride in his charge, and furnishes the history of any given item with remarkable promptitude and accuracy. Round three sides of the room, on a high shelf, are ranged a number of plaster casts from Derby jail and York Castle, representing the heads of sundry criminals, who, for one offence or another, have suffered the last penalty of the law. If it were customary to hang people on the strength of their personal appearance, we should say that most of these gentry fully deserved their fate. They are not a pleasant sight, and for the most part have not even notoriety to recommend them. One of them, however, a big heavy head, ticketed as that of 'John Platts'—executed in 1847, for the murder of one George Collis, at Chesterfield—acquires a factitious interest from the fact that the identical rope which hanged the original is looped over the gas pendant in the centre of the room. The halters connected with the other casts are also preserved in the Museum, but this one chances to have the place of honour. The curator calls our attention to the thinness of the

rope—about five-eighths of an inch only—in comparison with that at present used, which is nearly or quite an inch in diameter. He further points out that the rope is much shorter than that now in use. Under the old régime, it was an even chance whether the criminal died by strangling or by dislocation of the neck; whereas, by the present more merciful 'long drop,' the neck is invariably dislocated, and death is practically instantaneous. Together with the halter are seen the cords—now replaced by a leather strap—for pinioning the arms of the condemned man, and the cap—a tall conical affair like a large cotton nightcap, but of double material—for drawing over his head at the supreme moment. These three items, the halter, the pinioning gear, and the cap, constitute the complete 'hangman's kit.' Sergeant Bradshaw informs us, not without a touch of regret, that Mr Marwood, on paying his last visit to the Museum, promised to present to it the ropes with which the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke were executed, but died without having redeemed his promise.

From the appliances of the hangman, we pass by an easy transition to the last relics of the late Mr Charles Peace, which rank among the chief lions of the collection. Sergeant Bradshaw shows us, handling them 'tenderly, as if he loved them,' the working tools of the venerable miscreant: the neat little picklocks and skeleton-keys; the gimlet, muffled in an india-rubber casing; the handy little 'jemmy;' the crucible for melting down his spoils; and last, but not least, his 'ladder,' a simple wooden contrivance, folding into so small a compass as to go into an ordinary handbag, and yet, when extended, affording ample foothold for the cat-like 'prince of burglars,' as he is called, to climb up to a first-floor window. So original is the contrivance, that until Peace himself revealed its object, the police were quite at a loss to imagine its use. Here, too, are the inventor's blue spectacles, and his artificial arm—a leather stump with a hook in it—worn for the purpose of disguise, the real arm lying snugly within the coat. The secret of Peace having so long kept out of the hands of the police is that he had no accomplices, but worked entirely alone. Under cover of his disguise, he collected the necessary information for his exploits; and after some daring burglary, wherein the activity of a practised gymnast had been displayed, the last person to be suspected was the little one-armed old man with the blue spectacles. Wonderful are the ways of hero-worshippers. Some eccentric relic-hunter has actually cut a piece out of the artificial arm, and in some obscure corner of the universe doubtless dazzles his kinsfolk and acquaintances by the exhibition of a veritable bit of leather formerly belonging to a deceased burglar and murderer. The reader may remember that Peace, after having escaped the consequences of many previous crimes, was convicted of attempting the life of a policeman, and of the actual murder of a Mr Dyson, at Bannercross, near Sheffield; and after a determined attempt to escape by jumping from a railway train, was executed at Leeds on the 25th of February 1879. A carte-de-visite of Peace, taken by the Stereoscopic Company, is preserved in the catalogue, and should be a valuable example to the student of physiognomy;

the high forehead, deep-set eyes, and bulldog lower jaw indicating a singular combination—fully verified in the life of the man—of strong intellectual power and force of will, unbalanced by corresponding moral qualities.

From the Peace collection we pass to the stock-in-trade of less notorious burglars. Here is a miniature dark-lantern, manufactured by some ingenious scoundrel out of one of Bryant and May's three-penny tin match-boxes. 'To such base uses may we come at last!' The bull's-eye is a mere bit of window-glass, oval in shape, and so small that the operator can, when necessary, mask it with his thumb, no slide being used. The light-giving power of such a lantern must naturally be small, but it is probably quite sufficient to enable the burglar to avoid stumbling over tables and chairs, or to illuminate a key-hole.

Here are the working tools of Wright and Wheatley, the Hoxton burglars, now undergoing penal servitude—Wright being condemned for life, Wheatley to twenty years. Each carried a revolver; that belonging to Wright, with which he shot at and wounded two of the police, being stamped 'British Constabulary,' a queer illustration of the irony of fate, and of the proverbial 'engineer hoist with his own petard.' Each of these two practitioners carried his tools in a sort of haversack slung at his side. A later expert, captured in the act of an attempted burglary at the British Museum in 1884, took a bolder course, and carried his implements—also here preserved—in an ordinary carpenter's tool-basket, over his shoulder. This gentleman affected the early morning for his exploits, and unless caught in the very act, would naturally be taken for a harmless British workman, going about his lawful avocations.

As might perhaps be anticipated, we find here an ample collection of crowbars or 'jemmies' of various descriptions. These formidable appliances are made, it appears, in regular gradations of size, the three largest being known as the 'Lord Mayor,' the 'Alderman,' and the 'Common-councilman.' The Lord Mayor is four feet three inches in length, and is only used on great occasions, say the breaking open of a strong-room or very heavy safe. The specimen here shown was used in what is known as the Hatton Garden burglary in 1880, by Smith and others. The Alderman is three feet three inches in length; the Common-councilman about two inches shorter, and, as befits its lower dignity, not quite so stout. Whatever may be said as to the projected reform of the City of London, our readers will agree with us that the sooner *this* corporation is abolished the better. Passing downward from the Common-councilman, we come ultimately to the 'pocket' Jemmy—James the less, in more respectful language—which is about twelve inches in length. The Black Museum specimen is of finely tempered steel, and hinged so as to fold in half, in which condition a curate might carry it in his breast-pocket without exciting suspicion. The larger sizes divide into two or three lengths, which are screwed together when required for actual use. Some are solid, some of tubular steel, the latter construction giving increased lightness without any sacrifice of strength. Each end terminates in a chisel point, the one straight, the

other slightly bent. In close contiguity to the crowbars we are shown specimens of the 'knuckle-duster,' a small but formidable weapon, for which we are indebted to our American cousins. The ordinary knuckle-duster is a flat piece of iron or brass about half an inch thick, with four oval openings of such size as to allow the passage of the four fingers. The fingers being passed through these holes, the hand closes with a firm grip on the 'butt' of the weapon, while the remainder of the metal stands out in the shape of an iron ring or guard over each knuckle, a blow from the hand thus armed coming with terrific force. Still more formidable is the 'spiked' knuckle-duster. Here each loop of the projecting guard over the knuckles, instead of being rounded, as in the former case, is fashioned into an angle of about ninety degrees, giving a cutting effect in addition to the natural force of the blow.

Passing on from the knuckle-dusters, we give a cursory glance at a varied collection of life-preservers, pistols, daggers, and other lethal weapons, all of which have seen service at some time or other. The butcher's knife, we note, is a decidedly popular weapon. There are also some half-dozen razors, all of which have been used in the commission of murders or attempted murders. It is a curious fact that they are without exception black-handled, the innocent whiteness of bone or ivory being apparently uncongenial to the murderous instinct.

Our attention is next directed to sundry tin canisters, which prove to be infernal machines. As a rule, they look harmless enough, one of them even assuming the innocent semblance of an ordinary lump of coal. The imitation is so good that it is only on taking it in the hand that we discover that the supposed coal is in reality metal, hollow, but of great weight and substance. This singular article was brought to the police by one Fraser Palmer, otherwise Farrell, otherwise 'Warhawk,' a man who had a mania for warning our own and foreign governments of plots which in reality had no existence save in his own imagination. He asserted that this supposed piece of coal, with others of the same kind, was intended to be charged with explosives, and mixed with the genuine coal in the bunkers of some doomed steamship. It is said that, in consequence of his revelations, an examination was made of the whole of the coal in the bunkers of the late Czar's steam-yacht *Livadia*, then lying at Glasgow, but without result. Side by side with this last item is a far more formidable-looking affair. It is of small size; but the solidity of its construction and the peculiarity of its shape—a flattened oval, tapering down at the extremity, where the fuse is inserted—indicate that special thought and ingenuity have been expended on its design. Even the most accomplished of criminals, however, cannot be always on his guard, and this deadly contrivance was inadvertently left in a tramcar. The conductor was persuaded that his 'find' was an infernal machine of more than ordinarily diabolical character, and he conveyed it with infinite precaution to the police, who at first were of the same opinion. Further investigation, however, satisfied them that the supposed explosive was merely a model, artistically cast in lead, of a new design for an infant's feeding-bottle!

A more serious interest attaches to the truncheon-case—pierced with a bullet—of the unfortunate policeman Cole, shot at Dalston in 1882 by the cowardly ruffian Orrock, in an attempted burglary at a Baptist chapel. Orrock's soft felt hat, found on the scene of the murder, is also here preserved, as also the chisel, with the letters 'rock' scratched upon it, which led to his identification. A photograph of the chisel is also shown; and it is a curious illustration of the detective powers of science that the mark, which on the chisel itself is imperceptible to ordinary eyesight, is plainly legible in the photograph.

Among the cartes-de-visite which adorn the Museum catalogue is that of O'Donnell, the man who shot the informer Carey. Here, too, are the two bullets which were extracted from Carey's body, and the revolver, a small pocket weapon, from which they were fired. A larger revolver, found among O'Donnell's luggage, lies beside it. Under a glass shade hard by lies a gelatine capsule, a harmless-looking affair enough, but belying its appearance, for it contains a deadly poison, aconite—being, in fact, the fellow to that used by Dr Lamson in 1882 to destroy his youthful brother-in-law. We are shown the carte of this criminal also, a gentlemanly-looking man, by no means answering to the conventional type of assassin. Appearances, however, are deceitful, as the copybooks of our youth so persistently reminded us. Under another glass shade is a piece of dark-brown leather, which proves to be a portion of the tanned skin of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr Perceval. Side by side with this is a curiosity of a different kind, a pin-cushion, skilfully worked in human hair, with the inscription, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye.' Here, apparently, the worker's stock of scriptural quotation failed, for she continues, 'My home is in heaven.' It is painful to have to relate that the good lady who worked these pious sentiments has been over three hundred times convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct! She presented this pin-cushion—in honour, we presume, of old acquaintance—to the Rev. Mr Horsley, chaplain of the House of Detention, who in turn presented it to the Black Museum.

A tall hat on a peg and much covered with dust, next attracts our attention. This homely relic was the property of the Rev. Mr Speke, the eccentric clergyman who suddenly disappeared, leaving his headgear—here present—in the Green Park, and was believed to have been murdered, but was subsequently discovered, in the garb of a labouring-man, at Padstow in Cornwall. He ultimately died, we believe, in a lunatic asylum. Close beside Mr Speke's hat hang a coil of rope, a pair of boots, and an old horse-pistol. These articles were the property of another clerical gentleman, the Rev. John Selby Watson, an eminent scholar, of St Michael's Road, Stockwell. He was convicted, in January 1872, of the murder of his wife, whose body he had inclosed in a packing-case, corded with the piece of rope here shown. He was, however, respited on the ground of insanity, and thenceforth kept in confinement. He died quite recently, at Parkhurst Prison in the Isle of Wight, falling out of his bunk in a fit and fracturing his skull.

Not far distant are mementos of other well-known murderers. Here is the portrait, cut from the *Daily Telegraph*, of Lefroy, the murderer of Mr Gold on the Brighton Railway. Here is the rope used by Marguerite Dixblanc to strangle her mistress, Madame Riel, in Park Lane. Here are the boots of the unfortunate girl, Maria Clausen, murdered at Kidbrooke Lane, Eltham, and the plasterer's hammer which did the deadly deed. With another plasterer's hammer, also here preserved, Mullins murdered Mrs Emsley at Stepney, in 1860. Here, too, are sundry memorials of the Wainwright case, or Whitechapel murder, of 1874. Here are the chopper with which the unfortunate Harriet Lane was dismembered, and the spade which dug her grave. Here is one of the buttons cut from her dress, and a corresponding button found with her body; and—stranger item still—the piece of shinbone taken by a surgeon from the leg of the living Harriet Lane, and which formed a last unmistakable proof of the identity of the nameless corpse. Even the cigar which Henry Wainwright was smoking when arrested, is here preserved.

Turning to offenders of a more frivolous character, we have the peepshow apparatus wherein a pretended astrologer, calling himself Professor Zendavesta, and residing in Homer Street, Marylebone Road, London, was wont, 'for a consideration,' to call up the image of an inquirer's future wife or husband. To illustrate the audacity of the Professor and the fatuity of his dupes, we may mention that among his pictorial collection of promised husbands were found Mr Holman Hunt and Mr Henry Neville. Another branch of the Professor's business was the casting of nativities; and a number of his hand-bills, showing the great advantages to be derived from possessing the 'straight tip' in this particular, are preserved with the peepshow apparatus. Next to this latter is a circular board with a number of shallow cups or depressions, painted of different colours, but higgledy-piggledy, like a solitaire board 'gone wrong.' This is an appliance for public-house gambling. A marble being dropped into a cylindrical arrangement at the side, is allowed to wander at will over the board, bets being made as to the particular colour in which it will finally settle. Not far distant is a bundle of 'flash' notes, used by sharpers to simulate unbounded wealth, for the purpose of the 'confidence trick' and similar frauds. 'Flash' differ from 'forged' notes, the latter being intended to be actually passed as money, and consequently made as like the real thing as possible. The flash note is a very rough affair, and only aims at simulating the general appearance of a genuine note. The specimens before us are headed 'Bank of Engraving,' and run: 'I promise to engrave and print in letter-press on demand for the sum of ten pounds, in the first style of the art, or forfeit the above sum. London, 29 April 1840. For Self and Co., Bank of Engraving. J. DUCK.' There is the customary 'Ten' in large Gothic letters in the left-hand corner; and the paper and printing of a genuine note are imitated with sufficient closeness to deceive an unwary observer who merely sees the note in the hands of another person.

Among curiosities of a different kind is an Egyptian courbash, or bastinado, an article having

the appearance of an ordinary walking-cane, tapering considerably. It is said to be of rhinoceros' hide. Whatever the material, it is of great weight and flexibility; and when applied, after the mild Oriental fashion, to the soles of the victim's feet, must be extremely persuasive. The specimen before us had the honour of being exhibited during a recent debate in the House of Commons. Hard by it is an ancient watchman's rattle, with which an expert performer, if allowed full opportunity to use it, could make a noise audible at nearly two hundred yards' distance. As a matter of fact, however, it was chiefly used to batter the head of the watchman himself, for which purpose it was greatly approved by the malefactors of the period. A similar appliance, in an improved form, was used by the police up to a recent date; but is now happily superseded by a powerful whistle, which leaves the wearer full use of his hands for attack or defence, and can be heard for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Here, also, are handcuffs of various dates and construction, including the pair in which the notorious Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, was hanged in chains (1795) on Wimbledon Common; and an ingenious wristlet, of Yankee contrivance, for securing an offender on his way to durance vile. It is not unlike a pair of caliper-compasses, but with a cross-handle, like that of a corkscrew. The compass portion being slipped over the wrist of the criminal, closes with a spring; and the handle being grasped firmly by the officer in charge, the captive has small chance of freeing himself, for a broken wrist would be the probable consequence of a struggle. Apropos of this useful appliance, Sergeant Bradshaw favours us with a little piece of professional advice, which will appropriately conclude our paper. 'Always grip your man,' he tells us, 'on his right side. Then, if he shows fight, he can only let you have it with his left, and you have your right hand free to tackle him. If you grip him on his left side, you leave him the use of his right hand to your left, and like enough he'll get the better of you.'

OSLA'S WEDDING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THURSDAY is invariably the wedding-day in Shetland—at least it used to be—and the previous Saturday is called the 'contract' day, when there are some mild festivities at the house of the bride's father. In the afternoon of this day, Ned and his best-man proceeded to the session clerk to give in the names for due proclamation of banns on Sunday, returning to Magnus's house, where a few mutual friends, mostly relations, met and spent some pleasant hours in the evening, but without encroaching on the sanctity of the day of rest. Although the term 'contract' was applied to these Saturday proceedings as a whole, there was never anything of the nature of a marriage contract, as usually understood; but these preliminaries were regarded as a sort of public and formal betrothal, almost amounting in themselves to a marriage.

On Sunday, due proclamation was made, as always, immediately before divine service com-

menced; and if any person or persons had any objections why these two, Edward Winwick and Osla Manson, should not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, they were then and there challenged to declare the same, or for ever after hold their peace. A few minutes afterwards, when the service had fairly begun—for it would have been considered very unseemly and unlucky to be present while the proclamation was being made, and dreadfully bad form not to have been in church at all—Ned and his best-man appeared in church, each carrying—as always a *sine quâ non* on such occasions, no matter what the state of the weather—an enormous brand-new cotton umbrella. Osla of course remained at her father's house, to which the two lads repaired after service, and had dinner, returning to their own homes at very proper hours.

On Monday morning the bridegroom arrived at the bride's home; and the pair, as the custom was, sallied forth arm in arm to bid the guests to the wedding. In this part of the proceedings, if to the invitation it was added that it was to be 'a free wedding,' that was regarded as the handsome and liberal thing, and meant that the bride's father provided everything for the entertainment. But if nothing of the sort was said, then it was expected, and quite understood, that the young men—only the young and unmarried men—would bring with them each a bottle of whisky. Need it be said that in Osla's case the invitation was to a 'free wedding.'

On Thursday before daybreak, the unmarried contingent of the wedding guests assembled at Magnus's snug cottage, where they had breakfast, and thereafter proceeded to the church. With the exception of a single couple, who were technically the 'married man' and 'married woman'—the former a relative of the bride, the latter of the bridegroom, but never any of the parents of either—only the young people, lads and lasses, ever went to church on these occasions. On the way thither, the 'married man' led the bride, and the bridegroom took the 'married woman.' Returning, the bridegroom of course took his wife, and the married man and married woman marched in company; and all the others going and returning, always arm-in-arm, were coupled according to their choice or predilections; but once paired, as they were on starting for church, each lad stuck to his lass as his special charge throughout the whole festivities with the most praiseworthy devotion and constancy, very rarely even dancing with any one else. A younger brother of Osla's acted as 'gunner,' always an important official on such occasions. Armed with an old flint-lock musket, he kept blazing away blank shots at intervals as the company tramped merrily over the roadless hills. Arrived at the church, the musket was left outside at the door, and the party trooped in and took their places in front of the communion table, where the minister was already waiting. The simple ceremony over, the bridegroom and best-man pulled out their brand-new snuff-boxes and handed them round, first of all to the minister. Also the best-man produced and handed to the girls a second box filled with very minute caraway comfits, into which each lass gingerly dipped the tip of her tongue, and abstracted for her delectation whatever of the contents might chance to stick thereto. It

would have been contrary to all immemorial precedent not to have been provided with these snuff and comfit boxes. Then a whisky-bottle was produced and the health of the newly married couple drunk. A Shetland bride's gown was almost always of coburg, gray, brown, or purple. Osla had chosen sober gray. A light cream-coloured shawl round her shoulders, a large net cap, busked with an enormous quantity of narrow ribbons of all shades of colour, like a gaudy floral crown, white woollen home-made stockings, and low leather shoes, completed her attire. Anything in the shape of a bonnet would have been utterly out of place, and never formed part of the get-up of a Shetland bride.

The parish school stood at a short distance from the church, and the boys, as usual on such occasions, had asked and obtained a half-holiday to see the wedding-party. Emerging from the church, the gay company was saluted with vociferous cheers. The gunner fired off his piece in acknowledgment; the biggest schoolboy sent a football high in air; and round and round the wedding-party for a mile or two of the walk homeward, the urchins kept up the ball-playing, racing and shouting like mad. The correct thing was for the bridegroom to give a new football to the schoolboys, or a shilling in lieu of one. If the latter, it was at once presented to the bride, and the greatest care was then taken that the old ball should be kept going, but never fall amongst the company. But if the niggardly bridegroom failed in this customary courtesy of a new ball or shilling, the inevitable consequence was that the ball was mercilessly and persistently played amongst the party, to the great damage of the girls' fineries. Ned, popular with every one, and of a most kindly and sympathetic nature, not only gave the shilling, but presented a new ball as well, which he had himself made a few days previously. His best-man carried it in his pocket, of course in a perfectly limp condition; but as soon as the party had fairly started from the church, he inflated it to its full dimensions from a pair of lusty lungs, and handed it to the bridegroom. Ned then stepped forward, and with one vigorous kick sent the ball high aloft and amongst the delighted boys, who rent the air with exultant shouts: 'Hurrah for the bride and bridegroom! Good-luck to them. Hurrah, hurrah!'

Meantime, the married friends and neighbours who had been invited had assembled at Magnus's house. These, headed by the bride's father and mother, met the newly married couple, and the young people their attendants, on their arrival from church. The bride's mother stepped forward with the brides cake—a large oatmeal cake, baked with butter, sugar, and caraway seeds. This she broke over the bride's head before crossing the threshold, and distributed amongst the guests; the father meanwhile handing drams all round. Healths were drunk according to the invariable formula: 'Here's to the bride and bridegroom and company.'

Dinner speedily followed. A Shetland fisherman's cottage usually consists of two apartments, the 'but-end' or kitchen, where all the family live and take their meals, and where the older children sleep; and the 'ben-end,' where the heads of the family and any young children there

may be sleep in the two 'box-beds' against the wall. Magnus's house, as became an udaller's son, was provided with an additional small room. Dinner was a most substantial, I should say ponderous affair. The good things consisted of barley-broth, smoked mutton, pork ham, fresh and smoked geese, all boiled—nothing was ever roasted—oatmeal cakes, bearmeal bannocks, 'burstin brunnies,' and a few biscuits. Neither fish of any kind nor potatoes were ever produced at a wedding. (I should explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that 'burstin' is a kind of meal made from oats or bear—the latter a coarse kind of barley—highly dried in a kettle over the fire and ground very fine in a hand-mill; and 'burstin brunnies' are round thick cakes made of this meal, with or without the addition of butter, and baked on a gridiron over a peat-fire.)

The arrangement of the guests was peculiar, but strictly according to custom. Dinner was served to those who had been at church in the but-end. About the middle of the table on one side—for there was no head or foot—sat the married man, bridegroom, best-man, and general company of young men; on the opposite side sat the married woman, bride, best-maid, and general company of unmarried women. 'The auld folk'—as all the married guests were irreverently called—had dinner in the ben-end, and all were served by Magnus and his wife. Drams were occasionally handed round, and sparingly partaken of; indeed, there was nothing approaching to the slightest excess throughout the wedding festivities. But Shetlanders, I am proud to say, have always been an eminently temperate people; and at the many weddings I have been a guest, I have never seen any one forget himself by over-indulgence in drink.

Dinner over, the tables and their contents were quickly cleared away, the floor swept, and dancing commenced in the but-end. Freddie, the best fiddler in the island—and a first-rate one he was, genial withal, a prime favourite, and always in great request at weddings or other merrymakings—had, as a matter of course, been invited. On the top of a huge seaman's chest in a corner, a chair was set, and here Freddie took his place. Before commencing the hot and highly fatiguing work of the evening, the men disincumbered themselves of their coats, and the ball began with what is termed a 'sixum reel,' which is made up of three couples. This is always the most common and popular dance amongst Shetlanders. The figure of the reel is somewhat peculiar, but simple and graceful. As to 'steps,' when the dancers set to their partners, they were conspicuous by their absence; each dancer had a style and steps of his own and her own. Sixum, foursum, and threesum reels, and an occasional country-dance, were engaged in with unflagging energy and enthusiasm till tea-time. Round-dances were utterly unknown. Tea was served about seven o'clock, and then dancing was renewed with no diminution of spirit.

About nine o'clock a distant shot was heard. 'Grulacks!' (Shetlandic for guisers or maskers) 'Grulacks!' was the cry; and the dance in progress was instantly stopped in mid career. The gunner flew for his old musket and fired off the shot of welcome, without which the grulacks would not have approached the house. Presently,

six men entered, clad in most fantastic garb, which thoroughly disguised them. Some wore a rude straw tunic, reaching to the knee; some a short petticoat; each had a white or striped cotton shirt over his coat; and a gigantic high peaked straw-hat, liberally trimmed with festoons of narrow ribbon of various colours, adorned his head; while a thin handkerchief concealed his face, but did not blindfold him; and in his hand he carried a stout stick at least four feet long. The skudler, or chief of the band of grulacks, is distinguished from the others by the more gaudy and elaborate decorations of his head-dress. Welcomed by the friendly shot, these strangely attired maskers stepped boldly forward and appropriated the middle space of the kitchen floor, flourishing their sticks and striking the floor with them, and snorting and grunting in a manner peculiar to grulacks and pigs, but saying never a word. Presently, Frædie struck up the lively strains of the 'Foola Reel,' and they danced, first by themselves, and then for an hour with the girls. Then they discovered themselves, had some very substantial refreshments, and departed. All weddings were not graced by a visit of grulacks. It was meant as a very special mark of honour and respect. About midnight the guests had supper; and then the married portion of the company sped their way to their respective homes, but the young people kept up the dancing for two or three hours longer.

The time for bidding the bride good-night had now arrived, and as each young man stepped forward to offer his felicitations, he pulled out his purse, and in the most ostentatious manner presented her with a small sum of money varying from one to three shillings. These were the only marriage presents going, or usual on similar occasions, and they were always graciously accepted. It would have been regarded as an affront to refuse.

It might be supposed that now the wedding-party would finally separate. By no means. The correct thing in those days was to keep up the festivities till Saturday night, and Magnus Anderson was the last man in the island to depart one jot from old custom. Accordingly, accommodation was provided for the young people who had come from any considerable distance; others went to their own homes; but all again put in an appearance at daybreak on Friday morning; and during this day and Saturday, the feasting and fun continued with unflagging spirit. The lads played games at football during the few hours of daylight, and the evenings were spent in dancing and games. On Saturday evening the wedding-party at last broke up; but all met again at church on Sunday, when the newly married couple were 'kirkit.' Ned and Osla walked into the church arm-in-arm and took their places, supported by the entire wedding-party, the lads and lasses, however, in separate pews, according to the custom of those days.

Ned and Osla still survive, a fine old couple, hale and hearty. Their married life has been happy and prosperous. They have brought up a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom are married. Their eldest son is the popular captain of a large steamer, whereat the 'auld folk' are naturally not a little proud. Their grandchildren, too, are numerous; and Osla is

full of hope that if her eldest daughter's daughter—who is also her own namesake, and has always been her special 'pet lamb'—has the good sense to accept the steady, handsome fisher-lad who wants to make her his wife, she may live to be a great-grandmother.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEXT to a colliery explosion, there is nothing more terrible among industrial disasters than the explosion of a boiler; and the catastrophe seems still more terrible when it is considered that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it might, by the exercise of proper precautions, be altogether avoided. It is a comfort to find, by the returns issued for last year, that boiler explosions show a marked decrease in number. The establishment of Boiler Insurance and Inspection Companies, as well as the stringent action of the Board of Trade, are no doubt the prime factors in this reduction of such calamities. In looking over the returns of boiler explosions, we find that only two were credited to locomotive engines, and the plain reason for this is that such boilers are most carefully looked after. On the other hand, agricultural engines, and those working in various trades at a far lower pressure, were conspicuous by their frequent mention. The principal cause of explosion is corrosion of the boiler-plates either internal or external—in some cases, the metal being eaten away until it was only the thickness of tough brown paper. When it is remembered that such a state of things can be immediately made apparent by the hydraulic test, it seems incredible that any steam-owner should allow his men to run any risk for want of periodical inspection of their useful servant, but ruthless master—the boiler. In very few cases can an explosion of this kind be truly called an accident, except by lenient jurymen who do not know the difference between that word and the expressions 'culpable carelessness' and 'negligence.'

A curious instance of the power of nitro-glycerine and its wonderful vitality—if such a term can be applied to it—has lately occurred at Larne. An old ship, rotten and unseaworthy, had been abandoned in the harbour there many years ago, and had in process of time been carried away piecemeal by the neighbouring inhabitants for firewood. In February last two men were engaged in removing some of the old iron from the tube which had formed part of the pump of the vessel. They used a heavy hammer in this work, and at the second blow, an explosion occurred which killed them both instantly. Inquiry showed that the vessel had long ago been used for the carriage of dynamite. Immersion in water has the property of separating this dread explosive into its two constituents, namely, nitro-glycerine and infusorial earth. It is assumed that some of the former had settled in a recess in the ironwork, and had lain there until aroused into activity by the fatal blow.

Some years ago, a hospital was founded by a

benevolent gentleman for the relief of our four-footed fellow-creatures, and was named after him, 'The Brown Institution.' It stands in the Wandsworth Road, London. From the last annual Report of this hospital we learn that there were treated during the past year two hundred and twenty-two in-patients, and three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine out-patients, principally horses and dogs. With regard to the latter, it appears that towards the end of the year a series of cases of rabies occurred, but the disease was soon stamped out. Dr Burdon Sanderson, the well-known physiologist, was at one time at the head of this institution, and he made a suggestion with regard to the prevention of hydrophobia, which, although of a most valuable character, did not commend itself to the official mind, and was therefore not acted upon. He suggested that upon the back of every dog license issued should be printed a few lines giving the leading symptoms of hydrophobia, so that dog-owners could be warned in time. By this simple means the necessary steps could be taken to isolate or destroy an afflicted animal before it had time to do mischief to others. 'It is never too late to mend,' and we feel confident that this useful hint will yet be acted upon.

A new method of producing maps in relief has been invented and patented by a M. de Mendonca, a Portuguese councillor of state; and the system is receiving the attention of the War Ministries in France, Germany, and Italy. The maps are produced by chemical and mechanical processes; and the hills, vales, watercourses, &c. of a country are shown with such accuracy, that their height, depth, and extent can be readily measured. The maps are printed upon thin paper, which can be rolled up and put in the pocket without injury; nor are they injured even if soaked in water for several hours. Such maps—which can be as cheaply produced, it is said, as ordinary charts—will not only be of immense service to an army in the field, but will prove a boon to our schoolmasters and their pupils.

General Colston, a recent traveller in the Soudan, has lately pointed out how it is that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region. They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits, and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where water will collect. They regard this fluid more perhaps in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the exterior of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. General Colston tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp, water would be offered them, but would often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness, they are able to cover immense distances which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage-animals.

The water difficulty in the case of laying the Suakim-Berber Railway is, however, to be met in a somewhat novel way. Messrs John Russell & Co. of Walsall proposed to the War Office last year that a pipe-line might be laid across the Desert. Subsequently, three miles of an experi-

mental line of pipes and attached pumps was tested at Aldershot with satisfactory results. A contract has now been entered into for the laying down of fifty miles across the Desert, to follow the first section of the Berber Railway. It would be well if every difficulty in the way of that enterprise could be as easily surmounted.

A scheme for connecting Paris and London by a pneumatic tube has been devised, by which mails could be, it is said, conveyed between the two capitals in one hour. The tube would be of cast-iron, the lengths of which would be connected together by india-rubber junctions. The carriage, as designed, is a wire receptacle covered with asbestos cloth, and made in such a manner that the friction and the heat arising from such friction would be minimised. The compressed air to give the carriage its motive-power would be generated by a thirty-horse-power engine. It remains to be seen whether this last phase of Channel tunnelling will get beyond the paper stage.

According to *Engineering*, a United States chemist has discovered a method of preserving wood from decay, which although at present only applied to shingles—split logs used for roofing in lieu of slates or tiles—will have many other applications. By the process the wood is also rendered incombustible. Here is the method of treatment. Two hundred and fifty gallons of water are mingled with twenty pounds of lime and ten pounds of salt. In this mixture the wood is boiled until quite saturated. Shingles so prepared will last for roofing purposes for many years, although unprotected with paint. With regard to the fire-resisting powers of wood so prepared, experiments showed that when soaked in naphtha and set alight, the shingles would not catch fire, although, of course, the liquid burned itself out. A curious point in this method of preparing timber is that it is best applied to green wood, as then the sap cells are open, and will better absorb the solution.

For many years the electro-magnet has been used occasionally by surgeons for the extraction of small pieces of steel or iron which have become imbedded in the eye. Such cases of accidental injury are by no means uncommon, as our ophthalmic surgeons well know. Dr Snell of the Sheffield General Infirmary, in the neighbourhood of which steel works are numerous, has had his attention naturally drawn to the frequency of such cases, and has designed a form of magnetic instrument which in his hands has proved of great use. A soft iron core, surrounded by a coil of insulated copper wire—forming an electro-magnet—is covered with an ebonite casing. At one end the iron core protrudes; and is furnished with a hole, into which needles of different forms can be screwed when required. At the other end of the instrument the ends of the coil appear in the form of two terminals, to which wires from a portable battery can be readily attached. The needle is presented to the foreign body, and directly the electric current is applied, is turned into a most powerful magnet, which pulls away the offending fragment without any painful or tedious operation.

Once more the question of using balloons as an aid to warfare has come to practical test, and a number have been sent out to the Eastern

Soudan. It is rather remarkable that war-balloonage should only recently have been practised, especially when we remember that the French used a captive balloon for observing the movements of the enemy so long ago as 1794 at the battle of Fleurus. The great difficulty hitherto had been the necessary gas; but this has been overcome in the present instance by carrying it from England compressed in cylinders. One man in a balloon at the height of a few hundred feet from the ground can do the work of a large contingent on outpost duty. The thick scrub which in the late engagements near Suakim gave such protection to the Arabs, is thick no longer as now viewed from overhead.

The cheap telegrams which we are promised in August next are expected so to increase the demand for that mode of correspondence that it has become necessary to erect nine hundred additional miles of wire. To support these lines, many thousand Norwegian pines have been felled, to be replanted as telegraph poles in this country. We learn that larch used to be employed for this purpose, but it is found to be inferior to pine. But any kind of wooden support is perishable, even if treated with some preservative such as creosote. It therefore becomes a question of importance whether wooden poles should not be given up in favour of iron ones. The latter are, humanly speaking, imperishable; but they cost four times as much as wooden ones, and initial cost is a thing that must be taken account of in these days of constantly increasing taxation.

A newspaper correspondent in Afghanistan speaks of the Persian bread as being a most peculiar and unsavoury substance. It is made in large flaps, which he suggests would do for morning newspapers as well as bread—should the Persians ever require that kind of intellectual food—if put through a printing-press. In colour, substance, and appearance it is like the blacksmith's leather apron which used to figure as the standard of Persia. In curious contrast to this kind of fare is the bread made from acorns by the American Indians, the manufacture of which was lately described in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The acorns are first of all ground to a pulp, and put in vats hollowed out of the soil. Water heated by dropping into it hot stones, is poured upon the pasty mass, and it washes out the bitterness from the acorn pulp. The mass is now taken up and spread upon a rock to dry. For use, it is once more mixed with water and made into thin cakes, which are baked before the fire. The food thus made is sweet and palatable.

The last novelty in electrical science is the Skrivanow primary battery, which, although of small size, will feed an electric lamp of some power. It has been tried on the Thames by the police authorities for a search-light; and more lately a domestic glow-lamp has been exhibited which owes its radiance to the same source. Each cell of the battery consists of two zinc plates and a packet of chloride of silver, the exciting solution being caustic potash. The initial cost of the silver is of course somewhat heavy, but it does not waste. It is gradually transformed into metallic silver, which, once more reduced by a simple process to chloride, can be used again and again in the battery. The

apparatus is small and compact, and represents a distinct advance in the direction of primary batteries, even if it brings us no nearer to universal electric illumination.

It may interest many to know that the Edison Central Station for the distribution of electricity for lighting purposes has now been in continuous operation for two years and a half, during which time there has been only one stoppage, lasting two hours. The price charged is at the same rate as gas at two dollars per thousand feet—considerably more than double the average price charged for gas in Britain—but the Company only earns three per cent. upon the outlay.

The recuperative system of gas-lighting which has for some time been on trial in the carriages of the Great Western Railway, has lately been adopted in two rooms of the *Langham Hotel*, London. The burners are made to consume their own products of combustion, and in the process they are supplied with the necessary volume of air at a high temperature. The principle is the same as that of the Siemens' regenerative gas-burner, but without its cumbrous apparatus. Each burner is furnished with a glass dome, inside which the flame is projected horizontally. No shadow is cast by the burner itself, as in ordinary gas-lamps, and the light is so white that colours can be readily distinguished by it. To these advantages may be added that of economy.

If it be possible to make warfare more hideous than it ever has been, the United States Dynamite Projectile Company will help towards that end. An account has lately been published of some practice with six-inch shells charged each with eleven pounds of nitro-gelatine. (This explosive contains ninety-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine.) The target was a perpendicular ledge of trap rock at a distance of one thousand yards from the gun. Tons of rock were torn away at the impact of each shell, the fragments being hurled a distance of half a mile. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of such a projectile falling amid a mass of human beings. There is at least one aspect of this desire for wholesale carnage which we may look upon with comfort—it points to a time when warfare will become too awful to be countenanced by civilised beings, and when all quarrels will be perforce adjusted by international arbitration.

It has always been a common idea that those of our fellow-creatures who are afflicted with blindness are endowed with abnormal power in the exercise of some other sense—hearing, for instance. This, according to Professor Graham Bell, is a mistake. He has found that the blind are far more liable to deafness than those who have the use of all their senses; and that the deaf are more liable to blindness than the more fortunate majority of their fellow-beings. Professor Bell has devoted nearly the whole of his life to the study of the afflicted ones called deaf-mutes—we, of course, do not here ignore his wonderful discovery of the magnetic telephone—and he certainly can be relied upon in the facts which he gives.

Those who have the grievous misfortune to be the parents or guardians of little ones who are deficient in intelligence, would do well to note a caution which Professor Bell has given

in this direction. He asserts that children who are simply deaf are often sent to idiot schools. On the other hand, idiots who can hear perfectly are occasionally sent to schools for the deaf. In both cases, the difficulty of distinguishing the nature of the affliction arises from the want of articulate speech, and this want of speech may be due to lack of hearing or lack of intelligence. It is clear that a child should be examined by an expert, should he unfortunately be afflicted in either way.

Herr Falb of Vienna has started the theory that fire-damp in mines is of volcanic origin, and that explosions are to be looked for during any time that earthquakes may be prevalent. He further gives certain dates on which miners must exercise particular care, for on those dates earthquakes may be expected. The process by which these astonishing predictions is arrived at is not given, so we have no means of passing an opinion upon them.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, Mr R. C. Reid, C.E., read a paper on the Utilisation of the Mississippi at Minneapolis for flour-milling, and on the Water-power of Niagara Falls. Mr Reid said the Mississippi river at St Anthony's Falls had a catchment basin of twenty thousand square miles, or ten times the area drained by the Tay at Perth. The rainfall was thirty inches, and one-third of that found its way to the rivers. The fall of St Anthony's was fifty feet high, and the rain could develop twenty-five thousand horse-power, except during the winter months, when auxiliary steam-power was needed. For flour-milling alone fourteen thousand horse-power was utilised, and the output for the Minneapolis mills was twenty-eight thousand barrels per day, which would take the yearly produce of two and a half million acres of wheat if working constantly. The United States government were erecting large reservoirs in the upper waters which would have the effect of doubling the flow. The proximity of this water-power to the great wheat-growing districts had had the effect of raising in Minneapolis a population of one hundred thousand. The Niagara river was regulated by the equalising power of the lakes, in the same manner as the Blue Nile was regulated by the great lakes in Central Africa, and the result was that the discharge over Niagara Falls varied little all the year round. It could be computed from the rainfall returns that not less than three hundred thousand cubic feet per second passed over the Falls. That was thirty times the quantity discharged by the Rhone at Geneva, the only large river that could compare with it in the purity and colour of its water. From Lake Erie to Lake Ontario there was a fall of three hundred and thirty feet, and about three hundred feet of that could be taken advantage of for the production of mechanical power. Taking a mean fall of two hundred and seventy-six feet from the head of the rapids to the level of Lake Ontario, the mechanical power that could be developed by Niagara was six million nine hundred thousand horse-power, which was equal to the power that would be obtained by the best class of engines from the consumption of fifty million tons of coal, or one-half the whole output of the United States. That power was now lost for practical purposes, and its only effect would

be to raise the temperature of the water in Lake Ontario one-third of a degree Fahrenheit. Electricians could now transmit and reproduce fifty per cent. of mechanical effort, and the day was not far distant when this great source of energy would be turned to some useful purpose. That could be done to a great extent without appreciably affecting the appearance of the Falls.

During the last few years, the demand for early impressions of prints engraved by Bartolozzi and his school has been steadily increasing, not only among collectors, but others who are anxious to acquire those fine engravings for interior decoration, and to match the present taste in antique house-furnishing. Engravings of this class, especially if in fine condition, have lately increased very considerably in value; and to meet, therefore, the increasing want, and at the same time take the place of the numerous reprints from worn-out plates that have lately flooded the market, Messrs Field & Tuer of Leadenhall Street, E.C., have published a selection of engravings from original copper plates belonging to a well-known collector. These plates, gradually acquired during the last twenty years, have been little or never before printed from, and the engravings are in many cases from the earliest state of the plate. Among those submitted to us, we especially admire 'Summer' and 'Winter,' printed in the well-known red and brown; 'Love Wounded' and 'Love Healed,' in red ink, and never before published; also the large plate, 'Alexander III. of Scotland rescued from the Fury of a Stag, by the intrepidity of Colin Fitzgerald,' engraved from the painting by Benjamin West, and only six impressions of which had previously been taken.

THE VIOLET BANK.

ONCE more, dear friend, the violet bank we seek,
And tread with joy our old familiar ways;
Gone is fell Winter, gray, and stern, and bleak;
And laughing Spring fills every heart with praise.
Once more we hail bright morns and lengthening days,
And all the dear delights that Winter stole;
Glad of the sunlight, with its tender rays,
Charmed with the loveliness which decks the whole;
Grateful for Love, which undeserved is ours—
Love constant as this light which comes, new-born,
And speaks to us of Him who makes the flowers
Come gently forth to bless 'the smiling morn.'
With all this beauty, we may be forgiven
If we forget that earth is NOT our heaven.

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CENTENARIANS.

IN spite of all that is said of the wasteful effect which the hurry and excitement of modern times are supposed to have on human life, people are being heard of in many parts of the world existing far beyond the orthodox span of years, and so demonstrating in the most patent manner that even in this nineteenth century, and amid the struggle and stress which are among its prevailing characteristics, it is possible for men and women to live for a hundred years and more. It is almost an everyday experience to note, among the many interesting items of 'vital' news that appear in the newspapers, a paragraph containing an account of the 'death of a centenarian,' or giving publicity to the fact that some one of the human family has attained his or her hundredth anniversary. And so undoubted testimony is in this manner being established—notwithstanding all that is declared to the contrary—that men and women may be moderns and centenarians at the same time. It cannot, however, be affirmed that people live so long now as they did a century or two ago, if the evidence of the great ages to which some notable instances of our ancestors attained is to be relied upon. In these days, a man is looked upon as a kind of miracle who has existed for a hundred years ere he 'shuffled off the mortal coil.' But what would be thought of that individual who was not called upon to do so until the record of his years showed the unparalleled number of two hundred and seven? The conditions of such a life existing on the earth to-day, or, indeed, existing at any time within comparatively modern limits, are almost impossible to imagine. Yet such a life is said to have existed in the person of Thomas Cran, who, we are told, died at the age of two hundred and seven, at St Leonard's, Shoreditch, in the year 1588. The evidence of this case of longevity is said to be confirmed by the register of the parish of St Leonard's, the date of Cran's death being given as having occurred on the 28th of January of that year.

The nearest approach to Cran's case is that published in what was then called the *Russian Petersburg Gazette*, in the early part of 1812, where and when it was stated, but merely stated, that a man had died in the diocese or province of Ekaterinoslav, between two hundred and two hundred and five years of age!

From the very long list of reputed centenarians we extract a number of the more interesting and notable, none of whom, however—if the recorded data are to be relied on—are younger than six-score years and ten; the number of cases of those whose ages range from one hundred and thirty down being very numerous. First of all, there is the well-known case of Thomas Parr, or 'Old' Parr as he is sometimes called. And yet he is a mere child compared with Thomas Cran, or some of the others on the list, where he only stands fourteenth in order of age, although he actually lived to be one hundred and fifty-two. The death of Old Parr occurred in 1635, the same year, it is curious to note, in which another 'Parr' was born and destined, like his better-known namesake, to be celebrated as a centenarian. This latter person—probably a relative of Old Parr—whose grandson, John Michaelstone, lived till he was one hundred and twenty-seven—attained the age of one hundred and twenty-four, thus falling short of Thomas Parr by twenty-eight years. Standing only fourteenth on the list in point of age, Old Parr is the junior of the thirteen persons who are before him by periods varying from seven to fifty-five years, this latter number being the difference in age between himself and Thomas Cran. Both of these men were contemporaries for the space of one hundred and five years! In point of age, therefore, after Cran, it may be interesting to give the names and ages of those individuals who lived for a shorter period than he, and yet for a longer period than 'Old Parr.' Excluding the two-hundred-year old Russian, we have on record the following worthy descendants of Methuselah: Peter Tortin, died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1724, aged one hundred and eighty-five; a mulatto man, at Frederick-

town, Virginia, in 1798, one hundred and eighty; Goulour M'Grain, at isle of Jura, in 1805, one hundred and eighty; Louisa Truxo, a negress, at Tucuman, South America, 1780, one hundred and seventy-five; John Room, at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, one hundred and seventy-two; Henry Jenkins, at Ellerton-on-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1670, one hundred and sixty-nine; William Edwards, at Cochen, near Cardiff, in 1668, one hundred and sixty-eight; a woman living at Moscow, in 1848, one hundred and sixty-eight; Jonas Warren, at Ballydoyle, Ireland, in 1787, one hundred and sixty-seven; Sarah Brookman, at Glastonbury, in 1793, one hundred and sixty-six; Judith Scott, at Islington, in 1800, one hundred and sixty-two; Jonas Surington, at Bergen, Norway, in 1797, one hundred and fifty-nine; James Bowles, at Killingworth, Warwickshire, in 1656, one hundred and fifty-nine. Afterwards there follows a long list of persons of various nationalities, whose ages range from one hundred and fifty-nine down to one hundred and thirty. In all, there are two hundred and ten; and of these, thirty-one are given as having been one hundred and thirty years old.

The list may be divided into males and females; and of the former there are one hundred and forty-two as against sixty-eight of the latter, a curious statement to make to-day, when the proportion of females in this and in many other countries largely exceeds that of the males. Of the one hundred and forty-two old men, it is perhaps initially interesting to notice that seven of them were either physicians or surgeons, whose days, we may assume, were spent in helping to prolong the lives of their fellows, although they may have withheld from them that 'elixir' which so long sustained their own lives. Six of these disciples of Æsculapius were natives of Scotland, while the seventh was an Englishman, a Dr Wm. Mead, aged one hundred and forty-eight. In all probability, this was the oldest doctor that ever lived. A Dr Moffat, or Movett, of Dumfries, approaches the nearest to him, at one hundred and thirty-nine years. Then we have a baronet, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, who died in Essex in 1765, aged one hundred and thirty-one; so that, in this connection, it may not be amiss to remark that the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore, whose centenary was celebrated the other day, is not the only person of high social rank who has stepped across that line or limit of old age which is, comparatively speaking, touched by the tottering feet of so few mortals. Next in point of general interest we have the names of twelve farmers or agriculturists, whose given ages average, for each individual, one hundred and thirty-three years. Then the army and navy are represented not unworthily, albeit not so numerously as the foregoing class, demonstrating that a man may risk his life for the honour of his country and yet escape the imminent death-penalty which so many of his brave comrades pay. A certain Colonel Winslow died at Tipperary in 1766, at the age of one hundred and forty-six; but there is no other record of his career than that he was endowed with great physical prowess and endurance. Such a veteran at the present day would cost the government no trifling sum! Another soldier, a Scotsman,

called M'Culloch, died at Aberdeen about the same date, only fourteen years younger than Colonel Winslow; while the same age, one hundred and thirty-two, was attained by a sailor. In the list there are three soldiers and three sailors whose ages average one hundred and twenty-seven years.

We may next mention a number of miscellaneous worthies who are credited with having cheated Death of his due for so long. Marc Albuna, an Ethiopian, lived a century and a half; a coloured man died in 1850 at Spanish Town, Jamaica, in his one hundred and forty-second year; C. J. Drakenberg, a Norwegian, lived for a hundred and forty-one years, as also did William Evans, a Welshman; William Gulstone, an Irishman, died at the age of one hundred and forty; William Shapley, another Irishman, at one hundred and thirty-eight; William Beale, also a native of Ireland, at one hundred and thirty-six; and thirteen more of the sons of St Patrick from that age down. It is remarkable that in the list of two hundred and ten persons who attained the age, and beyond it, of one hundred and twenty, thirty-one were Irish, and mostly belonged to the poor or peasant class.

To come now to the females, of whom sixty-eight are included in our list. Perhaps the most interesting names are those of two Irish ladies who belonged to the aristocracy. The Countess Desmond was said to be one hundred and forty-eight when she died; while her co-aristocrat, the Countess of Eccleston, is credited with having lived one hundred and forty-three years. Not so old as the former lady was a humbler native of Ireland, Biddy or Bridget Devine, who died at Manchester in 1845, aged one hundred and forty-seven, where, probably a hundred years before, she had toiled as a washerwoman. But perhaps the most pathetic case of feminine longevity in this list, if not on record anywhere, is that of a poor woman, a Mrs Grey, of Northfleet, Kent, who was born deaf and dumb and died without ever, during one hundred and thirty-one years, being able to hear or to speak a word. Nor were uninteresting cases those of 'Martha,' wife of a Mohican chief, who died in 1806, aged one hundred and thirty; of a certain Rebecca Fury, a black woman of Falmouth, Jamaica, aged one hundred and forty; and of Sarah Anderson, a free black, who survived for forty years after receiving her freedom on her hundredth birthday. But the oldest woman on record was also a negress, Louisa Truxo, a native of Tucuman, South America, where she died in 1780, at the reputed age of one hundred and seventy-five.

Our list is by no means exhausted; but the examples we have given are perhaps sufficient to interest the reader. It is not to be supposed that the race of centenarians has become anything like an extinct *genus homo*. We frequently read of genuine cases occurring, most of them being poor persons, or persons living in the humblest walks of life. And with increased sanitary blessings, there is no reason why those cases should not multiply. By the ordinary laws of life, no man can be certain he shall continue in existence a single year, much less any definite number of years; but with an average constitution, he may fairly expect his days to be long in the land, if he keep the divine commandments brought down and proclaimed by science; for the complete cycle of

physiological life is a hundred years, and it is not impossible, though, under the varied conditions of life, it is exceedingly improbable for a man to live for such a period of time. It is calculated, however, that in round numbers one in a hundred thousand lives is a centenarian.

In closing this article, and by way of a practical application of the obvious moral of the subject, the following delineation of the 'portrait of a man destined to a long life,' drawn by the German physician Hufeland, may not be without point and interest: 'He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at anyrate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad-arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance: they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight attended with this advantage, with regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth; an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after riches or honour, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.'

How many mortals living in this great age of sensational thought and action, will say that they substantially conform to the above?

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN GAUNT called next day to bring, he said, a message from his mother. She sent Mr Waring a newspaper which she thought he might like to see, an English weekly newspaper, which some of her correspondents had sent her, in which there was an article— He did not give a very clear account of this, nor make it distinctly

apparent why Waring should be specially interested; and as a matter of fact, the newspaper found its way to the waste-paper basket, and interested nobody. But no doubt Mrs Gaunt's intentions had been excellent. When the young soldier arrived, there was a carriage at the door, and Constance had her hat on. 'We are going,' she said, 'to San Remo, to see about a piano. Do you know San Remo? Oh, I forgot you are as much a stranger as I am; you don't know anything. What a good thing that there are two ignorant persons. We will keep each other in countenance, and they will be compelled to make all kinds of expeditions to show us everything.'

'That will be a wonderful chance for me,' said the young man, 'for nobody would take so much trouble for me alone.'

'How can you tell that? Miss Tasie, I should think, would be an excellent cicerone,' said Constance. She said it with a light laugh of suggestion, meaning to imply, though, of course, she had said nothing, that Tasie would be too happy to put herself at Captain Gaunt's disposition; a suggestion which he, too, received with a laugh; for this is one of the points upon which both boys and girls are always ungenerous.

'And failing Miss Tasie,' said Constance, 'suppose you come with papa and me? They say it is a pretty drive. They say, of course, that everything here is lovely, and that the Riviera is paradise. Do you find it so?'

'I can fancy circumstances in which I should find it so,' said the young soldier.

'Ah, yes; every one can do that. I can fancy circumstances in which Regent Street would be paradise—oh, very easily. It is not far from paradise at any time.'

'That is a heaven of which I know very little, Miss Waring.'

'Ah, then, you must learn. The true Elysian Fields are in London in May. If you don't know that, you can form no idea of happiness. An exile from all delights gives you the information, and you may be sure it is true.'

'Why, then, Miss Waring, if you think so—'

'Am I here? Oh, that is easily explained. I have a sister.'

'Yes, I know.'

'Ah, I understand you have heard a great deal about my sister. I suffer here from being compared with her. I am not nearly so good, so wise, as Frances. But is that my fault, Captain Gaunt? You are impartial; you are a new-comer. If I could be, I would be as nice as Frances, don't you believe?'

The young man gave Constance a look, which, indeed, she expected, and said with confusion: 'I don't see—any need for improvement,' and blushed as near crimson as was possible over the greenish brown of his Indian colour.

Constance for her part did not blush. She laughed, and made him an almost imperceptible courtesy. The ways of flirtation are not original, and all the parallels of the early encounters might be stereotyped, as everybody knows.

'You are very amiable,' she said; 'but then you don't know Frances, and your opinion accordingly is less valuable. I did not ask you, however, to believe me to be equal to my sister,

but only to believe that I would be as nice if I could. However, all that is no explanation. We have a mother, you know, in England. We are, unfortunately, that sad thing, a household divided against itself.'

Captain Gaunt was not prepared for such confidences. He grew still a little browner with embarrassment, and muttered something about being very sorry, not knowing what to say.

'Oh, there is not very much to be sorry about. Papa enjoys himself in his way here, and mamma is very happy at home. The only thing is that we must each have our turn, you know—that is only fair. So Frances has gone to mamma, and here am I in Bordighera. We are each dreadfully out of our element. Her friends condemn me, to begin with, as if it were my fault that I am not like her; and my friends, perhaps— But no; I don't think so. Frances is so good, so nice, so everything a girl ought to be.'

At this she laughed softly again; and young Gaunt's consciousness that his mother's much vaunted Frances was the sort of girl to please old ladies rather than young men, a prim, little, smooth, correct maiden, with not the least 'go' in her, took additional force and certainty.—Whereas! But he had no words in which to express his sense of the advantages on the other side.

'You must find it,' he said, knowing nothing more original to say, 'dreadfully dull living here.'

'I have not found anything as yet; I have only just come. I am no more than a few days older than you are. We can compare notes as time goes on. But perhaps you don't mean to stay very long in these abodes of the blest?'

'I don't know that I did intend it. But I shall stay now as long as ever I can,' said the young man. Then—for he was shy—he added hastily: 'It is a long time since I have seen my people, and they like to have me.'

'Naturally. But you need not have spoiled what looked like a very pretty compliment by adding that. Perhaps you didn't mean it for a compliment?—Oh, I don't mind at all. It is much more original, if you didn't mean it. Compliments are such common coin. But I don't pretend to despise them, as some girls do; and I don't like to see them spoiled,' Constance said seriously.

The young man looked at her with consternation. After a while, his moustache expanded into a laugh, but it was a confused laugh, and he did not understand. Still less did he know how to reply. Constance had been used to sharper wits, who took her at half a word; and she was half angry to be thus obliged to explain.

'We are going to San Remo, as I told you,' she said. 'I am waiting for my father. We are going to look for a piano. Frances is not musical, so there is no piano in the house. You must come too, and give your advice.—Oh, are you ready, papa? Captain Gaunt, who does not know San Remo, and who does know music, is coming with us to give us his advice.'

The young soldier stammered forth that to go to San Remo was the thing he most desired in the world. 'But I don't think my advice will be good for much,' he said conscientiously. 'I do a little on the violin; but as for pretending to be a judge of a piano'—

'Come; we are all ready,' said Constance, leading the way.

Waring had to let the young fellow precede him, to see him get into the carriage without any articulate murmur. As a matter of fact, a sort of stupor seized the father, altogether unaccustomed to be the victim of accidents. Frances might have lived by his side till she was fifty before she would have thought of inviting a stranger to be of their party—a stranger, a young man, which was a class of being with which Waring had little patience, a young soldier, proverbially frivolous, and occupied with foolish matters. Young Gaunt respectfully left to his senior the place beside Constance; but he placed himself opposite to her, and kept his eyes upon her with a devout attention, which Waring would have thought ridiculous had he not been irritated by it. The young fellow was a great deal too much absorbed to contribute much to the amusement of the party; and it irritated Waring beyond measure to see his eyes glance from under his eyebrows, opening wider with delight, half closing with laughter, the ends of his moustache going up to his ears. Waring, an impartial spectator, was not so much impressed by his daughter's wit. He thought he had heard a great deal of the same before, or even better, surely better, for he could recollect that he had in his day been charmed by a similar treatment, which must have been much lighter in touch, much less commonplace in subject, because—he was charmed. Thus we argue in our generations. In the meantime, young Gaunt, though he had not been without some experience, looked at Constance from under his brows, and listened as if to the utterances of the gods. If only they could have had it all to themselves; if only the old father had been out of the way!

The sunshine, the sea, the beautiful colour, the unexpected vision round every corner of another and another picturesque cluster of towns and roofs; all that charm and variety which give to Italy above every country on earth the admixture of human interest, the endless chain of association which adds a grace to natural beauty, made very little impression upon this young pair. She would have been amused and delighted by the exercise of her own power, and he would have been enthralled by her beauty, and what he considered her wit and high spirits, had their progress been along the duller streets. It was only Waring's eyes, disgusted by the prospect before him of his daughter's little artifices, and young Gaunt's imbecile subjection, which turned with any special consciousness to the varying blues of the sea, to the endless developments of the landscape. Flirtation is one of the last things in the world to brook a spectator. Its little absurdities, which are so delightful to the actors in the drama, and which at a distance the severest critic may smile at and forgive, excite the wrath of a too clever looker-on in a way quite disproportioned to their real offensiveness. The interchange of chatter which prevents, as that observer would say, all rational conversation, the attempts to charm, which are so transparent, the response of silly admiration, which is only another form of vanity,—how profoundly sensible we all are of their folly. Had Constance taken as much pains to please her father, he would, in all probability, have yielded altogether to the spell; but he was angry, ashamed, furious, that she should

address those wiles to the young stranger, and saw through him with a clear-sightedness which was exasperating. It was all the more exasperating that he could not tell what she meant by it. Was it possible that she had already formed an inclination towards this tawny young stranger? Had his bilious hues affected her imagination? Love at first sight is a very respectable emotion, and commands in many cases both sympathy and admiration. But no man likes to see the working of this sentiment in the woman who belongs to him. Had Constance fallen in love? He grew angry at the very suggestion, though breathed only in the recesses of his own mind. A girl who had been brought up in the world, who had seen all kinds of people, was it possible that she should fall a victim in a moment to the attractions of a young nobody? a young fellow who knew nothing but India. That he should be subjected, was simple enough; but Constance! Waring's brow clouded more and more. He kept silent, taking no part in the talk, and the young fools did not so much as remark it! but went on with their own absurdity more and more.

The transformation of a series of little Italian municipalities, although in their nature more towns than villages, rendered less rustic by the traditions of an exposed coast, and many a crisis of self-defence, into little modern towns full of hotels and tourists, is neither a pleasant nor a lovely process. San Remo in the old days, before Dr Antonio made it known to the world, lay among its olive gardens on the edge of the sea, which grew bluer and bluer as it crept to the feet of the human master of the soil, a delight to behold, a little picture which memory cherished. Wide promenades flanked with big hotels, with conventional gardens full of green bushes, and a kiosk for the band, make a very different prospect now. But then, in the old days, there could have been no music-sellers with pianos to let or sell; no famous English chemist with coloured bottles; no big shops in which travellers could be tempted. Constance forgot Captain Gaunt when she found herself in this atmosphere of the world. She began to remember things she wanted. 'Papa, if you don't despise it too much, you must let me do a little shopping,' she said. She wanted a hat for the sun. She wanted some eau de Cologne. She wanted just to run into the jeweller's to see if the coral was good, to see if there were any peasant-ornaments which would be characteristic. At all this her father smiled somewhat grimly, taking it as a part of the campaign into which his daughter had chosen to enter for the overthrow of the young soldier. But Constance was perfectly sincere, and had forgotten her campaign in the new and warmer interest.

'So long as you do not ask me to attend you from shop to shop,' he said.

'O no; Captain Gaunt will come,' said Constance.

Captain Gaunt was not a victim who required many wiles. He was less amusing than she had hoped, in so far that he had given in, in an incredibly short space of time. He was now in a condition to be trampled on at her pleasure, and this was unexciting. A longer resistance would have been much more to Constance's mind. Captain Gaunt accompanied her to all the shops. He

helped her with his advice about the piano, bending his head over her as she ran through a little air or two, and struck a few chords on one after the other of the music-seller's stock. They were not very admirable instruments, but one was found that would do.

'You can bring your violin,' Constance said; 'we must try to amuse ourselves a little.' This was before her father left him, and he heard it with a groan.

Waring took a silent walk round the bay while the purchases went on. He thought of past experiences, of the attraction which a shop has for women. Frances, no doubt, after a little of her mother's training, would be the same. She would find out the charms of shopping. He had not even her return to look forward to, for she would not be the same Frances who had left him, when she came back. *When* she came back?—if she ever came back. The same Frances, never; perhaps not even a changed Frances. Her mother would quickly see what an advantage she had in getting the daughter whom her husband had brought up. She would not give her back; she would turn her into a second Constance. There had been a time when Waring had concluded that Constance was amusing and Frances dull; but it must be remembered that he was under provocation now. If she had been amusing, it had not been for him. She had exerted herself to please a commonplace, undistinguished boy, with an air of being indifferent to everything else, which was beyond measure irritating to her father. And now she had got scent of shops, and would never be happy save when she was rushing from one place to another—to Mentone, to Nice perhaps, wherever her fancied wants might lead her. Waring discussed all this with himself as he rambled along, his nerves all set on edge, his taste revolted. Flirtations and shops—was he to be brought to this? he who had been free from domestic incumbrance, who had known nothing for so many years but a little ministrant, who never troubled him, who was ready when he wanted her, but never put forth herself as a restraint or an annoyance. He had advised Constance to take what good she could find in her life; but he had never imagined that this was the line she would take.

The drive home was scarcely more satisfactory. Young Gaunt had got a little courage by the episode of the shops. He ventured to tell her of the trifles he had brought with him from India, and to ask if Miss Waring would care to see them; and he described to her the progress he had made with his violin and what his attainments were in music. Constance told him that the best thing he could do was to bring the said violin and all his music, so that they might see what they could do together. 'If you are not too far advanced for me,' she said with a laugh. 'Come in the morning, when we shall not be interrupted.'

Her father listened, but said nothing. His imagination immediately set before him the tuning and scraping, the clang of the piano, the shriek of the fiddle, and he himself only two rooms off, endeavouring in vain to collect his thoughts and do his work! Mr Waring's work was not of the first importance, but still it was his work, and momentous to him. He bore, however, a countenance unmoved, if very grave, and even endured without a word the young

man's entrance with them, the consultation about where the piano was to stand, and tea afterwards in the loggia. He did not himself want any tea; he left the young people to enjoy this refreshment together while he retired to his bookroom. But with only two rooms between, and with his senses quickened by displeasure, he heard their voices, the laughter, the continual flow of talk, even the little tinkle of the teacups—every sound. He had never been disturbed by Frances' tea; but then, except Tasie Durant, there had been nobody to share it, no son from the bungalow, no privileged messenger sent by his mother. Mrs Gaunt's children, of whom she talked continually, had always been a nuisance, except to the sympathetic soul of Frances. But who could have imagined the prominence which they had assumed now?

Young Gaunt did not go away until shortly before dinner; and Constance, after accompanying him to the anteroom, went along the corridor singing, to her own room, to change her dress. Though her room (Frances' room that was) was at the extremity of the suite, her father heard her light voice running on in a little operatic air all the time she made her toilet. Had it been described in a book, he thought to himself it would have had a pretty sound. The girl's voice, sweet and gay, sounding through the house, the voice of happy youth brightening the dull life there, the voice of innocent content betraying its own satisfaction with existence—satisfaction in having a young fool to flirt with, and some trumpery shops to buy unnecessary appendages in! At dinner, however, she made fun of young Gaunt, and the morose father was a little mollified. 'It is rather dreadful for other people when there is an adoring mother in the background to think everything you do perfection,' Constance said. 'I don't think we shall make much of the violin.'

'These are subjects on which you can speak with more authority than I—both the violin and the mother,' said Waring.

'Oh,' she cried, 'you don't think mamma was one of the adoring kind, I hope! There may be things in her which might be mended; but she is not like that. She kept one in one's proper place. And as for the violin, I suspect he plays it like an old fiddler in the streets.'

'You have changed your mind about it very rapidly,' said Waring; but on the whole he was pleased. 'You seemed much interested both in the hero and the music, a little while ago.'

'Yes; was I not?' said Constance with perfect candour. 'And he took it all in, as if it were likely. These young men from India, they are very ingenuous. It seems wicked to take advantage of them, does it not?'

'More people are ingenuous than the young man from India. I intended to speak to you very seriously as soon as he was gone—to ask you—'

'What were my intentions?' cried Constance, with an outburst of the gayest laughter. 'Oh, what a pity I began. How sorry I am to have missed that. Do you think his mother will ask me, papa? It is generally the man, isn't it? who is questioned; and he says his intentions are honourable. Mine, I frankly allow, are not honourable.'

'No; very much the reverse, I should think. But it had better be clearly defined, for my satisfaction, Constance, which of you is true—the girl who cried over her loneliness last night, or she who made love to Captain Gaunt this morning'—

'No, papa; only was a little nice to him, because he is lonely too.'

'These delicacies of expression are too fine for me. —Who made the poor young fellow believe that she liked his society immensely, was much interested, counted upon him and his violin as her greatest pleasures.'

'You are going too far,' she said. 'I think the fiddle will be fun. When you play very badly and are a little conceited about it, you are always amusing. And as for Captain Gaunt—so long as he does not complain'—

'It is I who am complaining, Constance.'

'Well, papa—but why? You told me last night to take what I had, since I could not have what I want.'

'And you have acted upon my advice? With great promptitude, I must allow.'

'Yes,' she said with composure. 'What is the use of losing time? It is not my fault if there is somebody here quite ready. It amuses him too. And what harm am I doing? A girl can't be asked—except for fun—those disagreeable questions.'

'And therefore you think a girl can do—what would be dishonourable in a man.'

'Oh, you are so much too serious,' cried Constance. 'Are you always as serious as this? You laughed when I told you about Fanny Gervoise. It is only because it is me that you find fault. And don't you think it is a little too soon for parental interference? The Gaunts would be much surprised. They would think you were afraid for my peace of mind, papa—as her parents were afraid for Miss Tasie.'

This moved the stern father to a smile. He had thought that Constance did not appreciate that joke; but the girl had more humour than he supposed. 'I see,' he said, 'you will have your own way; but remember, Constance, I cannot allow it to go too far.'

How could he prevent it going as far as she pleased? she said to herself with a little scorn, when she was alone. Parents may be medieval, if they will; but yet the means have never yet been invented of preventing a woman, when she is so minded and has the power in her hands, from achieving her little triumph over a young man's heart.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

It has long been a disgrace to Great Britain that she neglected the rich field of research which offers itself to the antiquary in Egypt. Though we have produced one or two great Egyptologists, such as Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Dr Birch, we have allowed Germans and Frenchmen to become the pioneers of investigation and the leaders of scientific study in this department. An attempt to do something towards the removal of this disgrace was made in 1883 by the starting of the 'Egypt Exploration Fund,' the object of which was, by means of excavations on the spot, to identify the sites mentioned in the Book of

Exodus in connection with the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt and their departure. Though apparently limited in its object, the Egypt Exploration Fund ought to be supported by all Englishmen who take an interest in the progress of Egyptology, as it is certain that the excavations undertaken in following the track of the Israelites will lead to discoveries likely to throw light on some of the most perplexing questions of Egyptian history, and thus will illuminate a far wider field than that of Biblical research. Thus, for example, one of the sites at which excavations were begun by the Fund was Sa'n or Tanis, supposed to be the Zoan of Scripture. Here was the capital of the empire of the Hyksos, that mysterious dynasty of Shepherd kings whose origin is still one of the riddles of Egyptian history. Though the first winter's excavations had not, when this paper was written, pierced below the thick layers of remains of the Roman and Ptolemaic periods which lie above the buildings of earlier ages, there can be little doubt that further search will be rewarded with the discovery of some facts which will contribute materially to our knowledge of these overthrowers of the first Egyptian empire. Egyptian research is, in fact, a lottery in which at any moment the most wonderful prizes may turn up. A single papyrus, preserved as only that wonderful climate can preserve things, may be found which may fill up all the blanks in Egyptian history. We must rejoice, then, to find our country putting her hand again to the work of Egyptian excavation; and we have further cause for congratulation in the fact that she has now at the head of the excavations, in the person of Mr Flinders Petrie, a young Egyptologist of the greatest promise, whose work in the Pyramid field has already shown that he possesses the double gifts of minute and patient observation, and of accurate reasoning from the facts acquired by observation.

The first Memoir of the Egyptian Exploration Fund has now been published. It is by M. Edouard Naville, the eminent French scholar, whose name will always be famous in connection with the great edition of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which he is now bringing out. The Memoir records the result of the first explorations undertaken by the Fund in the spring of 1883, when M. Naville was at the head of the works. The principal result of these excavations was the identification of Pithom and Succoth, two of the places mentioned in Exodus; an identification which Mr Stuart Poole pronounces the most important discovery of modern times in the field of Old Testament research. We read in Exodus I. that the children of Israel 'built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses.' The great German scholar Lepsius believed that the site of Raamses would be found at a spot on the south side of the canal running from Cairo to Suez, about twelve miles from Ismailia, called in Arabic, Tell-el-Maskhutah, or the 'mound of the statue,' so called from a granite monolith which rose out of the sand covering the ruins of the ancient city. On the strength of this conjecture, the French engineers who dug the Ismailia Canal, and formed a temporary settlement on the mounds, gave the ruins the name of Ramses. It was here that M. Naville began

his excavations; but the result of these excavations has suggested that the place is not Raamses, but Pithom.

This was already suspected by M. Naville from an examination of the monolith and other statues formerly found by the French engineers, and now standing in the square of Ismailia. The inscriptions on these statues show that they were all dedicated to the god Tum, a personification of the setting sun. Pithom or Pi-Tum means in Egyptian, 'the abode of Tum;' and the name Pithom was already known not only from Exodus, but from Egyptian monuments, where it appears as the capital of the eighth nome or province of Lower Egypt. The excavations uncovered the site of a temple dedicated to Tum, showing that the place had been an important sanctuary of that deity, and many monuments were discovered in which the name of the city, Pi-Tum, was clearly stated. A stone of the Roman period showed that its Greek name was Heroopolis; a discovery which is confirmed by comparing the Septuagint and Coptic versions of Genesis xlii. 20, both made by men familiar with the geography of Egypt, where the Septuagint, instead of *Goshen*, reads Heroopolis, and the Coptic translates Heroopolis by Pithom. But now for the interesting facts which connect this Pithom with the Pithom of Exodus, built by the Israelites. In the first chapter of Exodus, Pithom is called a 'treasure-city,' a word which Hebrew scholars tell us would be better translated 'store-city.' In the course of his excavations, M. Naville came upon some remarkable buildings of crude brick, well built, having very thick walls, but with no opening either for door or window. He believes that these buildings could have been built 'for no other purpose than that of store-houses or granaries, into which the Pharaohs gathered the provisions necessary for armies about to cross the desert, or even for caravans and travellers who were on the road to Syria.' This conjecture was confirmed by a title given on one of the monuments found on the spot to a priest of the place, 'keeper of the storehouse.' Pithom was a border city, close to the Arabian Desert; it stood at the head of the Arabian Gulf, which in ancient times reached immensely farther inland than it does now, and which, even in the time of the Ptolemies, was called the Heroopolitan Gulf.

Rameses II., the great Sesostris, whose body was recently discovered, was evidently the founder of Pithom, as nothing earlier than his date has been found in its ruins; nor is it ever stated in the inscriptions of Pithom that he restored the works of former kings, according to the custom when such was the case. Now, Rameses II., by a calculation of dates, is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the oppression. The foundation of Pithom under his reign falls in, therefore, with the statement that it was built by the Israelites.

The researches at Pithom have led also to the identification of Succoth and Etham, the first two stages in the journey of the Israelites from Egypt. The monuments of Pithom frequently mention the district of Thuku or Theket, in which Pithom was situated. The name is philologically identical with the Hebrew Succoth. Etham,

said in Exodus to be 'in the edge of the wilderness,' is identified by M. Naville with Atuma, spoken of in a very old papyrus as a wilderness inhabited by nomads, and lying near the land of Succoth and the lakes of Pithom. Rameses, mentioned in Exodus as the starting-point of the Israelite journey, has not yet been identified; it is probable that, like Succoth, it is the name of a region and not of a city.

These discoveries make it clear that the route followed by the Israelites was the southern route to Palestine used by the Bedouins up to the opening of the Suez Canal, by the Wadi Tumilat and the head of the Red Sea. This Sea, we must remember, extended then so far north as to include the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timseh. Its waters, according to M. Naville, would probably be shallow, and liable to be driven back by an east wind, leaving a dry way, a phenomenon which is often seen now in other parts of Egypt. At a point where this frequently took place, the Pharaohs may have built a *Migdol*, or fort, as the Egyptian word means, to guard the Egyptian shore from the inroads of the desert nomads; and it was near some such Migdol that the Israelites crossed the sea. The spot is very precisely indicated in Exodus xiv. 2 by the directions given: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it ye shall encamp by the sea.' M. Naville identifies Pi-hahiroth with Pi-keheret, a city frequently named on the monuments of Pithom as lying in its immediate neighbourhood, and as a place to which horses and cattle were brought for the support of the temple of Osiris, which the monuments state to have existed there. The Septuagint and Coptic versions translate Pi-hahiroth by 'the farm;' and we know from an ancient papyrus that there was a great farm or estate of Pharaoh in the neighbourhood of Pithom. M. Naville has little doubt that the Pi-keheret of the monuments is the Serapiu of the Itinerary of Antoninus, as Serapiu means a sanctuary of Osiris, and we know of no other sanctuary of Osiris in that part of the country. If those identifications are correct, it is not impossible that future operations of the Egyptian Exploration Fund may lead to the identification of other places of interest to the historical and Biblical student.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR ARTHUR GOULDING is junior partner in the firm of Shuttleworth and Goulding, solicitors, and is universally respected in his profession as a man of the highest integrity. He is in the prime of life, and takes a very active part in his business, returning at the close of each day to his little place at Chelsea, which is adorned by a pretty wife and three children.

Among the clients of the firm in 188— was Mr Abram Mossop of 'The Firs,' near Chester, who owned some valuable house-property in London, the rents of which the firm collected for him. In the month of October in that year, Mr Mossop, who was an old man in failing health, wrote instructing Messrs Shuttleworth

and Goulding to prepare the draft of a will for his approval. A personal interview was not necessary, for his directions were simple, and his solicitors were well acquainted with the details of his affairs. All his property was to be left to one person—a lady, with the exception of a legacy of five hundred pounds to Mr Goulding, who was to act as sole executor, such thorough confidence had Mr Mossop in that gentleman. The draft was duly prepared and submitted by post; and finding it satisfactory, Mr Mossop requested that the will itself might be engrossed as soon as possible, for he was suffering from a dangerous attack of bronchitis, and felt it desirable to have his worldly affairs settled.

Though wealthy, he was a disappointed man. He was a first-cousin of Sir Peter Mossop of Mossop Hall, and had always held it as a grievance that he had not succeeded to the baronetcy himself; indeed, he barely recognised his relative, whom he regarded as an interloper. His uncle, the late Sir William, had remained a bachelor until very late in life, and Abram Mossop had therefore reckoned on inheriting both the title and the property; but, to every one's surprise and Abram's disgust, the old gentleman one fine day married a young country girl of no particular family, and was subsequently blessed with a son and daughter, the former being the present Sir Peter. This was a bitter disappointment to Mr Mossop, who was imbued with a good deal of vanity, and was very anxious to be the representative of the family, whose title was more than two centuries old. He had been married; but his wife died soon after Sir Peter's advent, as did also their only son; so that he was quite alone in his declining years, and consequently, his disposition had become somewhat soured and his habits eccentric.

There was only one person for whom he seemed to have a sincere liking, and this was a lady, who could hardly be termed a relative, being only a second-cousin of his wife's; but she had shown him much kindness at the time of his bereavement, as well as good-natured attention on subsequent occasions. People had said, indeed, that Mrs Reddie, who was a widow, was setting her cap at Mr Mossop; but if this were the case, she did not succeed, for he showed no inclination to marry a second time—or perhaps it was that her four daughters frightened him. However, she was now about to reap her reward, for it was in her favour that the will was being drawn up; and her portionless and loverless daughters would be so no longer. Mr Mossop was determined that Sir Peter should not have a shilling of his money, though a legacy would have been very acceptable to that gentleman, whose extravagant habits were likely to ruin him. The property which Abram Mossop was in a position to bequeath was worth considerably over two thousand pounds a year, besides the residence called 'The Firs,' which was a valuable house with extensive grounds; so it was no wonder that Sir Peter had several times made friendly overtures to him, which, however, were always repelled.

Mrs Reddie, who was aware of Mr Mossop's intention to leave her everything, often wished that he would make his will; but, like many other old persons, he appeared to have an objection

to do so, and of course she could not urge him with propriety. He had deferred it from time to time, until he now found himself prostrated with a serious illness, which caused him to decide on having it done at once. Accordingly, on receipt of his letter, Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding had the document prepared, and it was ready for signature early in November. To see that it was properly executed, it was desirable that a representative of the firm should go down to the country with it; and Mr Goulding, being the executor, agreed to undertake this duty himself. The journey from London to Chester and back can be easily accomplished in a day, allowing a couple of hours for the transaction of business; and the solicitor determined on making an early start, in order that he might get home the same night. With this object in view, he set out one morning at eight o'clock—an hour earlier than usual, and proceeded by train to Willesden Junction, where he caught the express leaving Euston at nine.

It was a dispiriting day; a November fog hung over London, and it was only a few degrees lighter in the country, besides which, a drizzling rain was falling—together, the sort of day when a person would not feel inclined to say 'Good-morning' even to his dearest friend. However, wet or dry, foggy or clear, the iron-horse does its duty with equal indifference; and Mr Goulding, having beguiled the five hours as well as he could with a couple of newspapers, found himself in Chester station a few minutes after the advertised time. Having taken some refreshment, he hired a cab to drive to 'The Firs,' a distance of about four miles, but which seemed ten under the circumstances; for it was still raining, the roads were muddy, and everything looked as unattractive as could be imagined. At half-past three he reached his destination, and was glad to alight, hoping to finish his business in time to catch a train that left for London about two hours later.

'The Firs' was what might be described in an advertisement as 'a modern residence replete with every convenience.' It had a pretty gate-lodge, and an extensive lawn, bordered with a plantation of tall fir-trees, to which it owed its name. When Mr Mossop had entered into possession of it on the death of his father, it was by no means so modern-looking; but he had laid out a round sum on improvements, to please his wife, who had brought him a very respectable fortune. His establishment at the time of Mr Goulding's visit included an elderly butler, who made himself generally useful, and disagreed with the cook; a coachman, who was also a gardener; a stable-boy, who assisted in the garden; a cook, who was half a housekeeper, and disagreed with the butler; and two other female servants, who disagreed with each other. The cause of this disorganisation in the servants' hall was the want of a mistress, for Mr Mossop never interfered with his domestics so long as they ministered to his daily requirements in a satisfactory manner; but to this extent he was very strict. A valet he never would have, as he considered those functionaries were only in the way, and were more interested about their masters' affairs than in their own duties.

On Mr Goulding's arrival, he was received by

the butler, who informed him that Mr Mossop had been very bad all the previous night; the doctor had been to see him in the forenoon, and he was now asleep. Of course, under the circumstances the solicitor could not have him disturbed, so there was nothing for it but to dismiss the cab and wait while dinner was being prepared.

It was nearly six o'clock when the nurse, who had been attending the old gentleman during his illness, came to tell Mr Goulding that her patient was awake and inquiring for him. In a few moments the solicitor stood by the bedside of his client, and was shocked to observe the change in his appearance since their last meeting, some months before. His cheeks were sunken, and if they had any colour at all, it was a sickly bluish tint; while his voice was so weak that nothing but important business could have justified any one in holding conversation with him. He had been a rather handsome man, tall, with aquiline features, and a severe expression of countenance, though he was in reality kind-hearted. Now he was reduced to a mere shadow.

He was glad to see Mr Goulding, and as soon as they were alone, desired to have the will read over to him before calling in the witnesses.

'There is one thing I omitted,' he said when the solicitor had finished: 'I intended to leave something to the servants, but it slipped my memory when I was writing the instructions. I thought afterwards that it would do as well if I notified my wishes in writing to Mrs Reddie; she would be sure to carry out my intentions.'

'No doubt,' said Mr Goulding. 'But if you like, we can easily draw up a codicil.'

'I do not think that is necessary. If I recover'—

'Why, my dear sir, I hope that a few days will see you on your feet again.'

'Ah! no,' said the sick man wearily. 'I was never so ill before. I think this attack will finish me. But in any case, I have written a letter to her requesting her to distribute some legacies amongst them, according to my original intention. I am sure she will give effect to my wishes.'

'Well, I mustn't let you talk too much.—Who are the witnesses to be?'

'The butler, I suppose, for one; and either the coachman or the nurse must do for the other. There is nobody else at hand. Please touch the bell.'

Mr Goulding did so, and the nurse entered.

'Send William here, please,' said Mr Mossop. 'And is John about the place?'

'I don't know, sir; I think I saw him going out.'

'Well, if you can't find him, come back yourself; I want you to witness my signature.'

The woman having departed on her errand, the old gentleman beckoned to Mr Goulding to come near, and spoke to him in a whisper, though his voice had been little more than that during the interview.

'I hope,' he said, 'that no question could arise—that there would be no fear of Peter Mossop disputing the will. They would never dare to say that I—that my mind was affected, I mean?'

'Not the least fear, my dear sir; you may make yourself perfectly easy.'

'Because,' continued the other, 'if I thought that man would get a shilling of my money, I could not rest. He would run through it in a year; but Mrs Reddie deserves it, and will make good use of it.'

The nurse presently returned with William (the butler), not having found the coachman. Mr Goulding explained in a few words what was required; and then the old gentleman, being propped up with pillows, signed his name to the will with a feeble trembling hand. The nurse, who was an elderly woman, with the partiality of her profession for cordials, seemed as unsteady as Mr Mossop, scrawling her name 'Anne Jane Hilditch' right across the page.

The butler's signature was more business-like; but, on examination, Mr Goulding was surprised to see that he had signed as 'Frederick Spear-
ing.'

'I thought,' said he, 'your name was William.'

'I'm called William, sir,' the man replied; 'but was christened Frederick.'

'Oh! that explains,' said Mr Goulding.—'And now, if it is convenient to drive me into Chester, I shall be ready immediately.'

'Better stay all night, Goulding,' said Mr Mossop.

'We can easily have a bed aired, sir,' the butler added by way of hospitality.

But Mr Goulding would not be persuaded. 'No; thank you,' he said. 'It is too late to reach London to-night. But I shall sleep at Chester, and get off by the first train in the morning.'

So the rain having ceased, the dogcart was ordered round, in preference to the ponderous old brougham, and the solicitor took leave of his client, who seemed a good deal weakened by the excitement of the interview.

It was seven o'clock when Mr Goulding drove away, and quite dark, except for the occasional patches of moonlight which struggled through the heavy clouds. He was not inclined to talk to the man; but the man was anxious to talk to *him*—most likely with a view to gleaning some little information as to the business which brought him to 'The Firs.'

'The poor master's very bad, sir,' was John's opening remark.

'He is indeed, I am sorry to say,' Mr Goulding replied.

'A bad thing it would be for us, sir, if he was took.'

'It would, no doubt.'

'Yes, sir. I've been with him four years, and I wouldn't ask for a better place; not but what I thought the master a little odd-like, when I first come.'

'Odd? What do you mean?'

'Well, sir, you see he had his notions of what was proper, and how everything ought to be done, and if things wasn't exactly as he liked, he wouldn't be pleased at all.'

'And quite right too.'

'Yes, sir. And he had his ideas about servants' names too. Now, what do you think my name is, sir? My first name, I mean.'

'John, I believe.'

'No, sir; it ain't. It's Alexander—Alexander

Postlethwaite. But when I first come, I was told neither of them names would do; that a coachman ought to be called John; and John I was to be, or nothing.'

'Really!'

'Yes, sir; and the other servants is all nick-named the same way—all except the cook. Cook wouldn't stand it, and the master had to give in, 'cause she had the name of being a first-rate hand, and he was set on having her.'

'Well, but you know you mustn't talk to people about your master's peculiarities. It isn't respectful, and might get him the reputation of being eccentric.'

Mr Goulding said this with a recollection of the old gentleman's fears lest his cousin might dispute the will.

'O no, sir,' replied John, feeling rather hurt; 'I'm not given to talking that way to any one else, and none of us would say anything that wasn't respectful of the master, sir.'

Mr Goulding remained silent, but after a brief interval the man continued his observations.

'They do say, sir, that Sir Peter won't get any of the master's money after all.'

'Do they?'

'Yes, sir, though he wants it bad enough, by all accounts. He's been here three or four times since the master was took ill, to ask after his health; but he never would see him.'

'When was he here last?'

'On Monday, sir. I believe somebody told him you was coming down, and he wanted to know particular from the butler what day we expected you.'

'Oh, indeed!'

It was folly for the country coachman to fish for information from the London lawyer, so, after a few more attempts, he relapsed into silence; and the remainder of the drive was enlivened only by the jolting of the vehicle and occasional splashes of mud. Having at length arrived in Chester, the solicitor put up at an hotel adjacent to the railway station, and was not sorry to retire to rest early, intending to travel by a train which left at about nine o'clock in the morning.

The next day was a contrast to the previous one, being remarkably clear and fine for the time of year; and Mr Goulding, having purchased a novel, took his seat in a smoking compartment, with the anticipation of a pleasant journey. He had only one fellow-passenger, a middle-aged gentleman, who was also bound for London, and who exchanged a few remarks with him on the weather and other important topics. At Crewe there was a stoppage of five minutes, and the gentleman got out, leaving Mr Goulding alone. The latter was sitting next the door on the platform side; and his luggage, which consisted only of a valise and a small black bag, such as lawyers use, was placed on the opposite seat. The bag contained the will and a couple of other papers, besides some loose cash to the value of thirty shillings, and was lying a little nearer to the door than the valise. While his companion was absent, a long goods-train passed through the station, and Mr Goulding rose and crossed to the opposite window to look out at it. Having thrust his head out, he heard some one open the door, which had been closed, but not latched, as if to enter the carriage; then a lady's voice said,

'Oh, this is "smoking!"' and the person went away. This little incident did not occupy more than a moment; but when Mr Goulding had shut the window and resumed his seat, he noticed with surprise that his bag had disappeared. Although certain that it had been there a few seconds before, he searched the compartment thoroughly, thinking that possibly it might have fallen, or that his companion might have removed it by mistake. But there was no trace of it; and the other passenger returning, declared that he had not seen it at all. Here was a dilemma. It seemed probable that the person who opened the carriage-door had taken it; but the train was about to start, and there was no time to be lost.

Mr Goulding seized his valise and hastened in pursuit of the guard, to whom he briefly related the circumstances, and who assisted him to make a hurried examination of all the first-class compartments in the train, as it was natural to assume that the person or persons who attempted to enter his compartment were travelling by the same class. There were a good many lady-passengers, but none of them were at all suspicious-looking, and the search proved fruitless. The station-master and a railway policeman were now informed of the loss; but the train had already been delayed a couple of minutes, and Mr Goulding was told that he must either take his seat or remain behind. He chose the latter alternative.

SOMETHING ABOUT BARONETS.

REGARDED from a constitutional point of view, the Stuart period of our history is by far the most important in its annals. Its one great feature is the revival of an obstinate resistance on the part of parliament to the monstrous claims put forth by the Crown. We say the 'revival,' because, although the mighty rule of the Tudors had, so to speak, sent constitutional government to sleep, yet this slumber was one to be awakened from. The awakening commenced with the first Stuart, that strange personage, who, having come to the throne by an extremely infirm title, yet believed in the force of 'divine right' not only to reign as though his title were unquestionable, but also to govern after the fashion of an absolute monarch. The nation having come to its senses, then commenced the memorable conflict which ended in the annihilation of the Stuart dynasty, the establishment of the supremacy of parliament, and the strict definition of the limits of the royal prerogative.

To James I. the very name of parliament was abhorrent, while the institution itself he treated with open contempt. He governed for seven years without one at all; and when he did summon one, he assumed to have a right to control the election of its members, to regulate their utterances, to mutilate the journals of the House of Commons, and to send certain refractory members of the House to prison! Parliament would grant the king no money; so he fell back upon monopolies, arbitrary taxation, and other devices, for the replenishment of his exchequer. One of these was the sale of honours, and in the words of Lord Nugent (*Memorials of Hampden*), 'the ancient nobility were insulted by the vulgar

sale of public honours by the king, to feed the vanity of his creatures, and to meet the demands of his own cupidity and of their corruption.' It was a peculiarity of this would-be absolute king that he was ever 'unable to rule but by first enslaving himself to some unworthy minion;' and we know that the two minions to whom during his reign he was successively enslaved were Robert Carr, whom he created Earl of Somerset, and George Villiers, who became Duke of Buckingham. The king, we have seen, was much pushed for money; and the former of the two minions just mentioned endeavoured to help his majesty out of his difficulties. Somerset devised a three-headed financial scheme, and to the first of the three heads of his scheme we owe that titular institution known as the *Baronetage*. The sale of already existing titles had been carried on to such an extent that even the king himself appears to have felt ashamed at such an undignified mode of 'raising the wind.' It is authentically related that a certain country gentleman whose assurance was not equal to his ambition or vanity, was ushered into the king's presence to receive the purchased honour of knighthood. The aspirant looked sheepish and hung down his head. 'Hold up thy head, man,' exclaimed His Majesty; 'I have more reason to be ashamed than thou!'

Somerset's plan was an improvement on this one, inasmuch as the honour to be disposed of was brand new. What, however, should it be called? No doubt, this momentous question greatly exercised the minds of the managers of the scheme, until somebody—and his thought must be admitted to have been a happy one—suggested what looks like the diminutive form of 'baron,' and thus arose the title of *Baronet*. This word, however, as a matter of fact, was not coined for the occasion, for Selden (*Titles of Honour*) treats the term as old even in his time, and investigates its origin with some gravity. He associates it with the knights-bannerets—that is, those who in the days of chivalry were knighted by the king on the field of battle, and who received a banner 'charged' with their arms on the occasion. On going into battle, a person of distinction would have carried on his spear-head a pennon. On the part near the weapon would be his coat of arms. The pointed portion of the pennon was cut off, leaving the square containing the arms; and when this—now a standard—was handed back to the owner, he became at once a knight-banneret. The learned writer then says that 'the name of banneret sometimes expressed a baron of parliament;' also that the word banneret was often miswritten baronet; and he gives an instance in the reign of Edward VI. of a knight-banneret being styled in his patent of creation *Baronettus* instead of *Bannerettus*. On the authority of Spelman, however, we may assume that *baronettus* and *bannerettus* are not terms which have always been ignorantly or indiscriminately used. In fact, in feudal times, the word *baronet* appears to have applied to the lesser barons. But be this as it may, the word was known long before the time of James I.; still, the application of it to the new order of quasi-nobility, or rather, perhaps, hereditary knighthood, was well conceived, and it undoubtedly has a more imposing sound than banneret.

Now, it must not be supposed that this new honour was disposed of to any person who could pay for it. Commissioners were appointed who were to conduct the business of granting the patents conferring the title, and the instructions given to them were very precise as to who should be created baronets. The recipients of the honour were to be 'a certain number of knights and esquires,' who were also to be 'men for quality, state of living, and good reputation worthy of the same.' The Commissioners were directed to have these facts established by proofs, also to take care that candidates for the new dignity were 'at the least descended of a grandfather by the father's side that bore arms.' Finally, it was a necessary qualification for the honour that the aspirant should 'have also of certain yearly revenue of lands in inheritance or possession one thousand per annum clear.' Evidently, then, the earliest baronets were not the nobodies many persons suppose them to have been, from the circumstance of the title having been first acquired by money. 'Nor, indeed, after all, was there so much difference between the purchase of a baronetcy and the liability to furnish a knight for every knight's fee, under the ancient tenures.' In other words, this 'ingenious contrivance' for raising money did not, under the circumstances, either pollute the 'fountain of honour' or 'disgrace the chivalry of knight-hood.'

But how was the disposal of the dignity effected? Certainly not after the fashion of that 'vulgar sale of public honours,' so severely reprehended by Lord Nugent. There was at anyrate something like a valid reason given for the creation and sale of the new title; and unless we are to stigmatise off-hand the whole business as a piece of plausible humbug, we must confess it to have been transacted with perfect propriety.

The first patent was granted on May 22, 1612, and several existing baronetcies were created on that day. Each patent was in Latin, and although occasionally effusive and stilted, it is nevertheless on the whole a well-drawn instrument. Its preamble sets forth the fact of the king requiring money for the affairs of Ireland, and especially for the settlement, or as it is called, the Plantation of Ulster; after which it states the grant of the title to A. B. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten. The rank of A. B. among other persons is mentioned; and his wife is declared to be entitled to the style of 'Lady, Madame, and Dame.' (Her title is strictly Baronetess.) The king undertakes by the exercise of his 'unusually abundant and special favour, from his certain knowledge and mere motion,' for himself, his heirs, and successors, that the number of baronets shall never exceed two hundred; and that no other hereditary dignity shall ever be created calculated to disturb the prestige or the equanimity of the new-honour men or their descendants. These are the material features of this patent, for which the *quid pro quo* was to be the maintenance of 'thirty foot-soldiers in Ireland for three years, after the rate of eightpence sterling money of England by the day, and the wages of one whole year to be paid into our receipt upon passing of the patent.' In all, including everything, about twelve hundred pounds.

Candidates for baronetcies were to apply personally at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, on

Wednesday and Friday afternoons; and the Commissioners were strictly ordered to observe impartiality as regards their selection of grantees of their patents. Especially are they enjoined to do 'these two things—the one that every such person as shall be admitted do enter into sufficient bond or recognisance, to our use, for the payment' of his fee, 'which you are to see paid.' Secondly, the Commissioners were to keep the money thus raised for the Ulster Plantation apart from all other public treasure, the king evidently having regarded it as the outcome of a feeling of loyalty to himself, and the result of a worthy desire to promote the progress of a 'public and memorable work.'

The patents of the new baronets were not quite explicit on the question of precedence. Accordingly, the king, in 1612, published a decree of portentous length for the settlement of—especially to ladies—this solemn and important matter. The preamble of the instrument referred to forcibly reminds us of one of those oriental decrees mentioned in Holy Writ, and though long, it is extremely succinct. The result of this edict is that, while younger sons of viscounts and barons are to take precedence over baronets as such, yet that a banneret, if created in the field, is to rank before any of them during his own life. On the other hand, all ordinary bannerets are to rank after all baronets as such. We say 'as such,' because, if a baronet be a privy-councillor, he will, by virtue of the latter honour, take precedence before all persons after knights of the garter not ennobled. The holders of great offices under the Crown are always regarded with much honour in this country. Accordingly, a baronet, as such, will come after all and each of Her Majesty's judges, whatever may be their titular designation. The wife of a baronet will rank analogously amongst ladies as her husband does amongst men; so that the wives of younger sons of viscounts and barons will precede baronetesses. And while daughters of the younger sons of peers will go before *wives* of the eldest sons of baronets, yet the latter will go before any baronet's daughters.

It is noticeable that the honour of baronetcy was originally confined to Englishmen; and it so remained until 1619, when baronets of Ireland were created. On March 27, 1625, James I. died, leaving the country burdened with a gigantic debt. The same year, Charles I. created the first Scottish baronetcy, and this term requires a slight explanation. It must be remembered that the peninsula of Nova Scotia, discovered by Cabot in 1497, was in possession of the English in 1622. To provide funds for the settlement of that province, Charles I., carrying out the intention of his father, adopted the expedient which had been devised to effect the pacification of Ulster, and hence came into existence the baronets of Nova Scotia, who after the Act of Union became merged in the Scotch baronetage. To these baronets of Nova Scotia more than a patent was granted; each received a charter conferring upon him certain substantial benefits in that province. But then the consideration for the latter baronetcies was considerably more extensive than that given by those of the English creation.

Just as the peerage consists of honours of English, Scotch, Irish, and United Kingdom origin, so the degrees of the baronetage may be

classified in a like manner. In the peerage, it will be remembered, the various gradations are fixed by the Act of Parliament confirming the Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801. By this Act, all peers rank as of England, Scotland, Great Britain, Ireland, and of the United Kingdom, and this is their order of precedence. There is, however, no such statutory rule for the baronetage, nor is there any rule of an analogous character applicable thereto. Accordingly, baronets of England, Ireland, Scotland, Great Britain, and the United Kingdom take rank *inter se* according to the dates of their respective patents. And where two or more patents are found to have been granted on the same day, the holders of them rank according to the order in which the patents were respectively made out.

The first patent granted was to Sir Nicholas Bacon, son of the Lord Keeper of that name, and is dated May 22, 1611. Other patents bear the same date; but that of Sir Nicholas being the first one made out, his descendant, the present Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon, is the premier baronet of England. Of the Irish and the Nova Scotian or Scotch baronetage, Sir C. H. Coote and Sir R. Gordon are the premier baronets respectively; while of the baronetage of Great Britain and that of the United Kingdom, Sir E. A. Dashwood and Sir H. M. Vavasour are severally the premier baronets.

To the decree of James I. made in 1612, which, as already stated, determined the precedency, &c. of baronets, there was subsequently added an order that all baronets and their eldest sons should be knighted, and that they and their descendants should bear on their coat of arms, or in an inescutcheon at their election, the arms of Ulster. This badge—translating its description from heraldic into ordinary language—is a bloody left hand on a white shield. The thumb being turned to the right of the shield, that is, to the left of a person looking at it, the hand is accordingly an open one. Then, again, by the order just quoted, it was declared that all baronets should have place in the armies of the sovereign 'in the gross near about the [royal] standard'; and this appears to be the most substantial of the privileges—beyond the hereditary dignity itself—of a baronetcy.

The patent of baronetcy always describes the patentee as, say, A. W. of X.; and although it is of course competent to the sovereign to make a grant to A. W. of X. and his male heirs whatsoever, it is usual to limit the grant to A. W. of X. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten—that is, to entail the honour on male lineal descendants. And inasmuch as it is in the power of the Crown to grant the honour to A. W. of X. and his heirs-general, there is no reason why a woman may not be a baronetess as well as a baroness, viscountess, countess, &c., in her own right. But, as Sir Bernard Burke tells us, there is only one instance of this honour having been conferred on a female—namely, 'Dame Mary Bolles of Osberton, Notts, who in 1625 was elevated to the baronetcy of Scotland, with remainder to her heirs whatsoever.'

The original baronets of Scotland or, rather, of Nova Scotia were allowed to place on their shields the arms of that province. Now, however, since the union of Great Britain and

Ireland, all baronets bear on their coats of arms the original 'honourable augmentation,' the bloody hand of Ulster, which may be displayed in various ways according to circumstances.

We have seen that a baronet is formally described as of some place. Suppose that, say, two brothers are created baronets, Sir A. W. of X., and Sir B. W. of Z., if the issue of one of them fails, it may happen that the two baronetcies will ultimately merge in one representative. An instance of this is seen in the premier baronetcy of England, the present baronet uniting the baronetcy of Redgrave and that of Mildenhall in his own person.

If the daughter of a commoner marries a baronet, she becomes Lady So-and-so. If the daughter of a baron or a viscount marries a baronet, she becomes the Honourable Lady So-and-so; but the daughter of an earl, marquis, or duke doing so would retain her own courtesy title of Lady, and would be styled Lady Emily So-and-so, precisely as if her husband were an ordinary commoner. The widow of a baronet whose eldest son is married, though Dame So-and-so in law, is nevertheless generally styled the Dowager Lady; and although a dowager, her daughter-in-law would, in strictness, take precedence of her, as the wife of the person actually holding the title.

The nominal expense of a baronet's patent is one hundred pounds; but probably before the recipient of the dignity is entirely free of all claims, he will have made a considerable hole in three hundred pounds, or even more.

THE AUSTRALIAN 'SWAGMAN.'

COMPLETELY unique in their way, and dissimilar from any other class whatsoever in any part of the world, is that nomadic portion of the Australian population known as 'swagmen.' Little has been written about these men outside the colonies, chiefly, I think, because visitors who may happen to come across a specimen have put them down merely as vagrants, a kind of wandering beggars, or, like a clever English writer, who evidently knew nothing about them, as 'tramps.'

The wandering colonist seeking employment here, there, and everywhere throughout the land, finds it useless to take advantage of the many new lines of railway now pushing their iron feelers deep into the mighty interior of the continent. His business lies not with towns so much as at homesteads, situated as often as not many miles away from any railway station, thus involving the necessity of his making a kind of human snail of himself in his search for work, carrying on his back his house in the shape of a tent, and very often all his worldly goods into the bargain, rolled up in his 'swag.'

At these homesteads, then, if the weather be at all bad, the station huts are often crowded with swagmen, preferring the shelter of a shingled roof to that of one composed of calico alone. In fine weather, however, your true nomad likes nothing better than to camp out under the

sheltering arms of some huge box or gum tree; or, better still, in the deep recesses of a belar scrub, where the wind does not penetrate, and the long needle-like leaves form a soft and pleasant adjunct to his couch.

Perhaps the reader would like a pen-and-ink portrait of the subject of our sketch. Here is one, as I saw him 'on the wallaby'—as swagging it through the land is called—a short time ago. Picture to yourself a muscular, low-set man walking along at a moderate pace. In one hand he holds a tin 'billy,' black with constant boiling of tea; in the other, a water-bag full of the precious fluid; whilst across the back of his shoulders, soldiers'-knapsack-fashion, is strapped a neat but apparently heavy bundle of round, oblong shape, showing only a white calico covering outside. This is the tent; and inside, rolled up in a pair of blankets, red or blue, are—what he will most likely tell you with a grim smile—his 'forty years' gatherings'; consisting of, perhaps, a couple of shirts, ditto trousers, comb, soap, and towel, a small bag containing flour, and two yet smaller for tea and sugar. A broad-leaved straw hat, shading a face tanned and weather-beaten, cotton shirt open at the throat and breast, and round the neck a loosely knotted handkerchief. His trousers are tied pretty tightly between knee and ankle with a broad piece of calico, which, he says, not only lessens the chafe of his heavy moleskins, but stays the upward researches of innumerable creeping things which abide in the bush of Australia.

Swagmen generally travel in pairs, and the two men, brought in contact perhaps by mere chance, often walk and work together for many years. If, by reason of some unforeseen accident, a separation of a few months, or a year or so, should occur, the 'bush-telegraph'—of which more anon—is set to work, and the whereabouts of the missing mate soon ascertained. Some, however, prefer to travel, and even to work, when they get it, quite alone, and these are known to the rest as 'hatters,' for what reason I have been unable to ascertain.

But to return to our typical friend. He had travelled, with but a day's camp now and again, from three hundred miles north-west of Brisbane, to where he then stood, well towards the southern boundary of New South Wales, making altogether over one thousand miles of a steady walk, carrying a burden of perhaps thirty or forty pounds-weight upon his broad shoulders.

When asked if in all those weeks of travelling he could procure no work, 'O yes,' was the answer; 'lots of it. But you see I'd heard as the money was better down this way, so I thought I'd just have a look over an' see what it was like for myself. Chaps as I knowed sent me word as there was lots of fencing goin' on 'bout these parts, an' a fair price given; an' now'—relieving himself of his burden—'could you lay a feller on 'bout here? I ain't altogether a *lime-burner* yet [that is, a person without money], but the notes is getting scattered. That's so!'

It so happened that I could, and did, 'lay him on' to some work at fencing, which when finished, and the greater portion of his cheque 'knocked down,' he will, just as likely as not, start on another walking tour half across Australia. Thoroughly reliable, honest, and good workmen

are the most of these swagmen, at least whilst in employment. The mischief is that they are never, nor ever care to be, at home; consequently, their work finished and paid for, they make for the only enjoyment they know of that the bush has to offer; that is, what they call 'a good bust,' or in other words, a drunken spree. No matter how good the employment they may have dropped into, no matter that they are making 'good money,' as they call payable piece or contract work, they will not stay for very long; and where they would willingly have been kept for a dozen years, as many months finds them rolling up their 'drums' for another trip 'on the wallaby.' Of course, the 'busting' process does not hold good with all of these people; there are creditable exceptions, who bank their money, working hard throughout their lives, without the relaxation of the annual spree. These men generally die suddenly, and the Crown profits accordingly. Others hide their cheques in hollow trees, first carefully wrapping them up and placing them in pickle bottles; and years perhaps afterwards, revisit the spot, only to find the face of the country completely changed. I have known several such cases. So much for the sober single swagman. Married ones are rare, and scarcely come under the heading of this paper, for they generally leave the 'missis an' the kids' in some kind of a home, whenever they do by chance take a trip on the road. As for the man who goes in for the 'bust,' when it is over, he at once starts on a walk of several hundred miles as a recuperative and prelude to another twelvemonth's work.

Sturdy, independent kind of customers are these nomads of the bush. Money or no money, are they not free as air, bar the weight of their swags? Suppose your price for work does not suit one of them, well, he can afford to travel on till he gets a better figure, if such is to be procured, for well he knows that at station or shepherd's hut, bushman's camp or travelling sheep-dray, the word 'traveller' is an open sesame to food and lodging, rough but plentiful. Still, if the swagman has money, he will always, as a rule, prefer to buy his rations at the station store, than have them doled out to him by the storekeeper as a 'traveller's ration,' and entered on the books accordingly.

There is no class or condition of people without its discreditable, hopelessly incurable residuum, and the swagmen of the colonies are no exception. 'Sundowners,' 'Whalers,' and 'Benders'—so the loafers of the community are known. These men fish or lie concealed in shady bends of creeks and rivers the whole day long, in sight of some great station; and then, when the evening bell rings for supper at sundown, they crawl wearily up and seat themselves at the long tables, speak sadly of the state of the roads, scarcity of labour, &c., and depart in the morning—after breakfast—to repeat the same game at the next station. The nuisance caused by these 'Sundowners,' 'Benders,' &c., as they are differently termed in different districts, at length became very great, not to speak of the enormous expense incurred, when, as at many of Sir Samuel Wilson's Riverina and Victorian stations, it was nothing unusual to see three or four hundred of these men roll-up at sundown, out of whom perhaps not ten would

have taken work had it been offered to them. This abuse of open-handed hospitality led to the regulations now in force in those districts, namely, that every 'traveller' receive his one pint-potful of flour, with, in some cases, enough tea and sugar to make a quart-potful.

The 'bush-telegraph' is the term by which news is conveyed by human agency over hundreds of miles of country; and it really is wonderful how news is disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the unsettled districts by means of these wanderers, passed from one to the other at casual meetings on dusty main-roads, in shady camps by gum-tree-bordered river, or lagoon, or out back on scarcely discernible bridle-tracks; especially the kind of news that is of interest to the fraternity. Does, for instance, old Sam Johnson of Bundelgobie want a lot of hands for ring-barking, fencing, or what not—then, in an incredibly short space of time, all unemployed workers within a radius of two or three hundred miles are steadily marching towards Bundelgobie, in hopes, as they would express it, of getting 'put on and knocking out a bit of a cheque.' Has Bill Thompson, who lives out on the Barcoo, happened to lose the run of his mate, whom he last heard of eight hundred miles away on the back blocks of the Lachlan—then straightway the cry for 'Bill Thompson's mate' is passed along from one to the other down the length of the land; and the missing man must have got into a very obscure corner indeed if, sooner or later, the message does not reach him. Your true swagman detests the sight of a horse, together with all the trouble and bother attached to the possession thereof. Give him 'shank's pony;' then, when he is tired, he throws off his swag, pitches his tent, and he is in camp at once. No looking for grass and water, or walking as far for his horse in the morning as he travels the whole of the day afterwards on his back. So says the swagman; and to a certain extent he is, especially in seasons like those of the few past years, on the right side of the argument; for of late many a man travelling on horseback has, after spending three times the worth of his horses in feeding them, seen them die, leaving him to throw his saddles away and swag it with the footmen.

The new-comer 'on the wallaby'—in most cases a recent arrival from 'the old country,' or else some runaway sailor—may easily be told by his uneasy, and often limping gait, but perhaps more than all by his woe-begone and dejected appearance at first start of his novel experience, so different from the self-reliant aspect and measured, swinging tread of the long broken-in and inured bushman. It must be indeed a rough trial for the newly landed colonist who has elected to seek his fortune—having none of his own—in the bush. A few days after his landing, a 'free pass' from the government carries him by train as far as the railway runs, and in any direction he may choose or be advised to take; and after a weary journey, he is perhaps set down at a small bush township, to his eyes a miserable collection of wooden huts, hemmed in, perhaps, on every side by thick scrub, or maybe stuck out in the centre of an apparently boundless plain. He alights on the bare platform, likely

enough the only passenger, feeling truly 'a stranger in a strange land;' his luggage—consisting generally of an old carpet-bag, and perhaps a small box—is put out, and he is told that for the present the line runs no further.

Bush 'larrikins,' sharp-featured, freckle-faced, and precocious, with a precocity far beyond the most fertile imagination of English parents, gather around to stare at the poor 'chummy,' with his fat red cheeks—about which already the ever-hungry mosquitoes are buzzing—great heavy boots, and clothes of, to their eyes, most outlandish cut. They criticise his every feature and all his belongings in a select vernacular, of which, however, he does not clearly comprehend one solitary word. Presently, some one takes the new arrival in hand, ascertains his prospects, shows him how to select from his kit the most useful articles, how to roll them up in his blankets so as to form a swag, which shall rest on his shoulders by day, and help to form his couch by night, whilst engaged in the search for labour. And if, as sometimes happens, the stranger is almost penniless and entirely luggageless, he is—more especially if broad of accent, with tongue idiomatic, and smacking freshly of breezy Yorkshire wolds, rose-embowered Devon lanes, or fair midland county—amply provided and equipped for 'the road,' with not empty pockets, by the fathers of his urchin-tormentors, to whose very inmost heart of hearts comes the old story of their youth in the ever-loved land; here, amidst the loveless gum-trees, shadeless forests of gnarled box, or scorched-up plains of their adopted country, brought back to them vividly, almost in a flash, as it were, by the sight of perhaps a red-cheeked ploughboy, lamenting, in the Doric of their childhood, the evil hap which had brought him across the ocean to scenes so dreary, and to a journey's end so unpromising.

The runaway sailor, on the other hand, who takes to the bush either from mere curiosity, a bad ship, or the ever restless desire for change inherent to the race, assimilates himself far more readily to his surroundings, stranger though they should be to him than to the landsman; and in the course of a few days you may meet 'Jack,' with the marks of the last 'tarring-down' still fresh upon his hands, sinking post-holes for a fence, ring-barking timber, splitting slabs, or even steering a team of bullocks or horses, with as much sang-froid as if guiding the course of the vessel so lately left behind him.

Universally distinctive as a type of Australian life throughout these colonies is the swagman. You meet him everywhere. He is occasionally to be seen cautiously wending his way through the crowded streets of Melbourne or Sydney. On the decks of coasting steamers, and in second-class compartments of railway carriages, bound, perhaps, to far-off gold 'rushes,' but always in close proximity to that same oblong, neatly strapped-up bundle which you saw on his back years ago, when you met him amidst the semi-tropical scenery of the Thompson or the Palmer, the rugged defiles of the Mount Lofty ranges, the scorching plains of Galathera, or the sandy deserts of the western seaboard.

If one engages the average swagman in conversation as to his political, social, or religious views of life, you will most likely find within

him an intense and almost touching belief in some frothy windbag of a politician, who in and out of season loudly champions the cause of 'the workin' man,' to serve his own miserable ends, an endless supply of this class of orator being always on hand in these colonies, and in whom, despite the poor failures of bygone years, the nomadic tribes of the bush still figure to themselves an apostle of glorious equality, who will at some future day enable them to throw their 'drums' from off their shoulders, with loud-sounding thuds, joyfully, as for the last time, and to claim, each of them, a share in those many millions of broad acres, cattle, and sheep now owned by the all-devouring squatter.

Yes, a socialist, an ungrateful socialist to the backbone of him, is our nomad, whose dearest wish is to see the man who gives him his 'note' a week and his 'ten, fifteen, two, and a quarter' respectively of flour, meat, sugar, and tea, as a weekly ration, compelled to cut up his huge estates, and to share them alike and equitably between himself and his nomadic brethren.

He is great upon immigration, and eagerly watches the votes on supplies granted by 'the House' for this purpose, checking off upon his fingers the names of the various members who vote for or against the introduction of more 'new-chum cheap labour.' The country, he will tell you, especially if times are a bit 'slack,' is too full already; and if they intend to fill it up with 'new chums,' why, then, the only thing himself and his mates can do will be to, in their turn, emigrate to the 'old country,' and see how they fancy *their* style 'at home.'

His hatred of Chinese almost amounts to a monomania. Germans share it, but in a lesser degree. Clergymen of all denominations he talks of *en masse* as 'parsons,' and perhaps does not seek to arrive at any very fine distinctions on the subject. Still, with all his apparent irreverence, he, after his own fashion, respects the Sabbath Day whilst 'on the wallaby,' in so far that, if possible, he will camp in some secluded nook, wash and mend his clothes, and con over some old book or newspaper. 'If I'm on the lookout for men,' said a squatter to me once, 'I always take those with the cleanest rig-out, and I'm not often mistaken in getting good ones. The dirtier the man, generally, though not always, the worse the workman.'

Far out, where stations are few and far apart, and faint tracks, or blazed lines, alone point out the route over plain or through forest, swagmen are often 'bushed,' to be found sometimes in course of years as bleached skeletons; sometimes never, for eagle-hawks and dingoes carry away the bones, and every trace or sign of the obscure, unsought-for, because unmissed traveller, has vanished. But still he ever pushes on, in the wake of the foremost pioneers, confident that at the Ultima Thule of civilisation, wherever for the time that may be, his services will be needed, and that he will, in exchange for them, be given the highest wage.

Enough, I think, has been said about the swagman, his habits, and idiosyncrasies, to show that, incorrigible wanderer as he is, and inclined for a 'bust' as he undoubtedly is now and again, the first attribute only adds to his value as a not unimportant factor in the Australian labour-

market; and future writers will give him credit for the part he is playing, poor and insignificant though it may seem at present, in supplying muscle and sinew towards the settlement and civilisation of the Island-continent.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

SEE her in her modest beauty,
Clad in simple robe of gray;
From the sacred path of duty,
Smiling all the clouds away.
Watch the children run to meet her
With their little joys and woes;
Rich and poor with blessings greet her;
Love is born where'er she goes.

Tenderest grief her glance expresses,
Where the wronged and suffering weep;
And beneath her kind caresses,
Woe and pain are lulled to sleep.
All who drink the cup of sorrow,
Love to feel her hovering near,
For the saddest hearts must borrow
Comfort from her words of cheer.

Bluer seem the skies above her;
Round her breathes such heavenly grace,
That we cannot choose but love her.
On her bright expressive face
Plays a smile all meek and tender,
Borrowed from a world divine;
And her eyes' angelic splendour
Must the coarsest souls refine.

When above the faint and dying,
Full of pity bending low,
They upon her care relying,
Feel a balm for every woe.
Where disease is rife, she lingers,
Frail of form, yet strong and brave;
Clasping close the stiffening fingers,
Kindling hopes beyond the grave.

All her holiest words are spoken
To the ear of guilt and shame,
So that spirits spent and broken
Must in reverence hold her name.
Sinners hear her gentle warning,
And with loving words are led
Through Redemption's radiant morning
To that path where angels tread.

Flowers of Hope, this gracious maiden
Showers upon the 'vale of tears';
With heaven's choicest blessings laden,
To the sorrowing she appears.
Praise her, bless her, all creation;
For her unassuming worth
Crowns her queen of every nation,
Crowns her queen of all the earth.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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REYNARD ON THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS.

NOT much has been written on the subject of fox-hunting in the Highlands; yet fox-hunting of a kind is pursued there every year. As the sport is commonly followed, no one who has not a 'steady head' would go in pursuit of reynard in the Highlands, for a fall into a bog or mire, or over the mountain rocks, might not unlikely be the result. The best huntsman that ever rode after a pack of hounds would soon lose sight of the fox in any of the northern counties of Scotland. The fox, in brief, cannot be hunted there as in the south of Scotland and in England. He is hunted in the Highlands like the polecat and gray crow, or like all the other animals which, from a sportsman's point of view, come under the category of vermin. Whilst he is carefully preserved in England, even artificial coverts or earths being provided for his accommodation where necessary, and his comforts assiduously attended to, a premium is offered for his head, or rather for his tail, in the Highlands. He is not regarded as an object of sport, but the enemy, the arch-foe, of the sportsman and sheep-farmer. Everybody thinks himself not only justified, but entitled to applause in killing a fox by foul or fair means—with gun, trap, or dog. Hundreds of foxes are killed in this way every year. But the genuine huntsman, the lover of fox-hunting as it is practised in lowland shires, will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding the efforts made to extirpate them, foxes are more numerous in the Highland hills at the present time than they have been at any previous period within the past fifty years.

During the whole of the year, war is waged against the hill-fox; but it is in the summer and autumn that he is circumvented in the Highlands. The vulpine war begins in July, when the cubs are a few weeks old, and is continued until the end of August, when the young foxes leave their dens and shift for themselves.

The very name of *fox*, from its association with examples of cunning as set forth in the books of ancient and modern writers, in fable and story, excites a smile. He is a laughter-inspiring animal, and if better known, would, irrespective of his partiality to game, be more thoroughly appreciated and respected. Much has been recently said of the sagacity of the dog; but the fox is far ahead of him in natural ability. The dog may be trained to do almost anything. The fox, however, needs no training—he is naturally clever, and all his stratagems are solely due to the workings of his own consciousness. His many-sidedness forms an interesting psychological study. There is something intensely human in him. There is very much in his nature and individuality which binds him in sympathy with man. A person may be annoyed, but cannot remain long angry with him—he is compelled to smile at the cool audacity of the animal. We have observed him in almost every circumstance and in many a fix; he will yield to no strategist in readiness of invention, and adroitness in managing his concerns and extricating himself out of his difficulties.

In his family relations he is most exemplary; in his attachment to his mate, he actually displays a spicing of the chivalric spirit. He watches and guards her with solicitude all the year round; but when she has her cubs, he redoubles his attentions, and takes a great deal of the responsibility of the family on his shoulders, hunting for them and feeding them with parental pride, sparing neither lambs, grouse, black-game, hares, rabbits, nor anything toothsome that comes conveniently in his way. His whole thoughts—if the word is permissible, and, let individuals say what they please, the fox is a thoughtful animal—seem to be centred in his mate and the little cubs.

The fox's den—the place selected by the parents for the cubs—is easily discovered; but the fox is not altogether to blame for this, because he is unwittingly betrayed by the cubs, whose understandings have not been sharpened by contact

with the world, and which, like many young people, are guilty of indiscretions. When a few weeks old, the cubs eat the delicacies given them by their parents, and play themselves at the mouth of the den. They soon cause a litter—fur, hair, and feathers, with heads, feet, and bones, representing almost every beast and bird in the 'forest,' being strewn about in disorder. Moreover, the mouth of the den, whether in the rocks, as is commonly the case in the Highlands, or in sand-holes, is rendered black with the trampings of the cubs, and every vestige of grass about it is worn off for some yards. Evidence of the den is thus made conclusive, and the consequence is often disastrous to reynard and his young family.

At a certain age, the cubs manifest unbounded playfulness and activity. They come out of their dens every day when the sun is at the hottest, to enjoy themselves. It is quite a little pantomime to watch them at their amusement, leaping over, biting, and surprising each other in every imaginable and unimaginable way, and, when frightened, scampering off to their holes. Their drollery is inimitable; but unlike kittens and some other animals, they will not share their fun with man. A fox-cub is probably the most stubborn and perverse creature in existence. It will not even look at its captor. Most young animals, particularly birds, on being seized, give one a curious or supplicating look. Not so the young fox; it averts its eyes with something like a sneer. Catch him by the neck, as the writer has done several times, and peer into its eyes, and it will jerk its head aside, to avoid looking you in the face. It would be a mistake, however, to take this liberty with a full-grown fox. The eyes of reynard, be the animal young or old, are full of meaning and artfulness, and not pleasant to look at. The fox may be tamed, and reciprocates friendly overtures; but, of course, he cannot always be depended upon.

Until they are a month or six weeks old, the cubs, though timid and shy, suspect no secret plot, looking merely at the surface of things, and may be trapped without difficulty. The traps should be placed in the principal holes of the den, and, if it be wished to preserve the cubs alive, thickly covered with moss or grass, to prevent the possibility of injuring them. The whole should then be carefully concealed with mould. A bait is not needed; on the contrary, by opening the minds of the young foxes to suspicion, it would in all probability defeat its object. A number of cubs are annually captured in this manner in the Highlands, some of which are sent to England, where they thrive and multiply. An old fox, however, rarely allows himself to be trapped.

Reynard leaves no department unexplored in hunting for the cubs, which, in the fashion of all young animals, are always hungry, always ready to gobble up some new dainty. He accustoms them to almost all kinds of flesh-food. His liking for lamb and venison is very decided, and every den shows that he largely avails himself of these delicacies as articles of household consumption. Lamb is easily obtained, as, when the poor animal is pounced upon, the ewe makes no great resistance, and if she did, it would be of no avail, for reynard with his powerful teeth could

silence her for ever. The roedeer is a different stamp of animal, and when the fawn is attacked, fights with great ferocity, and not unfrequently makes the enemy retreat crest-fallen. The fox, however, kills many fawns, and has been known even to kill the calves of the red deer. His relish for venison is so keen that it occasionally makes him forget his innate caution and commit errors of judgment; he now and then walks into a trap baited with venison. The carcase of a deer is the best bait that can be used to trap him. With all his exalted notions of sport, he condescends at times to exert his great power upon very small game. The only time the writer observed him in the act of hunting, he was after mice! On getting their scent, he stood still for a moment, with his right foot suspended in the manner of a pointer, then moved stealthily towards the game, and having got near enough, sprang upon them, and shook the nest of tiny creatures about his ears. Having performed this exploit, he looked about him with the air of a man who thinks he has done a brave deed, entitling him to applause; but at that instant, he perceived he was watched, and fled. The fox kills all his prey in much the same way. Winged game often baffle him, but in the end, his perseverance is crowned with success. He seldom chases the hare, but pounces upon puss, and kills her before she is aware of the presence of a foe. Grouse are so plentiful that the fox rarely visits a farmyard in the Highlands. The heads of poisonous snakes (the adder) are seen at the den; so that, as a change of diet, he sometimes treats the cubs to a reptile. The writer has seen two families of foxes in one den in Sutherlandshire. The female has usually four, but occasionally five, and even six cubs at a time.

The fox goes a long distance from the den—frequently ten or twelve miles—before he begins hunting operations, passing his prey on the journey with an assumption of great innocence, as if the idea of murdering a grouse or lamb could not possibly enter his thoughts. Lambs and hares frisk about his den unmolested, because, for reasons of policy, he is too tender-hearted to touch them. For instance, if he killed lambs in proximity to his abode, the sheep would raise a piteous bleating—which is continued for some days—the den would be discovered, and the culprit punished. Reynard is wide awake as to what takes place around him, and, as in this case, exercises his wit to throw dust in the eyes of mankind and perpetuate his posterity.

If the fox finds, on returning from his foraging expeditions, that any one has been at the den, he takes the alarm, and removes the cubs at once to other quarters. If they are too young to walk, he carries them, one at a time, with the greatest tenderness; and if they exhibit wilfulness or disobedience, which frequently happens, he chastises them. He generally takes them far away, selecting a place totally unlike their original den. When, therefore, a den is found, a watch is put upon it. Meanwhile, a hunting-party is organised. They proceed to the scene with their terriers and guns, and provisions for a night's encampment. The terriers run into the den, and kill as many of the cubs as they can get hold of; and if the cubs be strong enough, they sometimes bolt out of their holes, like rabbits

from a ferret. The huntsmen are on the alert at different points, each hoping to win the coveted honour of shooting a fox, and when the animal makes his appearance, a deafening volley salutes him. In the excitement of the moment, reynard is often missed by all the shooters. The chief business, however, takes place late in the evening, when the parent foxes are foraging. The shooters are then placed by their leader in tactical positions; and in those parts where, in midsummer, the reflections of the sun are not wholly eclipsed at midnight, lying in wait for the fox is a sport fraught with a kind of eerie fascination. Each watches his station with eagerness, all listen with earnestness for the quarry. At length he comes in sight on the sky-line away in the distance. From the restless way in which he moves to and fro, he is fully aware that his den is besieged—he scents his enemy from afar. He usually slips out of sight again, and then the hills for miles around re-echo with his cry—a grating sound like the screech of a crane, but much louder. No sooner has the sound died away, than the female commonly answers it in a clearer and more clamorous voice. They both circle about to windward of the den, and at times will come within fifty yards of it. The most deadly shots are placed at the best stations, and on these occasions poor reynard very frequently loses his life. Supposing he is fired at and missed, he is certain to come back again early in the morning. The fox ordinarily comes to the den between nine P.M. and midnight, and again about half-past one or two in the morning.

Such is a glimpse of reynard as he generally conducts himself in the Highlands; and were foxes allowed to breed undisturbed there, they would soon overrun the country.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XIX.

‘WHERE is George? I scarcely ever see him,’ said the general in querulous tones. ‘He is always after that girl of Waring’s. Why don’t you try to keep him at home?’

Mrs Gaunt did not say that she had done her best to keep him at home, but found her efforts unsuccessful. She said apologetically: ‘He has so very little to amuse him here; and the music, you know, is a great bond.’

‘He plays like a beginner; and she, like a—like a—as well as a professional. I don’t understand what kind of bond that can be.’

‘So much the greater a compliment is it to George that she likes his playing,’ responded the mother promptly.

‘She likes to make a fool of him, I think,’ the general said; ‘and you help her on. I don’t understand your tactics. Women generally like to keep their sons free from such entanglements; and after getting him safely out of India, where every man is bound to fall into mischief’—

‘Oh, my dear,’ said Mrs Gaunt, ‘if it ever should come to that—think, what an excellent connection. I wish it had been Frances; I do

wish it had been Frances. I had always set my heart on that. But the connection would be the same.’

‘You knew nothing about the connection when you set your heart on Frances. And I can’t help thinking there is something odd about the connection. Why should that girl have come here, and why should the other one be spirited away like a transformation scene?’

‘Well, my dear, it is in the peerage,’ said Mrs Gaunt. ‘Great families, we all know, are often very queer in their arrangements. But there can be no doubt it is all right, for it is in the peerage. If it had been Frances, I should have been too happy. With such a connection, he could not fail to get on.’

‘He had much better get on by his own merits,’ retorted the general with a grumble.—‘Frances! Frances was not to be compared with this girl.—But I don’t believe she means anything more than amusing herself,’ he added. ‘This is not the sort of girl to marry a poor soldier without a penny—not she. She will take her fun out of him, and then’—

The general kissed the end of his fingers and tossed them into the air. He was, perhaps, a little annoyed that his son had stepped in and monopolised the most amusing member of the society. And perhaps he did not think so badly of George’s chances as he said.

‘You may be sure,’ said Mrs Gaunt indignantly, ‘she will do nothing of the kind. It is not every day that a girl gets a fine fellow like our George at her feet. He is just a little too much at her feet, which is always a mistake, I think. But still, general, you cannot but allow that Lord Markham’s sister’—

‘I have never seen much good come of great connections,’ said the general; but though his tone was that of a sceptic, his mind was softer than his speech. He, too, felt a certain elation in the thought that the youngest, who was not the clever one of the family, and who had not been quite so steady as might have been desired, was thus in the way of putting himself above the reach of fate. For, of course, to be brother-in-law to a viscount was a good thing. It might not be of the same use as in the days when patronage ruled supreme; but still it would be folly to suppose that it was not an advantage. It would admit George to circles with which otherwise he could have formed no acquaintance, and make him known to people who could push him in his profession. George was the one about whom they had been most anxious. All the others were doing well in their way, though not a way which threw them into contact with viscounts or fine society. George would be over all their heads in that respect, and he was the one that wanted it most, he was the one who was most dependent on outside aid.

‘I don’t quite understand,’ said Mrs Gaunt, ‘what Constance’ position is. She ought to be the Honourable, don’t you think? The Honourable Constance sounds very pretty. It would come in very nicely with Gaunt, which is an aristocratic-sounding name. People may say what they like about titles, but they are very nice, there is such individuality in them. Mrs George might be anybody; it might be me, as your name is George too. But the Honourable would

distinguish it at once. When she called here, there was only Miss Constance Waring written on her father's card; but then you don't put Honourable on your card; and as Lady Markham's daughter'—

'Women don't count,' said the general, 'as I've often told you. She's Waring's daughter.'

'Mr Waring may be a very clever man,' said Mrs Gaunt indignantly; 'but I should like to know how Constance can be the daughter of a viscountess in her own right without'—

'Is she a viscountess in her own right?'

This question brought Mrs Gaunt to a sudden pause. She looked at him with a startled air. 'It is not through Mr Waring, that is clear,' she said.

'But it is not in her own right—at least, I don't think so; it is through her first husband, the father of that funny little creature' (meaning Lord Markham).

'General!' said Mrs Gaunt, shocked. Then she added: 'I must make some excuse to look at the Peerage this afternoon. The Durants have always got their Peerage on the table. We shall have to send for one too, if'—

'If what? If your boy gets a wife who has titled connections, for that is all.—A wife! and what is he to keep her on, in the name of heaven?'

'Mothers and brothers are tolerably close connections,' said Mrs Gaunt with dignity. 'He has got his pay, general; and you always intended, of course, if he married to your satisfaction—Of course,' she added, speaking very quickly, to forestall an outburst, 'Lady Markham will not leave her daughter dependent upon a captain's pay. And even Mr Waring—Mr Waring must have a fortune of his own, or—or a person like that would never have married him; and he would not be able to live as he does, very comfortably, even luxuriously'—

'Oh, I suppose he has enough to live on. But as for pinching himself in order to enable his girl to marry your boy, I don't believe a word of it,' exclaimed the general. Fortunately, being carried away by this wave of criticism, he had forgotten his wife's allusion to his own intentions in George's favour; and this was a subject on which she had no desire to be premature.

'Well, general,' she said, 'perhaps we are going a little too fast. We don't know yet whether anything will come of it. George is rather a lady's man. It may be only a flirtation; it may end in nothing. We need not begin to count our chickens'—

'Why, it was you!' cried the astonished general. 'I never should have remarked anything about it, or wasted a moment's thought on the subject!'

Mrs Gaunt was not a clever woman, skilled in the art of leaving conversational responsibilities on the shoulders of her interlocutor; but if a woman is not inspired on behalf of her youngest boy, when is she to be inspired? She gave her shoulders the slightest possible shrug and left him to his newspaper. They had a newspaper from England every morning—the *Standard*, whose reasonable Conservatism suited the old general. Except in military matters, such questions as the advance of Russia towards Afghanistan, or the defences

of our own coasts, the general was not a bigot, and preferred his politics mild, with as little froth and foam as possible. His newspaper afforded him occupation for the entire morning, and he enjoyed it in very pleasant wise, seated under his veranda with a faint suspicion of lemon blossom in the air, which ruffled the young olive trees all around, and the blue breadths of the sea stretching far away at his feet. The garden behind was fenced in with lemon and orange trees, the fruit in several stages, and just a little point of blossom here and there, not enough to load the air. Mrs Gaunt had preserved the wild-flowers that were natural to the place, and accordingly had a scarlet field of anemones which wanted no cultivation, and innumerable clusters of the sweet white narcissus filling her little inclosure. These cost no trouble, and left Toni, the man-of-all-work, at leisure for the more profitable culture of the oranges. From where the general sat, there was nothing visible, however, but the terraces descending in steps towards the distant glimpse of the road, and the light-blue margin, edged with spray, of the sea, under a soft and cheering sun, that warmed to the heart, but did not scorch or blaze, and with a soft air playing about his old temples, breathing freshness and that lemon bloom. Sometimes there would come a faint sound of voices from some group of workers among the olives. The little clump of palm-trees at the end of the garden—for nothing here is perfect without a palm or two—cast a fantastic shadow, that waved over the newspaper now and then. When a man is old and has done his work, what can he want more than this sweet retirement and stillness? But naturally, it was not all that was necessary to young Captain George.

Mrs Gaunt went over to the Durants in the afternoon, as she so often did, and found that family, as usual, on their loggia. It cost her a little trouble and diplomacy to get a private inspection of the Peerage, and even when she did so, it threw but little light upon her question. Geoffrey Viscount Markham, fifteenth lord, was a name which she read with a little flutter of her heart, feeling that he was already almost a relation, and she read over the names of Markham Priory and Dunmorra, his lodge in the Highlands, and the town address in Eaton Square, all with a sense that by-and-by she might herself be directing letters from one or other of these places. But the Peerage said nothing about the dowager Lady Markham subsequent to the conclusion of the first marriage, except that she had married again, E. Waring, Esq.; and thus Mrs Gaunt's studies came to no satisfactory end. She introduced the subject, however, in the course of tea. She had asked whether any one had heard from Frances, and had received a satisfactory reply.

'O yes; I have had two letters; but she does not say very much. They had gone down to the Priory for Easter; and she was to be presented at the first drawing-room. Fancy Frances in a court-train and feathers, at a drawing-room! It does seem so very strange,' Tasie said. She said it with a slight sigh, for it was she, in old times, who had expounded Society to little Frances, and taught her what in an emergency it would be right to do and say; and now little Frances had

taken a stride in advance. 'I asked her to write and tell us all about it, and what she wore.'

'It would be white, of course.'

'O yes, it would be white—a *débutante*. When I went to drawing-rooms,' said Mrs Durant, who had once, in the character of chaplainess to an Embassy, made her courtesy to Her Majesty, 'young ladies' toilets were simpler than now. Frances will probably be in white satin, which, except for a wedding dress, is quite unsuitable, I think, for a girl.'

'I wonder if we shall see it in the papers? Sometimes, my sister-in-law sends me a *Queen*,' said Mrs Gaunt, 'when she thinks there is something in it which will interest me; but she does not know anything about Frances. Dear little thing, I can't think of her in white satin. Her sister, now?'

'Constance would wear velvet, if she could—or cloth of gold,' cried Tasie, with a little irritation. Her mother gave her a reproving glance.

'There is a tone in your voice, Tasie, which is not kind.'

'O yes; I know, mamma. But Constance is rather a trial. I know one ought not to show it. She looks as if one was not good enough to tie her shoes. And after all, she is no better than Frances; she is not half so nice as Frances; but I mean there can be no difference of position between sisters—one is just as good as the other; and Frances was so fond of coming here.'

'Do you think Constance gives herself airs? O no, dear Tasie,' said Mrs Gaunt; 'she is really not at all—when you come to know her. I am most fond of Frances myself. Frances has grown up among us, and we know all about her; that is what makes the difference. And Constance—is a little shy.'

At this there was a cry from the family. 'I don't think she is shy,' said the old clergyman, whom Constance had insulted by walking out of church before the sermon.

'Shy!' exclaimed Mrs Durant, 'about as shy as'— But no simile occurred to her which was bold enough to meet the case.

'It is better she should not be shy,' said Tasie. 'You remember how she drove those people from the hotel to church. They have come ever since. They are quite afraid of her. Oh, there are some good things in her, some *very* good things.'

'We are the more hard to please, after knowing Frances,' repeated Mrs Gaunt. 'But when a girl has been like that, used to the best society—By the way, Mr Durant, you who know everything, are sure to know—Is she the Honourable? For my part, I can't quite make it out.'

Mr Durant put on his spectacles to look at her, as if such a question passed the bounds of the permissible. He was very imposing when he looked at any one through those spectacles with an air of mingled astonishment and superiority. 'Why should she be an Honourable?' he said.

Mrs Gaunt felt as if she would like to sink into the abysses of the earth—that is, through the floor of the loggia, whatever might be the dreadful depths underneath. 'Oh, I don't know,' she said meekly. 'I—I only thought—her mother being a— a titled person, a— a viscountess in her own right'—

'But, my dear lady,' said Mr Durant with a satisfaction in his superior knowledge which was

almost unspeakable, 'Lady Markham is *not* a viscountess in her own right. Dear, no. She is not a viscountess at all. She is plain Mrs Waring, and nothing else, if right was right. Society only winks good-naturedly at her retaining the title, which she certainly, if there is any meaning in the peerage at all, forfeits by marrying a commoner.'

Mrs Durant and Tasie both looked with great admiration at their head and instructor as he thus spoke. 'You may be sure Mr Durant says nothing that he is not quite sure of,' said the wife, crushing any possible scepticism on the part of the inquirer; and 'Papa knows such a lot,' added Tasie, awed, yet smiling, on her side.

'Oh, is that all?' said Mrs Gaunt, greatly subdued. 'But then, Lord Markham—calls her his sister, you know.'

'The nobility,' said Mr Durant, 'are always very scrupulous about relationships; and she is his step-sister. He wouldn't qualify the relationship by calling her so. A common person might do so, but not a man of high breeding, like Lord Markham—that is all.'

'I suppose you must be right,' said Mrs Gaunt. 'The general said so too. But it does seem very strange to me that of the same woman's children, and she a lady of title, one should be a lord, and the other have no sort of distinction at all.' They all smiled upon her blandly, every one ready with a new piece of information, and much sympathy for her ignorance, which Mrs Gaunt, seeing that it was she that was likely to be related to Lord Markham, and not any of the Durants, felt that she could not bear; so she jumped up hastily and declared that she must be going, that the general would be waiting for her. 'I hope you will come over some evening, and I will ask the Waring, and Tasie must bring her music. I am sure you would like to hear George's violin. He is getting on so well, with Constance to play his accompaniments;' and before any one could reply to her, Mrs Gaunt had hurried away.

It is painful not to have time to get out your retort; and these excellent people turned instinctively upon each other to discharge the unflown arrows. 'It is so very easy, with a little trouble, to understand the titles, complimentary and otherwise, of our own nobility,' said Mr Durant, shaking his head.

'And such a sign of want of breeding not to understand them,' said his wife.

'The Honourable Constance would sound very pretty,' cried Tasie; 'it is such a pity.'

'Especially, our friend thinks, if it was the Honourable Constance Gaunt.'

'That she could never be, my dear,' said the old clergyman mildly. 'She might be the Honourable Mrs Gaunt; but Constance, no—not in any case.'

'I should like to know why?' Mrs Durant said.

Perhaps here the excellent chaplain's knowledge failed him; or he had become weary of the subject; for he rose and said: 'I have really no more time for a matter which does not concern us,' and trotted away.

The mother and daughter left alone together, naturally turned to a point more interesting than the claims of Constance to rank. 'Do you

really think, mamma,' said Tasie, 'do you really, really think—it is silly to be always discussing these sort of questions—but do you believe that Constance Waring actually—means anything?'

'You should say does George Gaunt mean anything? The girl never comes first in such a question,' said Mrs Durant, with that ingrained contempt for girls which often appears in elderly women. Tasie was so (traditionally) young, besides having a heart of sixteen in her bosom, that her sympathies were all with the girl.

'I don't think in this case, mamma,' she said. 'Constance is so much more a person of the world than any of us. I don't mean to say she is worldly. O no! but having been in society, and so much out.'

'I should like to know in what kind of society she has been,' said Mrs Durant, who took gloomy views. 'I don't want to say a word against Lady Markham; but Society, Tasie, the kind of society to which your father and I have been accustomed, looks rather coldly upon a wife living apart from her husband.—Oh, I don't mean to say Lady Markham was to blame. Probably, she is a most excellent person; but the presumption is that at least, you know, there were—faults on both sides.'

'I am sure I can't give an opinion,' cried Tasie, 'for, of course, I don't know anything about it. But George Gaunt has nothing but his pay; and Constance couldn't be in love with him, could she? O no! I don't know anything about it; but I can't think a girl like Constance'—

'A girl in a false position,' said the chaplain's wife, 'is often glad to marry any one, just for a settled place in the world.'

'Oh, but not Constance, mamma! I am sure she is just amusing herself.'

'Tasie! you speak as if she were the man,' exclaimed Mrs Durant, in a tone of reproof.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN.

THE study of all things relating to our great central luminary has always been, and must always be, an intensely interesting one. Worshiped at one time as a god, and long regarded with awe and reverence, it is now recognised as the source of all our energy. Where, indeed, can man find a more fitting study than the great ruler of our planetary system, the prime origin of our light and lives, without which this earth would wander through space a cold, black, uninhabited and uninhabitable globe?

In all advancement of knowledge, it is interesting, and indeed expedient, occasionally to take one's stand and to survey the labour of the past years, asking one's self what has been already done, and what yet remains for future generations to do. What do we know? and what do we want to know? The last quarter of a century has been a fruitful one in all branches of natural, and especially physical science; few, indeed, are the departments of research which cannot show some great advance or some important point gained; and this advance has been greatly characteristic of the science of physical astronomy, especially in relation to solar phenomena. In view of the brilliant discoveries made in electricity and the kindred sciences, we are apt to lose sight of the importance of pure science. The

former, by ministering to the everyday wants of man, appeals to his less refined nature; while the latter, appealing only to the mind, and not to the body, takes root with more difficulty.

Now, let us turn our attention to the sun. What do we know about it, first, as regards its place in the universe; second, its physical and chemical constitution; and third, its relation to our earth? The first of these questions may, in the present state of our knowledge, be almost completely and satisfactorily answered, and it is not now necessary to pass in review all the results which have been achieved. We know, of course, that the sun is an enormous globe, distant some ninety-four million of miles from our earth, and round which our earth revolves. Its diameter is about eight hundred and fifty-two thousand miles; and, as far as can be detected by the most delicate measurements, it is perfectly spherical, and, unlike the planets, there is no difference between its equatorial and polar diameter. We must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the laws of nature are cancelled in the solar regions, and that centrifugal force has no effect; but we must remember that measurements where the true body of the sun can never be seen, are at the best exceedingly difficult and untrustworthy. According to Laplace's nebular theory, which in a modified form is nowadays accepted by most astronomers, the sun once extended over the whole space now occupied by the planets, and by its gradual contraction, has given birth to the solar system, with its countless array of planets, asteroids, and satellites. This contraction of bulk is supposed by many to be still going on, and to be the source of all the sun's heat. Other theories have been from time to time advanced to account for the origin of the immense amount of energy, in the form of heat, hourly radiated away from the sun's surface, among which we may mention the meteoric theory, which supposes the heat to be generated by an incessant shower of meteorites, which, falling with great velocity on the sun's surface, raise it to an intensely high temperature. There seems, however, to be no reason for going far afield to search for the source of the sun's energy, and the simple theory of contraction has been mathematically shown by Helmholtz to be amply sufficient to account for the vast amount of energy radiated into space, and, with the exception of a very small portion of it, lost.

Following almost immediately upon the discovery of the telescope was the discovery of the most remarkable physical phenomena observed on the surface of the sun—the solar spots. It is not well known who first observed them, nor, indeed, is it very important. Their discovery follows as a necessary consequence on the invention of the telescope, and no particular credit is due to their first observer. The appearance of a sun-spot is familiar to most people, yet there is hardly a more striking object in the whole realms of astronomy. When viewed with a powerful telescope, its appearance is indeed beautiful—the dark black nucleus or central portion, surrounded by the penumbra, which has something of the appearance of an interlaced and entangled mass of silver threads, but with a general tendency in direction towards the centre of the spot, sometimes projecting into the centre, forming promontories,

islands, and capes of silvery white, in a dead black sea. The size of the spots is enormous. Herschel observed one fifty thousand miles in diameter, or more than six times the diameter of the earth. Sometimes clusters of innumerable small ones are observed; and it is seldom that the surface of the sun is entirely free from them.

The first important result that followed the observation of sun-spots was the determination of the sun's period of rotation, which has been approximately fixed at twenty-seven and one-third days. But here a very curious fact meets our notice, which is this—that the rate of rotation of all portions of the sun's surface is not the same; there seems to be some retarding action at work, which, acting on the equatorial regions, causes them to lag behind. We must, however, remember that nobody has, in all probability, ever seen the solid body of the sun, and that all the results are based on measurements made upon a gaseous, or at all events liquid envelope. The spots, too, have generally some proper motion of their own, more or less irregular; and although we can rely on such observations for obtaining roughly the general rate of rotation on the sun's surface, we cannot rely on them for delicate and accurate measurements. The formation of a spot is a slow process, and has often been observed; their disappearance, too, generally takes some time. They have, however, on one or two occasions been observed to explode and absolutely disappear almost in a minute or two, which, when we consider their enormous size, is an astounding phenomenon.

Various theories have from time to time been proposed to account for their formation, the one which now meets with most general acceptance being that proposed by Faye. According to his hypothesis, the spots are formed of huge masses of vapour, which, having been cooled and partly condensed in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, sink into the fiery sea, which goes by the name of the photosphere or light-giving portion of the sun. The action may be compared to that of an immense snow-flake, which, falling into water, is gradually melted. This theory seems to agree best with all the observed phenomena, and, in default of a better one, we must for the present accept it. Fresh light is, however, being thrown on the subject year by year, and we may look forward to the time when we shall possess such data as shall enable us to form a complete and satisfactory theory of sun-spots.

We now come to another and not the least remarkable thing connected with the spots—their period of maximum and minimum. To Schwabe of Dessau we owe the discovery of this remarkable law, which may be thus stated: The average number of spots on the sun's surface is maximum at intervals of about eleven years. After a period of maximum, the average slowly decreases till it reaches its minimum in five and a half years. It then as slowly increases again, till it reaches the next maximum period—thus continually and regularly fluctuating. The reason of this strange law we cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, conjecture. Various attempts have been made to connect it with the periods, or conjunctions, of different planets; but, until more exact knowledge of the precise length of the sun-spot period is obtained, we cannot admit

any such explanation. One thing is, however, certain—that the periods of sun-spot maximum are coincident with the periods of maximum magnetic disturbance on the earth, and with the appearance of the aurora borealis.

The next point that attracts our attention is the phenomenon of the *prominences* or red flames seen during a total eclipse. These remarkable objects have lately been completely studied by means of the spectroscope. The special arrangements that are employed we cannot here enter into; it must suffice to mention that, by means of a particular method of employing the spectroscope, we can now see and study these prominences any day that the sun is shining, and are no longer compelled to wait for the brief moments of a total eclipse. It has thus been found out that they consist of huge clouds of incandescent hydrogen, mixed in some cases with different metallic vapours, and situated at some considerable height above the surface of the photosphere. Their movements are sometimes extremely rapid, and they have been observed to appear or disappear in the course of a few minutes. On one occasion, Professor Young saw one of these prominences erupted to a height of two hundred thousand miles in an hour or two. There are in the main two classes of prominences—first, the cloudy or nebulous sort, which almost exactly resemble clouds in our own atmosphere, except that they are red; and secondly, the metallic sort, which are much more brilliant, and have more the appearance of sharp tongues of flame. These latter do not generally rise to any great height, and are distinguished in the spectroscope by containing vapours of metals, such as magnesium, in addition to the hydrogen.

Prominences generally occur round a spot, or where a spot is going to break out. When seen on the body of the sun, they appear as *faculae* or bright spots. During a total eclipse, there is another sight which attracts the attention of the observer, and that is the *corona*, which appears in the form of a silvery white light for some distance round the sun. Its outline is very irregular, and though its appearance seems to remain substantially the same during the same eclipse, it varies much from one eclipse to another. It was at first thought that this phenomenon might be due to refraction in our atmosphere; but this was disproved, and it is now generally believed to be an emanation from the sun itself. Our whole knowledge on the subject is, however, very slight; but we may look forward shortly to the solution of this difficult problem. The light given out by the corona is luckily that sort of light which has most effect on a sensitive photographic plate, and this fact early gave rise to the hope that it might be possible to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. This has, indeed, been done by Dr Huggins, who has lately obtained photographs which, in the opinion of those best capable of forming a judgment, truly represent the solar corona. The results are, however, not yet given to the world; but it is to be hoped that they soon will be, when we shall be in possession of data that will enable us to form some conjecture as to the true nature of this beautiful and remarkable phenomenon.

Photography has given valuable assistance in

the study of solar physics. We have just mentioned the successful attempt to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. At the time of the last few total eclipses, indeed, the corona was satisfactorily photographed. The views thus obtained, together with the hand-sketches of observers, have given us useful information as regards its shape and extent. For observations whose object is to determine the amount of the sun's surface covered at any time by spots, photography is most valuable; and at many observatories, a view is taken of the sun every day that it is visible. This was formerly done at Kew, but has now, to the discredit of British science, been discontinued.

The prominences, emitting, as they do, almost entirely red light, are less amenable to this method of observation, and though they have been photographed during an eclipse, without that aid no satisfactory views have been obtained. Many attempts have, however, been made, and we may hope that they will soon be crowned with success. In making astronomical observations with a large telescope, it is necessary that the instrument be so adjusted as to keep the object steadily in view for periods of greater or less duration; else the earth's rotation would carry the object beyond the field of observation. To achieve this, the telescope is moved by clockwork at a rate which shall counteract the earth's rotatory speed. Any slight failure in the driving clock shows itself by resulting in a hopelessly blurred image.

It is a common thing, on the other hand, for the possessors of small telescopes to think that it is impossible they should ever make anything in the form of a discovery and therefore that it is absurd to try; and they are content to let their instrument remain a mere toy. This is a mistake. A great deal of good work can be done with a very small instrument, if the observer does not lack perseverance. Continuous observations, especially if the results are carefully noted down, are the most valuable of all; and for observations to determine such a thing as the periods of sun-spot maximum and minimum, high telescopic power is not requisite. Those more fortunate observers who are blessed with the possession of a good equatorial instrument have plenty of scope for their energies in the observation of the prominences with the solar spectroscope; and as this method of observing them has only comparatively recently been discovered, there are still a great many difficult points to be solved about them.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

HAVING furnished a description of the bag and its contents, to be telegraphed up the line, Mr Goulding proceeded to the police office, where he consulted an inspector, who, if he had not the wisdom of the serpent and the eye of the lynx, might at least have laid claim to the gravity of the owl. This functionary opined that the missing bag would be found in Crewe, thinking it, perhaps, an honour to the town that the theft had been the work of a local pickpocket. He recommended that hand-bills should be issued;

and having learned that the bag contained about thirty shillings, he thought the reward offered ought to be two pounds; but it was plain that he considered the documents of merely secondary importance.

Mr Goulding did not agree with him, thinking it far more likely that it had been taken by a passenger, and half regretted that he had not proceeded by the train. However, he directed a reward of five pounds to be offered, and then retraced his steps to the railway station, reflecting as he went on the best course to adopt. The serious part of the affair was that Mr Mossop, being in such a precarious state, might die at any time; in which case, if the will were not recovered, or if by any chance it fell into Sir Peter's hands, the latter might inherit the property to the exclusion of Mrs Reddie unless, indeed, its execution and contents could be established by independent evidence, which would be practically impossible. Under the circumstances, he decided to return at once to Chester, and draw up a new will as briefly as possible, to be ready for any emergency. Now, a will only three or four lines in length may be quite as valid and binding as one which extends over many pages, but no lawyer likes to admit as much, and Mr Goulding naturally felt it contrary to his professional instincts to construct such a rough-and-ready document. However, necessity, which knows no law, may be excused for dispensing with legal forms and phraseology; so, on this occasion he determined to do off-hand on a sheet of paper what had been supposed to occupy the attention of his firm for days. It was fortunate that he carried the bulk of his money in his pocket, and was therefore at no inconvenience in that respect. Accordingly, having despatched a telegram to his wife, and another to his partner in business, he started by the first train for Chester, and before one o'clock found himself once more at the gate of 'The Firs.' Here he was met by the woman who kept the lodge, and perceived from her grave face that something had happened. Putting his head out of the cab, he asked whether there was any change in Mr Mossop's condition.

'He's gone, sir,' was her reply.

Mr Goulding simply inquired, 'When?'

'Soon after daylight this morning, sir; near eight maybe.'

Without further remark he proceeded to the house, telling the cabman to wait. There he found the servants in genuine distress, especially the butler, who had been longest in Mr Mossop's service. The nurse explained that her patient had been very bad during the night, being much weakened with fits of coughing, and at about eight o'clock he had expired. He had scarcely spoken at all for a good while before he died, except to ask for a drink; but once he had said something about the will being carried out—she was not sure of the exact words. Nearly an hour had elapsed before any one thought of sending to the hotel for Mr Goulding; and when the messenger did go, it was too late, as he had left for London.

Having listened to the nurse's statement, Mr Goulding thought over the matter for a minute. He could not remain long enough to look after the funeral arrangements, but of course somebody must do so, and on consideration, he found there was nothing for it but to leave that duty in the hands of the butler, who was a most trustworthy man. He therefore wrote the necessary instructions; and having seen that the old gentleman's papers and valuables were safely locked up, he left William in temporary charge of the house, promising to return in time for the funeral, if possible.

It was only when in the cab, on his way back to Chester, that his thoughts had leisure to revert to the will. He felt himself to be in a very unpleasant position; for Sir Peter Mossop, as the nearest relative of the deceased, would be certain to attend the funeral, and would naturally expect to hear the will read immediately afterwards. Mrs Reddie, too, would be at 'The Firs' with the same object, and how was he to explain matters to her? Of course the will might be restored in the meantime; but if it were not, Sir Peter would probably lay claim to the property by applying for letters of administration. He now very much regretted that he had not left it with Mr Mossop, where it would have been safe; but all solicitors have a propensity to take charge of their clients' documents, and in this instance the custom was likely to prove unfortunate. However, he did not doubt that the offer of a sufficient reward would lead to the restoration of the will, which could be of no value to any one but the legatees; unless, indeed, the thief should happen to have some knowledge of the Mossop family, and try to get a big price for it from Sir Peter, if the latter were so dishonest as to wish to destroy it and claim the property.

On arriving at Chester station, Mr Goulding found that he had more than an hour to wait for a train; and he spent the time in pacing up and down the platform in a state of great irritation, for he was anxious to get home. Eventually, however, he had the satisfaction of being once more whirled on his way to London. When passing through Crewe, he alighted for a moment, to ask at the Inquiry Office whether any tidings of the bag had been obtained, but, as he anticipated, without success.

It was almost eleven o'clock when he reached home, tired and dispirited; but the fatigue of his journey caused him to sleep soundly, notwithstanding the thought that on the morrow he would have to make a disagreeable explanation to his senior partner. He was at the office half an hour earlier than usual next morning, and had not long to wait for the appearance of Mr Shuttleworth. The latter was an elderly man, short and stout, with a red face; a very good fellow in many respects, but with a decidedly crusty temper. Hence, Mr Goulding had avoided mentioning the loss of the will in his telegram, hoping that it might be found in time to save him from a lecture; for when anything went wrong, Mr Shuttleworth was not slow to express his sentiments. It could not be helped, however; and the junior partner told his story as briefly as possible, adding that he supposed they had better advertise at once.

Mr Shuttleworth had listened in silence, but

his face had grown very red, and his under lip had shot out to a surprising extent. His first observation was, 'Well, well, well!' which he repeated a great many times in an angry tone. Then he said: 'It's the worst case of carelessness I ever heard of. Fancy leaving a document worth thousands and thousands on the seat of a railway carriage, while you coolly go to look out of the opposite window!'

Mr Goulding, who was familiar with his companion's temper, took no notice of this upbraiding, which wore itself out in a few minutes; but, returning to the question of recovering the will, proposed that they should draw up an advertisement offering a large reward, to be inserted in the principal London papers.

'Very well,' said Mr Shuttleworth; 'but you can scarcely expect to charge the reward against the firm. It ought to come out of your little legacy—that is, if you ever get it,' he added tartly.

Mr Goulding acquiesced, and presently handed the draft of an advertisement to his partner.

'This will never do,' exclaimed the latter. 'Here you have given our own name and address, to let all the world into the secret. People will say that Shuttleworth and Goulding must be getting very careless; and every old woman whose business we transact will come here in a panic, to see that her documents are safe.'

'Then shall we have it issued from the police office?' asked Mr Goulding.

'No; I think you had better give it to Poynter. The thief will have less hesitation in going there; but for that matter, our own address would appear on the contents of the bag.'

It must be explained that Poynter kept a Private Inquiry Office at No. 7 Stray Place, S.W., and was slightly known to the firm in the way of business.

'There's another thing,' Mr Shuttleworth continued, while Mr Goulding proceeded to write out the notice anew. 'Say "Lost" only—not "Lost or Stolen;" and then, if the thief thinks that it is supposed to be simply lost, he will not be afraid to come forward.'

Mr Goulding made the necessary alteration, and was soon on his way to the establishment of Mr Poynter. That worthy was an ex-detective, and though ready at all times to make 'private inquiries' about other people, might have shunned any very searching inquiry into his own career. However, he was well enough fitted for the service that the solicitors required, and willingly undertook it on the promise of a reasonable fee.

On the next day, which was Saturday, the notice appeared in the leading London dailies, as well as in a provincial newspaper circulating in the Crewe district, to which it had been transmitted by telegraph. It ran as follows: 'FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.—Lost at Crewe on the morning of Thursday the 10th inst., out of a first-class compartment in the London train, a lawyer's black bag, containing a Will and some papers of no use to any one but the owner.—The finder will receive the above reward on immediately bringing it to Poynter's Private Inquiry Office, 7 Stray Place, London, S.W.'

Mr Mossop's funeral was to take place on Monday morning; and up to Saturday evening

no news of the will had been received, though both the partners remained at the office till a late hour, in the vain hope that a telegram might arrive from the Crewe police office, where Mr Goulding had left his address. The latter gentleman felt that it was incumbent on him to be present at the funeral, and arrange the household matters at 'The Firs' afterwards, and his mind was a good deal disturbed in consequence. Mr Shuttleworth advised him to go to Crewe that night, sleep there, and make inquiries at the police office on the following day (Sunday), and thereafter proceed to Chester. The partners sat talking together till nearly half-past five o'clock—more than two hours after the Saturday closing hour; and Mr Goulding had then just enough time to hurry home, pack his valise, and catch the mail at Euston, so as to reach Crewe shortly after midnight. It had been arranged that he should take with him the draft of the will, as a substitute for the missing document. This would of course be practically the same thing for the required purpose; and if its production instead of the will did not create suspicion, and cause Sir Peter or his friends to ask awkward questions, a discovery might be avoided for the time.

As Mr Goulding was leaving the office, Mr Shuttleworth gave him some parting words of advice. 'Be careful,' he said, 'not to volunteer any information. Put a bold face on it, and remember that no one has a right to catechise you. I only hope the baronet has not got wind of the affair. If you had published the name of our firm, as you intended, he would have been sure to know.'

It is unnecessary to dwell on Mr Goulding's journey northwards. He called at the Crewe police office on Sunday morning; but the bills first issued there, offering five pounds reward, had been without result, and the police had obtained no information whatever.

Proceeding to Chester in the evening, he slept there, and attended the funeral next morning. There were not many persons present, as Mr Mossop had been rather reserved in disposition, making few new friends; and most of his old friends were gone before him. The procession comprised some half-dozen of the neighbouring gentry, and Sir Peter, who had brought his solicitor with him. The baronet did not expect any great benefit from his kinsman's death; but thought that perhaps Mr Mossop might have relented so far as to leave him a thousand or so on the strength of their relationship.

Mossop Hall, the residence of Sir Peter Price Mossop—to give him his full name—was near Wrexham; and his solicitor was Mr David Crooks of that town, a gentleman who took a special interest in his client on account of certain sums he had advanced him to meet losses on the turf. Mrs Reddie and her eldest daughter had also arrived, at Mr Goulding's request, to remain in charge at 'The Firs' until affairs were settled. He had privately explained to the former lady the unfortunate affair of the lost will, speaking as confidently as he could of its ultimate recovery. After the funeral, the party assembled in the library to hear the will read. Besides Mr Goulding, the company consisted of Mrs and

Miss Reddie, Sir Peter, Mr Crooks, and three of the more intimate friends of the deceased. Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that there was an absence of any violent manifestation of grief. The baronet had never been very friendly with his cousin, and cared nothing about him; the two ladies were the persons most attached to the deceased gentleman, but they were to inherit his wealth, and their excitement naturally modified their sorrow. Mrs Reddie's mind was filled with misgivings about the will; but she tried to appear calm, not telling her daughter of the loss. The former lady was verging on fifty years of age; but her dark hair was only slightly streaked with gray, and her complexion was fresh-looking; she was, in short, just the comely, cheerful sort of woman who would be appreciated in a sickroom. She would have been glad to attend Mr Mossop during his illness, had she known that it was serious; but, for some reason, he preferred to employ the professional nurse recommended by his cook. Perhaps he was afraid that, if Mrs Reddie took up her abode at 'The Firs,' her four daughters would follow, and end by taking command of the entire establishment. Miss Reddie, who accompanied her mother, was very similar in feature and style, and looked about twenty-five.

Sir Peter was a strongly-built, heavy-looking man, not much over thirty, and he knew a great deal more about horses than law. His legal adviser, however, made up for any deficiency in the latter respect. Mr Crooks was not unlike a little fox-terrier; sandy, small, and sharp-featured; and he appeared to carry his client's brains as well as his own.

The other three gentlemen were invited partly to remove the embarrassment which would have existed between the baronet and Mrs Reddie if no strangers were present; for, as might be expected, they were not on very good terms.

When Mr Goulding rose to open the proceedings, his face was the longest in the room, and he spoke with some nervousness. 'In accordance with the usual practice,' he began, 'it is now my duty to inform you of the tenor of Mr Mossop's will: and I may mention that it was signed only the day before he died; but he had given my firm instructions to prepare it about three weeks before. I brought it down from London myself, and was present when he executed it; and this document that I am going to read is a draft. It is of course almost word for word with the will itself.'

'Why not read from the original?' asked Mr Crooks, 'and then we should have the exact words.'

'I have not got it here.'

'May I ask where it is?'

'It is along with some other papers that I took away.'

'Well, I thought it was etiquette to produce and open the will itself in presence of the relatives; but perhaps, sir, you will let us hear how the draft runs.'

The country mouse generally stands a little in awe of the town mouse, and in like manner Mr Crooks entertained a certain respect for the eminent London solicitor, for which reason, probably, he did not pursue the subject further.

Mr Goulding then proceeded to read the document, which, though simple in substance, was so loaded with obscure forms and technical terms that the recital occupied several minutes.

Sir Peter looked as though he did not thoroughly understand it; but he knew that his name was not mentioned at all, and consequently that he was to get nothing. He glowered at Mrs Reddie with a vague feeling that she was the cause of his disappointment; and his henchman, the Wrexham attorney, looked very viciously at all the company.

'I suppose you will apply for probate at once?' said the latter gentleman to Mr Goulding.

'As soon as possible.'

'Come along then,' he said brusquely to Sir Peter; 'we are not wanted here; there is no use in staying longer;' and the two worthies made their exit, but were not seen to drive away till nearly half an hour later.

After partaking of luncheon, the strangers took their departure, leaving Mr Goulding at liberty to discuss business matters with Mrs Reddie. It was arranged that all the servants were to be retained for the present, the lady willingly undertaking to pay them the sums that Mr Mossop had intended them to have, if she were only fortunate enough to get the property safely into her possession. She was sorely troubled about the loss of the will, though she said little; and not without reason, for, when one is on the point of exchanging poverty for wealth, it is a bitter disappointment to see the fortune suddenly vanish, and the poverty seems doubly galling. The Reddies lived together in a small house in the suburbs of Manchester; and the modest annuity on which they contrived to keep up appearances had often been anticipated by a loan from Mr Mossop.

The solicitor reassured Mrs Reddie as well as he could, promising to telegraph the moment he had anything to communicate. He was anxious to return home that night; and having made an inspection of the house and given some parting injunctions to the butler, he left in time to catch the evening train at Chester.

AN ORIENTAL SCHOLAR.

IN the month of August 1882, Edward Henry Palmer was murdered in the Arabian Desert; and eight months later, his body, with those of other two who fell with him, was brought home and buried in England. The Life of Palmer has been written by Mr Walter Besant; and the narrative is closed with the reflection, that while the service for the dead echoed among the tombs, some there were who thanked Heaven for English hearts as true and loyal now as in the brave days of old; and some who thought of Palmer's strange destiny, and how a brave boy should win his way from obscurity to honour by undaunted courage and persistence; and how the mortal remains of a great scholar and man of books should find a place beside the bones of Wellington and Nelson.

Palmer was born on the 7th of August 1840, at Cambridge, where his father kept a private

school. Both parents died while Palmer was yet a child, the funeral of his mother being the earliest event of which he had any recollection. The child, whose sole inheritance was a tendency to asthma and bronchial disease, was brought up and educated by an aunt. As a boy he was always small, and apparently weak of frame, but was capable of efforts showing great muscular strength. He was admirable on the trapeze and the gymnastic bar, and was a bold and fearless swimmer, but took no part in cricket or football. He read a great deal, especially poetry; and was greatly caressed and petted by every one, partly because it was believed he would die early, and partly because of a singular personal charm, which was always one of his most remarkable characteristics. At school he learned Latin and Greek; but outside, he learned Romany, the language of the gypsies. This he did by paying travelling tinkers sixpence for a lesson, by haunting their tents, talking with the men, and crossing the hands of the women with his pocket-money, in exchange for a few more words, which were added to his vocabulary. In this way he gradually made for himself a gypsy dictionary.

Through some family influence, the boy obtained a situation as clerk in the house of Hill and Underwood, Eastcheap, London. The work was not congenial; but Palmer spent his spare hours in learning the Italian language. He began without assistance, and, at first, by the old-fashioned method of grammar and syntax lessons. Soon these modes were discarded, and others adopted. There was in Titchborne Street a café frequented by Italian refugees, political exiles, and republicans, where Palmer went nightly, and where he first listened, then began to talk. About Saffron Hill was a colony of Italian organ-grinders and sellers of plaster-cast images; whom he met in their restaurants, drank their sour wine, and learned their patois. He met and talked also with Italian sailors, and acquired the dialects of Genoa, Naples, Nice, Livorno, Venice, and Messina. Palmer did not approve of learning languages in the manner usually adopted. His idea was that a language should be at first studied without the grammar, and with the intention of acquiring, to begin with, the most important part of the actual vocabulary; that languages being in groups, present vocabularies which, with certain variations, are common property; that inflections, suffixes, and so forth, also resemble each other, and therefore come quite easily to the man who has begun with the words; so that, in learning simply to read a tongue without opening anything more than a dictionary, you acquire insensibly a vast amount of grammar and a great quantity of syntax. He maintained that any intelligent person could learn to read a language in a few weeks, and to speak it in a few months, unless it be his first attempt at an Oriental language.

In the year 1869, Palmer applied for the Professorship of Arabic in Cambridge University;

but Dr Wright of the British Museum was preferred. In the same year, however, the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic became vacant, and Palmer received the appointment from the Rev. Gerard Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, at that time the Queen's Almoner. The salary was only forty pounds a year; but the preferment was important, because it allowed Palmer to keep his fellowship whether he married or not. He did marry, on the very day after having received the appointment. With the professorship and fellowship, Palmer had three hundred and fifty pounds a year; and the only duty incumbent on him was to deliver two lectures annually. In 1873 the salary was increased by two hundred and fifty pounds, owing to new regulations about examinations in Oriental languages, which required that Palmer should give three courses of lectures on Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani. Soon he had an established reputation as an Oriental scholar; and when the Shah of Persia came to this country in 1873, Palmer was presented to him, and acted as one of his interpreters. He wrote in Urdu a long account of his interview, and of the Shah's visit to London, for the *Oude Aklbar*, in which it occupied thirty-five columns. At the same time, and for the same paper, he wrote a description of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage. Occasional work he had of a peculiar kind. One day a note, badly written and badly spelt, reached him from Manchester, with a paper inclosed of which a translation was desired. It proved to be a warrant or ticket for certain goods, setting forth, in the name of Allah, that the bale with which it came contained so many yards of stuff, of such a quality, made by such a manufacturer, and so forth. The translation was sent off; and a letter came back, inclosing a ten-pound note, and containing the words: 'DEAR SIR—Hooray for old Cambridge! This was what the Oxford chap said it was.' The following curious and interesting document appears to be a copy of an ancient Persian inscription, probably taken from a tomb or a triumphal column. It is, however, very incomplete. It reads as follows: 'In the name of God. This — was made [or erected] by [name uncertain] in the year [uncertain]. It is one thousand four hundred and seventy-five . . . long, and seven hundred and thirty . . . broad; and it.' Here the manuscript abruptly ends.

In the year 1873, Palmer made an arrangement with Messrs Allen & Co., of Waterloo Place, London, to prepare for them an Arabic Grammar, a work which was published in 1874. In the same year, he wrote for the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge a *History of the Jewish Nation*. A Persian Dictionary, begun in 1874, gave continuous occupation till the year of his death; but meanwhile he accomplished a good deal of other work, including a *Life of the Calif Haroun Alrashid*, published in 1880 by Messrs Marcus Ward & Co. In this little book the hero of the *Arabian Nights* is clothed with real life and individuality. The origin and rise of the Caliphate is clearly described; and much information is communicated regarding the meaning of old Mohammedan institutions, together with the history of one Mohammedan monarch. Haroun is described as a 'man of great talents, keen intellect, and strong will. Had he been born in a humbler position, he might have done

something for the good of his country and the world at large, and would certainly even then have attained to eminence. The eloquence and impetuosity of his discourse, as shown in those speeches of his which have been preserved, were remarkable even for a time when eloquence was cultivated and regarded as the greatest accomplishment. As a man he showed many indications of a loyal and affectionate disposition; but the preposterous position in which he was placed almost necessarily crushed all really human feelings in him.'

In 1880, Palmer finished his new translation of the *Turan* for the Clarendon Press; a very remarkable and valuable work. He likewise contributed to the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Academy*, wrote reviews and papers on Oriental subjects for the *Times*, and was for a time on the regular staff of the *Standard*.

The death of Palmer happened in a remarkable way. When it became evident that Arabi Pasha must be put down by force, there was great anxiety both concerning the safety of the Suez Canal and regarding the support which Arabi might get from allies in the Arabian Desert. It was tolerably certain that Arabi reckoned on other support than that of the Egyptian Nationalist party; he looked either to Upper Egypt or to those parts of Africa where the faith had lately been making progress; and it was possible that there would be a religious war of unknown magnitude, in which Arabi would be supported by the Arabs of the Desert on both sides of the Canal. With these tribes, Palmer had become acquainted while engaged in the Sinai Survey; and when the question arose who could go, with a sufficient knowledge of the sheiks to ascertain their intentions, and influence them in the right direction, Palmer was selected as unquestionably the fittest. At the instance of Earl Granville and the Lords of the Admiralty, he was sent to the Desert and peninsula of Sinai, where he was to travel about among the people; to pass from tribe to tribe; to ascertain the extent of any excitement that had been aroused, and how far the people were inclined to join Arabi; then to detach the whole of the tribes if possible from the Egyptian cause; and with a view to this, to make arrangements with the sheiks. He was to find out on what terms each would consent to make his people sit down in peace, or, if necessary, join and fight with the British forces, or act in any way for British interests, as might seem best. He was, if possible, to close with their terms; and promises made by him would be considered binding on the British government. As to the Canal, he was to take all possible steps to place an effective guard on its banks on the eastern side, or for the repair of the Canal, in case Arabi should attempt its destruction. He was further to ascertain if camels in sufficient numbers could be purchased, and at what price. Palmer assumed the designation of the Sheik Abdullah, and was dressed in full costume like a Mohammedan Arab of the towns. His biographer says: 'On leaving Jaffa, Palmer disappeared; he was no longer Palmer; in his place there is the Sheik Abdullah, the old friend of the Teyahahs, and going back after ten years more to see them again. He is much richer than when he was here last; he was then shabby and went afoot; now he is splendidly dressed and

rides a camel; he has beautiful guns and pistols with him; he gives presents because he is so glad to see his old friends again; he can give many more presents because he is so rich.' From Gaza, the Sheik journeyed through the Desert under a burning sun, travelling sometimes eighteen hours a day, meeting and arranging with the sheiks; and he reached Suez on the 30th of July, having fully accomplished the objects of his mission.

The importance of his work will appear when it is considered what might have happened had he not made that journey. Probably the British soldiers would have had to deal with a vast horde of fanatics, who might have accomplished the destruction of the Canal, or at least lined its banks with hostile natives, firing into every ship, and perhaps furnishing to Arabi an immense army, formidable by its numbers, though badly equipped, or at least a crowd hovering about and harassing the British troops. After Palmer had made the tribes quiet, there was no enemy on the banks of the Canal, and a patrol of gunboats formed for it a sufficient guard; and after there was no danger of an attack in their rear, the army was free to undertake the operations which led to Tel-el-Kebir. His great services were fully appreciated by the British government. He was appointed 'Interpreter-in-chief' to Her Majesty's forces in Egypt; was placed on the Admiral's staff, and asked to suggest what his salary should be. On the 6th of August he again entered the Desert, carrying money for the purchase of camels and other purposes. On the 10th of the month, he and other members of his party were treacherously murdered; and thus closed a career of marvellous work, and still more fruitful promise.

THE MYSTERIOUS VALISE.

BY AN EX-LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

'SENTRY, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the 'Serpentine,' said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the Park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

'All right, sir,' I replied. 'If I am relieved before you return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry.'

'Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the City by nine. I prefer leaving my valise with you; there are so many vagabonds always swarming about Hyde Park, that it is quite possible that one of them might take a fancy to it while I am bathing. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents "of no use to any one but the owner," as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it.' So saying, the gentleman turned away, and walked briskly across the Park in the direction of the Serpentine.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for

some time before been reported to the police. I lifted the bag—upon which the letters W. N. were painted, and which was in the battered condition indicative of having been much tumbled about—and placed it behind the low wall that lay between the barracks and the footpath.

The barracks clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the 'quarter-past' was chimed from the neighbouring clocks and still he did not turn up; and as the minutes passed, I thought to myself that it was time he was looking sharp if he really wished to be in the City by nine.

About half-past eight I perceived a great commotion in the Park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I reflected, however, that its owner may have been chained to the scene of the disaster by that morbid curiosity which induces people to linger about the spot where any calamity of the kind has recently occurred, and then, finding that he was pressed for time, and knowing that his property would be perfectly safe, had gone direct to the City.

I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him anything of the circumstances of the case; and when he returned from duty at eleven, I eagerly asked him if the valise had been called for.

'No,' he replied; 'it is still lying behind the wall.'

I went on sentry again at one o'clock, and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance; but the imposing array of splendidly appointed equipages, dashing equestrians, and fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centred on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three, I had it conveyed to my room in barracks, and after coming off guard, placed it for greater security in the troop store. That evening, before 'stables,' when the orderly corporal had read out the duties for the succeeding day, he said, addressing me: 'Jones, you have to attend the orderly room to-morrow.'

'Why?' I inquired.

'You have been reported for neglecting to salute Captain Sir Carnaby Jenks as he passed you while on sentry this afternoon,' was the corporal's answer.

I said nothing by way of excuse. This heinous charge was in all probability true. I believe I might have omitted to 'present' to her Majesty the Queen herself, if she had passed that afternoon in her state carriage, so distracted was I by the engrossing subject of this valise.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile news-vendor, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

'Nixon! That corresponds with the initial "N" on the bag,' I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd, before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection, I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

Reaching the house, I knocked softly at the door, and stated my business to the domestic who appeared, by whom I was shown into a room, and immediately afterwards was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who, naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

'I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning,' she said; 'but possibly you may recognise him from this photograph,' submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning, and returned to barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

'Could the owner of the bag be the thief who had been caught in the act of plundering the dead man's clothes?' I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind, as being absurd and improbable.

Next day, I attended the orderly room, and received a severe admonition from the commanding officer. Fortunately for me, as it happened, Sir Carnaby had been in plain clothes, so my offence in the eye of martial law was of a comparatively venial character. Immediately afterwards, I considered it my duty to report the circumstances attending the valise to the adjutant, who in turn communicated with the police authorities at Scotland Yard; and that evening, pursuant to instructions received, I had the bag conveyed to that establishment. After I had explained how it was placed in my charge, it was opened in my presence by an official, and was found to contain just a suit of old clothes and a few newspapers, but no documents of any kind, as stated by its owner.

After this, the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it. I may mention that I read an account in the evening paper regarding the alleged thief who had been apprehended on the Serpentine Bank

under the circumstances before alluded to. By the name of Judd, he had been taken before a magistrate and remanded for a week, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament Street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said: 'Don't you remember me?'

There was no mistaking the voice; it was that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise, he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache which he wore when I saw him previously.

'What has been wrong?' I asked.

'Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and have left my house for the first time to-day. I made inquiries at barracks about you; and as the soldier I spoke to seemed to know about the bag I left with you, he directed me here.'

'Well, sir,' I said, 'I had quite made up my mind that you were the gentleman who was drowned that morning; and when I discovered my mistake, I am almost ashamed to own that I took you for the man who was apprehended on the charge of trying to plunder the drowned man's clothes.'

The gentleman smiled pleasantly and said: 'Ah! I read about that.—And now to business. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe keeping at the barracks?'

'It's much nearer at hand,' I replied—'just across the street from here;' and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

'It is very awkward indeed,' he said. 'I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?'

'You forget that I am on sentry,' I replied. 'I won't be relieved until four; and even then, I daren't leave the guard; nor would I care to ask permission to do so. You should go at once to the captain of the guard and represent the case to him; and perhaps, under the circumstances, he will permit me to accompany you.'

Acting on my advice, he proceeded at once to the officer in command, leaving me extremely amused at the fuss he was making about his bag, considering all that it was worth.

Soon afterwards, he returned with a smiling face, and informed me that the captain had acceded to his request. I expressed my gratification at this intelligence, and added: 'Surely, sir, you have been shaving since I last saw you?'

'Yes; I was threatened with the recurrence of a nasty skin complaint to which I was formerly subject.'

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended, the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner, ever and

anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and dismounting, led my charger to the stable and handed it over to a comrade; then divesting myself of my cuirass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and crossing the street, reached the police headquarters in a minute or two; and on making inquiries, were directed to the 'Lost Property' department. We stated our business; and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. 'Why didn't you see about this before?' he asked, addressing the gentleman.

'Because I was too ill to see about anything,' was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr Nobbs caught up his property, and we left the office. When we got to the door, we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jack-booted Guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them, and gaining the street, hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled up. 'Here is something for your trouble,' he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent douceur. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: 'Euston, as fast as you can,' and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view to starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The men belonging to Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr Nobbs was watching the operations from the window; and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

'Your name is Judd, isn't it?' the man at length remarked.

'No; it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?' indignantly replied Mr Nobbs.

'Well,' said the man—whom I at once surmised was a member of the detective force—'that's the name you gave, anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave.'

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct after all; while Mr Judd, alias Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

'Come out of that cab,' said the detective.

'You've no right to detain me,' said Nobbs. 'I was discharged this morning.'

'Because nothing was known against you.—But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?'

'Only some old clothes, I assure you,' said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

'Come inside, and we'll see,' said the detective, seizing the bag. 'Out of the cab—quick! and come with me to the office.'

Mr Nobbs complied with a very bad grace; while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

'There is certainly no grounds for detaining the man,' said an inspector standing near.

Mr Nobbs at once brightened up and cried: 'You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go.'

'All right,' said the detective. 'Pack up your traps and clear out!'

Mr Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective, seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

'Hillo! what's this?' cried the officer.—Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found—about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklet carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweller, and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds!

Mr Nobbs, alias Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector: 'I thought, sir, when he gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag that it was more than it was worth; but now I find that I have been mistaken.'

'A sovereign!' cried the inspector. 'Let me see it.'

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of an accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it, and threw it on the table. 'I thought as much,' he remarked; 'it's a bad one!'

Mr Nobbs, alias Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert coiner, burglar, and swindler who had long been 'wanted' by the police. He was convicted, and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted

the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry. Such is my story of the Mysterious Valise.

TO MY BOY: AN APOSTROPHE.

I GAZE into the azure depths of thy bonnie eyes, my boy, and that gaze brings back to me other eyes and another form, long since mouldered to clay, and I feel bound to thee by a double tie. The childhood's love I bore that other is thine, and added thereto is a father's love, yearning and anxious. I can see in thy eyes the bygone days and years, which now are only memories vague and dim, like a diorama seen in dreams. There stand the two or three homely cottages which formed the hamlet where my boyhood's days were spent. There I see the greensward where my bare feet danced to untuned numbers. I again see the mossy bridge and the rippling brook. I hear the drone of the humble-bee, the grinding tune of the cornraik, and the hurried whirr of the startled partridge. I can see the damp mists creep over the hills and sheet the valley in the gray twilight of the quiet summer evenings; and the flitting vision of the great white moths, which, in the gathering gloom, come out of shadow-land and again disappear. Sweeter than all the tunes I learned in these happy days, I hear my sister's and my mother's voice in happy hymnings again. There lie the 'lusty trout' that have just been emptied from my father's fishing-basket—the fruits of an evening hour. I see, by that old crumbling wall, the narrow strip of garden-ground that we shared among us, and where our near neighbours came to help.

But gone to their graves, or scattered, are all the forms I loved so well. Many miles from where our lot is now cast are these treasured spots. The burn still tinkles on; but where are the men, women, and children I knew? Still the evening mists drape the valley with gray; still the moths flit to and fro in the darkness. The old bridge is not greatly altered; but strangers may inquire in vain to whom belong those huge initials on the copestone, which we hewed out with a big nail and a stone one sweltering summer day. The wild-flowers bloom the same as ever; and in the early dawn may still be heard the familiar song of the skylark and the plaintive cry of the peewit—just as of old. But new forms fill the places of the old familiar ones, and I—I am a stranger where, for centuries, my forefathers dwelt and owned the land. The girls and boys are women now, and have become prisoners in smoky cities, there to toil for bread, and look back with a fond but unavailing regret to the quiet hamlet where they were born and bred. Some of them have escaped this fate, and slumber quietly in the still churchyard among the trees. One of them had thy gentle eyes, my son; and when thy gaze meets mine, the dead past rises before me, filling me with thoughts I cannot utter. Though a stranger in the land of my fathers, I see my brother in thy eyes, and in the eyes of every azure speedwell by the burnie's brim. I hear his voice in thine, and I hear it in every tumbling stream. He is gone, and you and I shall go 'into the

silent land' very soon; and still the busy world shall hurry on: the burn will not miss us; even our friends shall cease to miss us, for they, too, shall go.

MY LITTLE BOOK.

A LITTLE book of sundry songs
To me, who prize it much, belongs:
Sweet songs are they of maid and youth,
Of man and wife, of love and truth,
Of bud and blossom, ear and sheaf,
Of winter berry, summer leaf,
Of orchard-blossoms in mid-May,
Of fruitage golden, scented hay,
Of shore and sea, of tarn and dell,
Of haunted grange and holy well,
Of Bacchus jovial 'mongst the grapes,
And many another thing which shapes
Itself with poet's brain and pen
In songs that win the hearts of men.

My neighbour Fact, who keeps a school,
A model place of line and rule,
Who, the world's wise and prudent man,
Has not a thought without its plan;
Whose heart is captive to the head,
And by its calculations led,
While what escapes in love or thanks
Goes to the great per cents or banks,
He cares not for my little book,
But says 'twould neither keep a cook,
Nor pay the rent, nor buy a field,
Nor make the mine its ingots yield,
Nor add an eighth to dividend,
Nor introduce a wealthy friend.
In short, Fact says I am a fool
Whom sense has never put to school,
And that the race of rhymesters all,
Rank thee the great ones or the small,
While they blow bubbles in the air,
Leave men to life's grand work and wear.

But I have friends, a chosen few,
Who love the good, and seek the true,
And know that men live not alone
In acres broad and piles of stone.
These often come, and with me look
For treasure in my little book.
Like bees we hie from flower to flower,
Lured on by sunshine of the hour,
We cluster round each favourite song,
And wish it were ten times as long,
And e'en when skies are dark and dull,
Each cell within our hive is full,
Nor gods themselves have daintier fare,
Or can than we be happier.
Ah! who is richer, Fact or I?
Whose rare estate he cannot buy,
Whose friends a life-long joy bespeak,
While his will change with every freak,
Whose wealth is sung in love and trust,
While his the wealth that turns to dust.
May I not thank my God that He
Has tuned my life to poesy?

B. W. PROVIS.

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DUST.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, Professor Tyndall, when conducting some curious and interesting experiments into the purity of the atmosphere of various localities, had occasion to make use of a simple method of determining whether certain samples of air contained dust or not. By 'dust,' it should be explained, is meant any foreign floating particles, no matter what their nature may be. Having confined his air in a transparent glass, he placed it on a dark background in a darkened room, and allowed a ray of very powerful light to pass through it. When the air was free from dust, the ray within the vessel was invisible, the pure air remaining unilluminated; when, on the other hand, the air contained dust, the floating particles reflected more or less of the light, and the ray became visible as an illuminated band. He discovered that the ordinary atmosphere—such, that is, as is found close to the surface of the earth, and especially near cities and in dwelling-houses—invariably contains foreign bodies; that, in other words, it reflects light.

It was while carrying out these experiments that Professor Tyndall noticed a very remarkable phenomenon. If a heated body, such as a hot wire, be suspended in a glass that contains dusty air, and a ray of light be then passed through the vessel, the observer will remark that a dark, unilluminated *aura* at once rises about and above the wire; or, to speak otherwise, that, in the midst of the luminous dusty air, there is a transparent, unilluminated space, the core of which is the wire. In fact, streaming upwards, there is a body of air which is free from dust. The mounting of the air from the hot wire is explicable enough. The particles in immediate proximity to the wire become warmer, and, in consequence, lighter than the other particles; and therefore a current starts upwards from the hot surface. The then unsolved problem was: Why did this current contain no dust? The most natural conclusion seemed to be that the heated wire destroyed the dust that came

into contact with it; and it may be that in certain cases this conclusion is a just one, for there are some kinds of dust—using the word in its widest sense—which heat may be said to annihilate. Floating particles of water and of fugitive salts, &c., come under this category; and Professor Tyndall appears to have temporarily accepted this explanation as applying to all kinds of dust. But it was in time demonstrated that this theory was incorrect. Three or four years ago, the provisional conclusions were upset by some further experiments of Lord Rayleigh, who for the hot wire substituted a wire of very low temperature, and observed that a downward current was then produced, and that this current, like the other one, was free from dust. The cold wire of course cooled the particles of air that came into immediate contact with it, and rendering them heavier than their neighbours, induced them to travel downwards. But why was the column dustless? It seemed incredible that the dust could have been destroyed by cold, as it had been supposed to be destroyed by heat. Some other explanation was obviously required; and the difficulty led scientific men to observe with greater attention than before the behaviour of dust in the neighbourhood of fixed bodies.

Experiments were made with vessels containing air which had been artificially loaded with floating particles. The burning of a piece of magnesium wire liberates a dense white cloud, consisting of minute atoms of magnesia. Charge a glass receiver with these fumes; suspend within the vessel a fragment of charcoal; and arrange matters in such a way that a strong ray of warm sunlight may be turned on to the charcoal and off again at will. If the observer suddenly turns on the ray, he will see that the fumes are dense throughout the vessel, and that these closely surround the charcoal, which, in fact, so long as it remains in the dark and at the same temperature as the surrounding air, has no influence upon the dust. But, in a few seconds, the sunlight will begin to warm the charcoal, and then the upward current of dustless air will become noticeable. First, a thin layer of

dustless air will be seen to form around the charcoal. It will be thickest on the side that is immediately exposed to the warmth; and it will rise gradually, until it constitutes the unilluminated *aura*, which was remarked by Professor Tyndall. As the observer watches, it will seem to him as if the charcoal drove away the dust from the approaching air. This cleansing process begins with the warming of the charcoal; and it is therefore tolerably clear that the warming of the charcoal is the cause of the phenomenon. This supposition is supported by the fact, that if the charcoal be warmed before its introduction into the vessel, and the ray be then turned on, it will be seen that the dustless, unilluminated *aura* has been already formed. It will also be remarked that the hotter the charcoal, the larger will be the *aura*. Indeed, in favourable circumstances, an *aura* with a minimum thickness of one-twenty-fifth of an inch may be produced. Hot iron, glass, paper, or stone may be substituted for charcoal. Any of these, or even a heated surface of oil or water, will give the same results. From the warm body, a column of dustless air will be seen to rise. If a glass tube be passed through the body of the receiver, the phenomenon can be examined under the most favourable conditions; for the tube can then be charged with water of varying temperature; and it will be noticed that any increase of heat is immediately followed by an increase in the dimensions of the *aura*, and of the upward current of dustless air. If the tube be charged with ice, a downward current will set in, and, although no *aura* will be visible, and the tube itself will become dusty, the downward current will still be found to be free from dust.

The phenomena, strange as they are, are both explicable by reference to the mechanical laws of heat. According to the received theory, heat is the motion of the molecules of which all bodies ultimately consist. The molecules of air are always in lively motion; and the warmer the air, the more lively is that motion. If in a portion of air there be placed a body of a higher temperature, that body imparts a portion of its heat to the surrounding molecules of air, and, in consequence, increases the liveliness of their motion. In the immediate neighbourhood of the warmer body, therefore, the air molecules have two different motions. Those of them which have not touched the warmer body move with comparative slowness; whereas, those of them which have touched it move with accelerated speed away from it. And so, a particle of dust that chances to float somewhere near to the warm body is gently impelled towards it by the unaffected molecules, but more forcibly driven away from it by the molecules which have acquired new heat. The warmed molecules win the day; and, naturally, the particle of dust being unable to overcome them, does not approach the warm body. Such is the position of things so long as the body remains warmer than the air in which it has been placed; and such is the explanation of the dustless *aura* that surrounds warm bodies. The lighter a gas is, the more vigorous is the motion of its molecules. In hydrogen, therefore, a larger dustless *aura* may be produced than in atmospheric air; and, similarly, under the half-exhausted receiver of an air-pump, a larger *aura* may be produced than is possible under normal

conditions. When a body of a temperature lower than that of the surrounding air is introduced into the receiver, the strife between the two classes of air-molecules has a different result. The molecules which have touched the cold body have their temperature lowered, or, in other words, their activity lessened. They are driven back by the superior vigour of the others; and the particles of dust that are floating in the air are, in consequence, carried close to the cold body and forced against it. They remain on its surface, and the air in which they floated is cooled, and falls, by virtue of its weight. Such is the explanation of the downward dustless current. To sum up: bodies which are warmer than their surroundings, visibly drive off dust; and those which are colder, visibly attract it. These are the special principles, which, modified, of course, by the operation of the various natural forces, regulate the deposit of floating particles from the atmosphere.

But there is yet another kind of body which has a remarkable influence upon dust, and, through dust, upon moisture in the air. The introduction into a dusty atmosphere of a body highly charged with electricity produces a new phenomenon. In order to observe it, let an electrical machine in action be so arranged that its conductor shall be charged with positive electricity, while the negative current goes to the earth; and then let the room be filled with dust. The influence of the conductor will make itself felt over a large cubic space in the following manner. In normal circumstances, every particle of dust contains equal portions of positive and negative electricity. The positive conductor, however, attracts negative electricity and repels positive. The particles, therefore, become positive on one side and negative upon the other. If two particles of dust, while in this condition, approach one another, the negative electricity of the one will attract the positive electricity of the other; and the two particles will, in consequence, cleave together, and form a larger particle, which, in turn, at once becomes positive on one side and negative on the other. There are thus continual additions of particles; and when the aggregations of dust become large, they sink by their own weight to the ground. The presence, therefore, of highly electrified bodies hastens the deposit of dust.

It has been proposed to utilise this law in order to free London from the soot and fog which, especially at certain seasons, enshroud her. It seems to be established that a London fog owes its existence to the immense quantity of dust which is created by the myriad chimneys and the ten thousand manufactories of the metropolis; and the way in which the yellow fog is supposed to form is curious. When a particle of dust is afloat in a damp atmosphere, some of the moisture condenses on it, and it becomes the nucleus of an 'atom' of fog. The weight of the particle is thus increased; and the water-logged dust floats low. The result is that the humidity is denser than it would be if it were unladen with so much dust, and that it is darker and more opaque in proportion to the amount of dust that it contains. If we had less dust and soot, we should have less of this pall-like fog; and if we could precipitate some of our dust, we should diminish our

risk of being enveloped in Egyptian darkness at mid-day. The experiments of Lodge and Clark may be said to have proved this. These gentlemen filled a glass jar with the smoke of magnesium, and at once successfully cleared the atmosphere of the vessel by means of electricity. They also filled a room with the soot of burnt turpentine, and cleared it in a few minutes by setting an electrical machine at work. They then bethought themselves that it might be possible to carry out a similar process on a gigantic scale, and to free London from dust and soot by means of electricity. The plan is at present impracticable, but it is scientifically sound, and some modification of it may in years to come be carried out. It at least deserves mention, as showing that the careful observation of some of the most apparently insignificant of natural processes may reveal facts of the highest importance to the health and comfort of humanity.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XX.

THE subjects of these consultations were at the moment in the full course of a sonata, and oblivious of everything else in the world but themselves, their music, and their concerns generally. A fortnight had passed of continual intercourse, of much music, of that propinquity which is said to originate more matches than any higher influence. Nothing can be more curious than the pleasure which young persons, and even persons who are no longer young, find perennially in this condition of suppressed love-making, this pre-occupation of all thoughts and plans in the series of continually recurring meetings, the confidences, the divinations, the endless talk which is never exhausted, and in which the most artificial beings in the world probably reveal more of themselves than they themselves know—when the edge of emotion is always being touched, and very often by one of the pair at least overpassed, in either a comic or a tragic way. It is not necessary that there should be any real charm in either party, and what is still more extraordinary, it is possible enough that one may be a person of genius, and the other not far removed from a fool; that one may be simple as a rustic, and the other a man or woman of the world. No rule, in short, holds in those extraordinary yet most common and everyday conjunctions. There is an amount of amusement, excitement, variety, to be found in them which is in no other kind of diversion. This is the great reason, no doubt, why flirtation never fails. It is dangerous, which helps the effect. For those sinners who go into it voluntarily for the sake of amusement, it has all the attractions of romance and the drama combined. If they are intellectual, it is a study of human character; in all cases, it is an interest which quickens the colour and the current of life. Who can tell why or how? It is not the disastrous love-makings that end in misery and sin, of which we speak. It is those which are practised in society every day, which sometimes end in a heart-break indeed, but often in nothing at all.

Constance was not unacquainted with the amusement, though she was so young; and it is to be feared that she resorted to it deliberately for the amusement of her, otherwise dull life at the Palazzo, in the first shock of her loneliness, when she felt herself abandoned. It was, of course, the victim himself who had first put the suggestion and the means of carrying it out into her hands. And she did not take it up in pure wantonness, but actually gave a thought to him, and the effect it might produce upon him, even in the very act of entering upon her diversion. She said to herself that Captain Gaunt, too, was very dull; that he would want something more than the society of his father and mother; that it would be a kindness to the old people to make his life amusing to him, since in that case he would stay, and in the other, not. And as for himself, if the worst came to the worst, and he fell seriously in love—as, indeed, seemed rather likely, judging from the fervour of the beginning—even that, Constance calculated, would do him no permanent harm. 'Men have died,' she said to herself, 'but not for love.' And then there is that famous phrase about a liberal education. What was it? To love her was a liberal education? Something of that sort. Then it could only be an advantage to him; for Constance was aware that she herself was cleverer, more cultivated, and generally far more 'up to' everything than young Gaunt. If he had to pay for it by a disappointment, really everybody had to pay for their education in one way or another; and if he were disappointed, it would be his own fault, for he must know very well, everybody must know, that it was quite out of the question she should marry him in any circumstances—entirely out of the question; unless he was an absolute simpleton, or the most presumptuous young coxcomb in the world, he *must* see that; and if he were one or the other, the discovery would do him all the good in the world. Thus Constance made it out fully, and to her own satisfaction, that in any case the experience could do him nothing but good.

Things had gone very far during this fortnight—so far, that she sometimes had a doubt whether they had not gone far enough. For one thing, it had cost her a great deal in the way of music. She was a very accomplished musician for her age, and poor George Gaunt was one of the greatest bunglers that ever began the study of the violin. It may be supposed what an amusement this intercourse was to Constance, when it is said that she bore with his violin like an angel, laughed and scolded and encouraged and pulled him along till he believed that he could play the waltzes of Chopin and many other things which were as far above him as the empyrean is above earth. When he paused, bewildered, imploring her to go on, assuring her that he could catch her up, Constance betrayed no horror, but only laughed till the tears came. She would turn round upon her music-stool sometimes and rally him with a free use of a superior kind of slang, which was unutterably solemn, and quite unknown to the young soldier, who laboured conscientiously with his fiddle in the evenings and mornings, till General Gaunt's life became a burden to him—in a vain effort to elevate himself to a standard with which she might be satisfied. He went to practise in the morning; he went in

the afternoon, to ask if she thought of making any expedition? to suggest that his mother wished very much to take him to see this or that, and had sent him to ask would Miss Waring come? Constance was generally quite willing to come, and not at all afraid to walk to the bungalow with him, where, perhaps, old Luca's carriage would be standing, to drive them along the dusty road to the opening of some valley, while Mrs Gaunt, not a good climber, she allowed, would sit and wait for them till they had explored the dell, or inspected the little town seated at its head. Captain Gaunt was more punctilious about his mother's presence as chaperon than Constance was, who felt quite at her ease roaming with him among the terraces of the olive woods. It was altogether so idyllic, so innocent, that there was no occasion for any conventional safeguards, and there was nobody to see them or remark upon the prolonged tête-à-tête. Constance came to know the young fellow far better than his mother did, better than he himself did, in these walks and talks.

'Miss Waring, don't laugh at a fellow. I know I deserve it.—O yes, do, if you like. I had rather you laughed than closed the piano. I had a good long grind at it this morning; but somehow these triplets are more than I can fathom. Let us have that movement again, will you?—Oh, not if you are tired. As long as you'll let me sit and talk. I love music with all my heart, but I love'—

'Chatter,' said Constance. 'I know you do. It is not a dignified word to apply to a gentleman; but you know, Captain Gaunt, you do love to chatter.'

'Anything to please you,' said the young man. 'That wasn't how I intended to end my sentence. I love to—chatter, if you like, as long as you will listen—or play, or do anything; as long as'—

'You must allow,' said Constance, 'that I listen admirably. I am thoroughly well up in all your subjects. I know the station as well as if I lived there.'

'Don't say that,' he cried; 'it makes a man beside himself. Oh, if there was any chance that you might ever—I think—I'm almost sure—you would like the society in India—it's so easy; everybody's so kind. A—a young couple, you know, as long as the lady is—delightful.'

'But I am not a young couple,' said Constance with a smile. 'You sometimes confuse your plurals in the funniest way. Is that Indian too?—Now come, Captain Gaunt, let us get on. Begin at the andante. One, two—three! Now, let's get on.'

And then a few bars would be played, and then she would turn sharp round upon the music-stool and take the violin out of his astonished hands.

'Oh! what a shriek! It goes through and through one's head. Don't you think an instrument has feelings? That was a cry of the poor ill-used fiddle, that could bear no more. Give it to me.' She took the bow in her hands, and leaned the instrument tenderly against her shoulder. 'It should be played like this,' she said.

'Miss Waring, you can play the violin too?'

'A little,' she said, leaning down her soft cheek against it, as if she loved it, and drawing a

charmingly sympathetic harmony from the ill-used strings.

'I will never play again,' cried the young man. 'Yes, I will—to touch it where you have touched it. Oh, I think you can do everything, and make everything perfect you look at.'

'No!' said Constance, shaking her head as she ran the bow softly, so softly over the strings; 'for you are not perfect at all, though I have looked at you a great deal. Look! this is the way to do it. I am not going to accompany you any more. I am going to give you lessons. Take it now, and let me see you play that passage.—Louder, softer—louder. Come, that was better. I think I shall make something of you after all.'

'You can make anything of me,' said the poor young soldier, with his lips on the place her cheek had touched, 'whatever you please.'

'A first-rate violin-player, then,' said Constance. 'But I don't think my power goes so high as that.—Poor general, what does he say when you grind, as you call it, all the morning?'

'Oh, mother smooths him down—that is the use of a mother.'

'Is it?' said Constance, with an air of impartial inquiry. 'I didn't know.—Come, Captain Gaunt, we are losing all our time.'

And then *tant bien que mal*, the sonata was got through.

'I am glad Beethoven is dead,' said Constance as she closed the piano. 'He is safe from that at least; he can never hear us play. When you go home, Captain Gaunt, I advise you to take lodgings in some quite out-of-the-way place, about Russell Square, or Islington, or somewhere, and grind, as you call it, till you are had up as a nuisance; or else'—

'Or else—what, Miss Waring? Anything to please you.'

'Or else—give it up altogether,' Constance said.

His face grew very long; he was very fond of his violin. 'If you think it is so hopeless as that—if you wish me to give it up altogether'—

'Oh, not I. It amuses me. I like to hear you break down. It would be quite a pity if you were to give up, you take my scolding so delightfully. Don't give it up as long as you are here, Captain Gaunt. After that, it doesn't matter what happens—to me.'

'No,' he said, almost with a groan, 'it doesn't matter what happens after that—to me. It's the Deluge, you know,' said the poor young fellow. 'I wish the world would come to an end first'—thus unconsciously echoing the poet. 'But, Miss Waring,' he added anxiously, coming a little closer, 'I may come back? Though I must go to London, it is not necessary I should stay there. I may come back?'

'Oh, I hope so, Captain Gaunt. What would your mother do, if you did not come back? But I suppose she will be going away for the summer. Everybody leaves Bordighera in the summer, I hear.'

'I had not thought of that,' cried the young soldier. 'And you will be going too?'

'I suppose so,' said Constance. 'Papa, I hope, is not so lost to every sense of duty as to let me spoil my complexion for ever by staying here.'

'That would be impossible,' he said with eyes full of admiration.

'You intend that for a compliment, Captain Gaunt; but it is no compliment. It means either that I have no complexion to lose, or that I am one of those thick-skinned people who take no harm—neither of which is complimentary, nor true. I shall have to teach you how to pay compliments as well as how to play the violin.'

'Ah, if you only would!' he cried. 'Teach me how to make myself what you like—how to speak, how to look, how!'

'Oh, that is a great deal too much,' she said. 'I cannot undertake all your education.—Do you know it is close upon noon? Unless you are going to stay to breakfast!'

'Oh, thanks, Miss Waring! They will expect me at home. But you will give me a message to take back to my mother. I may come to fetch you to drive with her to-day?'

'It must be dreadfully dull work for her sitting waiting while we explore.'

'Oh, not at all. She is never dull when she knows I am enjoying myself—that's the mother's way.'

'Is it?' said Constance, with once more that air of acquiring information. 'I am not acquainted with that kind of mother. But do you think, Captain Gaunt, it is right to enjoy yourself, as you call it, at your mother's cost?'

He gave her a look of great doubt and trouble. 'Oh, Miss Waring, I don't think you should put it so. My mother finds her pleasure in that—indeed, she does. Ask herself. Of course, I would not impose upon her, not for the world; but she likes it, I assure you she likes it.'

'It is very extraordinary that any one should like sitting in that carriage for hours with nothing to do.—I will come with pleasure, Captain Gaunt. I will sit with your mother while you go and take your walk. That will be more cheerful for all parties,' Constance said.

Young Gaunt's face grew half a mile long. He began to expostulate and explain; but Waring's step was heard stirring in the next room, approaching the door, and the young man had no desire to see the master of the house with his watch in his hand, demanding to know why Domenico was so late. Captain Gaunt knew very well why Domenico was so late. He knew a way of conciliating the servants, though he had not yet succeeded with the young mistress. He said hurriedly, 'I will come for you at three,' and rushed away. Waring came in at one door as Gaunt disappeared at the other. The delay of the breakfast was a practical matter, of which, without any reproach of medievalism, he had a right to complain.

'If you must have this young fellow every morning, he may at least go away in proper time,' he said, with his watch in his hand, as young Gaunt had divined.

'O papa, twelve is striking loud enough. You need not produce your watch at the same time.'

'Then why have I to wait?' he said. There was something awful in his tone. But Domenico was equal to the occasion, worthy at once of the

lover's and of the father's trust. At that moment, Captain Gaunt having been got away while the great bell of Bordighera was still sounding, the faithful Domenico threw open, perhaps with a little more sound than was necessary, an ostentation of readiness, the dining-room door.

The meal was a somewhat silent one. Perhaps Constance was pondering the looks which she had not been able to ignore, the words which she had managed to quench like so many fiery arrows before they could set fire to anything, of her eager lover, and was pale and a little preoccupied in spite of herself, feeling that things were going further than she intended; and perhaps her father, feeling the situation too serious, and remonstrance inevitable, was silenced by the thought of what he had to say. It is so difficult in such circumstances for two people, with no relief from any third party, without even the wholesome regard for the servant in attendance, which keeps the peace during many a family crisis—for with Domenico, who knew no English, they were as safe as when they were alone—it is very difficult to find subjects for conversation that will not lead direct to the very heart of the matter which is being postponed. Constance could not talk of her music, for Gaunt was associated with it. She could not speak of her walk, for he was her invariable companion. She could ask no questions about the neighbourhood, for was it not to make her acquainted with the neighbourhood that all those expeditions were being made? The great bouquet of anemones which blazed in the centre of the table came from Mrs Gaunt's garden. She began to think that she was buying her amusement too dearly. As for Waring, his mind was not so full of these references, but he was occupied by the thoughts of what he had to say to this headstrong girl, and by a strong sense that he was an ill-used man, in having such responsibilities thrust upon him against his will. Frances would not have led him into such difficulties. To Frances, young Gaunt would have been no more interesting than his father; or so at least this man, whose experience had taught him so little, was ready to believe.

'I want to say something to you, Constance,' he began at length, after Domenico had left the room. 'You must not stop my mouth by remarks about middle-aged parents. I am a middle-aged parent, so there is an end of it.—Are you going to marry George Gaunt?'

'I—going to marry George Gaunt! Papa!'

'You had better, I think,' said her father. 'It will save us all a great deal of embarrassment. I should not have recommended it, had I been consulted at the beginning. But you like to be independent and have your own way; and the best thing you can do is to marry. I don't know how your mother will take it; but so far as I am concerned, I think it would save everybody a great deal of trouble. You will be able to turn him round your finger; that will suit you, though the want of money may be in your way.'

'I think you must mean to insult me, papa,' said Constance, who had grown crimson.

'That is all nonsense, my dear. I am suggesting what seems the best thing in the circumstances, to set us all at our ease.'

'To get rid of me, you mean,' she cried.

'I have not taken any steps to get rid of you. I did not invite you, in the first place, you will remember; you came of your own will. But I was very willing to make the best of it. I let Frances go, who suited me, whom I had brought up—for your sake. All the rest has been your doing. Young Gaunt was never invited by me. I have had no hand in those rambles of yours. But since you find so much pleasure in his society?—

'Papa! You know I don't find pleasure in his society; you know'—

'Then why do you seek it?' said Waring with that logic which is so cruel.

Constance, on the other side of the table, was as red as the anemones, and far more brilliant in the glow of passion. 'I have not sought it,' she cried. 'I have let him come—that is all. I have gone when Mrs Gaunt asked me. Must a girl marry any man that chooses to be silly? Can I help it, if he is so vain? It is only vanity,' she said, springing up from her chair, 'that makes men think a girl is always ready to marry. What should I marry for? If I had wanted to marry— Papa, I don't want to be disagreeable, but it is *vulgar*, if you force me to say it—it is common to talk to me so.'

'I might retort,' said Waring.

'O yes, I know you might retort. It is common to amuse one's self. So is it common to breathe and move about, and like a little fun when you are young. I have no fun here. There is nobody to talk to, not a thing to do. How do you suppose I am to get on? How can I live without something to take up my time?'

'Then you must take the consequences.'

In spite of herself, Constance felt a shiver of alarm. She began to speak, then stopped suddenly, looked at him with a look of mingled defiance and terror, and—what was so unlike her, so common, so weak, as she felt—began to cry, notwithstanding all she could do to restrain herself. To hide this unaccountable weakness, she hastened off and hid herself in her room, making as if she had gone off in resentment. Better that, than that he should see her crying like any silly girl. All this had got on her nerves, she explained to herself afterwards. The consequences! Constance held her breath as they became dimly apparent to her in an atmosphere of horror. George Gaunt, no longer an eager lover, whom it was amusing, even exciting to draw on, to see just on the eve of a self-committal, which it was the greatest fun in the world to stop, before it went too far—but the master of her destinies, her constant and inseparable companion, from whom she could never get free, by whom she must not even say that she was bored to death—gracious powers! and with so many other attendant horrors. To go to India with him, to fall into the life of the station, to march with the regiment. Constance' lively imagination pictured a baggage-wagon, with herself on the top, which made her laugh. But the reality was not laughable; it was horrible. The consequences! No; she would not take the consequences. She would sit with Mrs Gaunt in the carriage, and let him take his walk by himself. She would begin to show him the extent of his mistake from that very day. To take any sharper measures, to refuse to go out

with him at all, she thought, on consideration, not necessary. The gentler measures first, which perhaps he might be wise enough to accept.

But if he did not accept them, what was Constance to do? She had run away from an impending catastrophe, to take refuge with her father. But with whom could she take refuge, if he continued to hold his present strain of argument? And unless he would go away of himself, how was she to shake off this young soldier? She did not want to shake him off; he was all the amusement she had. What was she to do?

There glanced across her mind for a moment a sort of desperate gleam of reflection from her father's words: 'You like to be independent; the best thing you can do is to marry.' There was a kind of truth in it, a sort of distorted truth, such as was likely enough to come through the medium of a mind so wholly at variance with established forms of truth. Independent—there was something in that; and India was full of novelty, amusing, a sort of world she had no experience of. A tremor of excitement got into her nerves as she heard the bell ring, and knew that he had come for her. He! the only individual who was at all interesting for the moment, whom she held in her hands, to do what she pleased with. She could turn him round her little finger, as her father said: and independence! Was it a Mephistopheles that was tempting her, or a good angel leading her the right way?

THE DANGERS OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

THE accounts published from time to time by the government of India, showing the loss of life occasioned annually by snake-bites and the ravages of wild animals, still bear witness to a terrible mortality attributable to these scourges of our eastern possessions, and we might add, afford a clear proof that the present exertions of the government of India are inadequate for the purpose. The latest return published in the *Gazette* tells the truly awful tale, that in the year 1883 upwards of twenty-two thousand lives were lost from the above-mentioned causes. Nor can the returns rendered by district officers be considered as altogether complete or satisfactory, for, owing to the apathy of the natives of India and the almost universal belief among them of the 'decrees of fate,' many cases of death by snake-bite are never reported, and altogether escape the notice of the authorities. Then, again, it should be remembered that the government returns which give the number of deaths attributable to snakes and wild beasts, only include cases in *British* India, leaving altogether unrecorded the mortality from the same causes in large independent states, such as Jeypore, Gwalior, Rewah, and many others. Moreover, the British system of keeping down wild beasts and noxious reptiles does not obtain in these large tracts of territory under independent rajahs. There, natives are not encouraged by rewards to make the destruction of tigers, panthers, and others of the felidæ—as also cobras and other deadly snakes—a genuine pursuit and means of gaining a livelihood. Thus it comes to pass that in out-of-the-way parts, away from our jurisdiction, the loss of life from the above-mentioned causes

shows little or no diminution, but remains very much as in the days of old before we acquired India.

Among the wild animals figuring in the list as destructive to human life, the tiger naturally holds a prominent place; the deaths of no fewer than nine hundred and eighty-five human beings are laid to his charge; and yet the animal, if left unmolested and not provoked in any way, will seldom attack human beings. The truth is, tigers, as a rule, are cowards, only too willing to slink away on the approach of man. In former years—speaking chiefly of our own territories in British India—when tigers were much more common than they are nowadays, man-eaters were by no means rare. It was in those times nothing uncommon to hear of high-roads stopped, large tracts of country left uncultivated, villages deserted, and permitted to fall to ruin, owing to the ravages of these dreaded creatures. Now, however, man-eaters have been nearly exterminated; occasionally one is heard of; but almost invariably his evil deeds attract the attention of the civil officer of the district, and an organised expedition is sent in search of the marauder, and eventually the animal is killed, either by the rifle of an English sportsman, or by the matchlock of some local shikarie.

How, then, it will naturally be asked, if man-eaters are so rare, does it come to pass that nearly a thousand unfortunate creatures lose their lives in a single year by tigers? In the first place, although man-eating tigers are now fortunately rare, yet there can be no doubt that the tiger when suddenly come upon in his lair, or met accidentally face to face when on the move, will, on the spur of the moment—more from fear, probably, than anything else—strike down any one barring his way, and pass swiftly on. Casualties of this kind often occur in wooded parts of the country. A tigress with young is especially dangerous, and will often furiously attack any one approaching the spot where the cubs are.

Again, cattle-keepers, or *gwallas* as they are termed in Bengal, often lose their lives by courageously exposing themselves when endeavouring to rescue some one of their charges from the clutches of the destroyer. At such times the tiger is especially dangerous. He has probably tasted blood, and often will not surrender his prey without a struggle. Should a body of men keeping close together approach him as he crouches growling behind the bullock he has dragged to the ground, he will sometimes slowly and reluctantly beat a retreat; but often rendered furious by a shower of sticks and stones cast at him and by the shouts of his daring assailants, he charges out with flashing eye and a roar of rage, and strikes down one or more of his assailants.

A prevalent cause of death occasioned by snake-bites, &c., is the almost universal habit among the poorer classes of natives of travelling by night during the hot-weather months. It is exceptional to meet with a cobra during the daytime; but after sunset reptiles sally forth in search of food. A native, generally speaking, walks barefooted, or wears only a low shoe, which affords no protection to the ankle or leg. In the darkness, he treads upon or touches some deadly

snake, is immediately bitten, and probably before daylight, lies a corpse by the roadside.

The same reckless custom of passing after sunset through jungles inhabited by all kinds of wild beasts, is, though in a less degree, a constant source of danger, frequently ending in death. It has already been remarked that the tiger, if left unmolested, will seldom interfere with man, but more often, when disturbed in the daytime, will slink off with a surly growl of fear. This rule, however, certainly does not hold good with equal force after nightfall. Then wild animals are all on the prowl after prey, and they seem to be perfectly aware of the advantage they possess over human beings of a vision specially adapted by nature to penetrate the pitchy darkness of the night. Not only, therefore, is there a greater probability of travellers meeting with dangerous animals when passing through the forest after sunset, but the tiger and his comrades of the jungle are then bolder and more to be feared; and though the tiger be a coward at heart, yet, under cover of darkness, and perhaps pinched with hunger, the sound of voices in the dead stillness of the night entices the brute to approach the roadway; and a string of defenceless natives, passing within a few yards of his lurking-place, still further awakens his evil instincts. The temptation proves too great, and with a bound, he springs upon one of the hapless travellers and carries off his shrieking victim.

We are told in the *Gazette*, that in the year 1883, no fewer than forty-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-eight head of cattle were devoured by wild animals; and there can be no doubt that the tiger is extremely mischievous in this respect, and in consequence lays a very severe tax on natives inhabiting villages bordering upon large forests or anywhere near to his stronghold. A pair of royal tigers will probably kill and devour from ten to twelve bullocks of large size within a month's time; and a tigress with two or three nearly full-grown cubs is still more destructive. The latter, not content with pulling down cattle for food, will often, out of pure mischief, destroy two and three at a time.

There are tigers which live almost entirely on large game, such as deer and wild pigs, seldom approaching villages or the haunts of man; but, unfortunately, the great majority depend almost entirely on cattle for food; and this is not to be wondered at. The ruminants of the forest are timid, restless creatures, ever on the lookout against danger, so that it happens constantly that, in spite of the crafty, noiseless approach of their striped enemy, he is discovered ere he can creep to within springing distance. The tiger, however, is often more successful when lying in wait hard by some pool of water in the jungles. After a long hot day, towards nightfall, deer, parched with thirst, are often impatient to reach the precious water, and incautiously approach without perceiving their hidden enemy.

But the tiger soon discovers that he can provide himself with food with far less trouble and exertion by preying on cattle. Not only is stalking them an easy task when the herd is grazing on the outskirts of the jungle, but often—unlike deer, which bound away almost immediately on discovering their lurking enemy—a

herd of cattle will stand spell-bound, paralysed with fear, their whole attention fixed upon the striped marauder grovelling along the ground and rapidly approaching to within springing distance. Then, when too late to make their escape, the foolish creatures turn to fly; but with a bound, the tiger is upon them, and seizing a victim in his terrible grip, brings it to the ground, and kills it with one wrench of his powerful jaws.

The Asiatic lion, from certain characteristics, such as the almost total want of a mane in the male, and its smaller size, was formerly held to be of a different species from the lion of Africa; but naturalists are now inclined to consider the two animals identical. Little is known of the habits of the Indian lion, and except in Cutch, Guzerat, and one or two other spots in the Bombay presidency, it has become extremely rare. Sportsmen who have met with and shot the animal describe it as dangerous when wounded and followed up; but, like the tiger, unless provoked, the Indian lion almost invariably endeavours to make off on being disturbed. Nor does the animal appear to be nearly so bold and dangerous after nightfall, as is the case with the African lion. A crouching lion in long grass or bushes, even in comparatively bare open ground, is more difficult to distinguish than the tiger, on account of the tawny hide exactly matching the colour of the surroundings. It may be here mentioned that it is a mistake to suppose that the male lion in its wild state carries the long flowing mane that we see in specimens shut up in cages. The lion often inhabits dense thorny thickets; and his mane, from constant 'combing' and wear and tear when passing through prickly bushes, becomes shortened in a measure, and wants the flowing luxuriance of hair so marked in our caged specimens. The Indian lion, though an inveterate cattle-killer like his striped brother, seldom, if ever, takes to devouring human beings.

The panther and leopard both in a great measure bear a similar character to the royal tiger; they seldom will attack man, unless provoked, driven to bay or wounded, when, like all the larger felidæ, they become highly dangerous, and lives are often lost in their pursuit on foot. Instances now and again occur of both these animals showing unusual ferocity and taking to man-killing; but fortunately this habit is exceptional. The panther of Central India—a large powerful beast—is held to be, by many experienced sportsmen, as also by native hunters, a more dangerous animal to cope with than the tiger; and both panther and leopard ascend trees with facility, a power fortunately denied to the tiger.

Not many years ago, an officer seated in a tree in company with a native fired at a panther passing below, wounding the creature severely. The panther sprang up the stem of the tree, dragged the unfortunate sportsman down to the ground, mauling him so dreadfully that he died soon after; and then actually ascended the tree a second time and killed the shikarie.

The panther, like the tiger, is direfully mischievous in killing cattle; and the leopard continually harries the flocks and herds of the villagers, often taking up its abode within a few

hundred yards of the houses. Since the time of the Indian Mutiny, when the country was disarmed, leopards have greatly increased in many parts, more especially in our hill territories. In former days, almost every village possessed two or three guns; now, however, only certain individuals bearing a license from the authorities carry firearms, and in consequence, wild animals are not sufficiently killed down.

The leopard is particularly addicted to carrying off dogs. The animal will seldom face a powerful dog in the open; but by creeping up unperceived and waiting for a favourable opportunity, it suddenly takes the dog at a disadvantage, fastening on to its neck, and seldom quitting its hold till the strength of its victim is exhausted. In spite of broad iron collars garnished with spikes for a protection, large-sized, valuable sheep-dogs are very often carried off by leopards in the valleys of the Himalaya.

Included in our Indian carnivora are three species of bears. Two of these, the brown and Himalayan black bear, are confined to our northern hill regions. The third species (*Ursus labiatus*) is only found in the plains of India, or rather in our lower ranges of hills, for it is found in the Neilgherries of Madras. The last-named species never eats flesh, subsisting chiefly on wild fruit, various roots, grain, termites, and honey; but the two Himalayan species undoubtedly occasionally kill sheep, goats, and cows, and devour the flesh.

A number of deaths are annually laid to the charge of the bear tribe. Woodcutters are often brought in terribly torn and disfigured. Sometimes individual cases occur when the bear attacks a man without the slightest provocation. A she-bear with cubs is perhaps more jealous of human beings approaching her young than any other quadruped. She will at such times furiously attack and pursue any one coming near to her whelps, often inflicting terrible wounds with her teeth and claws; but never, as we so constantly read, does she, on coming to close quarters, attempt to hug or squeeze a man in her powerful grasp.

Though in general nocturnal, all three species of the Indian bear will sometimes be met with in the daytime, more especially during the rainy season, when the grass and jungle grow thick and matted. At such times, in out-of-the-way spots where the forest remains undisturbed, the Himalayan black bear will be met with searching for acorns below clumps of oak-trees, or amidst the branches gathering the fruit; and just before nightfall, a black shuffling object will sometimes be met with on the public road. But, as a rule, if left alone, a bear will seldom molest a human being.

One other animal of the carnivora, the 'Bhériá' or 'Indian wolf,' has to be noted to complete the list, and this animal justly carries a bad reputation for destroying life. There is something peculiarly horrible in the character of the Indian wolf. He hardly ever will face a man or a woman, but makes children his chief prey. In some of our northern provinces, more especially Oude and parts of Rohilkund, as also throughout the north-western provinces of Bengal, the loss of life from wolves is terribly great. Unlike the larger felidæ,

which are all nocturnal in habits, the wolf—which belongs to the Canidæ family—constantly wanders about in search of prey in the daytime. At night, young children are often taken from their beds, or when lying asleep in the open air. It is the habit of the animal to lie in wait in some patch of sugar-cane or Indian corn in close proximity to a village. There the fell brute bides his time, watching a party of poor naked urchins at play, till presently one of the group strays from his comrades and approaches near to the crouching foe. There is a sudden cry, and a glimpse of a brown object making off. But a rescue is seldom effected in time, for the wolf generally destroys his victim before assistance can be rendered.

J. H. B.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

MR GOULDING again had John for his driver, and on this occasion made no secret of the fact that Mrs Reddie had come in for all the property. The man had very likely heard as much before, but he seemed pleased, for the lady was a general favourite at 'The Firs.'

Presently he said: 'I don't like that little man, sir—him as come with Sir Peter.'

'Why?'

'Well, sir, they come out to the stables, to look round they said; but they was only trying to pump me. Mr Crooks, he says to me: "Weren't you one of the witnesses to your master's will?" and when I told him I wasn't, he begins to talk about something else. But after a while he comes at me again, and he says: "I believe your poor master was wandering a good deal before he died." "I didn't hear that, sir," I says; "he was always pretty hard in the head." So then he says: "It was on Wednesday Mr Goulding came down from London first, wasn't it?" "Yes, sir," I says; and then he asks: "Well, how was it he came back on Thursday?" "I don't know, sir," I says; "but I think I see him over there; maybe you'd like to talk to him?" So at that he made off, and dragged Sir Peter with him.'

Mr Goulding laughed at this story; but he felt a little uneasy and annoyed, nevertheless. He did not talk much during the drive, for his thoughts were occupied with the events of the last few days, and he was wondering whether there would be any news for him when he reached London. The case now stood thus: if the will were found within a few days, all would be well. If it were not, and Sir Peter came to hear of the circumstances, it was probable that the clever Mr Crooks would urge him to apply for letters of administration. Mr Goulding could then delay their further progress by entering what is called a *caveat*, which would cause the matter to be brought into court. If, however, the will were not recovered by the time the case came to be heard, the court would grant administration to Sir Peter Mossop as next of kin. It might, of course, come to light afterwards; but possession is nine points of the law, and as the baronet would in that event be more likely to dispute it, endless litigation and expense might result. Of course the document must be in existence somewhere; but the danger was that if

the person who held it should make inquiries, and find out that it would be worth so much to Sir Peter, he might offer to sell it to him, and the temptation would be too strong for the impecunious baronet to resist, especially if he were guided by his trusty counsellor, David Crooks. The latter would, no doubt, be satisfied if his client got even temporary possession of the estate, as that would give him a sufficient opportunity of fleeing his victim.

It was to be hoped, however, that none of these disagreeable possibilities would be realised; at all events, Mr Goulding had a little time at his disposal in which to act. He did not care much about his own legacy, but it troubled him exceedingly to think that, by his unfortunate negligence, he might be the means of keeping Mrs Reddie and her family out of their fortune. Besides, when the affair came to be known, as it undoubtedly would, his professional reputation would be seriously injured, and the firm would suffer in consequence. Altogether, he felt his position so acutely, that had he been sufficiently wealthy, he would have made the loss all his own, large as it was.

In passing through Crewe, he once more called at the Inquiry Office, but with a like result. The railway people had heard nothing more about the bag, and as they were not liable for the loss of anything that was in the passenger's own care, it is likely they did not trouble themselves much on the subject. Mr Goulding, travelling by the same train as on the previous Thursday, reached home about the same hour, but only to find that there was no message about the missing will awaiting him. He passed a restless night, and went down to his office betimes on the following morning, to the surprise of the junior clerk, who arrived at the same moment. When Mr Shuttleworth walked in, nearly an hour later, it was only another disappointment for his partner. He had been round to Poynter's the evening before, but the ex-detective had nothing to communicate. Mr Goulding's spirits fell considerably on hearing this, for he had fully expected that the offer of fifty pounds would lead to the restoration of the papers; but he concluded that perhaps the thief was waiting for better terms, and so determined to make the reward a hundred. He paid a visit to Mr Poynter shortly afterwards, to announce his intention and consult; and at this interview the conductor of private inquiries assumed his most profound and knowing air, and favoured the solicitor with a great deal of oracular wisdom, which was taken for what it was worth.

'You see,' he said, 'the party that's got it knows—if he knows anything—that it's good for a lot more than fifty. Of course he's aware that he'll have to give it up in the long-run, because he sees my name to the advertisement. I've got my eye on him, so to speak, and I always track these fellows out before I stop.'

'I'm greatly afraid you haven't got your eye on this fellow,' said the solicitor, whose patience was sorely tried by this inflated style of talking. It might have done very well with simple folk, he thought, but ought not to have been assumed towards him, an experienced man of law.

'Well, if you were to send me down to Crewe for a week, I have no doubt it would shorten

the chase. I have two or three important cases in hand, but I would manage to leave them over to oblige you.'

'No, thank you,' said Mr Goulding, coldly.

'But of course, as I was saying before,' Mr Poynter continued, 'he knows it's worth a lot more than fifty, and he's holding out for something bigger.'

'Well, we must try whether a hundred will tempt him.'

'Yes, we can try, Mr Goulding. You see, *you* have your idea of how it was stolen, and *I* have *mine*—*I* have *mine*,' Mr Poynter repeated impressively, shutting his eyes and thrusting his hands into his pockets.

But all this was thrown away on Mr Goulding, who adhered to his determination to simply increase the reward, believing that to be the only plan likely to succeed; although the private inquirer would have been very glad to pocket a few pounds by a wildgoose chase to Crewe.

'Anyhow, it's a good thing you came to me first about it,' the latter continued, as Mr Goulding was leaving. 'It was much better than letting your own name be known.'

The solicitor returned to his office in better spirits, hoping great things from the offer of a hundred pounds; but, though the new advertisements duly appeared the following day, another week slipped by without any result whatever.

The case was now growing desperate, and as a last resource, it was decided to offer a still more tempting reward of two hundred and fifty pounds. This time, however, a note was appended to the announcement, stating that no further reward would be offered. And now ensued an anxious time for Mr Goulding. Many messages passed between him and Mr Poynter; many discussions took place between the solicitors themselves. Mr Shuttleworth was of opinion that Mr Goulding's fellow-passenger was the culprit; while Mr Goulding thought it was either the woman who opened the carriage-door, or some one who had been standing by at the moment. The more they argued, the more positive Mr Shuttleworth became; in fact, so convinced was he, that he longed to hand a description of the gentleman to the police.

There was one scrap of consolation for them; it was evident the holder of the will had not as yet negotiated with Sir Peter Mossop, as in that case the baronet would probably have bought it in at once and laid claim to the estate; or, if he had been so honourable as to refuse, the document would have been restored to the rightful owners. However, the crisis was reached when one day Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding were waited on by a Mr Keene—a second-rate London solicitor—who said that he was acting for Mr Crooks of Wrexham, who had asked him to call, on behalf of Sir Peter Mossop, with reference to the will of his deceased relative.

'Perhaps I am taking a liberty,' he said; 'but I have come only to save trouble. Sir Peter understands that the will has not been proved yet, and indeed it would appear that grave doubts might arise as to its validity. Under these circumstances, he is advised to apply for letters of administration as next of kin, if probate be not applied for by you within the next few days;

or if it be, to dispute the will, unless an amicable arrangement can be effected. My instructions now are merely to ask your intentions, if you have no objection to state them.'

Both partners were present at the interview, and neither of them spoke for a few moments after Mr Keene had concluded. The question was indeed one which required a little time for reflection. It was plain that Sir Peter, or his solicitor, suspected that there was something wrong about the will, or that it was not forthcoming; but as to entertaining doubts of its validity, that was only an empty threat, designed to frighten the legatees into buying off the baronet with a share of the estate.

If the latter had really contemplated challenging the will, he—or Mr Crooks for him—would have taken action at once, instead of parleying in this way. Of course Crooks and his client had endeavoured to take them by surprise in getting Mr Keene to call, and not communicating by letter, which would have allowed time to consider the reply; and they thought, no doubt, that the London firm would be entrapped into making some indiscreet admission. But Mr Shuttleworth was a shrewd old fellow, and not to be caught in that way.

'We don't for a moment consider that Mr Mossop's will is open to question,' he said; 'and, for my own part, I should be sorry if Mr Crooks buoyed up his client with groundless expectations that could only lead to further expense and disappointment.'

'Quite so,' assented Mr Goulding, who was feeling very nervous.

'And as to the probate,' Mr Shuttleworth continued, 'we hope to attend to that matter in a day or two, if possible.—That is all the information I can give you, sir,' he added, and bowed Mr Keene out before that gentleman could renew the subject.

When he was gone, Mr Goulding gave a sigh of relief. 'You got out of that very well,' he observed; 'but I have grave fears as to how the affair will end.'

'It is a perfect mystery,' said Mr Shuttleworth; 'for unless we suppose that the thief is expecting a still larger reward, in spite of the announcement that this was final, there is no possible solution of it that I can see. The bag and the will and other papers must be in *somebody's* possession. If the person is honest, he can easily restore them, for our address is on them all: if he is dishonest, there is the two hundred and fifty pounds to tempt him; or he might try what he could get from Sir Peter, if he knew the circumstances and thought our offer too small.'

'I am afraid we can't hold out much longer, however,' said Mr Goulding, as he set forth on another fruitless journey to Poynter's office.

It may perhaps appear strange that the solicitors had not engaged the services of a Scotland Yard detective. It was not, however, that they undervalued the skill of those officers, but at first they had both felt so confident that the reward would be sufficient to recover the will, that they had not taken any other steps, except of course that Mr Goulding had given information at the Crewe police office. Now that some time had elapsed, to track the thief would be an absolutely hopeless task, for

they had no tangible clue to go upon. Had a bundle of bank-notes been stolen, there would have been a chance of tracing them by the numbers, because the thief would naturally attempt to circulate them; but a will was worth nothing to any one but the parties concerned. Under the circumstances, they could do nothing but await the course of events.

A few more days passed and Mr Goulding was at his wits' end. He was harassed with letters from Mrs Reddie anxiously asking for news. She had shut up her house at Manchester, and taken her three younger daughters to stay with her at 'The Firs'; so it seemed as if they were determined to make good use of that residence while they could, even though they should lose the property after all. The Misses Reddie were beginning to fret, their mother said, at the prolonged suspense; while their prospects of being emancipated from poverty (and spinsterhood) no doubt became each day fainter. The melancholy effects of the loss were beginning to be felt even in Mr Goulding's household. Mrs Goulding, who was taken into her husband's confidence about this matter, found him growing morose and irritable, and was not permitted to indulge in her favourite songs, which, he said, jarred on his nerves. The three young Gouldings also shared in the general depression, and were banished to the nursery on the slightest provocation. There were two little girls, aged about eight and six, and a little boy of four. The latter was called Arthur after his father, and had always been much petted; but now he was so persistently snubbed, that one evening he confided to his elder sister his intention of leaving the house, and looking out for another Pa, if his own Pa 'kept on being so nasty.' Altogether, the approaching festive season promised to be dreary enough; but this state of things was not to last for ever.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 5th of December, the senior partner had gone home early, and Mr Goulding was sitting in his private office alone. That very day he had received a letter from Mrs Reddie, stating that, after consulting with her children, she had come to the determination to end the suspense if possible, and make terms with Sir Peter by undertaking not to claim the property in the event of the will turning up afterwards, on condition of his allowing her and her daughters a substantial annuity. Mr Goulding did not like this proposal at all. The baronet did not as yet even know that the will was lost, though he might have suspected it; but to make these overtures to him would be to show their hand. If Sir Peter acted for himself, indeed, there might be a chance of his consenting to a compromise; but he would doubtless be in the hands of Crooks, who was so avaricious that he would be sure to make the most of the opportunity, and give the Reddies nothing. Besides, Mr Goulding felt that it would be too bad if the bulk of the property went to Sir Peter after all, in spite of the testator's wishes, and without making a fight for it. He had begun to write a reply to Mrs Reddie, urging her to wait a little longer, when one of the clerks came to say that a gentleman wished to see him.

'Who is he?' Mr Goulding asked.

'He wouldn't give his name, sir; but he said he must see one of the firm.'

'Show him in then,' said the solicitor wearily, as he laid down his pen; and presently the gentleman entered.

He was a tall man, with gray hair and whiskers, but slightly bald. His face was careworn, but refined, and his eyes were clear and kindly-looking. He wore a long, heavy overcoat, and his throat was muffled up to the chin, his coat-collar being also turned up. His age might have been sixty years. He took the chair which Mr Goulding indicated, keeping as much in the shadow as possible; and, after a moment's hesitation, began the conversation with a little nervousness of manner.

'I believe I am speaking to Mr Goulding?'

The solicitor bowed.

'Did you not lose a bag lately, with some papers in it?'

'Yes, yes!' exclaimed Mr Goulding, turning pale in his eagerness. 'What of it? Do you know where it is?'

'It is quite safe. But I must make one condition, or rather ask one favour of you, and that is, that you will not seek to know my name, or anything beyond what I shall tell you myself.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly!—But is there a will in the bag? Where is it?'

'The bag is here, and the will also; and I thought it best to bring it straight to you,' said the gentleman, with a slight smile, as he produced a paper parcel.

Mr Goulding hastily tore it open, and there, sure enough, was his bag; and in it were various papers and the precious will itself. For a minute he was quite unable to speak; then he seized the gentleman's hand and shook it vigorously.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'you are the most welcome visitor I've had for many a long day! But tell me about it; I can't understand it at all.'

'I will tell you,' said the gentleman, with a touch of sadness in his tone; 'but I hope you will not repeat more of the story than is necessary. I found your papers in my house only yesterday. The bag was taken—I do not know exactly under what circumstances—but it was taken by my wife.'

'Your wife?'

'Yes. She is provided with every luxury, for I am rich; but she is afflicted with that failing called kleptomania, and this is not the first time it has led to unhappy results. She takes everything she can lay her hands on, I am sorry to say, when she thinks it can be done safely; and I have no doubt she took your bag, though she says she found it. But how did it occur?'

Mr Goulding briefly explained the circumstances.

'Then the advertisement in the papers is yours?'

'Yes.'

'I guessed as much. My wife was travelling at the time with her maid, and had to change at Crewe, so it must have been she who looked into your compartment. I suppose, seeing the bag close to her hand, she took it and concealed it under her cloak without the knowledge of

her attendant. It happened, fortunately, that I had occasion to open a private drawer of hers yesterday, where I saw the bag; but when I questioned her about it, she said she found it in the train, which, as I feared, was not exactly true. I live more than a hundred miles from London; but I lost no time in coming up to restore it. And now I hope there is nothing missing?

'It is all right, I am happy to say,' Mr Goulding replied. (He did not mention the thirty shillings, which it appeared the lady had kept.)

'Then I will go,' said the gentleman; 'but I am very sorry if this has caused any serious inconvenience.'

'Well, of course it has worried us; but that is past; and I thank you very much for coming so promptly to take a load off my mind.'

Then they shook hands, and the strange gentleman withdrew; but who or what he was the partners never discovered.

Mr Goulding immediately telegraphed to Mrs Reddie, who was of course overjoyed at the news. And now no time was lost about proving the will, which Sir Peter Mossop and his adviser were sensible enough not to oppose. The former, however, wrote to Mrs Reddie to ask for the loan of three hundred pounds, which, in the fullness of her heart, she sent him, and which, in the fullness of *his* heart, he forgot to repay. Two hundred of it he paid to Crooks, on account of certain bills, and the other hundred covered his losses at cards during the ensuing month.

Mr Poynter, of the Private Inquiry Office, was not altogether pleased at the matter being settled without his intervention; but he reminded Mr Goulding that he always had his own idea of how the will was stolen.

Mrs Reddie and her daughters took up their residence at 'The Firs' permanently. The former liberally carried out Mr Mossop's intentions respecting legacies to the servants, who, under her rule, agreed together better than formerly; besides which, they were now called by their own proper names, instead of the *aliases* forced on them by their late master. Lastly, harmony reigned once more in the Goulding family; and Master Arthur, having repented of his intention to leave the parental roof and look for another 'Pa,' received his own original 'Pa' back into favour.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTION.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

ELECTRIC railways are of very recent origin, as it is only since the invention and perfection of the modern dynamo-electric machine, and its converse the electric motor, that it has become possible to practically work such railways. The essentials of an electric railway are (1) a generator or source of power, such as a steam-engine or water-wheel; (2) a dynamo-electric machine, in which the energy of the coal or water is converted into electricity; (3) a pair of conductors, by which the electricity is conveyed to and fro between the electric motor and dynamo; and (4) an electric motor, in which the electricity is reconverted

into mechanical power, and applied to turn the wheels of the train. An electric railway is thus simply an instance of the transmission of power from a near to a distant point, the medium of transmission being the electric current. Electricity for this purpose may be obtained from coal, mountain streams, tidal power, or any other source of energy. The conductors consist of a 'going' and 'returning' wire, or other metal conductor, well insulated from one another; and means must be provided for keeping up a constant electrical communication between these conductors and the poles of the motor on the moving train.

A dynamo-electric machine consists of an armature composed of coils of insulated wire mounted on a spindle, and of electro-magnets closely surrounding this armature. The forcible rotation of the armature in the presence of the magnets gives rise to the electric current. Let two such machines have their terminals joined by conductors, and the first machine be driven by some source of power. The current generated in the first machine passes into the second machine, and causes its armature to rotate in the opposite direction to that of the first machine. Thus the current is re-converted into mechanical motion, and the power given out by the second machine will be equal to that given to the first machine, less certain unavoidable losses due to friction and to the heating of the machines and conductors. The second machine is in this case called an electric motor.

An electric railway was first exhibited by Dr W. Siemens at the Berlin Exhibition in 1879. The current was conveyed by a central rail to the motor on the moving car, and returned by the two working rails on which the car ran. The line was nine hundred yards long, with a two feet gauge. The success attending this experimental railway led to the laying of the Lichterfelde line in Berlin, in which the working rails were laid on insulating wooden sleepers, one rail acting as the 'outgoing' circuit, and the other as the 'return' circuit. This line is two thousand five hundred yards long, with a three feet three inch gauge, and is worked by two dynamo-machines developing about twelve horse-power. It has been in constant use since it was opened in May 1881. The electric railway at the Paris Exhibition in 1881 was used to convey passengers to and from the Exhibition, ninety-five thousand persons being carried by it in the space of seven weeks. As some objection was made to the employment of the rails as conductors, on account of the supposed danger to men or animals, overhead conductors were used in this case. These consisted of hollow metallic tubes, suspended from the tops of posts, and having continuous longitudinal slits, contact being made by a metallic bolt drawn through the tubes by flexible cables attached to the car. In the same year, an electric railway was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in which both the ordinary rails were used as the 'return' conductor, and a third insulated rail was used as the 'going' conductor. The car was similar to an ordinary tram-car, and carried twenty passengers. In a second electric railway in Berlin, two overhead conductors, nine inches apart, are used, contact being made by a small carriage running on them and attached by flexible cables to the moving car. This system has also been

adopted on a line seven hundred yards long at the Zankerode Colliery in Germany, and has been working successfully since October 1882. At the Exhibition of Electric Appliances in Chicago the year before last, an electric railway ran around the gallery of the main building, about one-third of a mile in length. In the space of thirteen days, over twenty-six thousand passengers were carried on this railway.

At the International Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1884, an electric railway was exhibited, and carried many persons. Quite recently, an electric railway four miles in length has been opened connecting the towns of Frankfort and Offenbach. Overhead slit tube conductors suspended from poles are used on this line.

In the north of Ireland, an electric railway between Portrush and Bushmills—a distance of six miles—has been working very satisfactorily for many months past. The two working rails are joined electrically by copper bolts, and form the 'return' circuit, the current being conveyed to the car by a third rail placed on short insulated standards, and rubbed by a brush attached to the car. The motive-power for this railway is obtained from turbines placed at a fall on the river Bush. (A full account of the line will be found in this *Journal* for Nov. 17, 1883.) A second line, about three miles in length, is now in course of construction in Ireland. It is being made for the Bessbrook Spinning Company, near Newry, and is expected to be opened this year.

A very interesting experiment in electric railways has been in progress at Brighton for some time past, which many of our seaside resorts might with advantage imitate. A line was opened in August 1883, and continued working until January 1884, when it was taken up in order to alter the gradient for the new road. The line started opposite the Aquarium and terminated at the Chain Pier—a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The flanged rails upon which the car ran, and which acted also as electric conductors, were spiked to longitudinal sleepers. These wooden sleepers were simply coated with tar, and laid on the shingle parallel with the road, the insulation thus obtained being found to be amply sufficient. The dynamo used to generate the current was driven by a gas-engine. During the six months the line was open, thirty thousand persons were carried by it. The new railway starts at the Aquarium, as before, is continued under the Chain Pier, and terminates at the Free Pier—a distance of nearly a mile. The new car is of very handsome design, and carries eighteen passengers. Since the opening of this line, over two hundred thousand persons have availed themselves of it. Financially, the line has been a great success, and at times the demand for seats has been so great that the accommodation has been quite inadequate, and arrangements have been made for placing additional cars on the line.

In the railways of the future, the chief object to be attained is that a larger number of passengers may travel at a higher rate of speed, with greater safety, and at a less cost than at present. All the above conditions should be simultaneously satisfied by any system which is to supersede our present railways. A system of electric railways would seem to satisfy these

conditions more completely than any other. The percentage of passengers injured while travelling in our old stage-coaches was much greater than in railway travelling; and it may reasonably be hoped that this percentage may be still further reduced, even with a considerable increase over the present rate of speed. An electrically driven train requires no heavy cumbrous locomotive, the train being driven by small motors attached to each pair of wheels. Some of the advantages of such a system are at once apparent. The ponderous locomotive, weighing frequently one half as much as the train of carriages behind it, wastes a proportional amount of power in propelling itself. The entire line with its rails and bridges must be made strong enough to carry safely the weight of the locomotive and to withstand the terrific wear and tear caused by such a huge mass moving at a high speed. If there were no locomotives, railways might be made much lighter, with a great saving both in first cost and maintenance. By driving a train from every pair of wheels, instead of from the driving-wheels of the locomotive alone, it becomes possible to go round curves with greater safety and at a much higher speed than at present; the swaying and jolting are reduced to a minimum; full speed can be attained in a few seconds instead of several minutes; and much steeper inclines can be surmounted than is now possible. In rounding a curve, a considerable portion of the power of the locomotive is expended in forcing the flanges of the wheels against the rails and in tending to pull the carriages off the rails. The principle here involved is precisely similar to that in the case of a train provided with a continuous brake and one in which the engine alone is provided with a brake. In the former case, the train can be brought to rest much more speedily than in the latter. With the lines in average condition, an ordinary train would run down an incline of about one in fifty, if the engine alone were braked; but if the train were supplied with a continuous brake, it could rest without slipping on an incline of about one in five. Hence is evident the advantage an electrically driven train would have in rapidly getting up full speed and in surmounting steep inclines. An immense saving in first cost of construction would result from the possibility of working lines of railway with steeper gradients than is at present possible.

The electric system of propulsion would seem to be admirably adapted for suburban tramways, elevated lines, and lines through tunnels like the Metropolitan Railway. The weight and noise of the engine are got rid of, and the air remains free from the unpleasant products of combustion. The carriages can also be lighted and warmed with manifest convenience from the same conductors from which they derive their motion. As regards the competition of electricity with the locomotive for main lines of railway, it is impossible at present to speak with any degree of certainty. Electric railways up to the present time are on a comparatively small scale; but judging from their undoubted success and from theoretical considerations, future success would appear to be assured. For light lines through difficult country, underground, and elevated lines, there can be no doubt but that the locomotive

will be superseded before long by the electric system.

In order to avoid the large amount of leakage which must necessarily take place on a long line, Messrs Ayrton and Perry propose to divide the line into a number of sections, the current being conveyed along the whole length of the line by a well-insulated cable laid alongside the ordinary rails. Each section is put into electrical communication with the cable, automatically by the train as required, and contact broken again as the train leaves the section. Leakage can thus take place only from a section on which a train happens to be, instead of from the whole length of line, the leakage from the cable being practically nil. Such an arrangement may be made to constitute an absolute block system, so that one train cannot possibly run into a preceding one, even if the latter comes to a stop. Imagine three consecutive sections A, B, and C. A train leaving section A, and entering section B, cuts off the current from section A, and receives current from section B. At the same moment the 'going' and 'returning' conductors of section A are automatically connected, and the motors of a train entering on this section are at once 'short-circuited' and brought to rest, so that no following train can proceed along section A until the train in front has entered section C. Section A is for the time a blocked section, and a train entering such a section is at once powerfully braked, and cannot be started again until the train in front is at a safe distance ahead. Hence, there must always be at least one unoccupied section between two trains. The value and safety of such a system are at once evident, and it is a system which is absolutely independent of signalmen, drivers, or guards.

An interesting line is now in course of construction in London—namely, the Charing Cross and Waterloo Electric Railway. This line is to start from the north end of Northumberland Avenue, opposite the *Grand Hotel*, pass under the Thames in iron caissons, and terminate at the present Waterloo terminus of the London and South-western Railway. The line is to be double, and worked by a stationary engine, driving the dynamo-electric machines at the Waterloo end. It is proposed to run the carriages separately, and start them as filled, about three minutes being occupied on the journey. Plans and estimates have been prepared and deposited for two other underground electric railways, but they have been successfully opposed for the present. These are—the Mid London Electric Railway, from Oxford Street to Cornhill; and the London Central Electric Railway, from Northumberland Avenue to the General Post-office, by way of Piccadilly Circus, New Oxford Street, and Holborn.

Another system of electric propulsion especially suitable for tramways in towns involves the use of secondary batteries. A secondary battery is an instrument for storing electricity—electrical energy, not current, being contained in a charged battery. A storage or secondary cell consists of a number of thin lead plates placed close together edgewise in glass or ebonite boxes, but prevented from touching one another by india-rubber plugs. The lead plates are perforated, and the holes filled with oxide of lead in the form of red lead.

The alternate plates in a cell are connected together electrically by soldering, one set being called the positive, and the other the negative, plates. The box or cell is filled up with dilute sulphuric acid. A number of such cells with their terminals connected together, usually in series, constitutes a secondary battery. When the current from a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the cells, the red lead on the positive plates is converted into peroxide of lead, and on the negative plates is reduced to spongy metallic lead. This is effected by the liberation of oxygen at the positive plates, and hydrogen at the negative plates by the action of the current. This process having been carried on for some time, volumes of gas arise from the plates, and the charging is complete. The charged battery is now ready for use, and may be made to light electric lamps or drive electric motors by connecting them to its terminals. The battery is gradually discharged of its energy, the plates return to their original condition, and are ready for re-charging.

As usually made, a one horse-power cell contains twelve pairs of plates, weighs fifty-six pounds, and measures outside about 10 in. \times 9 in. \times 8 in. Fifty such cells would supply over five horse-power for about eight hours, or a greater horse-power for a shorter time. The charged cells are placed under the seats of the tram-car, and the current from them led to a motor placed under the floor and attached to or gearing with the axle of the car. This system is an exceedingly simple one, and the mechanical and electrical difficulties easy of solution. Numerous successful experiments have been carried out on this plan in London, Paris, Brussels, and other places. The only obstacle to its general introduction appears to be the difficulty of obtaining a reliable and economical form of secondary battery. The waste of horses on tramways is both costly and cruel, owing chiefly to the numerous stoppages and the severe strain on the horses at every fresh start. An economical and reliable electric tram-car would be gladly welcomed.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.

Electric boats, or launches as they are termed, depend for their existence upon the modern dynamo-electric machine and the still more modern electric storage battery. For driving boats electrically, secondary batteries are a necessity, for it is obviously impossible to apply the current in any other way. The charged batteries are placed under the seats of the launch or where found convenient, and the current led from them by means of short lengths of cable to the electric motor, which is mounted directly on the screw shaft and attached to the bottom of the launch.

One of the earliest experimenters in electric navigation was Professor Jacobi, who in the year 1838 propelled a boat by means of electricity on the river Neva. His boat was twenty-eight feet long, and moved at the rate of two and a quarter miles per hour. The motive-power was supplied by primary batteries, which actuated an electric motor of his own invention. About the year 1850, some experiments with an electric boat were carried out at Falmouth by Mr Hunt;

in 1856 on the Thames by Mr Deering; and in 1866 on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne by the Count de Mollins; but nothing practical came of these efforts, on account of the expense, weight, and trouble of the primary batteries used, and the imperfect construction of the motors, which utilised only a small portion of the power of the batteries. In August 1882, M. Trouvé, an ingenious French electrician, took part in a regatta at Troyes with an electric boat, and easily distanced a four-oared gig. The electricity was generated in a bichromate battery, and led to a motor fixed to the rudder-head. The propeller was mounted on the rudder itself, and driven by an endless chain from the motor. The experiment was a highly successful one, the boat being stopped, started, reversed, and turned with the greatest ease. The foregoing examples are interesting and instructive; but electric boats propelled by means of primary batteries could never come largely into use, on account of the expense of maintaining the batteries. It was not until the introduction of the secondary battery, several years ago, that electric boats on a practical scale became possible.

The *Electricity*, the first electric launch, properly so called, was launched at Millwall in September 1882. She is twenty-five feet long, and carries ten passengers comfortably. On her trial trip she ran from Millwall to Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, in twenty-three minutes; and returned to Millwall in thirty minutes. The astonishment of spectators on the river and banks at seeing the launch with its load of passengers glide swiftly along without any apparent means of propulsion was very great. In July 1883 an experimental trip was made on the Thames in an electric launch forty feet long, made of galvanised steel. The power was supplied by about eighty secondary cells placed under the seats and floor of the launch, the current from which was conveyed to a motor also placed under the floor and driving the propeller direct. The distance of six miles between Temple Pier and Greenwich was covered in thirty-seven minutes with twenty-one persons on board. About six horse-power was required to propel the launch at this speed, and the fully charged cells would contain sufficient energy to allow of the boat running six hours continuously. On the occasion of the recent Electrical Exhibition in Vienna, this launch was exhibited there; and in September 1883, she conveyed a party along the Danube from Vienna to Presburg, a distance of fifty miles, accomplishing the journey in four hours. She was built by Messrs Yarrow & Co. for the Electrical Power Storage Company, and could accommodate forty passengers with ease.

An electric launch possesses many important advantages over a steam launch, and even in its present stage of development might replace the latter with advantage in many cases. In an electric launch the accumulator cells and motor are placed under the seats and floor, are quite invisible, and occupy no space which might otherwise have been available for passengers or goods. In a steam launch, on the other hand, a considerable portion of the centre and most convenient space is taken up by the boiler and engine. It is at once evident that an electric launch will carry more passengers than a steam launch of

the same dimensions. In point of expense the two systems would be about equal; but when numerous charging stations are established of suitable size and convenient position, the electric system would appear to have the advantage. The batteries would be charged in position while the boat is moored, cables being carried on board for the purpose. When the cells are once charged, they will remain so for a long time, subject to a small loss through leakage. Hence a boat with charged cells on board is available for use at a moment's notice, while in the case of a steam launch a considerable time is lost in getting up steam. This is a highly important advantage in many cases. One attendant only is required in an electric launch, as all the operations of stopping, starting, and reversing are effected by means of two small levers. In addition, an electric launch is entirely free from dirt, smoke, heat, and smell, which are frequently so unpleasant on board a steam launch. There is almost an entire absence of noise and vibration, and thus an electric launch is the very *beau idéal* of a pleasure-boat.

For business, pleasure, and war purposes, electric launches will doubtless be largely used in the future. They are more suitable for light and rapid traffic than for the transport of heavy goods; their chief advantages being that they are safe, are easily managed, and are always ready for use. They are specially suitable for harbour, river, and lake service; for war purposes, whether as torpedo boats or as tenders to larger vessels, they must prove invaluable. Whether electricity is destined to supersede steam in large vessels and on long voyages, is a highly interesting and important question, but one which cannot at present be answered with any degree of certainty. Considering the present rapid advance of scientific knowledge, it would be highly rash to predict a limited use only for electricity in the propulsion of vessels. No less an authority than Dr Lardner pronounced it impossible for steamships ever to trade across the Atlantic; and another eminent public man offered to swallow the boilers of the first steamboat that should accomplish the journey, yet very shortly afterwards several steam-vessels made the trip. Up to a certain point, the constant weight of the batteries would act as the necessary ballast in vessels; but the question arises whether this weight would not be too great in the case of large ocean-going vessels, which require enormous power for their propulsion.

AMUSING BREVITIES.

NEVER was a time when brevity was more the fashion and more constantly insisted upon than at present. As an American paper says, we insist that all art, all literature, and all emotions shall be brief. It is the age of epigram. Even the universal impatience engendered by the restlessness and hurry of the time, should be satisfied with the terseness, for instance, which describes a bad cook as one who makes a hash of everything—except mutton; an unsatisfactory meal, as a domestic broil; and the average prize-fight of the day—a paper mill. We are reminded that it is harder for a woman to hold her tongue than for

a man to hold a baby; that in a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing; and good playing depends on a good deal; and that getting into a passion is a great deal like getting into a barberry bush. The bush comes out all right, but you don't. The hardness of the world is laconically hit off in the saying, 'Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose.'

Not a bad answer was made by a sportsman returning from the marshes, when asked if he had shot anything. 'No;' he said; 'but I have given the birds a good serenading.'

'Yes, sir,' said Jenkins; 'Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to.'—'How is that?' asked Jones.—'Because no one will take it.'—'Mercy me! what are those horrible sounds up-stairs?'—'Oh, that is nothing but dear George. I suppose he has lost his collar-stud again.'

The art of condensation was evidently studied by the journalist who reported: 'A coloured gentleman went into a blacksmith's shop with his coat-tails full of powder. He came out through the roof.' This reminds us of—A quarryman said he couldn't see any danger in smoking while he was handling powder. He can't see anything now. A poor American who complained that he was like the moon—at his last 'quarter'—was as witty as the man who advertised a clock for sale which kept time like a tax-gatherer. A good advertisement appeared on a sign in the Far West: 'Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you.' But for graphic illustration of the *multum in parvo*, what could beat the sign of the travelling dentist in the United States, which bore the startling announcement, 2th pullin'?

As pithy as some of the foregoing, but more satirical, is the description of a man said to be so mean that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his board because he has had two of his teeth extracted. Severer was the remark of a man, who, hearing that an acquaintance had married again, exclaimed: 'Stupid donkey! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife.' A famous preacher remarked that it is possible for a man to be a Christian and belong to a brass band, but that it would be difficult for such a man's next-door neighbour to be a Christian.

Nothing makes a bald-headed man madder than to be accused of never cleaning the hairs out of the comb, says an American; and an old darkey observed that 'a man would be a heap better off if he was as particular 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water.' Somewhat satirical is the announcement that there is a man in New York who manufactures diamonds for actresses to lose. They are sold at so much a quart.

There is a good deal of quiet humour in the few lines in which a certain country paper commented on political affairs: 'The scarcity of new hats in the street shows that very little interest was taken in the election.' Another humorist observes: 'It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume; whilst a shilling's-worth of cooked onions will scent a neighbourhood.'

A Chicago hotel-keeper recently had a man arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man

pleaded in extenuation of his offence that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel. Equally sarcastic was the reply of one of the auditors of a political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, and said he was always found where the bullets were thickest. 'Where was that?' asked one of the crowd. 'In the ammunition wagon!' shouted another.

'I'm from Mr Brown, mum—gentleman what lives across the way. He says: Won't you please shut them windows when the young lady's a-playing?'—'But I thought Mr Brown was musical himself?'—'That's the reason, mum.'

At a party, a young lady began a song, 'The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling.' She began too high. 'Ten thousand,' she screeched, and stopped. 'Start her at five thousand!' cried an auctioneer present.

A lady in a registry office observed: 'I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby.'—Clerk: 'Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation.' Lady: 'Indeed! But she is so very small.'—Clerk: 'I know that she is diminutive; but you should remember that when she drops a baby, it doesn't have very far to fall.'

A physician much attached to his profession and his own skill, during his attendance on a man of letters, observing that the patient was very punctual in taking all his medicines and following his rules, exclaimed in all the pride of his heart: 'Ah, my dear sir, you deserve to be ill!'

None of these, however, may be said to match the following. 'My dear,' said a husband in startling tones, after awaking his wife in the night, 'I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!' 'Well, then, for goodness' sake lie still, or it may come up.'

THEN AND NOW.

The sky was blue,
Our hearts were true,
Bright shone the sun that summer morn;
The birds sang sweet,
And at our feet
Lay waving fields of yellow corn.

With love and faith
As strong as death,
Without a tear we turned away;
'Tis now we weep,
At one fell sweep
Our sun is hid, our sky is gray.

For pride is strong
When hearts are young;
And bitter words that once are spoken,
Return again
With maddening pain;
And faith and vows and hearts are broken.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

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CAN THE 'ROLLING' OF SHIPS BE CHECKED?

THE designing of Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible* was regulated by certain conditions which had the indirect effect of making her a very heavy roller; and the question arose: 'Is it possible to devise some means whereby the steadiness of a vessel tossed by wind and waves can be promoted?' At once Mr R. E. Froude—who had already made certain experiments and investigations that had a bearing upon the question—set to work to study it thoroughly, and with him was associated in the work his colleague in the Admiralty, Mr P. Watts. It had already been noticed that the presence of what is termed a bilge-keel in a vessel did much to increase her steadiness while at sea, though it was also known that there were serious obstacles to the use of this appendage. In the first place, in large ships it would have to be of a great size, and consequently much exposed and liable to injury; in the second place, it offered a considerable impediment to a vessel's progress; and in the third place, in the case of large ships like the *Inflexible*, the addition of a bilge-keel, which is the ordinary keel deepened, would make a passage into and out of existing docks impossible. So the mere use of a bilge-keel did not meet the case, and other methods of reducing the rolling tendency of a ship were discussed. Finally, the 'water-chamber' method found favour; and it was proposed to put it into practice.

The water-chamber method is briefly this: One tank or more is fitted into the hull of the vessel, stretching from side to side; and into such tank or tanks a certain quantity of water is admitted, it being found that the motion of the water produces a force which acts in opposition to the rolling of the ship, which it consequently tends to check. A little consideration will show how this is the case. A ship rolls on one side—say to the right—and the water in the tank follows; so, for a moment or two, the ship and the water

are weighing down together; then the force of the wind and waves makes the vessel start off for the roll over to the other side; but it is clear that, until it has passed the point of perpendicularity and commenced to incline to the left, the water in the chamber will be tending to prevent it from doing so, by still weighing down to the right. In fact the water does not 'come' so quickly as the ship, but has a tendency to lag behind. When the vessel has rolled leftwards, the floor of the water-chamber will have become sloped, and the water will run leftwards too. But almost immediately the lateral momentum of the ship will have become reversed, and the water in the chamber will once more check the motion of the hull and tend to hold it back leftwards. And so it goes on, there being a constant force in the hull which goes to counteract the motion of the ship tossed by wind and sea.

This method of checking the rolling of the vessel while at sea having been decided upon, two water-chambers were fitted into the *Inflexible*, one forward, and the other aft. The one forward measured twenty-two feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the upper deck. The one aft measured fourteen feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the main-deck. As the work of building the vessel proceeded, however, it was found necessary to appropriate the first-named chamber for purposes of storage; and so only one water-chamber was left for Mr Froude to experiment with. Nevertheless, with this he arranged a programme of operations which included the testing of the rolling of the vessel with and without water in the chamber, both in a comparatively smooth and in a rough sea. Another disappointment was, however, in store for him. He had but completed his experiments in the Mediterranean with the ship in still water and without the chamber in use, when the order was flashed from Westminster that the *Inflexible* was to proceed at once to Alexandria, to take part in the operations there that had arisen in connection with the Egyptian troubles. However, on the 16th of June 1882, while lying about

twenty or thirty miles off Alexandria, some experiments as to the way in which the ship would behave in deep sea with and without the water-chamber in use, were made. The result of these experiments was to show that the chamber was most effective when about half full of water, and that when in this condition, it reduced the rolling of the vessel by about 37·5 per cent. This result had reference to the ship while in regular waves.

In 1883, Mr Watts read a paper before the Institution of Naval Architects setting forth the results of the experiments that had been made with the water-chamber. The matter was not received with unqualified approval by the members of the Institution, and the danger of introducing free water into a ship was referred to by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., Mr J. D'A. Samuda, Mr W. John, Mr B. Martell, and other gentlemen well versed in shipping matters. It was, however, frankly admitted on all hands that the subject was only as yet in its undeveloped infancy, and that it was impossible to pronounce judgment upon it before further investigations and experiments had been made. In the paper referred to, Mr Watts said that such further experiments were about to be made, both with models and with the ship artificially rolled in still water; and he promised that, at a future date, he would put before the Institution the result of those experiments. Hence, in the March of the present year, at the sessional meetings of the Institution of Naval Architects, held in the hall of the Society of Arts, he read a paper 'On the Use of Water-chambers for Reducing the Rolling of Ships at Sea.' In this paper the history of the method was continued.

It appeared that, though it had at first been intended to pursue the experiments with the *Inflexible*, this was not found to be convenient, and the *Edinburgh* had been selected as a substitute. In the *Edinburgh*, the water-chamber is fourteen feet across, and runs from one side of the ship to the other, with a capacity of two hundred and ten tons. Mr Watts had to communicate very satisfactory results as the outcome of his experiments with the water-chamber in the *Edinburgh*, and he concluded with the following words: 'In this paper I have not had time to consider how the safety of a ship must limit the extent of the space or spaces set apart for this purpose; but it appears that, supposing the safety of the ship not endangered, rolling may be reduced by this means to almost any extent.'

Mr Watts' second paper met with a warmer reception at the hands of the members of the Institution of Naval Architects than his first one had done. It was criticised, it is true; and a naval captain, having apologised for speaking on a subject which did not properly come within his province, said that, though, on going into action, he should be anxious above all things to secure a steady gun-platform, yet he should be very loth to let a volume of free water into his ship, for he believed the enemy would do that for him quite soon enough. In discussing the question of danger, the case of the ill-fated *Austral* was mentioned—as it had been two years before—as an evidence of the fatal results attending the letting of free water into a ship; but this

provoked an indignant response from Mr Martell, who, having traced the fatality in question to carelessness, declared, amid applause, that it could not possibly be used either as an argument for or as an argument against the use of water-chambers.

There can be no doubt that the admission under certain conditions of a large quantity of free water into a ship does represent a very serious element of danger. But this fact is recognised by no one more readily than by Mr Froude and Mr Watts; and of course, before water-chambers can come into general practical use, the character and conditions of this element of danger must be ascertained, in order that it may be avoided. Another argument used against the employment of water-chambers is, that they must necessarily take up a large amount of space, which should be applied to other purposes. But this argument loses all its force when we are reminded that the water-chamber can be utilised for the storage of the fresh-water supplies of the vessel, or for the water-ballast which is so frequently used. While, however, we can very safely leave the matter to be thoroughly investigated by Mr Froude, Mr Watts, and the other scientific gentlemen whose sympathies it has enlisted, and while we may look forward hopefully to the obstacles that may now exist being overcome, we may congratulate ourselves that science is in a fair way to effect a means by which not only our sailors will be enabled to fire their guns at sea with infinitely more precision than they have ever been able to do in the past, but also a means by which in passenger ships sea-sickness—one of the most abundant sources of human discomfort, and even misery—will be, at anyrate, considerably lessened.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCES remembered little of the journey after it was over. She was keenly conscious at the time, if there can be any keen consciousness of a thing which is all vague, which conveys no clear idea. Through the darkness of the night, which came on before she had left the coast she knew, with all those familiar towns gleaming out as she passed—Mentone, Monaco on its headland, the sheltering bays which kept so warm and bright those cities of sickness, of idleness, and pleasure, the palms, the olives, the oranges, the aloe hedges, the roses and heliotropes—there was a confused and breathless sweep of distance, half in the dark, half in the light, the monotonous plains, the lines of poplars, the straight high-roads of France. Paris, where they stayed for a night, was only like a bigger, noisier, vast railway station, to Frances. She had no time, in the hurry of her journey, in the still greater hurry of her thoughts, to realise that here was the scene of that dread Revolution of which she had read with shuddering excitement—that she was driven past the spot where the guillotine was first set up, and through the streets where the tumbrels had rolled, carrying to that dread death the many tender victims, who were all she knew of that great convulsion of history.

Markham, who was so good to her, put his head out of the carriage and pointed to a series

of great windows flashing with light. 'What a pity there's no time,' he said. She asked 'For what?' with the most complete want of comprehension. 'For shopping, of course,' he said, with a laugh. For shopping! She seemed to be unacquainted with the meaning of the words. In the midst of this strange wave of the unknown which was carrying her away, carrying her to a world more unknown still, to suppose that she could pause and think of shopping! The inappropriateness of the suggestion bewildered Frances. Markham, indeed, altogether bewildered her. He was very good to her, attending to her comfort, watchful over her needs in a way which Frances could not have imagined possible. Her father had never been unkind; but it did not occur to him to take care of her. It was she who took care of him. If there was anything forgotten, it was she who got the blame; and when he wanted a book, or his writing-desk, or a rug to put over his knees, he called to his little girl to hand it to him, without the faintest conception that there was anything incongruous in it. And there was nothing incongruous in it. If there is any one in the world whom it is natural to send on your errands, to get you what you want, surely your child is that person. Waring did not think on the subject, but simply did so by instinct, by nature; and equally by instinct Frances obeyed, without a doubt that it was her simplest duty. If Markham had said: 'Get me my book, Frances; dear child, just open that bag—hand me so-and-so,' she would have considered it the most natural thing in the world. What he did do surprised her much more. He tripped in and out of his seat at her smallest suggestion. He pulled up and down the window at her pleasure, never appearing to think that it mattered whether *he* liked it or not. He took her out carefully on his arm, and made her dine, not asking what she would have, as her father might perhaps have done, but bringing her the best that was to be had, choosing what she should eat, serving her as if she had been the Queen! It contributed to the dizzying effect of the rapid journey that she should thus have been placed in a position so different from any that she had ever known.

And then there came the last stage, the strange leaden-gray stormy sea, which was so unlike those blue ripples that came up just so far—no farther, on the beach at Bordighera. She began to understand what is said in the Bible about the waves that mount up like mountains, when she saw the roll of the Channel. She had always a little wondered what that meant. To be sure, there were storms now and then along the Riviera, when the blue edge to the sea-mantle disappeared, and all became a deep purple, solemn enough for a king's pall, as it has been the pall of so many a brave man; but even that was never like the dangerous threatening lash of the waves along those rocks, and the way in which they raised their awful heads. And was that England, white with a faint line of green, so sodden and damp as it looked, rising out of the sea? The heart of Frances sank: it was not like her anticipations. She had thought there would be something triumphant, grand, about the aspect of England

—something proud, like a monarch of the sea; and it was only a damp, grayish-white line, rising not very far out of those sullen waves. An east wind was blowing with that blighting grayness which here, in the uttermost parts of the earth, we are so well used to: and it was cold. A gleam of pale sun indeed shot out of the clouds from time to time; but there was no real warmth in it, and the effect of everything was depressing. The green fields and hedgerows cheered her a little; but it was all damp, and the sky was gray. And then London, with a roar and noise as if she had fallen into a den of wild beasts, and throngs, multitudes of people at every little station which the quick train flashed past, and on the platform, where at last she arrived dizzy and faint with fatigue and wonderment. But Markham always was more kind than words could say. He sympathised with her, seeing her forlorn looks at everything. He did not ask her how she liked it, what she thought of her native country. When they arrived at last, he found out miraculously, among the crowd of carriages, a quiet, little, dark-coloured brougham, and put her into it. 'We'll trundle off home,' he said, 'you and I, Fan, and let John look after the things; you are so tired you can scarcely speak.'

'Not so much tired,' said Frances, and tried to smile, but could not say any more.

'I understand.' He took her hand into his with the kindest caressing touch. 'You mustn't be frightened, my dear. There's nothing to be frightened about. You'll like my mother.—Perhaps it was silly of me to say that, and make you cry. Don't cry, Fan, or I shall cry too. I am the foolish little beggar, you know, and always do what my companions do. Don't make a fool of your old brother, my dear. There, look out and see what a beastly place old London is, Fan.'

'Don't call me, Fan,' she cried, this slight irritation affording her an excuse for disburdening herself of some of the nervous excitement in her. 'Call me Frances, Markham.'

'Life's too short for a name in two syllables. I've got two syllables myself, that's true; but many fellows call me Mark, and you are welcome to, if you like.—No; I shall call you Fan; you must make up your mind to it.—Did you ever see such murky heavy air? It isn't air at all—it's smoke and animalculæ and everything that's dreadful. It's not like that blue stuff on the Riviera, is it?'

'O no!' cried Frances, with fervour. 'But I suppose London is better for some things,' she added with a doubtful voice.

'Better! It's better than any other place on the face of the earth; it's the only place to live in,' said Markham. 'Why, child, it is paradise'—he paused a moment, and then added, 'with pandemonium next door.'

'Markham!' the girl cried.

'I was wrong to mention such a place in your hearing. I know I was. Never mind, Fan; you shall see the one, and you shall know nothing about the other.—Why, here we are in Eaton Square.'

The door flashed open as soon as the carriage stopped, letting out a flood of light and warmth. Markham almost lifted the trembling girl out.

She had got her veil entangled about her head, her arms in the cloak which she had half thrown off. She was not prepared for this abrupt arrival. She seemed to see nothing but the light, to know nothing until she found herself suddenly in some one's arms; then the light seemed to go out of her eyes. Sight had nothing to do with the sensation, the warmth, the softness, the faint rustle, the faint perfume, with which she was suddenly encircled; and for a few moments she knew nothing more.

'Dear, dear, Markham, I hope she is not delicate—I hope she is not given to fainting,' she heard in a disturbed but pleasant voice, before she felt able to open her eyes.

'Not a bit,' said Markham's familiar tones. 'She's overdone, and awfully anxious about meeting you.'

'My poor dear! Why should she be anxious about meeting me?' said the other voice, a voice round and soft, with a plaintive tone in it; and then there came the touch of a pair of lips, soft and caressing like the voice, upon the girl's cheek. She did not yet open her eyes, half because she could not, half because she would not, but whispered in a faint little tentative utterance, 'Mother!' wondering vaguely whether the atmosphere round her, the kiss, the voice, was all the mother she was to know.

'My poor little baby, my little girl! Open your eyes.—Markham, I want to see the colour of her eyes.'

'As if I could open her eyes for you!' cried Markham with a strange outburst of sound, which, if he had been a woman, might have meant crying, but must have been some sort of a laugh, since he was a man. He seemed to walk away, and then came back again. 'Come, Fan! that's enough. Open your eyes, and look at us. I told you there was nothing to be frightened for.'

And then Frances raised herself; for, to her astonishment, she was lying down upon a sofa, and looked round her, bewildered. Beside her stood a little lady, about her own height, with smooth brown hair like hers, with her hands clasped, just as Frances was aware she had herself a custom of clasping her hands. It began to dawn upon her that Constance had said she was very like mamma. This new-comer was beautifully dressed in soft black satin, that did not rustle—that was far, far too harsh a word—but swept softly about her with the faintest pleasant sound; and round her breathed that atmosphere which Frances felt would mean mother to her for ever and ever, an air that was infinitely soft, with a touch in it of some sweetness. Oh, not scent! She rejected the word with disdain—something, nothing, the atmosphere of a mother. In the curious ecstasy in which she was, made up of fatigue, wonder, and the excitement of this astounding plunge into the unknown, that was how she felt.

'Let me look at you, my child.—I can't think of her as a grown girl, Markham. Don't you know she is my baby. She has never grown up, like the rest of you, to me.—Oh, did you never wish for me, little Frances? Did you never want your mother, my darling? Often, often, I have lain awake in the night and cried for you.'

'O mamma!' cried Frances, forgetting her shy-

ness, throwing herself into her mother's arms. The temptation to tell her that she had never known anything about her mother, to excuse herself at her father's expense, was strong. But she kept back the words that were at her lips. 'I have always wanted this all my life,' she cried with a sudden impulse, and laid her head upon her mother's breast, feeling in all the commotion and melting of her heart a consciousness of the accessories, the rich softness of the satin, the delicate perfume, all the details of the new personality by which her own was surrounded on every side.

'Now I see,' cried the new-found mother, 'it was no use parting this child and me, Markham. It is all the same between us—isn't it, my darling?—as if we had always been together—all the same in a moment.—Come up-stairs now, if you feel able, dear one.—Do you think, Markham, she is able to walk up-stairs?'

'Oh, quite able; oh, quite, quite well. It was only for a moment. I was—frightened, I think.'

'But you will never be frightened any more,' said Lady Markham, drawing the girl's arm through her own, leading her away. Frances was giddy still, and stumbled as she went, though she had pledged herself never to be frightened again. She went in a dream up the softly carpeted stairs. She knew what handsome rooms were, the lofty bare grandeur of an Italian palazzo; but all this carpeting and cushioning, the softness, the warmth, the clothed and comfortable look, bewildered her. She could scarcely find her way through the drawing-room, crowded with costly furniture, to the blazing fire, by the side of which stood the tea-table, like, and yet how unlike that anxious copy of English ways which Frances had set up in the loggia. She was conscious, with a momentary gleam of complacency, that her cups and saucers were better, though! not belonging to an ordinary modern set, like these; but, alas, in everything else how far short! Then she was taken up-stairs, through—as she thought—the sumptuous arrangements of her mother's room, to another smaller, which opened from it, and in which there was the same wealth of carpets, curtains, easy-chairs, and writing-tables, in addition to the necessary details of a sleeping-room. Frances looked round it admiringly. She knew nothing about the modern-artistic, though something, a very little, about old art. The painted ceilings and old gilding of the Palazzo—which she began secretly and obstinately to call *home* from this moment forth—were intelligible to her; but she was quite unacquainted with Mr Morris's papers and the art fabrics at Liberty's. She looked at them with admiration, but doubt. She thought the walls 'killed' the pictures that were hung round, which were not like her own little gallery at home, which she had left with a little pang to her sister. 'Is this Constance's room?' she asked timidly, called back to a recollection of Constance, and wondering whether the transfer was to be complete.

'No, my love; it is Frances's room,' said Lady Markham. 'It has always been ready for you. I expected you to come some time. I have always hoped that; but I never thought that Con would desert me.' Her voice faltered a little, which instantly touched Frances's heart.

'I asked,' she said, 'not just out of curiosity,

but because, when she came to us, I gave her my room. Our rooms are not like these; they have very few things in them. There are no carpets; it is warmer there, you know; but I thought she would find the blue room so bare, I gave her mine.'

Lady Markham smiled upon her, and said, but with a faint, the very faintest indication of being less interested than Frances was: 'You have not many visitors, I suppose?'

'Oh, none!' cried Frances. 'I suppose we are—rather poor. We are not—like this.'

'My darling! you don't know how to speak to me, your own mother! What do you mean, dear, by *we*? You must learn to mean something else by *we*. Your father, if he had chosen, might have had—all that you see, and more. And Constance— But we will say nothing more to-night on that subject.—This is Con's room, see, on the other side of mine. It was always my fancy, my hope, some time to have my two girls, one on each side.'

Frances followed her mother to the room on the other side with great interest. It was still more luxurious than the one appropriated to herself—more comfortable, as a room which has been occupied, which shows traces of its tenant's tastes and likings, must naturally be; and it was brighter, occupying the front of the house, while that of Frances' looked to the side. She glanced round at all the fittings and decorations, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, were so splendid. 'Poor Constance!' she said under her breath.

'Why do you say poor Constance?' said Lady Markham, with something sharp and sudden in her tone. And then she, too, said regretfully: 'Poor Con! You think it will be disappointing to her, this other life which she has chosen. Was it—dreary for you, my poor child?'

Then there rose up in the tranquil mind of Frances a kind of tempest-blast of opposition and resentment. 'It is the only life I know—it was—everything I liked best,' she cried. The first part of the sentence was very firmly, almost aggressively said. In the second, she wavered, hesitated, changed the tense—it *was*. She did not quite know herself what the change meant.

Lady Markham looked at her with a penetrating gaze. 'It was—everything you knew, my little Frances. I understand you, my dear. You will not be disloyal to the past. But to Constance, who does not know it, who knows something else— Poor Con! I understand. But she will have to pay for her experience, like all the rest.'

Frances had been profoundly agitated, but in the way of happiness. She did not feel happy now. She felt disposed to cry, not because of the relief of tears, but because she did not know how else to express the sense of contrariety, of disturbance that had got into her mind. Was it that already a wrong note had sounded between herself and this unknown mother, whom it had been a rapture to see and touch? Or was it only that she was tired? Lady Markham saw the condition into which her nerves and temper were strained. She took her back tenderly into her room. 'My dear,' she said, 'if you would rather not, don't change your dress. Do just as you please to-night. I would stay and help you, or I would send Josephine, my maid, to help

you; but I think you will prefer to be left alone and quiet.'

'O yes,' cried Frances with fervour; then she added hastily: 'If you do not think me disagreeable to say so.'

'I am not prepared to think anything in you disagreeable, my dear,' said her mother, kissing her—but with a sigh. This sigh Frances echoed in a burst of tears when the door closed and she found herself alone—alone, quite alone, more so than she had ever been in her life, she whispered to herself, in the shock of the unreasonable and altogether fantastic disappointment which had followed her ecstasy of pleasure. Most likely it meant nothing at all but the reaction from that too highly raised level of feeling.

'No; I am not disappointed,' Lady Markham was saying down-stairs. She was standing before the genial blaze of the fire, looking into it with her head bent and a serious expression on her face. 'Perhaps I was too much delighted for a moment; and she too, poor child, now that she has looked at me a second time, she is a little, just a little disappointed in me. That's rather hard for a mother, you know; or I suppose you don't know.'

'I never was a mother,' said Markham. 'I should think it's very natural. The little thing has been forming the most romantic ideas. If you had been an angel from heaven'—

'Which I am not,' she said with a smile, still looking into the fire.

'Heaven be praised,' said Markham. 'In that case, you would not have suited me, which you do, mammy, you know, down to the ground.'

She gave a half-glance at him, a half-smile, but did not disturb the chain of her reflections. 'That's something, Markham,' she said.

'Yes; it's something. On my side, it is a great deal. Don't go too fast with little Fan. She has a deal in her. Have a little patience, and let her settle down her own way.'

'I don't feel sure that she has not got her father's temper; I saw something like it in her eyes.'

'That is nonsense, begging your pardon. She has got nothing of her father in her eyes. Her eyes are like yours, and so is everything about her. My dear mother, Con's like Waring, if you like. This one is of our side of the house.'

'Do you really think so?' Lady Markham looked up now and laid her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and laughed. 'But, my dear boy, you are as like the Markhams as you can look. On my side of the house, there is nobody at all, unless, as you say'—

'Frances,' said the little man. 'I told you—the best of the lot. I took to her in a moment by that very token. Therefore, don't go too fast with her, mother. She has her own notions. She is as staunch as a little—Turk,' said Markham, using the first word that offered. When he met his mother's eye, he retired a little, with the air of a man who does not mean to be questioned; which naturally stimulated curiosity in her mind.

'How have you found out that she is staunch, Markham?'

'Oh, in half-a-dozen ways,' he answered carelessly. 'And she will stick to her father through thick and thin, so mind what you say.'

Then Lady Markham began to bemoan herself a little gently, before the fire, in the most luxurious of easy-chairs.

'Was ever woman in such a position,' she said, 'to be making acquaintance, for the first time, at eighteen, with my own daughter, and to have to pick my words and to be careful what I say?'

'Well, mammy,' said Markham, 'it might have been worse. Let us make the best of it. He has always kept his word, which is something, and has never annoyed you. And it is quite a nice thing for Con to have him to go to, to find out how dull it is, and know her own mind. And now we've got the other one too.'

Lady Markham still rocked herself a little in her chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'For all that, it is very hard, both on her and me,' she said.

THE FISHERIES OF ICELAND.

ICELAND, though not, as the name would imply, and as many people suppose, a land covered with ice, a huge mass of glaciers, only diversified by the appearance here and there of a few burning mountains and boiling springs, is by no means a fruitful country. Large tracts of the interior are really barren, being covered either by snow-clad mountains or by lava wastes and plains of volcanic sand and ashes. The fertile parts of the country—though they yield rich pastures, and support large flocks of sheep and herds of ponies, besides considerable numbers of cattle, the rearing of which gives occupation and sustenance to nearly one-half of the population, and though by more energetic and economical cultivation their value might be doubled or trebled—do not and never will play such an important part in the existence and prosperity of the Icelanders as does the sea which washes their shores. It is in the sea, with its boundless and inexhaustible stores of life, that the real wealth of Iceland lies; and though the land products have been, and always will be, a considerable factor in the prosperity of the Icelanders, the chief source of their future progress must be the development of the fisheries. The principal of these is at present the cod-fishery. Immense numbers of cod and haddock are caught every year round the coasts of Iceland. The greater part is salted and exported, chiefly to Spain; a smaller portion is air-dried, and in this condition it forms a staple article of food in the country, the inland inhabitants travelling every summer long distances to the coast to secure their supplies of dried fish. Comparatively little cod is dried, as it brings a better price when salted; but haddock, halibut, skate, lumpsuckers, and cod-heads form the bulk of the dried product. Enormous numbers of cod-heads are dried. In this condition they form a highly valued and much-sought-after article of food, though the economy of their use may be doubted, especially when the consumer has to fetch them from a long distance with considerable expenditure of time and labour. The fishing population live for the most part on fish, fresh and dried—the salted product being almost entirely reserved for export—so that about one-half of the total catch of fish is consumed in the country.

Fishing is carried on more or less all the year; but the *vertid* (pronounced *vertith*)—the fishing season proper—commences about the beginning of February. Then, in addition to the regular fishermen, great numbers of landmen come from all parts of the country to pursue that industry. In many landward districts, almost all the able-bodied men go on foot to the coast, leaving the care of the farms and animals to the women, boys, and old men. They often travel long distances, and their journeys are at that inclement season attended with not a little difficulty and danger. Arrived at the coast, they join with the regular fishermen in forming boats' crews, varying in number from six to twelve or fifteen men, each boat being under the command of an experienced hand, the *formadur* (pronounced *fór-mathur*) or foreman. Besides these large boats, smaller craft, manned by two or four men, are used; but these, as a rule, fish near the land.

The spring fishing is carried on chiefly by means of hand-lines; long lines are used at other times of the year; but the use of them during the *vertid* is considered inadvisable; and in the Faxa Floa—the great bay on the south-west of Iceland, which is the chief seat of the cod-fishing—nets are also employed; their use, however, is not permitted before the 15th of March, as it is believed that laying nets earlier may hinder the fish from entering the bays and fiords, and possibly drive them away altogether. The owner of the boat provides the lines and hooks, and generally the nets also, when these are used, in which case he gets half the entire catch, the other half being divided equally among the crew; otherwise, the catch is divided into equal shares, one to each man, and one, or two, to the boat, according to its size. This division takes place at once on landing, and the fish are forthwith gutted and laid in salt. The heads and sounds (swimming-bladders) are cleaned and dried, and the livers and roes collected in barrels. After the fish have lain in salt for a period varying according to the nature of the weather and the convenience of the fishermen, they are washed in sea-water, to remove the excess of salt, piled in heaps to drain, and then alternately spread in the sun to dry, and pressed in heaps, covered by boards weighted with heavy stones, until the curing is complete. This process requires considerable time and great care in all its details. Much skill and experience are required to turn out good salt fish.

When cured, the fish, if not immediately exported, must be carefully stored in wind and weather tight houses, as damp and draughts exercise a deteriorating effect upon them. There are no professional curers; the curing is almost entirely done at home, each fisherman, with the assistance of his family, curing his own share, and selling it to the merchants. By so doing, the fishers provide occupation for their women and children, and get a better price than they would if they sold the fish fresh. But it is certain that if the fish were cured on a large scale by professional curers, a better article would be produced. Fish intended for export to Spain must be of a certain size and quality, and are examined before shipment by skilled men appointed for the purpose by the authorities, who reject all that do not come up to the

standard. The rejected fish, along with small cod and haddocks, which are less valued than large cod, go for the most part to England, Denmark, and Germany. Of the other parts of the fish above mentioned, the heads and the sounds are carefully dried, the former being, as before stated, used for food in the country; while the latter are exported and made into gelatine and isinglass. The roes are salted, and exported to France and the Mediterranean, where they are used as bait in the sardine-fishery. The livers are collected and the oil extracted, first in the cold, and then by the aid of heat; the oil obtained by the latter process being coarser and of less value. As the livers are generally kept till more or less putrid before extraction, and as the whole process is extremely rough, the oil obtained is of inferior quality; hence little or no pure cod-liver oil is prepared in Iceland. The bones and offal of the fish, instead of being collected and made into fish-guano, as in Norway, are allowed to lie and rot on the beach, though a few of the more thrifty fishermen collect them to manure their fields and vegetable gardens.

The life the men lead during the fishing season is hard and toilsome in the extreme. Owing to the large numbers who come from the country, there is a very dense population on the coast during the fishing-time. The writer knows of an isolated fishing-station which affords a permanent home for some twenty-four souls, but during the fishing season has to accommodate over three hundred. The men sleep in rude huts or bothies of stone and turf, seldom weather-tight, live on the coarsest fare, and are often insufficiently clad for the rigorous weather they have to encounter, though, when at sea, they usually wear a complete wind and water tight suit of untanned sheepskin. When the fishing is good, they are almost constantly on the sea, only allowing themselves the shortest possible time for sleep and food on shore. Frequently they are surprised by sudden storms; and though their seamanship is excellent, and their boats, considering their small size and fragility, are wonderfully seaworthy, every year adds to the list of losses by drowning. They work, as a rule, extremely hard during the season, and with reason, for a good fisher may make as much in a good season as will keep him during the rest of the year.

In the middle of May, the boat-fishing closes, at least as far as the landmen are concerned, and they return to their farms. The fishermen proper, however, continue their pursuit; and now the smack-fishing begins. Smacks can of course fish with advantage during the whole boat-fishing season; but it is impossible to obtain crews sooner, as the men prefer the ordinary boats during the former period. The vessels vary in size from twenty to fifty tons, and are generally sloops or schooners. They are mostly old vessels bought cheap; English pleasure-yachts, Grimsby smacks, and French luggers, are not uncommon. They carry twelve to twenty men, including the captain, mate, and cook, all of whom take a hand at the lines. They fish entirely by hand-line, and each man marks every fish he draws, so that at the end of the fishing each man's catch can be recognised and separated. The vessels go out with salt for a full catch and

three or four weeks' provisions; and return when full, or sooner, if necessitated by weather or want of food or salt. They gut and salt the fish as caught, preserving the livers, sounds, and roes, and the heads also, when practicable. On returning from each trip, the fish are landed, washed, and cured as above described, by the owner of the vessel or the merchant with whom he deals. It is probably owing to the fish being thus cured on a large scale and by experienced hands, that the smack salt fish are generally esteemed a better quality than the product of the boat-fishing.

At the close of the fishing, each man's catch is weighed separately, and along with the proportionate quantity of livers, sounds, and roes, is divided into two equal parts, the fisher getting one, and the owner of the ship the other. The fisher receives from the owner, merchant, or curer the market value of his share, after deduction of curing expenses. The owner supplies the lines and hooks, and provides the men with one warm meal daily, and coffee thrice a day; for the rest, they feed themselves. The captain, mate, and cook get their rations free; the two former have in addition various perquisites, the captain generally getting a premium of two *kroner* (two shillings and threepence) per hundred fish.

The advantages of smack-fishing over boat-fishing are universally admitted, and only the want of the necessary capital prevents the Icelanders from increasing their fleet of fishing-vessels. They pay, as a rule, extremely well. As an instance, one small vessel, costing about two hundred pounds, 'paid herself' the first season she was used, though it was only an average season. The smacks can follow the fish from place to place, while the range of the small open boats is necessarily very limited. The former can lie on the fishing-grounds and even fish in stormy weather, when the boats are unable to put to sea for days and weeks at a time; they also avoid the waste of time and labour involved in rowing to and from the fishing-ground every day. Their crews are less exposed to the weather and to the perils of the deep; and their fish are subjected to more careful treatment than those caught by the small boats. The French carry on a very large fishery from smacks round the coast of Iceland, their average catch being considerably more than the total fishing of the Icelanders; and English, Faroese, and Norwegian smacks also take a large share of the Iceland fishing. It is computed that if the Icelanders used smacks instead of small boats, employing the same number of men as at present, their annual catch would be increased fivefold. Hand-lines alone are used on Icelandic smacks; but if they carried two or three small boats, long lines—to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached—and nets could be used with equal facility when advisable. One advantage which the open boats possess, independently of the small amount of capital sunk in them, is that they can be landed and drawn up on the beach when not in use; while smacks can only be secured in a harbour. But there are a sufficient number of excellent natural harbours round the coasts of Iceland to provide both havens of refuge in stormy weather and ports in which to lay up the smacks when not in use.

Altogether, it is evident that by the employment

of small vessels instead of open boats the cod-fishery of Iceland may be enormously and profitably increased and developed. But besides this, there are many other matters connected with the fishery which are capable of vast improvement. Although salt fish will doubtless always remain the chief and most suitable form for export, there seems to be no reason why some of the fish should not be sent fresh to the English markets, either alive in welled vessels, or, what is evidently more practicable, frozen, packed in ice, or in refrigerators. The export of fresh cod and halibut in ice from the Faroes to England has already been commenced; and a similar experiment is likely soon to be tried in Iceland. The latter country has the advantage that there the necessary ice can be obtained on the spot at little cost, while it must be imported to the Faroes at considerable expense; and as Iceland is only three and a half days' direct steaming from the United Kingdom, the distance offers no great obstacle. Something might also be done in the way of smoking and kippering the fish. It is the more desirable that a new market for Iceland fish should be opened up, as the increasing importation of salt cod from France to Spain is somewhat affecting the export from Iceland to the Spanish market.

Besides the fish themselves, the other products of the fishery could be worked up to much greater advantage than is done at present. By more skilful treatment and the use of better apparatus, a purer and more valuable quality of oil, as well as a larger quantity, could be obtained from the livers; while the bones and other refuse might be made into a valuable manure, as they are in Norway, Newfoundland, Shetland, and elsewhere.

Altogether, the Iceland cod-fishery presents a fine opening for foreign enterprise and capital. The natives have neither the means nor the energy necessary for its proper development. As an example of their backwardness in this respect, it may be mentioned that Iceland was practically unrepresented at the Fisheries Exhibition in London. It is from abroad, and preferably from England, that the impulse and the means must come; and if properly applied, they will not fail to yield a rich return to the investors, and at the same time confer a great and lasting benefit on the country.

The herring-fishery on the coasts of Iceland may be said as yet to be only in its infancy; but we do not enter upon the subject here, as we have already had an article dealing with it (Nov. 4, 1882).

Shark-fishing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially on the north and west coasts of Iceland, both decked vessels and open boats being used in this fishery. The species of shark caught is the *Squalus carcharias*, and it is pursued solely for the sake of the oil yielded by the liver, the rest of the carcase being usually thrown away, though sometimes the flesh is preserved for food. The sharks vary much in size, running up to eighteen or twenty feet in length, and four to five feet in diameter through the thickest part of the body, the yield of oil from each liver varying from four or five up to fifty gallons. Rich livers yield two-thirds of their bulk of oil, poor ones only about one-half. The vessels used in shark-fishing are for the most part small schooners of thirty to fifty tons burden, manned by eight or

ten men. The usual fishing season is from January or February till August. During the winter months, the sharks frequent shallower waters, and are found about twenty miles from land, in fifty fathoms of water or thereabouts; in summer, they seek deeper waters, and are caught one hundred miles or so off the coast in a depth of two hundred fathoms. It having been ascertained by sounding that the ship lies in water of a suitable depth, preferably with a sloping soft mud bottom, the vessel is anchored, and fishing commences. The hook used is twelve or eighteen inches long, baited with seal-blubber and horse-flesh, weighted with an eight-pound sinker, and attached by a couple of yards of strong chain to an inch and a half line. The hook is allowed to hang motionless about a couple of fathoms from the bottom. As a rule, the sharks are shy of taking the bait at first, and the fishers may wait long for their first bite; but once the sharks commence to 'take,' they crowd to the spot, and may be hooked in quick succession; they then take the bait greedily and with little caution.

It often happens that a shark which has slipped off the hook after being drawn up to the ship's side and harpooned, takes the bait again after a short interval, and is drawn up with the harpoons sticking in its body. As soon as the shark reaches the surface, harpoons and lances are struck into it and the spinal column cut. Large hooks are fixed into the body, and chains passed round it; and thus secured, it is cut open and the liver removed. Formerly, it was customary, after taking the livers, to fasten the bodies astern of the vessel, thus attracting other sharks to the surface, which were harpooned as they rose to feed on their dead comrades. Now, the bodies are generally cast loose after the liver has been removed; and sinking to the bottom, they attract other sharks to the spot, thus enabling the vessel to lie and fish for a longer time without changing its position. Some fishers, however, say that if the bodies are allowed to sink, the sharks which flock to the spot gorge themselves to such an extent on the carcases that they lie dormant and decline the bait for weeks afterwards. Whether this view be correct or not, it at least commands so much credence, that it has been proposed to forbid by law the slipping of dead sharks at sea, on the ground that doing so tends to spoil the fishing. This enactment, however, has not as yet passed into law, and it would prove very difficult to enforce it.

Though the bodies of sharks caught by the decked vessels are usually thrown away, as it would be impossible to preserve them for the long period during which the ships are at sea, those caught by open boats, which, as a rule, only lie a few hours at sea, are frequently brought on shore and used for food, after being subjected to the following treatment: the entrails and cartilages are removed, the bodies buried in the earth or sand, and carefully covered over, to exclude the air. In this state they lie for a period of not less than twelve months, often considerably more, during which time a partial decomposition takes place, resulting in the dissipation of deleterious matters which render the fresh shark unwholesome, if not poisonous. When this change is

complete, the shark is dug up, sometimes slightly pressed, to get rid of part of the juices, and then cut into long strips, which are hung up in the air, and sheltered from rain, until thoroughly wind-dried. The shark is then fit for use, and is esteemed a great delicacy by connoisseurs. It is not unpalatable, though somewhat highly flavoured; but generally its powerful odour deters the uninitiated from tasting it.

The livers are brought ashore and stored in vats till the solid matters have settled to the bottom; after which the more fluid portion is melted in iron pots over an open fire. The oil thus obtained is more or less dark-coloured, according to the degree of decomposition which the liver has suffered before melting, and the temperature to which it has been subjected. By this process the liver yields about two-thirds its bulk of a coarse and not very savoury oil. A shark-oil refinery can generally be detected by its odour at a considerable distance off. Of late years, refining by steam has come considerably into use, and the liver is taken as fresh as possible. By this means a finer, lighter-coloured, and less odorous oil is obtained, though the yield is less. The bodies, too, always contain a considerable quantity of oil, which could probably be extracted by pressure or other means, and the residual mass made into manure.

The crews of vessels engaged in shark-fishing are paid about fifty-five shillings a month, with a premium of sixpence per barrel of liver. The captain gets two shillings and threepence per barrel on the first hundred barrels of the season's catch, and three shillings and fourpence per barrel on the remainder.

Shark-fishing in the winter months is a somewhat dangerous pursuit, owing to the frequency of storms and the brief daylight. The decked vessels often encounter very rough weather, and have sometimes been lost, while open boats are naturally subjected to much greater risks. Of this we had not long ago a melancholy instance, when three boats engaged in shark-fishing in the Faxa Fiord were lost in one day, their crews, amounting in all to thirty men, perishing. The use of open boats is consequently diminishing, and the number of decked vessels increasing as rapidly as the limited means of the Icelanders will permit. Shark-fishing is a decidedly remunerative industry, and may be made still more profitable by the use of better craft and appliances, and by improvements in the method of extraction, and consequently in the quality of the oil.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER I.—COTTLEY HALL AND ITS MASTER.

THE wind is high to-night. An enthusiast in spiritualistic fancies, or a dreamer of dreams, needs but to seat himself by the great fireplace of Cottley Hall and listen to the rumbling noise which resounds in that capacious chimney, and he would forthwith be supplied with food for mental imagination to his heart's content. Into Cottley Hall—where everything is either too small or too large, and inconvenient to the utmost extent which human ingenuity could possibly make it—it would be hard for

the most commonplace individual to enter without experiencing a spice of uncanny romance. If odd corners, twisting stairs, and a wealth of carved panelling could render it a thing of beauty in the eyes of the artist and the romancer, Cottley Hall was a gem of its class, of the first water. A noticeable fact about the large draughty rooms was that the favoured mortals who gathered round the great wood-fires which blazed therein at winter-time experienced agreeable sensations of extreme chilliness on one side and overpowering heat on the other. All the bedsteads were of a large old-fashioned type, though these gigantic four-posters looked but strange atoms compared with the enormous rooms in which they were located, the approach to them being mostly across a long uneven floor, upon which bygone-shaped articles of furniture appeared few and far between. Across the doors of these apartments were drawn pieces of antiquated tapestry, worked with divers representations of Solomon and the Children of Israel, all habited in a sort of semi-Roman attire. The window-casements were uniformly filled with glass of a ghastly green colour, which when penetrated by the sun's rays, imparted an unwholesome and mildevy character to the countenances of the Wise King and his contemporaries.

The unwary stranger who ventured into the upper regions of Cottley Hall without a guide speedily found himself involved in a labyrinth of passages and turnings which seldom failed to reduce him to great straits before being extricated therefrom. Between the roof and the third floor was a dreary wilderness of attics, seldom entered by the domestic element—not that they believed in the inevitable ghost supposed to haunt these regions, but because the numerous low intersecting beams rendered locomotion somewhat unsafe. In many places the walls were graced with ancient wooden-faced family portraits, which caused not a little discomfort to visitors who found themselves for the first time the object of their dull expressionless gaze.

The strange exaggerated figures of Solomon and the Israelites have caught but little sunshine lately, owing to a long spell of overcast sky, the few fitful rays that have lighted on Cottley Hall being insufficiently strong to penetrate its thick glazed windows. To-night, the tapestry flaps drearily, for a stiff gale is blowing across country, and cold currents of air find their way into the huge deserted rooms. The tall timber-trees surrounding the park are creaking and bending to the blast; but the sturdy gables of Cottley Hall stand firm as the day when they were built. Just such a wild night as this closed upon the 6th of September 1651, three days after the sanguinary and decisive battle of Worcester. Hugh Everett was owner of the Hall at that time, a zealous Parliamentary speaker of high reputation. It was not by strength of arm or by mighty deeds of valour that Master Everett had gained unto himself those honours which had procured him the fat and fair manor of Cottley; from his childhood up the Republican had seldom enjoyed good health, his capabilities fitting him rather for a statesman than a soldier, while at the same time his inclinations were more of a civil than of a military character. The 'desperate and cruel Malignant,' Sir John Rossey, from whom this

wealthy patrimonial estate had been alienated since the fatal field of Naseby, closed the long line of his family by getting shot through the head at Rowton Moor; and now Master Everett reigned in his stead, more secure in his position than the hot-headed knight had latterly been, but none the less looked upon by his numerous tenants as a usurper and a pleasure-hating upstart.

Cottley Hall is black and silent, and its chimneys and gables point darkly to the sky. The place might well appear deserted, for no light is to be seen in its many windows, and no response is made to show that the inhabitants are aware of that hollow knocking at the front door. Said knocking continues at intervals, but at length grows desultory and faint, though the wind howls unceasingly amongst the great Cottley elms, making noise enough to drown twenty such feeble sounds. Out of sight at the back of the building, partly obscured by overhanging masses of ivy, a single light proceeds from a small mullioned window opening upon the library of the Hall. This is Master Everett's favourite retreat, and here he sits, surrounded by books and pamphlets bearing such interesting titles as *A Fan to purge the Threshing-floore*, and *A Seed sown upon Goode Grounds*, together with the bitterly malevolent and better-known treatise upon the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*. Hugh Everett's age does not exceed thirty-five years, but a troubled harassing life has given him the appearance of a man of fifty. Short scattered gray hairs, sharp features, and a thin stooping figure, are his principal characteristics, the extreme plainness of his countenance being fully equalled by that of his dress. The Master of Cottley is poring over a leather-bound collection of sermons, and though apparently engrossed in his occupation, he is nevertheless in an unusually absent frame of mind. He has not altered his position for nearly an hour, neither has he attempted to turn a leaf; there is something in the lonely howling of the wind to-night which reminds him of his half-forgotten school-days. Although his eyes are fixed upon that printed page before him, Hugh Everett's thoughts are far away in the remote past, looking back with a sorrowful yearning towards scenes and faces which were familiar to him long before these troubles came upon the land.

CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Things had remained in this state, as we have said, for nearly an hour, when, chancing to raise his head, Master Everett's wandering gaze encountered a silent figure standing at the other end of the room. Though but faintly seen by the lamp's dim uncertain light, there was something about the face he seemed to recognise, and he sat spell-bound for a moment before starting from his chair. The spell was broken by a forward movement on the part of the apparition, and Everett raised a fearful cry, which was instantly choked by the application of a palpably human hand to his mouth. Easily mastered in the ensuing scuffle, the Republican sank back and glared fiercely at his detainer, while his breath came thick and short.

'Hugh Everett,' exclaimed the unwelcome intruder who stood over him, 'do you not know me?'

The scattered recollections in Everett's mind slowly pieced themselves together, and he answered after a pause: 'I do now.'

'That's one to my score then,' said the individual with a short laugh. 'What are you afraid of?'

'Nothing, Walter Cunningham, nothing,' answered Everett, controlling his agitation by a great effort. 'Yet you have sought me in a strange fashion.'

'And if I have, friend Hughie,' said the newcomer, 'that counts for nothing, does it? I am in trouble, and have come to you for help. Old friendship should bind us, if nought else; and were I now in your place—though, heaven knows, I don't wish to be—you should have it for the asking.'

'How did you enter the house?' inquired Everett, whose under-current of thought would scarcely allow him to follow what the other said.

'My conscience pricked me somewhat as to the matter of creeping in,' quoth Cunningham; 'but when a house keeps bolt and bar so stubbornly as yours does, one must take some liberties *in extremis*.'

'What trouble are you in? Why do you come here?' asked Everett nervously. 'Have you joined in any fresh broil, to disturb the peace of this unhappy country?'

'Peace! unhappy broils!' ejaculated Cunningham. 'What are you talking about? Can it be possible that you have not heard of Worcester fight?'

The Master passed his slim hand across his forehead and answered in a husky, perturbed voice: 'Many rumours have I heard of late—rumours of war and strange tales of battle, but little did I wot that Walter Cunningham was concerned therein.'

'He was, and he glories in it!' exclaimed his companion with sudden enthusiasm. 'Hast ever heard, Hugh, of any man being possessed with a fighting demon? I was that day.—Oh, ye powers! give me such another before I die, and I shall leave this world content! Down went Hamilton, down went Maurice and Maffey, before those fanatics; yet throughout the medley I bore a charmed life. My cloak was riddled with bullets—see that shot-hole in my hat—yet not a wound, not a scratch. Could such a day again fall to my lot, I should well nigh esteem myself invincible!' The Cavalier, who had been gesticulating wildly throughout the whole of this disconnected speech, threw himself back in the chair and set his teeth with a sardonic grin.

Hugh Everett's blood was up; his thin bent frame trembled partly with nervous eagerness and partly with anger while he listened to the fugitive's discourse; but now his powerful voice, which had been so often raised in behalf of his party, broke forth like a deep enraged roar: 'And it is thus thou boastest in thy strength and thy unrighteous cause! What can have prompted thee, thou stirrer-up of strife, to venture hither with thy evil, self-exalting tale; hast thou no fear in thrusting thy head into the very lion's mouth?'

This sudden outburst produced no effect whatever upon Cunningham; he crossed one leg

over the other, looked Everett straight in the face, and answered sturdily: 'Not a jot.'

The Master of Cottley Hall rested his chin on his hand and regarded the Cavalier fixedly. Bold speaker and diplomatist as he might be, the Republican knew that here he had met his match. Contending passions might urge him to speak harshly, but he felt that to do his old friend a wilful injury was foreign to his nature. No one could be better aware of this than Walter Cunningham, and certainly no one could have turned the opportunity to advantage with greater coolness or sagacity. For a few minutes the Cavalier's glittering eyes watched his companion's measured movements as he paced across the floor; and then leaning back again, he quietly said: 'You have two roads to choose from, my good friend: there is no other alternative; either hide me or give me up; the prospect of capture will not induce me to move another step to-night.'

'To-night,' echoed Everett, stopping short in his walk. 'Are you indeed so hard pressed?'

'My present action will answer that question,' said Cunningham. 'Fleetwood holds Daventry, and his troopers are scouring the country like bloodhounds in search of poor hunted wretches like myself.'

'Have you fasted long?' asked Everett. 'Are you an-hungered?'

'As much as a man may be who has not tasted food since yesterday at mid-day,' replied the fugitive.

Everett opened a corner cupboard and placed a loaf, a leather flask, and drinking glass before the Cavalier. 'Bread and wine I can give you here,' he said. 'To call for better fare might be dangerous. Fortunate it is that none of my household saw you enter.'

'Fortunate, say you?' said Cunningham with a meaning smile, as he uncorked the flask. 'So be it, then, my lad.—Here's to King Charles!' he added, extending his hand.

'The Young Man,' exclaimed Everett quickly.

'His Majesty—God bless him!' retorted Cunningham, tossing off a deep draught.

Hugh Everett turned sharply round and walked towards the window. Events had taken a strangely unpleasant turn with him this evening, and his position could scarcely be called a comfortable one. Walter Cunningham, on the other hand, ate and drank in a most unconcerned manner, for, despite his evident distress, there was an air of careless license about the Cavalier which ill became the puritanical atmosphere of Master Everett's study. The meal was soon over; and Cunningham turned towards the motionless figure at the window.

CHAPTER III.—THE 'PRIEST-HOLE.'

'Rouse yourself, Hughie,' said the fugitive. 'Hast got a touch of the megrims?'

'Walter Cunningham,' returned Everett, looking up, 'one thing can I esteem myself fortunate in, that I have received this visitation to-night. Left alone to myself for lengthy periods, my morbid imagination feeds upon itself and stag-nates the very blood within me.'

'Your discourse sounds mighty well, friend Hugh,' said Cunningham, for the first time

showing some impatience; 'but it will not save me from Fleetwood's troopers. Is there no secret hole or corner where I can hide till the pursuit slackens? I have no fancy to be made the mark for a firing-party in your courtyard just yet.'

'Stay, stay!' exclaimed Everett, pressing his hand to his forehead. 'I do remember me now of some such place like unto what you allude.'

'Well,' said Walter, 'so much the better for me. Let us see to this matter at once.'

The Master laid hold upon the lamp with a trembling hand and glanced irresolutely round the room. Cunningham's eyes turned in the same direction until they rested on a mass of carved woodwork situated in one portion of the panelling.

'What is the place you speak of?' asked the uninvited visitor, as his companion crossed over to this spot and appeared to busily examine it by aid of the light which he carried.

'Hold thou the lamp, and I will tell thee,' said Everett, stooping down upon the floor. 'It is said that when this house of Cottley was first built, the luxurious family of Rossey caused certain large kitchens to be constructed underground. Thus it came to pass that when that evil-doer and imaginer of mischief, Sir John, devoted himself to unlawful state-service, his yearly revenues were insufficient to maintain that example of debauchery and gluttony for which he was well known. The approaches to these kitchens were consequently bricked up, smaller substitutes being used as more convenient, and more adapted to the outlay of his limited income. Cottley Hall at length changed hands; and it was during the execution of some needful repairs that a working-man accidentally touched a spring concealed amongst these carvings, letting fall a cunningly contrived panel. An entry being effected, it was found that behind the wall there existed one of the great chimneys rising from the disused kitchens. Across its aperture extended a single sooty beam, leading to a small recess on the other side. I myself believed this to be a "priest-hole" which had probably been used during the times of the Catholic persecution; but having no desire that this panel should remain open to gratify the curious, I ordered it to be closed up and left *in statu quo*, little thinking that I might one day have occasion to use it. How little can we guess the future!'

'Cannot you remember how the spring worked?' demanded Cunningham.

'Can you remember everything that crossed your eyes six years ago?' returned the other fretfully. 'I trow not.'

The examination continued for some minutes without success, Cunningham meanwhile keeping perfectly silent, listening to the howling of the wind amongst the great Cottley elms without.

'Hugh Everett,' he said suddenly, starting up and coming to an attitude of rigid attention, 'what is that noise?'

The Master shook his head.

'I need scarcely ask,' continued Cunningham. 'I have been too long a soldier to mistake a bugle call. If that panel is not opened quickly, there may chance to be some murderous work here this night.'

'What a frightful emergency!' was the exclamation of Everett, who had not ceased to pass his fingers over the mass of carved work affixed to the panelling. 'You cannot, you dare not offer any resistance.'

'Bethink you, Hugh Everett,' said the Cavalier grimly, as he touched the hilt of his rapier. 'Have you lived so long in this world and yet cannot guess what a desperate man dare do?'

Everett's face turned white as chalk; but the smothered moan which broke from his lips was quickly followed by a cry of joy. 'I have found it!' he exclaimed. 'The panel yields!'

Coming to his aid, Cunningham pushed a portion of the wainscoting on one side, discovering a dark cavernous aperture.

'Enter; be not afraid,' said Everett, holding up the lamp and throwing its light upon the blackened walls of the chimney. 'Cross that log of wood which you see, but trust not to it overmuch. On the other side is the "priest-hole."—Stay a moment. Take this other flask with you. I will let you out when the danger is past.'

Cunningham entering, placed one foot upon the thin worm-eaten beam and faltered.

'Quick!' cried Everett, for an unmistakable sound now smote upon his ears.

Steadying himself as he was best able, Cunningham passed over the yawning pit in safety and gained a ledge on the other side. The panel closed hurriedly, and through the thick darkness came a muffled sound of knocking.

'I faith,' thought the hunted man, as he groped his way into the priest-hole, 'I cannot say much for the hiding-places of the Catholics. Admirable as places of concealment they may be; but their accommodation is detestable.'

The priest-hole was a diminutive apartment, or rather recess, contrived in the thickness of the outer wall, and aired by a loophole which admitted an unpleasantly strong draught. A low stone seat occupied one end of the little place, and upon this Cunningham seated himself to wait with praiseworthy patience.

CHAPTER IV.—SUSPICIONS.

'I am mighty glad to think that you are no Malignant harbourer, Master Everett. Never mind a tough test for character, sir; it's terribly dry work while it lasts. With your permission, my men here shall broach a cask of ale or strong waters wherewithal to refresh themselves in the kitchen.'

The speaker, an athletic man of middle stature, was an officer in charge of a small body of Parliamentary troopers who had invaded the sanctity of Cottley Hall at this singularly inopportune time. A more unprepossessing individual than Major Brand—by which name the officer had introduced himself to Everett—it would have been difficult to find; he was a bandy-legged, black-browed enthusiast, with an offensive guttural voice, and a dark ragged mustache. Yet, in spite of his personal disadvantages, the Republican officer commanded a large degree of respect, being an excellent specimen of that energetic class of people who mount by sheer dogged perseverance over their fellow-creatures' shoulders. His deep-set, lynx-like eyes were remarkably piercing; and

Hugh Everett, already much unnerved, felt himself quite unequal to the task of retaining his composure while subjected to their scrutiny. Slightly bowing his head, ostensibly in deference to military authority, but in reality to hide his confusion, the Master replied: 'Cottley Hall is at your service, Major Brand. I shall in nowise hinder any steps you may think fit to take. Nevertheless, your men must be content with what they can get, for my visitors are far from being numerous.'

At a word of command the troopers quitted the library, none remaining except a large, powerfully built fellow, whose habiliments bespoke him to be a non-commissioned officer.

'Now, Master Everett,' said the major, 'we can converse together comfortably.'

'But,' argued Everett, naturally anxious to quit the vicinity of his friend's hiding-place, 'your men have no scrupulous regard for property; would it not rather be better that we should first see them properly quartered?'

'No,' answered Brand gruffly, for as cats seem by instinct bound to regard the canine race as their natural enemies, so did this official consider all those who in any way opposed his wishes as being suspicious malcontents, on whom it was expedient to keep a watchful eye.

The surly answer brought a faint flush to Everett's pale cheeks. 'You take strange liberties with me, Major Brand,' he said, for a moment losing all self-control. 'Times must be sorely changed if my bare word is not sufficient to remove such as you from Cottley Hall.'

'Spoken like an upholder of the good cause—eh, Humphries?' remarked Brand to the tall trooper who stood looking on.

'Nay!' replied Humphries, speaking with that Scriptural affectation which Everett only used in his more agitated moods, 'the speech savoured mightily like the ranting of some vain-glorious Cavalier. If your worshipful pleasure that he should be arrested still holds, I will proceed to attach his person without delay.'

'Arrest me—attach my person!' exclaimed Everett, starting back. 'Where is your authority to do so?'

'Hold your peace, Humphries!' said the officer quickly. 'You are over-zealous.—We will stick to the matter now in hand, if you please,' he continued, addressing himself to Everett. 'Any questions concerning authority shall be answered by me as a member of that army who placed you in your high seat.'

'What is it you have to say to me, then?'

asked the Master, wearily leaning his head upon his hands.

'This much,' replied Brand, with a significant glance towards his inferior. 'We are seeking for, amongst others, a troublesome youth named Walter Cunningham. Report has tracked him here, and an eye-witness testifies to his having entered the gates of Cottley Hall this very evening. Ask yourself, sir, whether a stiff-necked Malignant would tarry at the abode of a well-known adherent to our cause, unless he were likely to find friends within.'

'I will answer no more,' muttered Everett, fairly driven into a corner. 'You have searched my residence; you have doubtless interrogated my servants; and now, finding nought against

me, you put personal restraint upon my actions, and endeavour to convict me from my own lips.'

The Republican officer did not reply at once; he was slightly nonplussed; but his suspicions were not eradicated. A few moments' thought convinced this dogmatical worthy that it would be best to change his tactics and assume a pacific demeanour while still manœuvring for the desired end.

'I am sorry to have pressed such a charge against you, Master Everett,' he said frankly, after running the situation over in his mind; 'but duty, sir, must not be done negligently. It has been a stiff day for the best of us, stiff enough to try the patience of Job. Is there no wine-flask handy which we can talk over in a friendlier fashion?'

Greatly relieved by this candid declaration, the Master busied himself with placing a jolly-looking flagon on the table, while the Republican officer, who quickly gave some directions in an undertone, dismissed Humphries to join his comrades down-stairs.

SOME RECENT PHASES IN BIBLIOMANIA.

IN the past year or two, an unusual degree of interest has been excited among book-collectors, dealers, and the general public by the numerous fine libraries that have been disposed of by auction, and the exceptional prices in many cases procured, being far in advance of anything hitherto recorded in the annals of book-buying, and certainly, we should think, surprising more than any one else the owners of the books themselves. The campaign seems to have commenced in December 1879, by the sale of a portion of the library of Dr Laing of Edinburgh, chiefly celebrated for works relating to Scottish history and antiquities. Prices throughout ruled exceedingly high, showing the enormous increase in the value of many books within the last half-century. The next important sale was the Sunderland library, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough; which was immediately succeeded by the Beckford collection, removed from Hamilton Palace. That again was followed by the libraries of Mr Comerford, of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and many others, including the collection of the Earl of Jersey, only recently dispersed. Nearly all of the above were of considerable antiquity, and, as a consequence, rich in early editions of the classics. In spite, however, of the fancy prices which many books realised at these sales, there is no doubt that a great number of scarce editions of the early authors were disposed of at much below their value, as compared with prices procured, often for the same identical copies, at the Roxburghe and other important sales at the beginning of the century; making it evident that the taste of modern collectors is changing. In a recent interview between Mr Quaritch, the well-known London bookseller, and the reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the former said: 'The fashion has changed nowadays. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, and for the engravings of Cruikshank and Phiz. Then sporting literature is greatly in demand.' And we

are sure our other large booksellers both in London and the provinces will amply corroborate this statement. We will therefore proceed to say a few words relating to this class of literature, now so extensively favoured by collectors.

Fifteen years ago, there seems to have been little or no demand for these books as curiosities; for, by examining the 1870 catalogues of a well-known dealer, we find 'Oliver Twist,' first edition, uncut, offered as new at one pound; 'Sketches by Boz,' three volumes, 1837, fifteen shillings; or in one volume, 1839, one pound; and Egan's 'Life in London,' uncut, 1821, at twenty-six shillings. How little do those prices compare with present values. 'Sketches by Boz,' in three volumes, is now worth at least twelve pounds; has been sold as high as eighteen pounds; and even in poor condition, can seldom be procured for less than eight pounds; while for 'Oliver Twist,' we recently saw a copy catalogued at ten pounds; and 'Life in London' at the same price. Dickens' 'Sunday under Three Heads,' 'Great Expectations,' and 'Life of Grimaldi,' range in value from ten to six pounds; and 'Pickwick' (in parts) was recently sold in London for twenty-five pounds! The demand which first brought about such prices did not really commence until after the death (in 1878) of George Cruikshank, whose peculiar style of work seems now to be more highly appreciated than ever it was during the lifetime of that versatile artist. Indeed, the desire to possess books containing his original etchings, and the work of other artists of his school, has continued steadily increasing up to the present time.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that collectors are capricious in their special liking for particular works of one author; and we must not neglect to mention as an example of this, that in spite of the large prices demanded for many of Dickens' works, others, such as 'Dombey and Son,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Bleak House,' &c., may be procured at comparatively cheap rates. This peculiarity is also noticeable in the case of the five Christmas books of Dickens, all of which can be secured for a few shillings each, except the 'Christmas Carol,' which fetches as much as five pounds. These remarks apply equally to Thackeray's works; and it is worth noting with regard to books having no pictorial illustrations, and merely issued in three-volume form, that even they too may acquire an extraordinary value, as in the case of 'Great Expectations,' recently catalogued at ten guineas, and 'Esmond,' worth at least four guineas.

Uniform with the original issues of Dickens and Thackeray come a long series of novels by Lever, Ainsworth, Maxwell, Albert Smith, Trollope, &c., invariably published in parts and illustrated with etchings by Cruikshank, Leech, or Phiz. Certain of these have acquired a fictitious value, such as Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' and the sporting novels of Robert Scott Surtees, well known as the 'Handley Cross' series. The list of books illustrated wholly by George Cruikshank is so extensive, that many collectors content themselves with a selection of his most important works, and among those most in demand are 'The Scourge' (1814), 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' (1823-6)—the Beckford copy of which brought sixty-three pounds—'The Omnibus' and

'Table Book,' and Brough's 'Life of Sir John Falstaff.' Rather less in demand are early editions of Shelley, Keats, Browning, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, &c.; but the prices asked for many of them, especially if anything like a complete set has been formed, are sufficiently startling.

It must, however, be remembered that the highest prices are secured only for copies in fine condition and with uncut edges, a fact which is demonstrated by the comparatively small prices obtained for inferior and dirty copies, numbers of which are constantly being thrown upon the market.

To Dickens' collectors, we can confidently recommend Mr Dexter's 'Dickens' Memento' (London: Field and Tuer) as the most complete guide yet published; and we hear of similar works on Thackeray issued by another London publisher. We may remark in conclusion, that the enormous increase in the value of many of our modern works is to a large extent due to the American demand; many valuable libraries in the States, which the writer had recently the opportunity of examining, attesting to the fact.

WILD WILL.

A TEXAN TYPE.

SOME years ago, few names were better known in Texas than that of 'Wild Will.' It is to be presumed that at some time of his life he possessed a surname; if so, it was soon forgotten, for during the greater period of his short but eventful career he was only known by his baptismal, or, to use an Americanism, here probably more appropriate, his *given* name, with the adjectival prefix. In his hot and unregenerate youth, Will had been unpleasantly notorious as the chief of a gang of 'road-agents' (highwaymen) whose depredations had made them the terror of the State. His skill with the pistol was extraordinary both for accuracy and rapidity. On more than one occasion I have seen him with a revolver in each hand at arms-length, simultaneously hit a playing-card on two adjacent telegraph posts, while riding at full gallop across the railway track midway between the poles. Then turning his horse, he would gallop back, repeating the feat, with his arms crossed. A playing-card is a small mark for a pistol-shot standing, at twenty-five yards. On the back of a running horse, the feat is simply wonderful.

It was Will's boast that of all the men he ever killed, none was ever hit save in the head. On one occasion, a band of sixteen United States soldiers, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, were ordered out to arrest him, information as to his hiding-place having been given. They found Will hiding in a thicket, and opened fire. He responded with his revolvers; and at the close of the action, fifteen of the soldiers lay dead, each with a bullet in his brain, whilst the other two managed to escape. Will himself was severely wounded; but he managed to drag himself to the brink of a little pool, where he lay until night, when he was carried off by some of his gang.

Having recovered, Will after a time began to grow weary of the excitement of man-hunting, when he was the unfortunate 'huntee'; and thought a little sport, with himself at the other end of the chase, might not prove uninteresting. By some means or other, he managed to make his peace with his outraged government—never a very difficult matter in the western States—and got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff of the State of Texas. In this capacity the apprehension of all criminals whose daring rendered their arrest dangerous was intrusted to him, and in Texas he was not often unemployed. On one occasion he was summoned to the sheriff's office and informed that a specially 'tough' job was in store for him.

'Well,' said the sheriff, 'Texas Charlie's wanted.'

'Yes,' said Will.

'We want him alive, if you can; but at any-rate, alive or dead.'

'So!' responded Will.

'Will you take?'

'Don't mind if I do. Whisky for choice.'

'No, no; I didn't mean that exactly. Will you take any men with you?'

'Guess not,' replied Will.

'Well, well; just as you please; but remember we want him, alive or dead.—Now we'll have that drink.'

Will immediately set out on his expedition. He had received information that Charlie, a noted desperado, had been making his headquarters at the little village of N—. Thither he proceeded; and by chance I happened to be in N—, looking up some missing cowboys, on the day of Will's arrival. We had met before on several occasions, and Will greeted me pleasantly, and insisted upon my taking a 'horn' with him, whilst he told me the duty he was engaged on.

After a short chat and further refreshment, Will started for the door with a cheery: 'See you again soon, old man! Get through this job pretty slick, I reckon.'

Just as he reached the door, however, a shout of, 'Hold your hands up, Will!' called all the inmates of the saloon to the street.

There stood Will, his hands in the air, calmly whistling a half-melancholy tune, whilst on the other side of the road sat Texas Charlie himself on a fine Eastern horse, accompanied by several of his gang, and with a fourteen-shooting Winchester pointed dead at Will's heart. (I may here state for the benefit of the uninitiated that throwing one's hands up is a sign throughout America that one doesn't intend to draw a pistol and shoot, and that, therefore, the other party should also drop his muzzle.)

'Well, Will,' said Charlie, 'they say yer goin' to take me, alive or dead.'

'Them's my orders, Charlie.'

'What d'ye think ov yer chance now?'

Will calmly resumed whistling the unfinished tune.

'Well, Will, guess I've got the better ov yer.'

'Thet's so, Charlie.'

'Now, look here, old man. I don't want no kinder trouble in this yer town, so I tell yer ye'd better walk backwards out thar to the brush' (pointing to a thicket about half a mile away). 'When ye get thar, I'll shoot ye; but keep yer hands up. Fust motion down yer makes, I shoot.'

Well, it wasn't altogether a lively prospect for

a man to walk backwards for half a mile with his hands over his head, especially with the certainty of being shot at the termination of the journey; but off Will set, still whistling his tune as calmly as if he was going to a lyceum lecture. Two or three of the others and I followed, meditating a rescue; but the levelled rifles of Charlie's gang were anything but comforting to look upon. As for the townspeople, a murder more or less was not a rarity worth tramping half a mile out of town to see.

A portion of the distance was passed, and still Will's clear bird-like whistle rang cheerily out. Charlie's rifle was at his shoulder, covering the deputy-sheriff's heart, and behind, the boys, with rifles and pistols ready, warned off the spectators from approaching too closely. The affair grew thrilling, positively fascinating. I can never forget the calm, cheerful look in Will's eyes as he tramped along backwards, or the cruel, determined air of Charlie and his followers.

Suddenly Will stopped. Waving his hands gently in the air, he shouted: 'Don't hit him, boys; he don't know what he's doin'.'

Like a flash, Charlie turned in his saddle, fearing treachery, and that some one was about to club or stab him in the back. For a second, the deadly Winchester swung from its line; that second was Will's opportunity, and with the speed of lightning his hands were at his belt, his pistols out and levelled; and before the desperado could turn again in his saddle, he rolled to the ground with two bullet-holes through his brain. His companions were so thunderstruck that they did not attempt to revenge his death, but turned their horses and galloped off; not fast enough, though, for Will's bullets, swifter even than a Texas mustang, stopped two of them. The rest escaped.

"'Alive or dead,' was my orders, sirree," said Will. 'I'm sorry it ain't alive; but dead 'll hev to do.'

That was the last time but one that I saw Will alive; on the next occasion he lost his life; but he fell gloriously—for a Texan, that is. The story, however, is too long to give now.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.

In many parts of Australia are large tracts of arid country—deserts, we might call them—over which, especially in times of drought, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but the aborigines to travel without the assistance of camels as carriers. Owing to the great increase of population at the antipodes, it has become a matter of some importance to have all possible facilities for opening out new districts; and in South Australia, attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to raise a home-bred stock of camels. At the present time, there are some two thousand or more of those useful animals in that part of Australia alone. These are greatly in demand, and regular market prices are quoted for them, the value of a good pack bull being sixty pounds, and a pack cow sixty-five pounds. Camels for harness are even more

valuable, selling from sixty-five to seventy pounds, according to sex; whilst those used for riding purposes fetch from seventy to seventy-five pounds.

Camels were not imported into South Australia in any number until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder entered into the enterprise with a determination to establish a herd, and succeeded in landing a hundred and nine, which shortly increased to a hundred and twenty-five. Soon, however, the little herd was attacked by a kind of mange; and the camels suffered so much from this disease, that at the end of six months their number was reduced to sixty-two. In time, however, by the most careful treatment, the disease was stamped out; the herd then thrived well, and has now largely increased.

It was not until about 1883 that the settlers generally began to see the great value of camels in certain districts; and then the demand far exceeded the supply. In that year, Messrs W. R. Cave & Co. made a trial shipment of six; and this venture proved so successful, that in 1884 six hundred and sixty-one camels were imported. In India, great losses have been sustained from foot-and-mouth disease and tuberculosis; it has been therefore deemed necessary, as a protection to what has now become a very important interest in South Australia, that all imported camels should be subjected to a rigorous veterinary examination; and regulations to that effect were published in the *Australian Gazette* in December last. Those camels which have become acclimatised or are home-bred are particularly healthy; but the imported ones, as a rule, suffer greatly at first from skin disease of a highly infectious order (scabies), and many have died from this cause. The remedies for the disease are ointments of sulphur and carbolic acid; tar and fat; and indeed any of the usual sheep-dressings of which sulphur is an ingredient.

For purposes of exploring, surveying, and for carrying stores, camels have proved invaluable aids; and in the interior of Australia, they are firmly established as most valuable stock, and are turned to many and varied uses. In that country, there must always be large tracts of land over which it will be difficult to travel; and there can thus be no doubt that the enterprise of the importers and breeders of camels will be rewarded. Should we, some years hence, have the misfortune to be engaged in another Egyptian campaign, we may perhaps be able to procure that absolute essential of desert warfare, a stock of camels, from our colonial friends.

PROTECTING THE SEACOAST.

A correspondent writes: 'The subject of protecting the seacoast is of almost national importance; I therefore send you the following particulars, as I think you will consider them worthy of a notice in your *Journal*. The ordinary means of protecting property along the coast is to erect either timber, concrete, or stone *groynes* or walls between high and low water marks, so that the shingle, &c. which almost invariably travels along the coast may be caught and retained. The increasing value of the property to be protected, and the frequent damage that has been sustained,

have caused many and various kinds of structures to be put up to attain this object. Judging by the experience gained in many places, it is evident that the benefits derived are frequently more than doubtful, and their cost generally very great. The accumulations of shingle which may have taken place during many months are often entirely removed during one or two rough tides.

'To meet these difficulties, Mr A. Dowson, C.E., 3 Great Queen Street, Westminster, has patented a system of open groynes, which allow the water to pass through them, at the same time trapping the shingle brought in by the waves. These groynes consist of a series of iron gratings attached to uprights firmly fixed in the beach. The effect has proved to be most satisfactory; for, instead of the waves loaded with shingle being dashed against a solid obstruction, as is the case with ordinary groynes, the water passes freely through the gratings, but leaves the shingle to accumulate until it becomes level with their tops, when it falls over, and travels forward to the next groyne. With this system, it is impossible that a backwash can be produced, as may be said to be the invariable result of the ordinary groynes.

'Other advantages of the open groynes are, that they can be erected in a few days, a matter of great importance when a foreshore is being injured during stormy weather. Their cost is also very much less than the old systems. These open groynes have been in practical and satisfactory operation on the foreshore of St Anne's, near Blackpool, for over two years, where at spring-tides the seawall is exposed to the full force of the waves from the Irish Sea. The Corporation of Brighton have also erected some of these groynes on a portion of their foreshore, where they have been subjected to some of the heaviest seas ever experienced on this very exposed coast. The result has proved the great advantages of the open system compared with the others previously adopted; for, while considerable damage was done to adjoining solid groynes, the open ones remained uninjured. At the same time, with the solid groynes there was much scouring away of the shingle; whilst the level of the beach protected by the open groynes was not lowered.'

A model, showing the system, may be seen in Group 3 of the Inventions Exhibition, London.

INTERESTING ROMAN AND GREEK DISCOVERIES.

The remains of a large Roman villa fitted with extensive baths have been recently discovered at Eining, near Abensberg—supposed to be the ancient Abusina—a town in Bavaria on the Abens river, near the Danube. The heating apparatus has been found in very perfect condition, together with many curious and interesting architectural details. But what is perhaps of more interest still, the skeleton of a woman has been found, having by her side a jug, a glass urn, and tear-bottles—the last, usual offerings to the dead. In addition to this, there was the apparatus of her toilet, including hair-pins, pearl necklace, and bracelets. Some sculpture was also brought to light, though in a very broken state; but one piece, a woman's head in marble, was very well

executed indeed. A 'votive' stone was also found with an inscription of four lines, dedicated, as an offering, in honour of 'Dea Fortuna Augusta Faustina.' A large number of Roman weapons, coins, spoons, rings, and fibulae, and many other articles, with Roman bricks, tiles, and stamps in considerable numbers, were also discovered amongst the foundations of this interesting villa.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in connection with the Forum at Rome. On cutting into the accumulation of the unexcavated portion of the north-east side, on which stands—between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the church of St Adriano—the row of modern buildings which is ultimately to be removed for the completion of the excavations, a part of the pavement of the ancient street connecting the Forum with the Suburra has been uncovered. It lies at a level of some eighteen inches below the flagged area of the Forum, which dates from the seventh century. The street extends along the south-east side of that part of the Curia which is now the church of St Adriano. The pavement is in a fine state of preservation; and on one side of it stands a pedestal, probably of a statue dedicated, as shown by the inscription, to the Emperor Constantinus the Second, by Memmius Vitrasius Orfitus, who was *praefectus urbis* from 355 to 359. Large masses of marble, such as pedestals of columns, pieces of cornice, and other fragments, were found one upon another under the accumulations but lately removed.

The *Philologische Wochenschrift* of Berlin referring to the recent discoveries of a number of cornice mouldings of porous stone at the Propylaea at Athens, starts the curious theory that these belonged to the older Propylaea, but that they were used as building materials when the new structure was erected in the fifth century B.C. These stones are brilliantly coloured blue, red, and gold; they are in good preservation, and therefore may be given as excellent specimens of architectural colour decoration as practised by the Greeks two thousand three hundred years ago; a beautiful art, which of late has been successfully revived in our own country, and, when carried out with care and judgment, must always have a superb and striking effect.

MAY: A SONNET.

Come forth, my Sylvia; we must haste away
From out our city home, for Nature wills
That we should visit her green woods and rills,
And hold this for a cheerful holiday.
It is her holy honeymoon of May!
The ardent sun, whose benediction fills
The earth with joy, hath decked the leafy bowers
Wherein she sits, crowned all with love and flowers.
There is a witching music in the breeze,
A deep life-stirring tune that fills the heart
With longings wild and free, and bids depart
All mean intrusive cares: the whispering trees,
The sun, the flowers, the streams—all bid us roam,
And claim, to-day, the woodland for our home.

T. W. S.

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RED RIVER REBELLIONS.

At the present time, when the news of a combined Half-breed and Indian rising in the Canadian North-west is exciting both interest and alarm, it may be appropriate briefly to relate the causes which led to, and the results which were brought about by, the somewhat similar movement, known as the Red River Rebellion, which took place in what is now the province of Manitoba in the years 1869 and 1870.

To help the better understanding of the matter, it may be necessary to remind the reader that Charles II., in the year 1670, gave a charter to a corporation which had then been newly formed under the title of the 'Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.' By this charter he granted to that body the exclusive right and privilege of trading over a vast but undefined tract of country which now forms the greater part of the Dominion of Canada. For close upon two centuries the 'Hudson's Bay Company,' as it is still called, enjoyed its huge monopoly, and was able at times to pay very large dividends to its shareholders. The Company's claim to the territory in question was, however, by no means an undisputed one. As early as the year 1749, a Select Committee of the House of Commons inquired into and reported upon the state of the country occupied by the Company and the trade carried on therein. Many high authorities maintained that the Company's charter gave to it no actual territorial possession; but, in spite of this, the Company continued, until the last few years, to exercise a sole control over its vast and silent territories, which it governed exactly in the way that pleased it best. But the days of monopolies had largely gone by; and some forty or fifty years ago, complaints began to be heard to the effect that it was scandalous that so enormous an extent of country should be left entirely in the hands of a commercial Company, consisting merely of a few private individuals; that the Company had not in all cases exercised its authority on the side of justice; and that it

was habitually accustomed to do all that lay within its power to prevent the carrying out of projects likely to advance the prosperity of the country, being over-careful of its own interests, and jealous of all competition. The whole question, however, found a solution in the year 1869, when, following upon an exhaustive inquiry which had taken place before another Select Committee in the year 1857, it was mutually agreed that the Company should surrender almost the whole of its territorial rights to the government of the Dominion of Canada in return for a money-payment of three hundred thousand pounds. It was the method adopted for carrying out the conditions of this agreement which, in the first instance, occasioned the Red River Rebellion.

There were at that time (1869) many old servants of the Company and others settled around its chief trading-station, Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—and along the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine. Many of these were Scotch; others had come up from the eastern provinces of Canada; a few were Americans; but a very large number—some thousands—were Metis, or French Half-breeds—descendants of the earliest servants of the Company, who had come up from the French-speaking province of Quebec, and who, when they had served their time, had married Indian wives and settled down in the country. The children resulting from these unions presented many marked peculiarities of their own. They possessed in some degree the characteristics both of the white and of the red skinned races; but their general habits, mode of life, and physique were those of the Indian rather than of the white man. They usually dressed in trousers of a dark-blue cloth, with a heavy woollen shirt of the same colour. In this they followed more or less the ways of civilised man; but the Indian love of finery showed itself in the bright brass buttons, the scarlet waist-sash, and the bead-worked leggings and moccasins with which they adorned themselves. Their wants were few. Rome was their church. The Hudson's Bay Company was their

government. Three-quarters hunter and one-quarter farmer, their sharpened senses and trusty rifles enabled them to procure most of their few necessities; and the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they supplied their remaining wants, afforded them the requisite market for the disposal of their furs. These men naturally heard with alarm that a fresh power, of which they knew nothing, was about to enter in and rule over them. They neither knew nor cared anything about the government of Canada; they merely knew that 'the Company' and themselves had long occupied and possessed the whole region; and what security had they that the new authority, which they heard was coming up to apportion their country off into square farms, would pay any heed to their claims?

The transfer of the territory from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian government was effected about the middle of the year 1869. A number of land-surveyors were at once despatched to commence surveying the country; and a complete government, consisting of governor, ministers, secretaries, and all other functionaries, few of whom had any acquaintance with the freshly-acquired region, was formed in Ottawa, and despatched in a body to take possession of the new territory. This abortive government reached Saint Paul, in the State of Minnesota (four hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Garry, but at that time the nearest point of railway), early in the following October, and there commenced to make preparations for its long journey over the prairies. But news of its advent went on before; and the arrival of the information at Fort Garry fanned into the full blaze of rebellion the smouldering embers of ignorant prejudice and alarm. The Half-breeds held excited meetings, at which it was decided to oppose—by force, if need be—the entrance of the governor, the Honourable Mr MacDougal, into the country. A message to this effect was forwarded to that gentleman, and the track from the United States boundary was barricaded near the La Salle River, some ten miles south of the fort.

At this time there appeared one Louis Riel, a French Half-breed, who is described as being a man of considerably greater intelligence, force of character, and capacity for leadership than the average of the class to which he belonged. This man now assumed the direction of the movement. He does not seem to have conducted himself at first in a way that was particularly improper; but, as the weather grew colder, the Half-breeds found themselves in very poor winter-quarters at the La Salle River, and it was decided to retire upon Fort Garry. This was accordingly done on the 2d of November, Riel and about one hundred of his followers entering the open gates of the fort without the slightest opposition from the governor or other of the Company's officials. Once established in the large stone fort, the rebels found themselves in comfortable circumstances. They occupied a very strong position, the fort being bastioned and defended by a battery of thirteen six-pounders, and containing nearly four hundred Enfield rifles, and an abundance of ammunition, besides large quantities of supplies of all kinds, a well-filled safe, and an overflowing wine-cellar. Moreover, the possession of the fort gave to the

Half-breed leader the command of all the other inhabitants of the settlement, such as the Scotch, English, and Canadians, who had refused to join in the movement. These were accordingly imprisoned and otherwise ill-treated by Dictator Riel, who, like many other small people when placed in situations of authority, began to imagine himself a very important individual indeed, and proceeded to act accordingly. He called together a Convention and styled himself the 'President of the Republic of the North-west.' A 'Bill of Rights'—which, it must be admitted, formed the basis of the 'Manitoba Act' passed by the Dominion Parliament in the following year—was drawn up and passed. In short, the rebels were now complete masters of the situation, there being no force in the settlement capable of dislodging them.

The state of affairs was much aggravated by the insane proceedings of a certain Colonel Dennis, who was to have been 'Conservator of the Peace' under the new government. This gentleman entered the settlement about the end of December with a proclamation from Governor MacDougal authorising him to 'assault, fire upon, break into houses, and attack, arrest, disarm, and disperse people;' but, finding himself unable to carry out his injunctions, he wisely returned to Saint Paul, where he rejoined Mr MacDougal, who, with the rest of his government, set his face for home again.

Things continued to remain in this state through the whole of the winter. Riel, emboldened by the support of six or seven hundred armed followers, conducted himself in a most arbitrary manner, ruling with a high hand, and imprisoning at will those who would not support him. Both right and reason had, undoubtedly, to some extent been on the side of many of his earlier proceedings; and we might even now have felt some amount of admiration for the energy and ability he showed in carrying on the movement, had he not at last become intoxicated with his own successes, and been thereby led to commit an act by which he once for all alienated from his cause the sympathy of all law-abiding people. This act was the murder, in cold blood, of one Thomas Scott, a Canadian, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the overbearing Dictator. This unfortunate man was shot in front of the fort on the 4th of March 1870. Riel himself seems to have been ashamed of his deed; for, refusing permission to bury him to two clergymen that had asked to be allowed to do so, he pretended to have the body interred at night within the walls of the fort; but, in the following year, when the coffin was dug up with the intention of giving a proper burial to the remains it was supposed to contain, it was found to be empty.

Thus affairs went on at Fort Garry for over nine months. But energetic preparations had been made in Eastern Canada for the suppression of the revolt; and, soon after the opening of navigation on the Great Lakes, a force consisting of one battalion of regular infantry, two of Canadian militia, a few artillerymen, and some engineers—about fourteen hundred souls in all—set out for Fort Garry. The course to be followed on this expedition lay first by water up Lakes Huron and Superior, to Thunder Bay on the north-west coast of the latter, where now stands

the town of Port Arthur. From this point the little force had to traverse a veritable wilderness of glacier-scraped rocks, rushing rivers, countless lakes, and endless pine-forests, through which there were no roads, for full five hundred miles before it could reach Fort Garry—the easier means of approach, *via* Saint Paul, lying through United States territory, and being closed against an armed force. No supplies could be obtained on the route: everything, including canoes, provisions, munitions of war, and supplies of all kinds, had to be carried on men's shoulders across the innumerable 'portages.' Only those who—like the writer—have been over the line of railway which now traverses the region, can have any true conception of the difficulties of the route, although enough was said of them at the time, and prophecies concerning the total failure of the expedition were heard on all hands. But the little force was under the command of a man who looked upon difficulties only in the light of obstacles to be overcome. This man was none other than General Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley. In due time, therefore, the journey was accomplished, and accomplished at a marvellously small expense and without the loss of a man. On the 23d of August the expeditionary force arrived under the walls of Fort Garry, amid extravagant signs of rejoicing from the loyal portion of the inhabitants of the settlement. But the fort was then empty. Riel, with his few remaining followers, had rushed off only a few minutes before, and was then making the best of his way to the frontier, in order to seek refuge on American soil. Thus ended the Red River Rebellion of 1869-70.

Looking at the matter in an unbiased light, it cannot be denied that, at the outset, the Half-breeds had a certain amount of reason on their side. It does not appear that they had any greater grievances than the other inhabitants of the settlement who did not rise; but their ignorance led them to believe they had; and it is certain that the greater part of the blame for the whole affair is attributable to the eagerness of the Canadian officials to assume the government of the new territory. Captain Butler, who in his *Great Lone Land* has given us, from personal experience, one of the most readable accounts we have of the rebellion, says: 'The blame for having bungled the whole business belongs collectively to all the great and puissant bodies [concerned]. An ordinary, matter-of-fact, sensible man would have managed the whole affair in a few hours; but so many high and potent powers had to consult together—to pen despatches, to speechify, and to lay down the law about it—that the whole affair became hopelessly muddled.' Moreover, it is a fact that, as a result of the rising, the Half-breeds obtained all they asked. A grant of nearly a million and a half acres of land was made to them and to their children, two hundred and forty acres being given to each of the latter. Rumour says that children were lent by one family to another, and were thus counted several times over; consequently, the Commissioners reported unusual multiplying powers as one of the characteristics of the Half-breeds of the North-west! But the advantages obtained from the grant were almost *nil*. The reckless improvidence of the Half-breeds soon led

them to dispose of their lands, which were sold for merely nominal sums to the keen speculators who were soon in the field. Children of ten or twelve were allowed to go through all the legal farces connected with the sale of their lands, on the representation of the parents that they were unable to support their families without immediate help. At the present day, the ruined log shanties of the Half-breeds lie scattered in scores along the banks of the Assiniboine and the Red River, their owners, on the advent of the numerous white settlers, of whom they are by no means fond, having moved away to the more remote districts drained by the great Saskatchewan River, where they are now again creating a disturbance at the instigation of their old leader, Louis Riel, who, after ten years of banishment, returned to Winnipeg in the year 1883, while the writer was also on a visit to the city.

With regard to the movement now going on, it is difficult to give any reliable information. It is almost impossible to say what grievances—real or supposed—have occasioned it, or what it may lead to. It is certain, however, that so long as it is confined to the Half-breeds, it is not likely to be very serious: the only real danger lies in a general rising of the Indians throughout the North-west. If this once takes place, it is impossible to say where the matter will end. Thus far, it is true, the Canadian Indians—unlike those across the boundary-line—have always been fairly peaceable, largely because the conditions of their treaties with the government have been honestly observed; but still more because, for two centuries past, they have been in daily contact, for purposes of mutual advantage, with the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. This latter fact is too often overlooked. But it is probable that even the Canadian Indians, in spite of their quiet and orderly conduct, were never in a worse condition than they are now. Although they are partially fed and maintained by government, the buffalo and the other large game-animals, which formerly supplied nearly all their wants, have been now killed off by the white men. This has brought many of the Indians down almost to starvation-point, and they are often compelled to use as food gophers and other small prairie animals. Consequently, it is not altogether surprising that some at least of the Indians should now be ready to join any demonstration of malcontents that may arise.

It may be well to point out that the difficulty of getting troops and supplies to the seat of the present rebellion will be much less than on the last occasion. A continuous line of railway now extends from the Atlantic seaboard to within two hundred miles of the centre of the existing disturbance, and Canada is now better prepared than she was fifteen years ago to suppress anything of the kind that may break out.

Civilisation has now completely overrun the scene of the last rising. A fine city of thirty thousand inhabitants surrounds the site of Fort Garry, the strong stone walls of which have entirely disappeared; and little now remains to mark the spot where it stood except the old-fashioned beam-and-plaster houses which were formerly used as stores and residences, and a few dismounted guns and rotting gun-carriages which are scattered around. The writer has seen

tram-cars running over the spot on which the ill-fated Thomas Scott met his death.

A considerable amount of needless alarm must have been occasioned in the minds of the parents and other relatives of the many young men who have recently emigrated to Manitoba by the appearance in most of the daily papers of paragraphs headed, 'Revolt in Manitoba.' As a matter of fact, Prince Albert, the point at which the rebellion broke out, is on the North Saskatchewan River, more than two hundred miles from the nearest part of Manitoba and nearly five hundred miles in a direct line from the city of Winnipeg. In any case, whatever development the rising may ultimately reach, the probabilities are that settlers in the province of Manitoba will not be placed in situations of real danger. The near proximity of the capital and of the railway, the comparatively small number of the combined Indians and Half-breeds, and the comparatively large number of whites in Manitoba, render it in every way likely that the movement will be confined to the wilder, more remote, and thinly settled districts lying to the north and west.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MARKHAM's story was one which was very well known to Society—to which everything is known—though it had remained so long a secret, and was still a mystery to one of her children. Waring had been able to lose himself in distance, and keep his position concealed from every one; but it was clear that his wife could not do so, remaining as she did in the world which was fully acquainted with her, and which required an explanation of everything that happened. Perhaps it is more essential to a woman than to a man that her position should be fully explained, though it is one of the drawbacks of an established place and sphere, which is seldom spoken of, yet is very real, and one of the greatest embarrassments of life. So long as existence is without complications, this matters little; but when these arise, those difficulties which so often distract the career of a family, the inevitable explanations that have to be made to the little interested ring of spectators, is often the worst part of domestic trouble. Waring, whose temperament was what is called sensitive—that is, impatient, self-willed, and unenduring—would not submit to such a necessity. But a woman cannot fly; she must stand in her place, if she has any regard for that place, and for the reputation which it is common to say is more delicate and easily injured than is that of a man—and make her excuse to the world. Perhaps, as, sooner or later, excuses and explanations must be afforded, it is the wiser plan to get over them publicly and at once; for even Waring, as has been seen, though he escaped, and had a dozen years of tranquillity, had at the last to submit himself to the questions of Mr Durant. All that was over for these dozen years with Lady Markham. Everybody knew exactly what her position was. Scandal had never breathed upon

her, either at the moment of the separation or afterwards. It had been a foolish, romantic love-marriage between a woman of Society and a man who was half-rustic, half-scholar. They had found after a time that they could not endure each other—as anybody with a head on his shoulders could have told them from the beginning, Society said. And then he had taken the really sensible though wild and romantic step of banishing himself and leaving her free. There were some who had supposed this a piece of *bizarre* generosity, like the man, and some who thought it only a natural return to the kind of life that suited him best.

Lady Markham had, of course, been censured for this, her second marriage; and equally, of course, was censured for this breach of it; for the separation, which, indeed, was none of her doing; for retaining her own place when her husband left her; and, in short, for every step she had taken in the matter from first to last. But that was twelve years ago, which is a long time in all circumstances, and which counts for about a century in Society: and nobody thought of blaming her any longer, or of remarking at all upon the matter. The present lords and ladies of fashionable life had always known her as she was, and there was no further question about her history. When, in the previous season, Miss Waring had made her debut in Society and achieved the success which had been so remarkable, there was indeed a little languid question as to who was her father among those who remembered that Waring was not the name of the Markham family; but this was not interesting enough to cause any excitement. And Frances, still thrilling with the discovery of the other life, of which she had never suspected the existence, and ignorant even now of everything except the mere fact of it, suddenly found herself embraced and swallowed up in a perfectly understood and arranged routine in which there was no mystery at all.

'The first thing you must do is to make acquaintance with your relations,' said Lady Markham next morning at breakfast. 'Fortunately, we have this quiet time before Easter to get over all these preliminaries. Your aunt Cavendish will expect to see you at once.'

Frances was greatly disturbed by this new discovery. She gave a covert glance at Markham, who, though it was not his habit to appear so early, had actually produced himself at breakfast to see how the little one was getting on. Markham looked back again, elevating his eyebrows, and not understanding at first what the question meant.

'And there are all the cousins,' said the mother, with that plaintive tone in her voice. 'My dear, I hope you are not in the way of forming friendships, for there are so many of them! I think the best thing will be to get over all these duty introductions at once. I must ask the Cavendishes—don't you think, Markham?—to dinner, and perhaps the Peytons—quite a family party.'

'Certainly, by all means,' said Markham; 'but first of all, don't you think she wants to be dressed?'

Lady Markham looked at Frances critically from her smooth little head to her neat little shoes. The girl was standing by the fire, with her head reclined against the mantel-piece of

carved oak, which, as a 'reproduction,' was very much thought of in Eaton Square. Frances felt that the blush with which she met her mother's look must be seen, though she turned her head away, through the criticised clothes.

'Her dress is very simple; but there is nothing in bad taste. Don't you think I might take her anywhere as she is? I did not notice her hat,' said Lady Markham with gravity; 'but if that is right—Simplicity is quite the right thing at eighteen'—

'And in Lent,' said Markham.

'It is quite true; in Lent, it is better than the right thing—it is the best thing.—My dear, you must have had a very good maid. Foreign women have certainly better taste than the class we get our servants from. What a pity you did not bring her with you. One can always find room for a clever maid.'

'I don't believe she had any maid; it is all out of her own little head,' said Markham. 'I told you not to let yourself be taken in. She has a deal in her, that little thing.'

Lady Markham smiled, and gave Frances a kiss, enfolding her once more in that soft atmosphere which had been such a revelation to her last night. 'I am sure she is a dear little girl, and is going to be a great comfort to me.—You will want to write your letters this morning, my love, which you must do before lunch. And after lunch, we will go and see your aunt. You know that is a matter of—what shall we call it, Markham?—conscience: with me.'

'Pride,' Markham said, coming and standing by them in front of the fire.

'Perhaps a little,' she answered with a smile; 'but conscience too. I would not have her say that I had kept the child from her for a single day.'

'That is how conscience speaks, Fan,' said Markham. 'You will know next time you hear it.—And after the Cavendishes?'

'Well—of course, there must be a hundred things the child wants.—We must look at your evening dresses together, darling. Tell Josephine to lay them out and let me see them. We are going to have some people at the Priory for Easter; and when we come back, there will be no time. Yes, I think on our way home from Portland Place, we must just look into—a shop or two.'

'Now my mind is relieved,' Markham said.—'I thought you were going to change the course of nature, Fan.'

'The child is quite bewildered by your nonsense, Markham,' the mother said.

And this was quite true. Frances had never been on such terms with her father as would have entitled her to venture to laugh at him. She was confused with this new phase, as well as with her many other discoveries: and it appeared to her that Markham looked just as old as his mother. Lady Markham was fresh and fair, her complexion as clear as a girl's, and her hair still brown and glossy. If art in any way added to this perfection, Frances had no suspicion of such a possibility. And when she looked from her mother's round and soft contour to the wrinkles of Markham, and his no-colour and indefinite age, and heard him address her with that half-caressing, half-bantering equality, the girl's mind grew more and more hopelessly

confused. She withdrew, as was expected of her, to write her letters, though without knowing how to fulfil that duty. She could write (of course) to her father. It was of course, and so was what she told him. 'We arrived about six o'clock. I was dreadfully confused with the noise and the crowds of people. Mamma was very kind. She bids me send you her love. The house is very fine, and full of furniture, and fires in all the rooms; but one wants that, for it is much colder here. We are going out after luncheon to call on my aunt Cavendish. I wish very much I knew who she was, or who my other relations are; but I suppose I shall find out in time.' This was the scope of Frances' letter. And she did not feel warranted, somehow, in writing to Constance. She knew so little of Constance: and was she not in some respects a supplanter, taking Constance' place? When she had finished her short letter to her father, which was all fact, with very few reflections, Frances paused and looked round her, and felt no further inspiration. Should she write to Mariuccia? But that would require time—there was so much to be said to Mariuccia. Facts were not what she would want—at least, it would have to be facts of a different kind; and Frances felt that daylight and all the arrangements of the new life, the necessity to be ready for luncheon and to go out after, were not conditions under which she could begin to pour out her heart to her old nurse, the attendant of her childhood. She must put off till the evening, when she should be alone and undisturbed, with time and leisure to collect all her thoughts and first impressions. She put down her pen, which was not, indeed, an instrument she was much accustomed to wield, and began to think instead; but all her thinking would not tell her who the relatives were to whom she was about to be presented; and she reflected with horror that her ignorance must betray the secret which she had so carefully kept, and expose her father to further and further criticism.

There was only one way of avoiding this danger, and that was through Markham, who alone could help her, who was the only individual in whom she could feel a confidence that he would give her what information he could, and understand why she asked. If she could but find Markham! she went down-stairs, timidly flitting along the great staircase through the great drawing-room, which was vacant, and found no trace of him. She lingered, peeping out from between the curtains of the windows upon the leafless gardens outside in the spring sunshine, the passing carriages which she could see through their bare boughs, the broad pavement close at hand with so few passengers, the clatter now and then of a hansom, which amused her even in the midst of her perplexity, or the drawing up of a brougham at some neighbouring door. After a minute's distraction thus, she returned again to make further investigations from the drawing-room door, and peep over the balusters to watch for her brother. At last she had the good-luck to perceive him coming out of one of the rooms on the lower floor. She darted down as swift as a bird and touched him on the sleeve. He had his hat in his hand, as if preparing to go out. 'Oh,' she said in a breathless

whisper, 'I want to speak to you; I want to ask you something,' holding up her hand with a warning hush.

'What is it?' returned Markham, chiefly with his eyebrows, with a comic affectation of silence and secrecy which tempted her to laugh in spite of herself. Then he nodded his head, took her hand in his, and led her up-stairs to the drawing-room again. 'What is it you want to ask me? Is it a state secret? The palace is full of spies, and the walls of ears,' said Markham with mock solemnity, 'and I may risk my head by following you. Fair conspirator, what do you want to ask?'

'O Markham, don't laugh at me—it is serious. —Please, who is my aunt Cavendish?'

'You little Spartan!' he said; 'you are a plucky little girl, Fan. You won't betray the daddy, come what may. You are quite right, my dear; but he ought to have told you. I don't approve of him, though I approve of you.'

'Papa has a right to do as he pleases,' said Frances steadily; 'that is not what I asked you, please.'

He stood and smiled at her, patting her on the shoulder. 'I wonder if you will stand by me like that, when you hear me get my due?—Who is your aunt Cavendish? She is your father's sister, Fan; I think the only one who is left.'

'Papa's sister! I thought it must be—on the other side.'

'My mother,' said Markham, 'has few relations; which is a misfortune that I bear with equanimity. Mrs Cavendish married a lawyer a great many years ago, Fan, when he was poor; and now he is very rich, and they will make him a judge one of these days.'

'A judge,' said Frances. 'Then he must be very good and wise. And my aunt?—'

'My dear, the wife's qualities are not as yet taken into account. She is very good, I don't doubt; but they don't mean to raise her to the Bench.—You must remember when you go there, Fan, that they are *the other side*.'

'What do you mean by the other side?' inquired Frances anxiously, fixing her eyes upon the kind, queer, insignificant personage, who yet was so important in this house.

Markham gave forth that little chuckle of a laugh which was his special note of merriment. 'You will soon find it out for yourself,' he replied; 'but the dear old mammy can hold her own.—Is that all? for I'm running off; I have an engagement.'

'Oh, not all—not half. I want you to tell me—I want to know—I—I don't know where to begin,' said Frances, with her hand on the sleeve of his coat.

'Nor I,' he retorted with a laugh.—'Let me go now; we'll find an opportunity. Keep your eyes, or rather your ears, open; but don't take all you hear for gospel.—Good-bye till to-night. I'm coming here to-night.'

'Don't you live here?' said Frances, accompanying him to the door.

'Not such a fool, thank you,' replied Markham, stopping her gently, and closing the door of the room with care after him as he went away.

Frances was much discouraged by finding

nothing but that closed door in front of her where she had been gazing into his ugly but expressive face. It made a sort of dead stop, an emphatic punctuation, marking the end. Why should he say he was not such a fool as to live at home with his mother? Why should he be so *nice* and yet so odd? Why had Constance warned her not to put herself in Markham's hands? All this confused the mind of Frances whenever she began to think. And she did not know what to do with herself. She stole to the window and watched through the white curtains, and saw him go away in the hansom which stood waiting at the door. She felt a vacancy in the house after his departure, the loss of a support, an additional silence and sense of solitude; even something like a panic took possession of her soul. The impulse was to rush up-stairs again and shut herself up in her room. She had never yet been alone with her mother except for a moment. She dreaded the (quite unnecessary, to her thinking) meal which was coming, at which she must sit down opposite to Lady Markham, with that solemn old gentleman, dressed like Mr Durant, and that gorgeous theatrical figure of a footman, serving the two ladies. Ah, how different from Domenico—poor Domenico, who had called her carina from her childhood, and who wept over her hand as he kissed it, when she was coming away. Oh when should she see these faithful friends again?

'I want you to be quite at your ease with your aunt Cavendish,' said Lady Markham at luncheon, when the servants had left the room. 'She will naturally want to know all about your father and your way of living. We have not talked very much on that subject, my dear, because, for one thing, we have not had much time; and because— But she will want to know all the little details. And, my darling, I want just to tell you, to warn you. Poor Caroline is not very fond of me. Perhaps it is natural. She may say things to you about your mother'—

'O no, mamma,' said Frances, looking up in her mother's face.

'You don't know, my dear. Some people have a great deal of prejudice. Your aunt Caroline, as is quite natural, takes a different view. I wonder if I can make you understand what I mean without using words which I don't want to use?'

'Yes,' said Frances; 'you may trust me, mamma; I think I understand.'

Lady Markham rose and came to where her child sat, and kissed her tenderly. 'My dear, I think you will be a great comfort to me,' she said. 'Constance was always hot-headed. She would not make friends, when I wished her to make friends. The Cavendishes are very rich; they have no children, Frances. Naturally, I wish you to stand well with them. Besides that I would not allow her to suppose for a moment that I would keep you from her—that is what I call conscience, and Markham calls pride.'

Frances did not know what to reply. She did not understand what the wealth of the Cavendishes had to do with it; everything else she could understand. She was very willing,

nay, eager to see her father's sister, yet very determined that no one should say a word to her to the detriment of her mother. So far as that went, in her own mind all was clear.

(To be continued.)

FOUR VEINS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

AMERICAN humour is now a well-worn subject, but it is far from exhausted. The time for denying humour to the Americans is past; only the question remains: What is the nature of transatlantic humour? That is a far from easy question to answer. We shall not attempt to do so in this paper, except in so far as it will be answered in the specimens given. Our object is to say something about it, not to define it. In doing this we will point out some of the classes into which it may be divided.

(1.) *The Humour of Exaggeration.*—Exaggeration is perhaps the main element in American humour. The Yankees get the credit of being a nation of boasters, and some of the sayings of their wits bear out that reputation. Mr Lowell is an example in point. He tells us about a negro 'so black that charcoal made a white mark on him'; and in another place he describes a wooden shingle 'painted so like marble that it sank in the water.' He has many followers in working this particular vein. One writer gravely assures his readers that he knew 'a tree so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it.' The same trustworthy chronicler met in his travels with a boat which 'drew so little water that it could sail wherever there had been a heavy dew.' Another came in contact with a man 'so heavy that his shadow, falling on a boy, killed him.' The measure of guilt to be attached to this abnormal murderer would tax the skill of many a clever jurist. Of course, such sights are not to be seen, and such people are not to be met, out of that highly favoured region known as 'down East.' There are born the men who are bound to 'whip all creation.' They fulfil their destiny—in story-telling. Why fortune should be so kind to them is not apparent. Some would have us believe geography has something to do with the matter. The inhabitants of a large country must have large ideas and large modes of expression. In this little island we could hardly expect such happiness. It is told how a Yankee in England was afraid to take his morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another was asked if he had crossed the Alps. He guessed he did come over some 'risin' ground.' It is quite in keeping with the wonderful character of these wonderful sons of 'down East' that one of their children should leave home at the tender age of fifteen months because 'he was given to understand his parents intended to call him Caleb.' History is silent as to the fate of this prodigy. Doubtless, he will yet become President of the United States, if he has not set off on a tour of investigation to the moon. It may be, he wandered to Kentucky, and introduced the celebrated ointment which has given that State fame. This ointment has great efficacy.

If a dog's tail should by any mischance be cut off, it has only to be rubbed gently on the part where the caudal appendage used to wag, and lo! a new tail grows. It is quite likely he was the adventurous boy who plucked up an old tail and tried the ointment on it, with the result that it grew into a second dog so like the first that no one could tell which was which. This story reminds us of Josh Billings's testimonial to the efficacy of a certain kind of hair-oil: 'I rubbed a drop or two on the head of my cane, which has been bald for more than five years, and beggar me! if I don't have to shave the cane handle every day before I can walk out with it.'

These are some specimens of the humour of exaggeration. Many more could be given. We will only give two, both of which we saw lately in an American weekly. A man remarking on the cold weather, said: 'Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off.' The other describes a remarkable physical phenomenon: 'A man of our acquaintance—in fact, he was a cousin of Colonel M'Kinney—drank so much chalybeate water for his health that once, when in jail for stealing a cow, he opened a vein in his arm and extracted enough iron from the blood to make a crowbar, with which he broke his way out of prison.'

(2.) *The Humour of Surprise.*—This is the ludicrous effect of the combination of sense and nonsense, or of absurd statements made with an air of gravity. Artemus Ward furnishes us with an example. He tells of a young man who claimed exemption from conscription 'because he was the only son of a widowed mother who supported him.' The use of incongruous words often gives rise to this kind of humour. Artemus in courting his beloved Betsy informed her that she was a 'gazelle,' which, he remarks, 'I thought was putty fine.' In the heat of his love he passionately wished 'there were winders to my soul, so that you could see some of my feelins.' There's fire enough in here to bile all the corn-beef and turnips in the neighbourhood. Vesuvius and the critter ain't a circumstance to it.' So warm a declaration deserved an equally warm response. Betsy did not fail. She did not beat about the bush: 'You say rite strate out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in.' Artemus abounds in this kind of humour. At Richmond, after the siege, he met a 'cullerd pusson,' and asked him: 'Do you realise how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?' The 'cullerd pusson' answered he would take some gin.

(3.) *The Humour of Philosophy* is what in Scotland we would call pawkiness, dashed with a little wisdom. It accords well with the grave way Americans have of saying commonplaces as if they were some grand discovery; not but that these things are often cleverly put. Occasionally this philosophical humour takes the form of an epigram, as, 'Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors and their great descent, when in fact their great descent is just what is the matter with them.'

Such people are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic; they are by no means rare in this age of snobs. The touch of cynicism here is repeated in Dod Diles's well-known sayings: 'It is wicked to cheat on Sunday; the law recognises this fact, and shuts up the shops;' and, 'The symbol of charity should be a circle; it usually ends where it begins—at home.' Josh Billings is the best representative of this kind of humour. Some of his witty and wise opinions have a charm peculiar to themselves. They are in a special sense racy of the soil. According to him, 'It is dreadful easy to be a fool; a man can be a fool and not know it.' The vacuous youth and the masher hero of our day may be nothing the worse of reading, learning, and inwardly digesting this truth. 'If I was asked,' writes Josh, 'what was the chief end of man nowadays, I should immediately reply: "Ten per cent." His views on 'female eddikashun' are worthy of notice: 'I heven't any doubt that you could eddikate wummin so muchly that they wouldn't know any more about gettin dinner than some ministers know about preaching; and while they might translate one ov Virgil's Eklugs tu a spot, they couldn't translate a baby out ov a cradle without it cum apart.' Nobody will quarrel with him for holding that 'there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.' Nor can any one doubt that 'misfortin and twins hardly ever cum singly.' From these and other philosophical deliverances, we might conclude that Josh would agree with Sarah Gamp in thinking life a wilderness where joy is quite unknown, did he not take care to warn us against such a mistake. "Man was made to mourn"—this was the private opinion of one Burns, a Skotchman, who was eddikated to poetry from his infancy. I and he differ, which is not uncommon among grate minds. . . . Man weren't made tew mourn; man was made tew laff.

(4.) *The Humour of Spelling.*—Many of the American humorists indulge in eccentricities of style, laughing at the laws of grammar and spelling. It is plain there is not much fun in writing 'hence 4th,' or in putting 'goakin' for joking; yet in some cases there is a good deal of humour hidden behind the bad spelling. In the *Biglow Papers*, the spelling reproduces a characteristic dialect; but usually it is only a mechanical mode of raising a laugh. It is so also with Artemus Ward. Take, for example, the showman's letter to a country editor:

'I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjous excitement in yer paper 'bowt my onpareld show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on them strong. Ef it's a temprance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born; but on the contrary, ef your people take their tots, say Mr Ward is as jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, and the life and sole of the soshul bored. Ef you say anythin 'bowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmless as the new born babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfect subjeckshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever

saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloence. I repeet in regard to them handbills that I shall get 'em struck orf u top your printin offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.—Respectfully yures,
A. WARD.'

This kind of spelling has become so associated with American humour, that it is now generally regarded as part of it. Some defend it on the ground that it is the writer's only way of rendering the characteristics the actor can represent by his voice and manner.

This is but a brief and incomplete treatment of a large subject. It does not claim to be exhaustive; it only seeks to state something about, and give some specimens of, American humour, in order to induce the interested reader to follow out the subject for himself.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

TWELVE o'clock struck. The flagon was nearly empty, and Major Brand's head and arms reclined upon the table, as if slumber had overtaken him. With Everett it was different. True as steel to the friend who had sought his protection, he still watched, pondering over the probable chances of Cunningham's escape. The wind still blew high; but Hugh Everett heeded it not; he was wearily counting the measured tick of the clock, and inwardly hoping that the morning would relieve him of his unwelcome guests. Some unaccountable attraction seemed to fasten his eyes on the secret panel, and his fancy became so powerfully excited that he momentarily expected to see it open and the figure of Cunningham issue forth. This peculiar fascination might have continued until the Master dropped asleep through sheer exhaustion, had not his lethargy been dispelled by a sudden crash coming from behind the wainscoting. Everett rose quickly to his feet and gave a dismayed glance at the recumbent form of Major Brand. The officer's face was hidden, but his position, indicative of profound repose, remained unaltered. The Master hesitated, stopped to listen to the slumberer's low breathing, and then cautiously approached the hiding-place. In a minute the scene was changed. Suddenly springing to his feet and throwing open the door, the officer shouted for his subordinate.

'Where are the men?' demanded Brand.

'Down-stairs,' answered Humphries, in a voice thoroughly suited to his granite-faced aspect. 'They would not be withheld from the strong drink, and it hath overcome them.'

'How many sentries are there outside?'

'But two, your honour.'

The Republican officer uttered a fierce execration. 'Lock the door, Humphries!' he vociferated. 'We must settle this matter by ourselves.'

'What do you mean to do?' faltered Everett with bloodless lips.

'Bring hither your musket, Humphries. Batter the wall; and if the wood sounds hollow, beat it in.'

The Master sank helplessly into a chair, and vainly endeavoured, by covering his ears, to shut out the distracting sounds which accompanied the fulfilment of this order. Looking up after a short space, he became aware that the work was accomplished, and that a fresh drama was about to be enacted before his very eyes. On the floor lay the trooper's broken gunstock, which, wielded by his powerful arm, had produced a deplorable effect upon the panelling. An opening several feet square was now visible in the fractured oak. A cold tremor crept over Everett's limbs and seemed to deprive him of the power of motion. He watched the movements of the Republican officer and his follower vacantly, listening meanwhile to their voices as one who hears in a dream.

'How is this?' said the major. 'I cannot see the bottom of this Cimmerian pit.—Hold out the light, Humphries.'

An exclamation from both parties simultaneously followed.

'Yonder is a doorway!' ejaculated the trooper. 'Praised be the Lord, we have the Amalekite now!'

'Not yet,' quoth Brand. 'A pit yawns before us. How are we to cross it?'

'Bear a hand with that, worthy sir,' said Humphries, pointing to the long table. 'We'll soon make a roadway.'

By the united exertions of the two men the legs were quickly knocked off this useful article of furniture—one of Hugh Everett's particular treasures—which was then forced into the gap and laid across the chimney aperture.

'Take my pistol,' said Brand. 'Show the light on yonder doorway; and if the Malignant attempts to stop me, shoot him dead.'

Everett closed his eyes and gave Cunningham up for lost, little doubting that a few more minutes would decide his fate. Humphries knelt down, and with the one hand casting the light of the lamp full upon the entrance to the priest-hole, levelled his leader's long pistol with the other, and awaited the result. The Republican officer drew his sword and crossed the improvised bridge without any resistance. Roused to the highest pitch of anxiety for his friend's safety, Everett staggered towards the opening, only to see Major Brand come back begrimed and disappointed. *The priest-hole was empty.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE END OF THE GAME.

It is a favourite axiom with most people that a state of suspense is immeasurably worse than an absolute knowledge of the most dreadful certainty. The anxious time which had elapsed since their first alarm had been felt far more keenly by Cunningham than by even his sorely tried friend. The reckless disposition of the Cavalier was not proof against such emotions, and the faint sounds which occasionally reached

him served only to heighten his suppositions and make him become a prey to distressing doubt. More than once he had had recourse to Everett's leather flask; and the potency of its contents, while sustaining him throughout this ordeal, at length began to have an emboldening effect upon his nerves. Placing the flask in his pocket, he rose, and cautiously advanced until his feet encountered the beam that crossed the chimney. It was here that Cunningham became aware of a narrow streak of light, evidently issuing through a crack in the panel by which he had first entered on the opposite side. Guided solely by the sense of touch, he crept along the beam, and applying his eye to the crevice, saw enough to convince him of the near proximity of danger. Through the limited space afforded him for eyesight, he could just discern a strongly built man in military costume reclining in a position suggestive of his stopping there all night. Facing him was another person, whom Cunningham with little difficulty made out to be Master Hugh Everett. After satisfying himself thus far, the fugitive turned away, and was endeavouring to regain his former quarters, when a slight cracking came from the farther end of the log. In a moment Everett's warning, 'Trust not to it overmuch,' flashed across his mind. He made one desperate effort to reach the ledge, when with a crash the rotten beam gave way, and he was precipitated down the black chasm of the disused chimney.

A belief had been prevalent amongst Cunningham's friends that this adventurous gentleman was gifted with no fewer than nine lives. His invariable good fortune had not left him, for it was not even now destined that he should leave his bones at the bottom of Cottley chimney. The young royalist's precipitate downfall was sharply arrested by a large beam, across which he fell with a stunning shock—a beam similar to that which had just broken beneath him. Mechanically grasping it, the Cavalier, terribly shaken by his fall, lay for some time as if dead, happily unconscious of the thundering sounds which echoed from the fractured library panels above. At length, however, a few splinters of wood reached the beam upon which Cunningham rested, and these at once awoke his dormant energies. Feebly moving his stiffened limbs, the fugitive strove to restore his blood to some degree of circulation; and being partially successful in his efforts, he crawled a foot or two along the beam until his advance was stopped by the cold bare wall. The noise, together with the fall of rubbish, had now ceased, for a pause had been made in the attack, and Major Brand was preparing to cross. This fact, coupled with the scattered state of his senses, prevented Cunningham from taking the alarm that he would otherwise have done. Turning himself, the Cavalier once more crossed the black gulf, but only with the same result. On neither side was there the slightest projection by which he could effect an ascent. It happened, however, at this moment, as the much-enduring Cavalier was seated astride the beam, pondering moodily over his unpleasant situation, that his legs, which were dangling beneath him, struck against an iron rod, that descended from the log on which he sat into the unknown depths below.

'Good-luck!' quoth Cunningham, whose blood again glowed within him. 'There are two ends to a stick; down or up is all the same to me.'

Letting himself drop from his resting-place, the fugitive began his descent, and in a second or two his feet touched the ground, and Cunningham stood helplessly in the darkness, uncertain whether to advance, for fear of being precipitated into some invisible pit. Suddenly, as if by magic, a little speck of white moonlight flecks the floor; it is the orb of night breaking from a rack of clouds, and casting a solitary gleam through an opening in the face of the wall. Taking heart, Cunningham stepped forward, and with outstretched arms, slowly traversed the long unseen expanse before him. The flags beneath his feet were slippery with fungus, and the close decayed smell which hung about the place aroused a suspicion that the disused kitchens in their present condition could scarcely be conducive towards the good health of Master Everett in the Hall above. Onward, still onward, treading lightly, yet occasionally stumbling over pieces of rotten lumber, until an abrupt collision with the hard wall warned him that he could go no farther. Nothing daunted, Cunningham placed his hand upon the old stonework, and was about to continue his exploration, when his movements were checked by the appearance of an unexpected phenomenon. Far away in the direction from which he came, the speck of moonlight still spangled the floor; but now there hovered over it in the dark background a ruddy spot like a lurid evil star, making the cold glimmer of the moon look colder still. He was not long left in doubt as to the nature of this mysterious apparition, for the light began slowly to approach him, and a heavy step sounded on the stone floor. Cunningham thought of his pursuers, and instinctively clutched at his sword-hilt; but as the light gets nearer, he perceives that its bearer is alone.

'Hugh Everett!' he cries, starting joyfully forward.

'Halt there!' answers a harsh unknown voice. 'I know you, Walter Cunningham. Down with your weapon; surrender yourself!'

'Keep that word for your own crew,' retorted the Cavalier, shrewdly guessing who the speaker was. 'You are a liar; you do not know me. Put down that lamp, and come to knocks first.'

Drawing his sword in a moment, Brand rushed at the royalist, intending to overcome him ere any resistance could be offered. This movement, which had been anticipated, was now as promptly encountered. The Republican's thrust was nimbly avoided, and so severe a blow dealt him in return, that he was brought to his knees. But the victory was not yet won. Instantly recovering himself, Major Brand attacked his opponent with such determined ferocity, that it was only the state of partial darkness that saved the latter from almost certain defeat. Several slight flesh-wounds were both given and taken in the blind fury of the encounter, and Cunningham did not feel confident of coming off best man even while he grasped the trusty blade which had borne him company so long, when, as it suddenly snapped off close to his hand, there seemed but little doubt that they had come to the end of the

game. As a last chance, he threw aside the useless hilt, and flinging himself on his stalwart adversary, strove to bear him to the ground. Although a perfect match for his opponent in a general way, the serious disadvantages under which the Cavalier laboured forbade this present unequal combat being protracted to any length. Many severe privations and no little amount of fasting had reduced his strength to an unusually low ebb. Not so Major Brand; the Parliamentary bulldog was well fed and as powerful as a lion, and the desperate grapple must have ended by his eventually overcoming the obstinate resistance of Cunningham, had not an accident occurred which brought the duel to a sharp termination. As they wrestled and caught at each other, the Republican made a false step, slipped, and fell backwards, striking his head with terrific force upon the stone flags. The struggle was over.

Having satisfied himself that the vanquished man was not likely to make a speedy recovery, Cunningham took the lamp and proceeded to the disused chimney by which he had descended. On surveying the spot, he found that he must have unwittingly alighted in the centre of a huge fireplace, which had no doubt been used for cooking many mighty sirloins of beef in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' His late antagonist had evidently come down by easier means, for the end of a ladder let down by a couple of ropes was visible. It was these appliances which helped the Republican officer to prosecute his search, leaving Humphries meanwhile as a guard on Master Everett in the room above. Rightly guessing that assistance would be within hail, though the reason for his adversary's coming alone puzzled Cunningham not a little, he prudently decided to leave the place, if possible by a different way from which he came. With the Republican's sword he cut the ropes fastened to the ladder, and exerting all his strength, succeeded in carrying it from inside the chimney and placing it beneath the opening which he had noticed in the face of the wall. Returning after this to the still senseless Brand, he effected a partial change of clothing. He then ascended the ladder, and squeezing himself through the opening, which communicated with the level of the ground outside, stood out upon the soddened grass a free man. Turning himself, the fugitive royalist took one look at the old Hall, bathed in silvery moonlight, and with a mental hope that his movements would be unobserved, he strode away beneath the black shadow of the trees, leaving Cottley, as he thought, for ever.

Many years elapsed before Hugh Everett heard any tidings of the nocturnal visitor he received on that eventful night; and in the meantime he suffered greatly from his disinterested kindness. Although actual proof was wanting, suspicion pointed strongly at him as the aider and abettor of the Malignant Cunningham; and consequently a heavy fine was imposed, which ate up the greater part of the revenues of the manor of Cottley. Not until the Restoration, nearly nine years after the events we have recorded, did the two again behold each other; and by this time Walter Cunningham was high in favour with the restored king. Their meeting was one

long to be remembered; and Everett, as he gazed at his friend's face, felt that even those nine years of trouble had not been ill spent in securing his safety; while Cunningham (now Sir Walter), who brought with him an order from the Crown restoring everything that formerly appertained to the property, would have procured twenty such, had he been able, in return for the service rendered him on the night when he made acquaintance with the 'priest-hole' of Cottle.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FREE STATE OF THE CONGO.

IN connection with the return of Mr H. M. Stanley to this country, and the publication of his book giving a record of his six years' labours on the Congo River, the notes by Mr E. Delmar Morgan, in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, possess considerable interest. We learn there the beginning of the movement which has secured for civilisation and commerce that immense territory in Western Africa called the Free State of the Congo.

Leopold II., king of the Belgians, who has all along shown a special passion for the study of geography and for tales of adventure and travel, invited, in September 1876, representative geographers to a conference in his royal palace, Brussels, to discuss the question of the exploration and civilisation of Africa by the opening-up of it to commerce and legitimate enterprise, and by the stamping out of the slave-trade. As a result of a three days' conference amongst these representative geographers from six European nations, an International African Association was formed. But as far as England was concerned, international co-operation was of short duration, the Royal Geographical Society preferring to pursue its own path of enterprise, which resulted in the 'African Exploration Fund,' by means of which Mr Keith Johnston, and his successor Joseph Thomson, were sent out to Africa.

The central committee at Brussels, over which the king of the Belgians presided, likewise organised from time to time seven large expeditions from the east coast towards Lake Tanganyika. The exploration of the Congo by Stanley gave a new direction to these efforts and called attention to the western coast; although this geographical feat cost twelve thousand pounds, besides the deplorable loss of one hundred and seventy-three lives.

In 1879, Mr Stanley went to the Congo as commander-in-chief of the International Association, with a view of opening up that river. It became necessary, as the undertaking developed, to obtain from the powers the recognition of the sovereign rights of the Society acquired by treaties from the native chiefs of the Congo, and these rights had to be defined in legal form. The President of the United States in 1884 was authorised to recognise the Society's flag as that of a friendly government, and France followed with this recognition. In the recent conference on West African affairs at Berlin, important regulations were laid down for the establishment of freedom of commerce in the basin of the Congo and outlying regions. The Congo State was

formally recognised; and its authority is now supreme over five thousand miles of navigable water. The Congo River is estimated as discharging into the ocean a tribute almost equal to the Nile and Mississippi taken together. There is an annual subsidy of forty thousand pounds in perpetuity from the king of the Belgians, to assist the revenue of the state, which is expected to be raised by rent for land leased to traders and others on the banks of the river, and by export duties. No toll or passage dues are levied, and there will be no import duties for twenty years to come. Natives and white men are placed upon the same footing; all religions are tolerated; while the slave-trade is proscribed. Treaties were at the same time concluded with England and the chief European nationalities to recognise its flag as a friendly state.

Mr Stanley, who has done so much to bring the affair to a successful issue, has been appointed governor; while there is a probability that King Leopold will assume the title of sovereign of the state. When properly developed, Mr Stanley considers that the Congo region—which, previous to the delimitation, was estimated as containing one million three hundred thousand square miles, and a population of about forty million souls—ought to yield a trade of one hundred million pounds. Treaties have been made with four hundred and fifty chiefs, who receive each an annual subsidy of ten pounds, on condition that they place no obstacle in the way of the free navigation of the river, and submit their disputes to arbitration. By the convention with Portugal, this power gets the south or left bank of the Congo for a distance of ninety miles from its mouth. Stations have now been built and established for nearly fifteen hundred miles into the centre of Africa, and in all probability railways will be made for its further development.

Who can forecast the future of this immense territory? How to gain new markets and what to do with our surplus population, are two problems of the age. The opening-up of regions like the above is one answer to them.

CYCLING.

While France and America have claimed the invention of the bicycle, there is also ground for believing that Scotland has some claim as its birthplace. As early as 1846, Mr Gavin Dalzell, merchant, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, a man of great mechanical talent, had a bicycle of his own invention in daily use. It went by the name of the 'Wooden Horse'; was made chiefly of wood, in a strong and substantial manner, the only considerable difference between this machine and an ordinary bicycle being that the steering-wheel was much larger than that in present use. The saddle was so low that the rider had both feet on the ground at starting. Stirrups of iron hung from the forepart of the saddle, which were connected by means of iron rods with the cranked axle of the driving-wheel. Previous to this invention, Dalzell had also constructed a tricycle, which was propelled in a very novel manner. Machines, called velocipedes, propelled by a treadle movement, and constructed chiefly of wood, were in use about 1850.

The immediate predecessor of the bicycle and tricycle in this country was the Dandy or Hobby-horse, in use about the beginning of the century, on which the rider used to sit and paddle himself along with feet on the ground. Through the ridicule of the caricaturists and for other reasons, it speedily fell into disuse. For the practical development of cycling we have to come to comparatively recent times. The crank-action having been introduced into machines made of iron in 1862 by M. Michaux, during the Paris Exhibition of 1867 the use of these machines had become fairly popular. Two Englishmen were one day admiring the evolutions of a velocipedist in the Luxembourg Gardens, when the desire for the possession of a machine occurred to both. One of these gentlemen, Mr Charles Spencer, author of *Bicycles and Tricycles Past and Present*, was then the amateur champion gymnast of England, and to him it is said belongs the honour of introducing the bicycle to London in 1868, where it attracted considerable attention. The successful introduction of the bicycle led to the invention and improvement of the tricycle; and now scarcely a season passes without some improvement in utility and good workmanship in connection with both machines.

While speed is affected a good deal by the state of the roads, the style of machine, the absence of a head-wind, and the practice of the rider, an amateur has been known to ride upwards of twenty miles in an hour. A tricyclist has been known to do one mile in three minutes thirty-four and a half seconds. Both the literature and the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles are now most extensive, and more than keep pace with the demand.

There is a Cyclists' Union, to which any rider, amateur or professional, is eligible on payment of one shilling. The Cyclists' Touring Club had increased to more than twelve thousand members in 1883.

The law as to cycling forbids riding upon any footway, pavement, or causeway set apart for foot-passengers; insists upon the carrying of a lamp while riding between sunset and sunrise; the sounding of a bell or whistle in passing carts, carriages, or horses, or in passing through the streets of a town; and the dismounting, where any horse is rendered restive and frightened. Two or more bicyclists shall not ride abreast when passing or meeting any vehicle or horseman.

SIR SPENCER WELLS ON CREMATION.

Sir Spencer Wells recently delivered an address at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, when the chair was taken by Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P. In the course of his address, Sir Spencer said that as to burial within our churches, abbeys, and cathedrals, he asked them to consider for a moment what incalculable advantages cremation would give over the present system of incasing the dead body in lead and oak and leaving it beneath the floor, where priests and people attending public worship were exposed to more or less danger for months or years from the poisonous emanations which must escape so long as more than the dry bones remained. Last Saturday the Lord Mayor was left in the crypt of St Paul's, his body to undergo slow decay,

with what amount of injury to Dean and Chapter or to successive congregations no one could tell. It might be small, it might be great, but dangerous it must be. Supposing that instead of placing the coffin in the crypt, at the same part of the burial service it had been passed into a crematory chamber and the remainder of the service had followed, by the time the funeral oration, or one of those eloquent sermons with which Canon Liddon kept congregations spell-bound for an hour, was over, and the concluding hymn had been sung, or the *Dead March* had been played, the silvery-white pure ash, which, after one short hour, was all that remained of a purified body, perfectly inoffensive to the living, might be left unchanged for centuries in any such cinerary urn as might be seen in the British Museum, beautiful in form, and with inscriptions which, as historical records, were incalculably more permanent than anything of modern fashion. What might St Paul's and Westminster Abbey be, if, instead of the coffins with their corrupting contents, occupying large space, and a source of danger to the living, we had the ashes only admitted, arranged in the urns along the sides of the cloisters, or in chapel or crypt, or beneath memorial windows, slabs, or brasses. We should have the same change in graveyards and cemeteries from danger and disgust to health and beauty, when the overcrowded cemeteries of to-day were converted into the God's-acre of the future.

ONE DOG SAVED BY ANOTHER.

We have received the following interesting narrative from a correspondent in Greenock, who thus writes: 'A remarkable case of life-saving by a dog occurred last summer in Greenock, in a timber pond attached to a sawmill. The strip of land upon which the sawmill is built presents a frontage of about fifty yards to the public street, and extends fully two hundred yards towards the Clyde. Two-thirds of the ground is wet ground—that is, ground entirely covered by water when the tide is in. Three sides of this portion are inclosed by a stout paling, through which inclosure the tide ebbs and flows. The fourth side is formed by a perpendicular embankment of four feet deep, which also forms the termination of the dry ground. The inclosure, or "pond" as it is called, is used for storing timber afloat. At high water, the floating timber and dry ground are nearly level. And as at the time of the following incident the pond was closely packed with timber, there seemed at high water to be little apparent difference between dry ground and wet ground.

For several days two dogs of the bull-terrier kind, whose owners were at work in one or other of the adjoining shipyards, were enjoying themselves in their masters' absence by chasing each other in play, rushing impetuously hither and thither, sometimes along the street, occasionally making a dart into the yard round about the sawmill, and as suddenly disappearing again—out to the street, and up one of the many closes at hand. One of these charges led to a rather sudden and somewhat disastrous termination. It was high water. In at the gate of the sawmill premises rushed the two dogs, the one close at the heels of the other, across the

yard and on to the floating timber. One of them was soon made aware of the instability of its footing, by its slipping into the water between two logs which were floating a few inches apart. The two logs between which the dog fell were floating on their corners, and therefore formed a slope on each side like the letter V, which caused the dog to slip back into the water at every effort to scramble on to the top side of its temporary prison wall. Its more fortunate companion retreated to dry ground; but on seeing the struggles of its friend, it at once returned, and, by intelligent gesture, invited it to *terra firma*. The efforts of the unfortunate dog were of no avail; still it persevered, during which time the other had twice returned from and to dry land. On making the third visit, it seemed to grasp the situation, for with its teeth it at once caught its submerged companion by the back of the neck, and assisted so effectually as to enable it to scramble out of the water and join in another romp, but not within saw-mill premises. They were never afterwards seen within the gate, confining their fun to the streets on all subsequent occasions.

'It may be of interest to note that it was a male dog which fell into the water; the other, its rescuer, was of the gentler sex.'

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF COAL-GAS.

Mr Thomas Fletcher, Warrington, in speaking of 'Some Curious Properties of Coal-gas,' said that until lately people had been under the impression that gas was merely a means of obtaining light; and even for this purpose it had been, and still was wastefully used. Ordinary-sized sitting-rooms were sometimes lighted by three or four burners, each being inclosed with opal or ground-glass globes, which wasted about half the light. Now, his own sitting-room was very well lighted by one No. 8 Bray's burner. People were not generally aware that one large burner, consuming eight feet per hour, gave far more light than two separate burners each consuming four feet per hour; and that one burner without shade was about as good as two with opal or ground-glass globes. A burner if placed at such an angle as to give a flat or saucer-shaped flame, greatly increased the light, but was liable to smoke if turned low. In the case of smoking of ceilings, the gray or brown discoloration was, he thought, caused only by the dust in the air being more or less burnt, caught in the ascending current of hot air, and thrown against the ceiling.

Mr Fletcher evidently practises what he preaches, and the cooking, heating, and lighting in his own home are done by means of gas. In his house of fourteen rooms, with an average of ten persons, his gas bill in 1883 was twenty-one pounds, at three shillings and fivepence per thousand cubic feet. Of this sum, eight pounds went for lighting; three pounds ten shillings for cooking; one pound for bath-heating; and eight pounds ten shillings for gas-fires. The cooking and heating by gas saved him at least one servant, while his coal-bill averaged twenty-seven shillings for eighteen months. As to quality of cooking and convenience, there could be no possible comparison between gas and any known fuel. But Mr Fletcher admits that if we exclude the ques-

tion of labour and dirt, gas-fires are still more costly than coal; but their convenience, cleanliness, and perfect control over heat will more than outweigh this fact with many people.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It will be remembered that last year Mr Ellis Lever offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best safety-lamp for the use of miners. In the result, no lamp sent in for competition fulfilled the required conditions, so that the prize was not awarded. But we may be quite sure that the offer did much good in turning the attention of inventive brains to a much-wanted help to our poor miners. The same gentleman now offers a similar sum to the discoverer or the inventor of a safe and efficient substitute for gunpowder in mines. Unfortunately, gunpowder is cheap and does its work well; but there is little doubt that to it must be attributed many of those sad explosions by which, during the past twelve months, nearly five hundred lives have been lost in this country and abroad. Unless, therefore, the hoped-for discovery points to some substitute which is cheap as well as effective, we cannot hope that it will be received with any great favour. Some short time ago there were favourable reports published of the behaviour of the lime cartridge, which owes its efficiency to the addition of water instead of fire. This cartridge is of course above suspicion so far as explosion is concerned; but like many other so-called 'innovations,' it has not been generally adopted in our collieries. There are many who urge that the use of gunpowder in our mines should be rendered illegal; and although its abandonment would probably lessen the output, the workers would be relieved of one of the risks attending their unenviable lot.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr Comber gave an interesting account of his travels in the region of the Upper Congo. For the last eight years Mr Comber has been in Western Africa, originally going to the country as a medical missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society. With some of his unselfish brethren he pushed up the river for four hundred miles above Stanley Pool, covering a district never before explored except by Stanley himself. With regard to the health of Europeans in this country, he distinguished between the several sections of the river. In the delta and on the coast near the river there are large numbers of European traders from every country, who seem always well and to possess some charm against fevers. In the cataract region of the river, between Vivi and Stanley Pool, about two hundred Europeans had found their home during the past six years. Of these, perhaps twenty-five per cent. had died, generally from fever. Thirdly, the Europeans in the Upper Congo, numbering about thirty, have enjoyed good health. It is interesting to note that the steamer in which Mr Comber travelled was built at Messrs Thornycroft's works at Chiswick on the Thames, and was taken out in sections and put together on arrival at Stanley Pool.

According to the *New York Christian Union*, the small coin used in many parts of Mexico is of a somewhat peculiar character. It consists of small tablets of soap stamped with the government mark. These tablets can be used for washing purposes so long as the impression is not rendered illegible.

Another novelty which is common to the Mexican Indians is worthy of notice. These warriors, we are told, make a serviceable shield out of a blanket by wetting it and holding it by its upper edge to screen their bodies. A bullet in striking such an obstacle will not pierce it, but will merely cause it to sway back. The blankets are hand-woven and are very thick. A few experiments would soon determine the efficiency of this curious shield, which, if successful, might be utilised by our own troops.

A great many frauds have recently been perpetrated upon pawnbrokers and others by means of a new alloy made to imitate nine-carat gold. It is composed of copper, tin, and platinum, and will resist the ordinary acid test. When formed into coins it will agree in weight, and ring with genuine gold; and it is believed that a large number of spurious sovereigns are at the present moment in actual circulation, composed of this 'mystery gold,' as it is termed.

The lives of the poor horses upon the street tram-lines are hard and short. A very few years of the work—the hardest part of which is the effort necessary in starting the heavy vehicle into motion—renders them unfit for further service. All lovers of animals will therefore rejoice in the rapid adoption of steam in place of horsepower for this purpose. In many of our provincial towns the trams are entirely worked by this new form of iron-horse, which is as silent as its living prototype. Only last month the Wigan Tramway Company sold off its entire stock of horses. During the past three years their tramways have been worked by engines and horses jointly, and the experience thus gained has shown most conclusively that coal is cheaper than muscle. The Edinburgh Tramway Company would do well to make note of this, and thus put an end to the cruelty enacted day after day, on the steep inclines of our northern capital.

The Exhibition of Amateur Photography in London proved to be so great an attraction that it was kept open for a fortnight longer than at first intended. The great number of pictures sent in for competition—nearly sixteen hundred—shows what a hold this beautiful art has taken upon the public taste. Many of the works shown were of the very highest class. The amateur with means and leisure has far better opportunities of gaining distinction in this art than the busy professional photographer, who must, to secure patronage, run in one groove and remain a fixture in his studio.

Now that it is possible to secure pictures of all kinds of objects in motion, from a flash of lightning to the glistening breaker on the sea-shore, appliances to make matters easy for the ubiquitous photographer are constantly being brought forward. One of the most ingenious of these is the Camera Clip, introduced by Messrs Oakley of Bermondsey, London. This is a little

contrivance with a clamp and a universal joint which will fit upon anything from a tricycle wheel (at rest) to the knifeboard rail of an omnibus. To this is readily screwed the photographic camera. The traveller can thus dispense with the cumbersome tripod stand, and can place his handy apparatus wherever he pleases.

A powerful hydraulic press has lately been constructed by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. for the purpose of compressing teak and making it hard and close-grained, so that loom shuttles can be constructed from it. The high price of boxwood, formerly used for this purpose, has rendered it necessary that some cheaper material should, if possible, be found which will answer the same end. The press subjects the teak to a pressure of about fourteen tons to the square inch. Under the operation, the wood becomes very dense, and is susceptible of a high finish. It would be interesting to know whether this compressed wood can be rendered serviceable for engraving purposes. Many woods have been experimented upon in this direction, owing to the high price of the boxwood ordinarily used, but with indifferent success. Many are of the opinion that automatically engraved blocks will presently reach such perfection that the art of the engraver will be lost. But those who are best qualified to give an opinion upon the subject acknowledge that much yet remains to be done before the wood-engraver finds his occupation gone.

Sixpenny—or rather half-franc—tickets are now issued at the Paris post-offices which entitle the holder to the privilege of five minutes' conversation per telephone with a friend at any other post-office or telephone station at a distance. Our own postal and telephone authorities would do well to make a note of this. Hitherto, they seem to have been at loggerheads with one another, and between the two stools the public interest has fallen to the ground. It is certain that our telephone system is at present far too exclusive, and the Companies will soon find out, as the railway Companies have already done, that in serving the interests of the masses, they will best serve their own.

Some interesting particulars have lately been published relative to the durability of different kinds of leather for bookbinding purposes, based on observations recorded in the Printed-book department of the British Museum. Like most other things in this age of rapid production and cheap manufacture, the quality of English leather has deteriorated during the past hundred years. Processes have been introduced for tanning leather quickly, and the resulting material has suffered. Morocco leather, made from the hides of the sheep, the goat, and the seal, is the most durable. These skins are tanned with sumach, a plant which is common in South America as well as in Southern Europe. Next to morocco comes roan in point of durability; but it will be a surprise to many to find that the so-called Russian leather is the least lasting of any. Among the curiosities of binding in the Museum are—a book bound in deerskin, dated 1485, still in good condition; one bound in the skin of the kangaroo; and several in tanned pigskin, all of which have lasted well.

A new method of packing materials which

are liable to injury by contact with the air has been published by an American paper. It is there stated that a German firm supplies different chemicals, chloride of lime, for instance, treated in the following manner. The material is wrapped in strong paper and sealed up. The package is then immersed for a moment in a bath of resin which is just warm enough to keep it in the liquid state. Another outside coating of paper completes the operation. It is obvious that many perishable commodities—deliquescent salts and the like, which are now supplied in bottles—could be conveniently treated in the same manner.

The powerful antiseptic action of perchloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) has of late years attracted much attention. Dr Sternberg has in recent Reports to the American Public Health Association given the results of his observations upon the efficiency of the salt, which confirm previous experiments. He asserts that an aqueous solution of the mercuric salt in the proportion of one in ten thousand is strong enough to insure the destruction of microscopic germs in active growth not containing spores; and that if the proportion be increased to one in one thousand, it destroys the spores too, provided that its action is continued for a certain period. The stronger solution is also a reliable agent for the disinfection of bedding, for the washing of floors and walls of infected rooms, for the hands and instruments of surgeons, and for the treatment of wounds. But for continuous application to wounds, the weaker solution is preferable. For the thorough disinfection of offensive discharges and any fluid material supposed to contain disease germs, he recommends a solution of one in five hundred, containing the same quantity of potassium permanganate (Condy's fluid). In all cases, these mixtures require a certain definite time during which they must be allowed to act, or they will not effect the purpose in view.

Mr Samuel Morley has recently, in a lecture to villagers, endeavoured to urge upon the labouring classes the advantage and economy of a vegetable diet, especially for children. The *Lancet* in commenting upon this indorses Mr Morley's remarks, and points out that a child's body, consisting as it does principally of fluid and fatty components, and, in a comparatively moderate degree, of active muscular tissues, requires a nourishment which goes rather more to the building-up of its constituents than to the supply of their functional expenditure; so that the child requires inert materials, such as bread, vegetables, &c., for the laying-on of substance, far more than meat. It is pointed out, too, that a child's food must be abundant, and this in poor homes is, of course, far easier of attainment with vegetables than with meat at its present price.

There have been in past times many attempts to acclimatise the tea-plant in Italy; and the French consul at Naples has, in his last Report, given several interesting particulars relative to them. Hitherto these attempts have only resulted in failure, although in some few districts plants have been grown in the open and have thriven for a short time. The government are, however, not discouraged by previous disappointment; and the Italian Minister of Agriculture has sent a large

order to Japan for material wherewith to try fresh experiments. This course has been taken at the instance of Professor Beccari, who has studied the growth of the tea-plant in the countries in which it is indigenous. He is of opinion that previous failures in Italy have been due to errors in culture. For instance, the plants have been reared in the shade; whilst in India and China they are planted on open ground in the full blaze of the sun. The soil, too, in which the plants are grown should contain a large proportion of sand and oxide of iron. Professor Beccari believes if these and other details of culture be attended to, and if the plants to be imported are brought from the coldest provinces of Japan, that Italian growers will meet with success in their next attempts.

In 1877, a circular was issued to the railway Companies by the Board of Trade, pointing out that three-fourths of the railway accidents reported to the Board were traceable to the want of continuous brakes. The Board further pointed out the conditions essential for a good continuous brake—namely, that it should be efficient in stopping trains, instantaneous in action, self-acting in case of accident; that it should be regularly used, made of durable materials, and easily kept in order. A return has just been made by the railway Companies, in accordance with the Act of 1878, respecting the use of continuous brakes on their various lines. From this we gather that the total amount of rolling-stock fitted with continuous brakes up to the end of last year was seventy-four per cent. of engines and seventy-seven per cent. of vehicles. The entire stock of the Metropolitan district line is fitted with the Westinghouse brake. The G. N. R., the L. N. W., the L. B. and S. C., the N. E., the N. London, the Metropolitan, and various Scotch lines are among the other Companies who deserve honourable mention in complying with the conditions of the Board of Trade circular.

Mr Mattieu Williams, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says: 'The Report of Dr Sprague on "marbled beef" assures us that cattle-breeders can manufacture this novelty if the public will purchase it, and speaks of rearranging the distribution of fat and lean as freely as a manufacturer of wall-papers or a calico-printer may rearrange his blocks to bring out new patterns for the forthcoming season. As the *Times* remarks: "The stockyard has become a sculptor's studio, in which living matter is moulded according to the artist's discretion." Instead of placing the fat of our prize cattle in huge unmanageable lumps as heretofore, we are to have it regularly interlarded with the muscular fibres and fascicles, forming marbled, ribbon-patterned, streaky beef; and this is to be effected by scientific feeding and the survival of the fittest; by faithful and vigorous application of Darwinian principles. The *Times* tells us that "the most splendid marbling is as fleeting as beauty in general, and will not survive discomforts," that the marbled cattle must not be subjected to the hardships of a sea-voyage, and therefore we must do our marbling at home. This conclusion, however, is liable to serious modification, now that the problem of importing slaughtered

meat in prime condition has been practically solved.

A contemporary has recently pointed out a curiosity of commerce in the fact that the major portion of the produce exported from South Africa is used for the adornment of the fair sex, and becomes visible in the form of diamonds and ostrich feathers. These articles of luxury indeed account for five millions out of the sum of seven and a half millions which represents the value of the exports. Twenty years ago the diamond fields of South Africa were unknown. Now Kimberley alone rejoices in a population which takes annually a million sterling in wages, all earned in digging out the precious gems. During the past fifteen years about forty million pounds-worth of diamonds have been won from Mother Earth in these fields; representing, when cut and offered for sale in the jewellers' shops, considerably more than double that vast sum.

There is, at the time we write, every reason to hope that a threatened war between this country and another power has been happily averted. But the rumour of such a calamity, although it paralyses trade and does much harm in other ways, is often productive of good in the shape of valuable suggestions, which otherwise would never have been made. For instance, it has lately been proposed that by international understanding, every fleet or squadron should be accompanied by a 'Red Cross' ship, whose duty it would be to rescue drowning men and to succour the wounded. The rescued ones would be considered prisoners of war, and would eventually be given over to the victorious side. This suggestion needs no comment. In these days of torpedoes, rams, and heavy guns—which between them can sink a fleet in a very short time—such a humane provision becomes a positive necessity.

Another very good suggestion is, that Eddystone lighthouse should be at once placed in telegraphic communication with Plymouth, from which town it is distant some ten miles. By this provision, timely warning could be given of the approach of a hostile fleet. But even in times of peace, a cable between the outlying lighthouse and the shore would be of immense service, and would soon pay the expense of its installation. It seems rather surprising that the wire has not been laid down long ago.

The news that England has added to her vast dominions a coaling station at Port Hamilton, in the island of Quelpart, will cause many people to ask where that place happens to be. The island lies off the eastern shores of Asia, and is sixty miles distant from the southern coast of Corea. It is of volcanic origin; about forty miles in length by seventeen in width at its broadest part. The highest point of the island is six thousand five hundred feet; and the rocks are so white as to have the appearance of being covered with snow. The place is fertile, well populated, and its scenery is most beautiful. The people carry on a flourishing industry in the manufacture of straw-plaited hats; but they bear a bad name, chiefly in consequence of the island having been used more than once as a penal settlement by the Corean government. By the posses-

sion of this coaling station, England materially strengthens her hands in the far eastern seas.

In this *Journal* for 11th October occurred an article on Burns and Scalds, recommending Carron oil, a compound of olive oil and lime-water. A correspondent suggests an improvement even upon this well-known recipe. He says: 'My father prepared this oil fifty years ago, but he always used raw linseed oil, with the addition of a small quantity of turpentine, say a teaspoonful to a six-ounce or eight-ounce bottle. I do not think there can be a better remedy for burns and scalds. The turpentine is a marvellous improvement in allaying the pain; and it is very desirable that the remedy should be made known as widely as possible.'

TO NELLY.

THE rose, alas! shall bloom to fall,
The tree that bore it, pass away;
And Time, who pilfers joys from all,
May stamp those features with decay.
Though age may dim that bright blue eye,
For me its charm will ne'er be lost;
Cares may increase as years roll by,
But I shall never count the cost.

The tree with tott'ring limbs is left,
Its woes upon the breeze to wail;
The boughs, of all their leaves bereft,
Shall cringe before the winter's gale:
And years may ridge that marble brow,
And all its clust'ring locks derange;
You will be lovely then, as now,
For I shall never mark the change.

Nor can I e'er forget the day
When, hopes defeated, heart depressed,
You charmed the bitter sting away,
And filled my soul with peace and rest.
Ah, no! I never can forget
The cheering smile, the welcome word,
The eye that glistened when we met,
The voice by sweet compassion stirred.

That voice shall yet retain its power
When all its silver tone has fled;
That smile shall cheer the dullest hour,
Though all its former light be sped.
Let every fickle charm depart,
If Fate perchance be so inclined:
While yet remains the kindly heart,
The dearest gift is left behind!

FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

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HEROES OF PEACE.

WE are sometimes told that as a race we are deteriorating, and that the Englishmen of to-day are not equal to those of former ages in spirit and daring. But no one who has seen the record of the Royal Humane Society could indorse this sentiment. One of the main objects of this Society, which was founded in 1774, is 'to bestow rewards for the preservation and restoration of life;' and year by year the claimants for these rewards are more numerous, and the deeds for which these rewards are asked are not inferior, in self-devotion and heroism on the part of the rescuers, to any of past ages, be they ever so noble.

During the twelve months covered by the last Report of the Society, no fewer than four hundred and eleven persons have been rewarded for gallant conduct in the saving of life, and their efforts have resulted in the saving of four hundred and thirty-eight lives. In twenty-four cases, rewards were granted, though, unfortunately, the bravery which they were intended to mark was unsuccessful. Never before has the number of rewards in a single year been so great. These figures in themselves, one would think, are a sufficiently potent answer to the criticism to which we have alluded; but were any further reply needed, the details of some of the cases would assuredly give it.

The 'blue ribbon' of the Society—in this case, the blue ribbon has gold stripes—is the Stanhope Gold Medal, which is awarded every year to the hero of the most meritorious case brought under the notice of the Society within the course of the year. If ever medal was deserved, the winner of the Stanhope for 1884 is entitled to it. On the 13th September 1883, as the steamship *Rewa* was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden, a Lascar fell overboard. Being unable to swim, the unfortunate man drifted rapidly astern, and failed to grasp the life-buoy thrown to him. One of the passengers, Mr Walter Cleverley, seeing the man's danger, dived from the poop, a height of thirty

feet from the surface of the water, regardless of the fact that the sea thereabouts is infested with sharks! He swam up to the Lascar, by this time many yards astern; and for forty minutes supported him in the water, until both were rescued. Such a deed as this needs no extolling. Its singular daring is patent.

The highest ordinary reward granted by the Society is its silver medal, and twelve of these were bestowed last year. The bravery displayed by some of the silver medallists was almost equal to that of the winner of the Stanhope, and the particulars of the cases read more like romance than sober truth. The first case is that of Mr Frank Shooter, on whom the medal was conferred for saving the life of Mr F. K. Hartnol, on July 16, 1884. This time the scene was nearer home. The circumstances were so peculiar and complicated, that we follow the official record of the Society: Mr F. K. Hartnol was in a canoe on the mill-stream, Exeter, when the boat upset, and the swift current carried him under the mill-fender, and through the opening of the mill-leaf, which runs for one hundred and eighty yards through a dark tunnel. The leaf varies in depth from four to six feet, with pits at intervals, and is cut in the solid rock, with jagged projections on each side. The stream was running nine miles an hour. The fender at the opening was let down seven or eight inches below the water-surface, and under this the rescuer had to enter the tunnel. This feat he succeeded in effecting, and, being guided by the sound, he found Hartnol clinging to a projecting rock. Finding it impossible to stem the current, he took Hartnol on his shoulders, proceeded down the tunnel with the stream, and landed him safely at the outlet. He had all his clothing on, and ran great risk in being dashed against the rocky rough sides.

Three silver medals were last year bestowed upon officers in Her Majesty's navy. The first case was that of Quartermaster T. W. Bell of Her Majesty's ship *Curaçoa*, which was anchored at the time of the rescue in the Woosung River,

China. On the night of the 12th of April a marine fell into the water in trying to come on board from a boat alongside, and was carried astern by the current. Though the night was dark, Mr Bell bravely jumped overboard to the man's rescue, and succeeded in holding him above water until another man, ship's corporal John Jermyn, came to his aid with a life-buoy. For this gallantry, the Quartermaster was rewarded with the silver medal of the Society; and Jermyn, who already possessed the bronze medal, with the clasp.

The second naval officer to gain the medal during last year was Lieutenant the Hon. W. Grimston, R.N., of Her Majesty's ship *Alexandra*. As the ship was steaming at the rate of four knots an hour off Beyrout on the 29th August, a man fell overboard. Mr Grimston saw the man's danger, and without delay dropped through a very small port into the water. He had to pass through the circle made by the double screw, which was then revolving, and succeeded in keeping the man above water until help came. Two seamen had also jumped overboard to their comrade's aid, and with their help he was saved. A silver medal was awarded to Lieutenant Grimston, and bronze medals to each of the seamen.

A pleasing feature in both the preceding cases is the ready manner in which help seems to have been given to the rescuer by his comrades. Here is another case, where the saving of life was due entirely to the efforts of one officer, Lieutenant James Startin of Her Majesty's ship *Minotaur*, then stationed at Portland. At eleven P.M. on the 7th July 1884, a shore-boat manned by three watermen came alongside the ship with two liberty-men, both of whom were tipsy. In attempting to get on board, the two sailors capsized the boat, and all its five occupants were in an instant struggling in the water, the sailors helpless in their intoxication, and the watermen because they were unable to swim. Lieutenant Startin saw their danger, and running to the after-gangway, dived to their rescue. With great difficulty he succeeded in getting all five on board. The night was dark, with a fresh breeze and choppy sea. Any one who has witnessed the rescue of a drunken man from drowning, or that of a person unable to swim, will know how great the difficulty of rescuing these five men on a dark night and from a choppy sea must have been.

The sailors have not by any means a monopoly of the saving of life, for two soldiers are among those to whom the silver medals were awarded. One was an officer, Major Goodwyn, and the other Sergeant Peter Betts. Major Goodwyn's heroism was displayed under circumstances very similar to those which won the Stanhope Medal for Mr Cleverley. On July 29th last the steamship *Nubia* was running eleven knots an hour through the Red Sea, when a boy fell overboard. Without waiting to divest himself of his clothing, Major Goodwyn jumped into the sea, though that region is infested with sharks. Unhappily, his bravery was in vain; and, after swimming about for twenty minutes, he was picked up by the ship's boat. At the time of the accident the steamer was running under both steam and sail, and this made it more difficult to pick a man up.

Sergeant Betts earned his medal on land. A

man who was sinking a new well in Kilkenny prison on November 15th last, found himself at a depth of sixty-five feet below the surface, being engulfed in the clay and water, which was rapidly accumulating, until it rose above his knees. He signalled to the workmen above that he could not extricate himself, and Sergeant Betts gallantly volunteered to go to his aid. He descended the shaft, and, though exposed to the same risk as the man, and at one time in imminent danger of sinking, finally succeeded in rescuing him. Twice, however, he was obliged to be drawn to the top, because he was for the time exhausted; and it was not until the unfortunate workman had been nine hours immersed in the sand and water that the gallant sergeant's task was done.

Another rescue from the bottom of a shaft is reported from Ireland, this time from Kilcoole, County Wicklow. On the 7th October, two men were engaged in sinking a pump-hole, and had occasion to blast part of the rock by means of powder. A fuse was attached and lighted, and the men ascended. After the explosion had taken place, Morgan Byrne went down, and was overpowered by the foul air. After some little time had elapsed, James Keane also descended, and was in like manner overcome. An hour having intervened without tidings of either of the men, a man named William Whyte volunteered to go down. He was lowered, and finding the apparently dead bodies of the two workmen, gave the signal to those at the top to pull him up. As they were doing this, the rope gave way, and Whyte fell upon Byrne, arousing him to consciousness, and maiming himself. Wounded as he was, he managed to hold on to the new rope, and was drawn to the surface. As Byrne was conscious, he, too, was drawn up in safety. But his comrade Keane was still at the bottom of the shaft; and a labouring man named Patrick King now offered to go in search of him. He did so, and in the result Keane, too, was saved. Silver medals were awarded to Whyte and King.

On the 24th of September, a boy slipped off the training-ship *Wellesley*, then anchored in the Tyne. One of the boats was coming off from the shore, but could not get up to the boy because of the intervening cables. The officer of the boat sprang overboard, but could make no headway towards the boy, owing to the strong wind and tide. Seeing this, John McCloskey, another boy from the training-ship, jumped overboard, swam to the sinking boy, and diving, after his comrade had sunk twice, succeeded in rescuing him. His bravery was very suitably rewarded by the Society's silver medal.

The next rescue was in connection with Sir Thomas Brassey's world-famed yacht *The Sunbeam*, and its hero was Mr Thomas Allnutt Brassey. On September 30th the yacht was lying in Loch Carron, Ross-shire. The cutter was proceeding to the shore, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, when, owing to the heavy sea, one of her timbers started, and she rapidly filled and turned over. Before this happened, Mr Brassey took off his coat, and advised the others to do likewise. Next he distributed the oars to those who were unable to swim. When the boat finally capsized, some of the men lost their oars, and one

in particular, Harry Tinnworth, was in danger of drowning. Seeing his plight, Mr Brassey swam to him, gave him his own oar, and supported him against the heavy waves until another of *The Southbeam's* boats rescued them all. At one point, Mr Brassey lost his hold of the man, and only regained his grasp by diving for him.

One more instance, and the tale of the silver medallists of 1884 is complete. On November 10th last the water was being discharged through the double sluices between the inner and outer harbours at Ramsgate. A lad fell into the water, 'which was rushing out with the force of a cataract,' and he was whirled about like a cork. No boat could have lived in such a sea, yet Edward Grainger, a bystander, gallantly jumped into the dock and brought out the lad. This case, like the others, was rewarded by the silver medal.

In addition to the Stanhope Medal and the twelve silver medals, the Society issued for gallant acts during last year one hundred and twenty bronze medals, and ten clasps; one hundred and twenty-one testimonials on vellum, and ninety-one on parchment, with fifty-one pecuniary rewards. Among the recipients of these honours were ten women and girls and sixteen quite young persons. We wish that space would permit us to give particulars of the cases under these two last heads, but unfortunately this is not possible. No one pretends that this is a complete list of the gallant deeds of last year; most probably it represents no more than a tithe of them, yet these are certainly enough to answer our original question. For while Englishmen and Englishwomen are capable of such deeds as these, they are most assuredly not deteriorating, and can hold their own with any past generation, however noble and daring its deeds.

From *The Queen* we quote the following remarks upon a recent example of female heroism: 'In the roll of noble women who have sacrificed themselves to save the lives of others, no name should stand higher than that of the young servant-girl Alice Ayres, who recently imperilled and unhappily lost her own life in the successful effort to rescue the children of the family in which she resided from death by fire.* On appearing at the upper window of the burning house, the lower part of which was on fire, she was called on to make the hazardous attempt to save her own life by leaping to the ground. But with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, and an amount of noble courage above all praise, she had determined to make the attempt to rescue the children of her mistress. To throw them on to the pavement from the height at which she was placed, would have been fatal; so, returning into the room, she dragged a bed to the window, and with some difficulty forced it through. Having thus provided the means of breaking their fall, she went back for the children, one after the other, and threw them out on the soft bed below. Before she had rescued the third, she was herself nearly suffocated by smoke and flame, and the child was so much burnt that it has since died in the hospital. It was not until she had rescued all the children that this noble girl thought of her own life. Exhausted by the

efforts she had made, blinded by the smoke and fire, she leaped from the window, but unhappily missed the means of safety she had provided for others, and falling on the hard pavement, injured her spine to so great an extent that from the first hour of her admission into Guy's Hospital her case was deemed hopeless, and she died on Sunday morning.

'It is impossible to imagine a finer example of female heroism. True nobility of soul is confined to no sex nor age, nor to any condition of life. We have here a poor servant-girl, one who might be spoken of with disdain by many vastly inferior to her in all that ennoble human beings, displaying an amount of coolness in danger, thoughtfulness for others, and a courageous disregard of her own safety which transcends all praise, but which should not be allowed to pass away without recognition. The heroine herself is beyond our aid, but the body that was the tenement of such a noble soul should not be permitted to lie in a nameless grave.

'The British public take strange fits of virtuous sympathy. If a noble action has anything of the romantic or picturesque about it, they are touched deeply. Grace Darling, some forty-five years ago, rowed out with her father to rescue some shipwrecked sailors, and the deed has never been forgotten. The boat in which it was accomplished has been treasured as a precious relic, and was shown at the recent Fisheries Exhibition. But the courage, resolution, strength of purpose, and disregard of her own safety, as shown by Alice Ayres, was even greater than that exhibited by the light-keeper's daughter. Granted that Alice was but a poor servant-girl in a squalid part of the town; but if one has been celebrated in verse and received a well-earned renown, it should surely not be sufficient for the other to dismiss her, perhaps to a pauper's grave, with only a line in the daily papers to record her death.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS CAVENDISH lived in one of the great houses in Portland Place which fashion has abandoned. It was very silent, wrapped in that stillness and decorum which is one of the chief signs of an entirely well-regulated house, also of a place in which life is languid and youth does not exist. Frances followed her mother with a beating heart through the long wide hall and large staircase, over soft carpets, on which their feet made no sound. She thought they were stealing in like ghosts to some silent place in which mystery of one kind or other must attend them; but the room they were ushered into was only a very large, very still drawing-room, in painfully good order, inhabited by nothing but a fire, which made a little sound and flicker that preserved it from utter death. The blinds were drawn half over the windows; the long curtains hung down in dark folds. There were none of the quaintnesses, the modern æstheticisms, the crowds of small picturesque articles of furniture impeding progress, in which Lady Markham

* At Mrs Chandler's, 194 Union Street, Borough, London.

delighted. The furniture was all solid, durable—what upholsterers call very handsome—huge mirrors over the mantel-pieces, a few large portraits in chalk on the walls, solemn ornaments on the table; a large and brilliantly painted china flower-pot inclosing a large plant of the palm kind, dark green and solemn, like everything else, holding the place of honour. It was very warm and comfortable, full of low easy-chairs and sofas, but at the same time very severe and forbidding, like a place into which the common occupations of life were never brought.

'She never sits here,' said Lady Markham in a low tone. 'She has a morning-room that is cosy enough. She comes up here after dinner, when Mr Cavendish takes a nap before conning his briefs for the ensuing day; and he comes up at ten o'clock for ten minutes and takes a cup of tea. Then she goes to bed. That is about all the intercourse they have, and all the time the drawing-room is occupied, except when people come to call. That is why it has such a depressing look.'

'Is she not happy, then?' said Frances wistfully, which was a silly question, as she now saw as soon as she had uttered it.

'Happy! Oh, probably just as happy as other people. That is not a question that is ever asked in Society, my dear. Why shouldn't she be happy? She has everything she has ever wished for—plenty of money—for they are very rich—her husband quite distinguished in his sphere, and in the way of advancement. What could she want more? She is a lucky woman, as women go.'

'Still she must be dull, with no one to speak to,' said Frances, looking round her with a glance of dismay. What she thought was, that it would probably be her duty to come here to make a little society for her aunt, and her heart sank at the sight of this decent, nay, handsome gloom, with a sensation which Mariuccia's kitchen at home, which only looked on the court, or the dimly lighted rooms of the villagers, had never given her. The silence was terrible, and struck a chill to her heart. Then all at once the door opened, and Mrs Cavendish came in, taking the young visitor entirely by surprise; for the soft carpets and thick curtains so entirely shut out all sound, that she seemed to glide in like a ghost to the ghosts already there. Frances, unaccustomed to English comfort, was startled by the absence of sound, and missed the indication of the footstep on the polished floor, which had so often warned her to lay aside her innocent youthful visions at the sound of her father's approach. Mrs Cavendish coming in so softly seemed to arrest them in the midst of their talk about her, bringing a flush to Frances' face. She was a tall woman, fair and pale, with cold gray eyes, and an air which was like that of her rooms—the air of being unused, of being put against the wall like the handsome furniture. She came up stiffly to Lady Markham, who went to meet her with effusion, holding out both hands.

'I am so glad to see you, Charlotte. I feared you might be out, as it was such a beautiful day.'

'Is it a beautiful day? It seemed to me cold, looking out. I am not very energetic, you know—not like you.—Have I seen this young lady before?'

'You have not seen her for a long time, not since she was a child; nor I either, which is more wonderful. This is Frances. Charlotte, I told you I expected'—

'My brother's child!' Mrs Cavendish said, fixing her eyes upon the girl, who came forward with shy eagerness. She did not open her arms, as Frances expected. She inspected her carefully and coldly, and ended by saying, 'But she is like you,' with a certain tone of reproach.

'That is not my fault,' said Lady Markham, almost sharply; and then she added: 'For the matter of that, they are both your brother's children—though, unfortunately, mine too.'

'You know my opinion on that matter,' said Mrs Cavendish; and then, and not till then, she gave Frances her hand, and stooping, kissed her on the cheek. 'Your father writes very seldom, and I have never heard a word from you. All the same, I have always taken an interest in you. It must be very sad for you, after the life to which you have been accustomed, to be suddenly sent here without any will of your own.'

'O no,' said Frances. 'I was very glad to come, to see mamma.'

'That's the proper thing to say, of course,' the other said with a cold smile. There was just enough of a family likeness to her father to arrest Frances in her indignation. She was not allowed time to make an answer, even had she possessed confidence enough to do so, for her aunt went on, without looking at her again: 'I suppose you have heard from Constance? It must be difficult for her too, to reconcile herself with the different kind of life. My brother's quiet ways are not likely to suit a young lady about town.'

'Frances will be able to tell you all about it,' said Lady Markham, who kept her temper with astonishing self-control. 'She only arrived last night. I would not delay a moment in bringing her to you. Of course, you will like to hear. Markham, who went to fetch his sister, is of opinion that on the whole the change will do Constance good.'

'I don't at all doubt it will do her good. To associate with my brother would do any one good—who is worthy of it; but of course it will be a great change for her. And this child will be kept just long enough to be infected with worldly ways, and then sent back to him spoilt for his life. I suppose, Lady Markham, that is what you intend?'

'You are so determined to think badly of me,' said Lady Markham, 'that it is vain for me to say anything; or else I might remind you that Con's going off was a greater surprise to me than to any one. You know what were my views for her?'

'Yes. I rather wonder why you take the trouble to acquaint me with your plans,' Mrs Cavendish said.

'It is foolish, perhaps; but I have a feeling that as Edward's only near relation'—

'Oh, I am sure I am much obliged to you for your consideration,' the other cried quickly. 'Constance was never influenced by me; though I don't wonder that her soul revolted at such a marriage as you had prepared for her.'

'Why?' cried Lady Markham quickly, with

an astonished glance. Then she added with a smile: 'I am afraid you will see nothing but harm in any plan of mine. Unfortunately, Con did not like the gentleman whom I approved. I should not have put any force upon her. One can't nowadays, if one wished to. It is contrary, as she says herself, to the spirit of the times. But if you will allow me to say so, Charlotte, Con is too like her father to bear anything, to put up with anything that'—

'Thank heaven,' cried Mrs Cavendish. 'She is indeed a little like her dear father, notwithstanding a training so different.—And this one, I suppose—this one you find like you?'

'I am happy to think she is a little, in externals at least,' said Lady Markham, taking Frances' hand in her own. 'But Edward has brought her up, Charlotte; that should be a passport to your affections at least.'

Upon this, Mrs Cavendish came down as from a pedestal, and addressed herself to the girl, over whose astonished head this strange dialogue had gone. 'I am afraid, my dear, you will think me very hard and disagreeable,' she said. 'I will not tell you why, though I think I could make out a case.—How is your dear father? He writes seldomer and seldomer—sometimes not even at Christmas; and I am afraid you have little sense of family duties, which is a pity at your age.'

Frances did not know how to reply to this accusation, and she was confused and indignant, and little disposed to attempt to please. 'Papa,' she said, 'is very well. I have heard him say that he could not write letters—our life was so quiet: there was nothing to say.'

'Ah, my dear, that is all very well for strangers, or for those who care more about the outside than the heart. But he might have known that anything, everything would be interesting to me. It is just your quiet life that I like to hear about. Society has little attraction for me. I suppose you are half an Italian, are you? and know nothing about English life.'

'She looks nothing but English,' said Lady Markham in a sort of parenthesis.

'The only people I know are English,' said Frances. 'Papa is not fond of society. We see the Gaunts and the Durants, but nobody else. I have always tried to be like my own country-people, as well as I could.'

'And with great success, my dear,' said her mother with a smiling look.

Mrs Cavendish said nothing, but looked at her with silent criticism. Then she turned to Lady Markham. 'Naturally,' she said, 'I should like to make acquaintance with my niece, and hear all the details about my dear brother; but that can't be done in a morning call. Will you leave her with me for the day? Or may I have her to-morrow, or the day after? Any time will suit me.'

'She only arrived last night, Charlotte. I suppose even you will allow that the mother should come first. Thursday, Frances shall spend with you, if that suits you?'

'Thursday, the third day,' said Mrs Cavendish, ostentatiously counting on her fingers—'during which interval you will have full time—O yes, Thursday will suit me. The mother of course conventionally has, as you say, the first right.'

'Conventionally and naturally too,' Lady Markham replied; and then there was a silence, and they sat looking at each other. Frances, who felt her innocent self to be something like the bone of contention over which these two ladies were wrangling, sat with downcast eyes confused and indignant, not knowing what to do or say. The mistress of the house did nothing to dissipate the embarrassment of the moment; she seemed to have no wish to set her visitors at their ease, and the pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece and the occasional fall of ashes from the fire came in as a sort of chorus or symphony, loud and distinct, to fill up the interval, was half painful, half ludicrous. It seemed to the quick ears of the girl thus suddenly introduced into the arena of domestic conflict, that there was a certain irony in this inarticulate commentary upon those petty miseries of life.

At last, at the end of what seemed half an hour of silence, Lady Markham rose and spread her wings—or at least shook out her silken draperies, which comes to the same thing. 'As that is settled, we need not detain you any longer,' she said.

Mrs Cavendish rose too, slowly. 'I cannot expect,' she replied, 'that you will give up your valuable time to me; but mine is not so much occupied.—I will expect you, Frances, before one o'clock on Thursday. I lunch at one; and then if there is anything you want to see or do, I shall be glad to take you wherever you like.—I suppose I may keep her to dinner? Mr Cavendish will like to make acquaintance with his niece.'

'Oh, certainly; as long as you and she please,' said Lady Markham with a smile. 'I am not a medieval parent, as poor Con says.'

'Yet it was on that ground that Constance abandoned you and ran away to her father,' quoth the implacable antagonist.

Lady Markham, calm as she was, grew red to her hair. 'I don't think Constance has abandoned me,' she cried hastily; 'and if she has, the fault is— But there is no discussion possible between people so hopelessly biased as you and I,' she added, recovering her composure. —'Mr Cavendish is well, I hope?'

'Very well.—Good-morning, since you will go,' said the mistress of the house. She dropped another cold kiss upon Frances' cheek. It seemed to the girl, indeed, who was angry and horrified, that it was her aunt's nose, which was a long one and very chilly, which touched her. She made no response to this nasal salutation. She felt, indeed, that to give a slap to that other cheek would be much more expressive of her sentiments than a kiss, and followed her mother down-stairs hot with resentment. Lady Markham, too, was moved. When she got into her brougham, she leant back in her corner and put her handkerchief lightly to the corner of each eye. Then she laughed, and put her hand upon Frances' arm.

'You are not to think I am grieving,' she said; 'it is only rage. Did you ever know such a?— But, my dear, we must recollect that it is natural—that she is on the other side.'

'Is it natural to be so unkind, to be so cruel?'

cried Frances. 'Then, mamma, I shall hate England, where I once thought everything was good.'

'Everything is not good anywhere, my love; and Society, I fear, above all, is far from being perfect—not that your poor dear aunt Charlotte can be said to be in Society,' Lady Markham added, recovering her spirits. 'I don't think they see anybody but a few lawyers like themselves.'

'But, mamma, why do you go to see her? Why do you endure it? You promised for me, or I should never go back, neither on Thursday nor any other time.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, Frances, my dear! I hope you have not got those headstrong Waring ways. Because she hates me, that is no reason why she should hate you. Even Con saw as much as that. You are of her own blood, and her near relation, and I never heard that *he* took very much to any of the young people on his side. And they are very rich. A man like that, at the head of his profession, must be coining money. It would be wicked of me, for any little tempers of mine, to risk what might be a fortune for my children. And you know I have very little more than my jointure, and your father is not rich.'

This exposition of motives was like another language to Frances. She gazed at her mother's soft face, so full of sweetness and kindness, with a sense that she was under the sway of motives and influences which had been left out in her own simple education. Was it supreme and self-denying generosity, or was it—something else? The girl was too inexperienced, too ignorant to tell. But the contrast between Lady Markham's wonderful temper and forbearance and the harsh and ungenerous tone of her aunt, moved her heart out of the region of reason. 'If you put up with all that for us, I cannot see any reason why we should put up with it for you!' she cried indignantly. 'She cannot have any right to speak to my mother so—and before me.'

'Ah, my darling, that is just the sweetness of it to her. If we were alone, I should not mind; she might say what she liked. It is because of you that she can make me feel—a little. But you must take no notice; you must leave me to fight my own battles.'

'Why?' Frances flung up her young head, till she looked about a foot taller than her mother. 'I will never endure it, mamma: you may say what you like. What is her fortune to me?'

'My love!' she exclaimed; 'why, you little savage, her fortune is everything to you! It may make all the difference.' Then she laughed rather tremulously, and leaning over, bestowed a kiss upon her stranger-child's half-reluctant cheek. 'It is very, very sweet of you to make a stand for your mother,' she said, 'and when you know so little of me. The horrid people in Society would say that was the reason; but I think you would defend your mother anyhow, my Frances, my child that I have always missed!—But look here, dear. You must not do it. I am old enough to take care of myself. And your poor aunt Cavendish is not so bad as you think. She believes she has reason for it. She is very fond of your father, and she has not

seen him for a dozen years; and there is no telling whether she may ever see him again; and she thinks it is my fault. So you must not take up arms on my behalf till you know better. And it would be so much to your advantage if she should take a fancy to you, my dear. Do you think I could ever reconcile myself, for any *amour propre* of mine, to stand in my child's way?'

Once more, Frances was unable to make any reply. All the lines of sentiment and sense to which she had been accustomed seemed to be getting blurred out. Where she had come from, a family stood together, shoulder by shoulder. They defended each other, and even revenged each other; and though the law might disapprove, public opinion stood by them. A child who looked on careless while its parents were assailed would have been to Mariuccia an odious monster. Her father's opinions on such a subject, Frances had never known; but as for fortune, he would have smiled that disdainful smile of his at the suggestion that she should pay court to any one because he was rich. Wealth meant having few wants, she had heard him say a thousand times. It might even have been supposed from his conversation that he scorned rich people for being rich, which of course was an exaggeration. But he could never, never have wished her to endeavour to please an unkind, disagreeable person because of her money. That was impossible. So that she made no reply, and scarcely even, in her confusion, responded to the caress with which her mother thanked her for the partisanship, which it appeared was so out of place.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

II. ABOUT MARRIAGE.

PERSONS pretending to be clergymen, although they have not been ordained, have occasionally brought trouble upon innocent persons; not substantial trouble, but anxiety, which for the time being amounts to the same thing in effect. We have frequently had occasion to advise persons who were in doubt as to the validity of their marriage, because the person who officiated as clergyman on the occasion was not really what he pretended to be. We may at once say that marriage is far too sacred a thing in the eye of the law to be left dependent upon the chapter of accidents for its validity. If two persons, who are free to enter into a matrimonial engagement, and are not within the prohibited degrees, go through the marriage ceremony in good faith, they become legally husband and wife, notwithstanding any defect on the part of the Church which has assumed to unite them in holy matrimony.

On 18th July 1823, an Act of Parliament was passed for amending the laws respecting the solemnisation of marriages in England; and by this Act—which is still in force as to church marriages by license or after banns—it was enacted that if any person shall knowingly and wilfully

consent to or acquiesce in the solemnisation of a marriage by any person not being in holy orders, the marriage of such persons shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever. It will be seen that this enactment puts the matter upon its proper footing. Innocent parties are not affected by the fact of the marriage having been performed by an impostor; but if they were aware of the fact before the ceremony is performed, the marriage is very properly void, because they were parties to the wrong-doing.

The punishment provided by this Act for those who take upon themselves to perform the sacred offices of the Church in the celebration of matrimony without being legally qualified to do so, is sufficiently severe, being fourteen years' transportation, now replaced by the same term of penal servitude. When the Sheffield sham-clergyman was convicted at Leeds assizes recently, the judge who presided at the trial considered that he had no option, and this rigorous sentence was pronounced; but it was afterwards found that a subsequent enactment more general in its terms covered the offence in question, and the sentence was reduced to five years' penal servitude, which may well act as a deterrent, as the offence is one which is very likely to come out sooner or later. By the Marriage Act of 1836, which applies more especially to marriages at register offices and in nonconformist places of worship, and to marriages in churches when the certificate of the superintendent registrar is substituted for the publication of banns, there are some provisions for the punishment of any person who shall unduly celebrate any marriage either at an unauthorised time or in an unauthorised place; and any marriage unduly celebrated with the knowledge of the parties thereto is to be void. Thus churchmen and dissenters are placed upon the same footing.

When any person under the age of twenty-one years—not being a widow or widower—intends to get married, the consent of the parent or guardian of the 'infant' is necessary; and before the necessary license or certificate can be granted, or banns published, a declaration or affidavit must be made to the effect that the requisite consent has been given; or, that the parties are respectively of legal age; or, that there is no person who can give a valid consent to the marriage of the minor. When a false declaration is made, the offence is the same in its legal consequences as perjury. We shall have something to say on the subject of perjury in a subsequent chapter on 'Kissing the Book.' Now, the penalty for perjury is not entirely nominal, being not more than two years' imprisonment with hard labour, or seven years' penal servitude; and we should think that a young man must be rather far gone who would risk this punishment, rather than wait until his girl attains the age of twenty-one years, if her father or guardian will not consent to their being married previously. We have put the matter in this shape, because the natural course appears to be that the man should take the risk upon himself, if it is to be run at all. Practically, however, we think that in the majority of cases—judging from our own observations during a long

official experience—the young lady has to take the hazardous post of false swearer or declarant, and there may be a reason for this which removes it from the censure of selfishness on the part of the male; or the supposition that all the courage possessed by the couple is monopolised by the female. When a prosecution is instituted, the father of the young lady is generally the prosecutor; and it is easier for him to overlook the offence when the success of the prosecution would result in consigning his own daughter to a prison, than when the prisoner would only be his son-in-law.

The offence now under consideration is frequently spoken of as venial, and indeed as being of so trifling a nature as scarcely to be worth calling a crime; but this is a fallacy. As we have shown, it is a crime which may be punished very severely; but it has also civil consequences of a serious character. Whenever any marriage is accomplished by means of a false oath or statutory declaration, the guilty party thereby forfeits all pecuniary advantage which he might otherwise have derived from the marriage; and certain notorious fortune-hunters have had occasion to regret their ignorance of this legal point. We do not say that they might not have evaded it, if they had known then their danger; but the probability is that in avoiding responsibility as principals, they might have rendered themselves liable as accessories; or as being the instigators of the crime perpetrated by their lady-loves, afterwards their respective wives.

Whether this offence will ever be altogether abolished or not, is very doubtful; though it might be an advantage to some of the parties concerned to remember that a career begun in falsehood and perjury is not likely to end well. But it is not our province to preach. If it were, probably we should do no good to the lovers.

Dangerous delusions are numerous, but few are more widely spread, or entail more pernicious consequences, than the one next under consideration. A man deserts his wife, with or without just cause for doing so; and after he has been away seven years or more, the deserted wife enters into what she believes to be a legal marriage with another man. Supposing the husband to be alive at the time that the second ceremony of so-called marriage is performed, it is absolutely void; the parties live together without being lawfully married; and if they should have any children, such children are illegitimate, and could not be made legitimate, even in Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of their parents, because, when the children were born, the parents were not free to enter into the state of matrimony with each other. In England, as we have before had occasion to observe, the status of a child as to legitimacy or otherwise is irrevocably fixed at the moment of its birth.

These irregular connections are so frequent, that it appears desirable to explain the law on the subject clearly. When two persons are married, they become husband and wife for their joint lives, unless the marriage should be dissolved by the appointed court in which the power of granting relief from the burden of marriage is vested. Whatever either party may have to complain of, the mutual relationship continues; they took each other for better, for worse, and

they must endure the worse as well as enjoy the better, unless the union be legally dissolved.

The origin of the 'seven years' delusion is not involved in any obscurity, and therein it differs from some other popular legal fallacies. Marrying any other person while actually married already is a criminal offence, punishable with penal servitude not exceeding seven years; or imprisonment with or without hard labour for not exceeding two years. But no person can be convicted of this offence if at the time of the commission thereof his wife or her husband shall have been continually absent for the space of seven years then last past, and shall not have been known to have been living within that time. Hence, some wiseacre jumped to the conclusion, that if there was no danger of conviction for bigamy, a valid marriage might be contracted; and as error is more readily propagated than truth, this fallacy became extensively spread abroad and acted upon, the consequence being a large increase to the illegitimate portion of the population of the kingdom.

We have reason to know that the evils arising from this mistake are to be found in abundance wherever the false impression has taken root. It is natural that a person who has found matrimony a failure should wish to try again, in the hope of drawing a prize next time; and many deserted wives—and husbands also—who would not on any account knowingly become the parents of children that were not legitimate, fall into the trap inadvertently; and when the mischief is done and cannot be remedied, they find, to their unutterable dismay, that, while they have been most severe in their reflections on the depraved who live a life of sin, they have themselves unwittingly been doing the very thing which has been the subject of their reprobation. We have known ladies upon whom the discovery of their illegalised position has even had a fatal effect; although the great majority survive the terrible disclosure, and thenceforth pass through life as blighted beings, who only desire to live because they cannot bear the thought of leaving their children to face the sneers of the world alone.

Be the consequences what they may, absence for seven years is quite a sufficiently valid excuse with many for re-marrying; and if within that time they have heard that the lost sheep was still wandering in the wilderness of this world, they ignore the information, and enter into a second alliance which might expose them to the pains and penalties incident to a conviction for bigamy. It ought never to be forgotten that absence alone is not sufficient to avoid the danger, if the erring one has been known to be alive within the stipulated time, and his death has not been known to have occurred subsequently.

The consequences of these void marriages to the offspring thereof may be more serious than the unpleasantness to which the parties themselves are subjected. One instance will suffice to illustrate this. A gentleman in the west of England, who was possessed of large estates, married a lady who was supposed to be a widow, her husband having left her many years before, and died—it was thought—abroad. After several years of married life, the second husband, as he was believed to be, died intestate, and soon afterwards the lady also died. Then the brother and

heir-at-law came forward and claimed the estates; and his claim being resisted, on behalf of the children of the deceased, the marriage was proved to be void, by the production of the lady's husband, with whom the brother of his successor had been in communication for many years. The husband, it appeared, had in the first instance come back to England in order to claim his wife; but having been met with by the unprincipled heir, the latter persuaded him to make no sign, but to subsist upon a weekly allowance from him (the heir), in order that the supposed husband might go to his grave in the belief that he was the lawful husband of the mother of his children; for the brother knew that no will had been made, and feared that if his elder brother—then a hopeless invalid—knew of the invalidity of his marriage, he would make a will in favour of his children and their mother. This scheme was successful; the gentleman died without making a will, a neglect which is always foolish, and often wicked. The heir succeeded to his brother's estates, both real and personal, being the sole next of kin as well as heir-at-law; and the poor children were left utterly destitute.

Many similar cases have come to our knowledge; but it would be useless to repeat incidents so common and so sad. We can only strive to impress upon our readers that such things are happening around them through the means of a delusion which is believed in as implicitly as gospel truth by many thousands of our fellow-country men and women. The neglect to dispose of property by a will is a subject to which we intend to devote a future chapter; but we cannot close this without drawing attention to the irreparable mischief which was occasioned in the instance under notice by neglecting this simple duty.

SWEET GILLIAN.

A TALE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD TRENT, the most unpopular man in the little east-county village of Hingleton, swaggered up the street one bright morning in the month of April, in the year 1815. His brows were bent, his head was cast down, and he was slashing savagely in the air with his stick, so that the business he had on hand—and he was rarely seen abroad except on business—was evidently of an unpleasant nature. Not a bad-looking man at a casual glance was Edward Trent. He was tall, well built, hair and eyes dark; but a closer observation revealed that the eyes were furtive, and that the lips were thin and relentless. Unpopular he undoubtedly was. Firstly, because he was a lawyer, and rustics were as distrustful of lawyers at the beginning of this century as they are now. Secondly, because he was unsociable, overbearing, and, being town born and bred, regarded rustic folk and rustic institutions as beneath contempt. Thirdly and chiefly, because he was rumoured to be the future husband of Miss Ramsden of the Hall, known far and wide, from her gentle manner and winning ways, as Sweet Gillian. He appeared to notice

nothing as he hastened along the village street; but under his black brows he could see very well the scowling faces and the pointed fingers in the windows and doorways of the houses, and strode on, past the old gray church and its red parsonage; past the trim house of the doctor; past the almshouses, the pound, and the stocks, until he came to the *Gaskell Arms*, inn and posting-house, round the corner of which he struck into a pleasant path which crossed the tiny stream known by the villagers as 'the River,' and was in the open country.

Beautiful as the fields were in their fresh, bright garb of spring, they had no apparent attraction for the absorbed lawyer. He went on, crushing sweet flowers beneath his feet, scaring early butterflies from their resting-places on the blossom heads, and slashing relentlessly with his stick at any bit of colour which showed itself above the rest—straight towards the stately demesne of Hingleton Hall. The lodge-dame opened the gate to him as to a privileged person, but did not drop a courtesy; the gardeners at work knew that he was passing, but did not raise their heads. He who had never had a kind nod or a cheery word for any one, was not the sort of man to be made obeisance to, thought these sturdy toilers. He went on, under the avenue of tall elms, yet but sprinkled with young leaves, skirted the broad velvety lawn, and paused not to bestow a glance on the exquisite, typically English scene spread around him, until he arrived at the quaintly carved oak portal of the Hall, above which appeared in stone the arms of the famous old family of Gaskell of Hingleton.

The servant who admitted him ushered him without introduction into a snug little room, of which the sole occupant was a fresh-faced, gray-haired man of fifty, who was seated at a table strewn with papers, and who was John Ramsden, squire of Hingleton.

'Ha, Trent!' exclaimed the squire, rising and offering his visitor a broad, sunburnt hand. 'Punctual, as usual.'

'Yes; it's a professional virtue,' said the lawyer in a low, soft voice, which properly should have belonged to the most amiable of men. 'You sent for me?'

'Yes,' said the squire, returning to his chair and wheeling himself round so as to face his visitor. 'I sent for you because I felt that it was time some clear and definite conclusion should be arrived at between us.'

The relationship existing between the two men was sufficiently expressed by their respective manners. The big, burly, cross-country-looking squire of Hingleton was almost deprecating in his tone and manner of speech; the lawyer spoke boldly and confidently, although in a low, soft voice. The lion was evidently at the mercy of the mouse.

'I thought that was settled a long time ago,' said the lawyer.

'Yes; so I thought,' said the squire, hesitatingly; 'but—well, in short, there seem to be some little difficulties in the way.'

'How can there be difficulties?' asked Trent. 'It's all as clear as noonday. Look here. I got you this position of squire of Hingleton.'

'So you did; confound it!' muttered the squire.

'Confound it! why, "confound it?"' exclaimed the lawyer. 'It's been a precious good bargain for you, and a cheap one. You were poor and ambitious; now you're rich and independent, and the price you pay is to marry your daughter to me. Many hundred men would think themselves lucky to get such a bargain at such a price.'

'Yes, that sounds right enough,' said the squire, more firmly and determinedly; 'but I wish I'd never made this marvellous bargain, all the same. It was very mean, to begin with, to take advantage of poor old Gaskell's mental prostration, and get him to re-indite his will as he did.'

'Don't say mental prostration,' interposed Trent. 'When he made that will, giving Hingleton to you as his next of kin, he was as right as you and I are.'

'Well, at anyrate, he was almost heart-broken at the news that young Lionel was killed at Talavera,' said the squire; 'and when a man's heart's broken, his mind can't be over-strong. What I mean is, that he was taken advantage of. I don't blame any one more than myself. I was hungry after Hingleton, and ready to consent to anything you proposed. And, say what you like, it was mean, unmanly, un-English. And to crown all, I sell—yes, I sell you my daughter, because you bring me the certificate of Lionel Gaskell's death. Pah!'

The lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and raised his black eyebrows, muttering something about the end justifying the means, and asked: 'But surely, squire, the difficulty isn't one only of conscience? Men of the world can't afford to be bothered with too much conscience—at least lawyers can't.'

'Right for you,' said the squire quietly. 'It isn't one of conscience entirely. How would matters stand were Gillian to refuse you?'

The lawyer was apparently startled at the suggestion of this eventuality. 'Refuse me!' he exclaimed. 'Why, the thing's impossible! She's been taught, I believe, for the last five years that I'm to be her husband. She can't—she daren't refuse me!'

'Why dare she not?'

'Because she knows—that is to say, she ought to know, if you've kept your promise to me—that if she doesn't marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace you, by publishing the means by which you became squire of Hingleton,' replied Trent.

'One moment,' said the squire, placing his hand on the lawyer's knee. 'Don't you think that by such a move you would be tarring yourself with the same brush?'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Trent. 'I only negotiated the old gentleman's change of will; I only—'

'Who suggested the idea to me? Who obtained with extraordinary alacrity a certificate of the death of Lionel Gaskell, the rightful heir to the estate?' asked the squire.

'I did,' replied Trent. 'I've loved Gillian far longer than you think. She didn't care

for me. I knew that young Lionel had almost broken his father's heart with his excesses and extravagance, and finally with his running off and enlisting. I saw a chance. If I could do you a service, you would buy it. I named my price, and you accepted it. The youngster's dead—there can't be a doubt of it, or he'd have turned up before now.—But look here, squire; what makes you think that Gillian would refuse me? Has she any personal objection to me? Does she love any one else?

'I don't think she loves any one else—no,' replied the squire evasively.

'Well, I'll find out for myself. Where is she?' asked Trent.

'In the garden, I believe.'

The lawyer, without another word, left the room, passed through the Hall, and out by an open door into the pleasant, formal, old-fashioned garden, a favourite haunt of Gillian's. He soon espied her, seated on a quaintly carved stone bench at some distance, deeply engrossed in a book: a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked girl, with curly brown hair. She heard his footsteps, and closing her book, rose and turned away. Trent, however, was not thus to be baffled by the caprice of a mere country girl; so, taking a short-cut, he presently confronted her.

'Good-morning, Miss Ramsden.'

'Good-morning, Mr Trent,' she replied, with the slightest possible inclination of the head.

'That must be an interesting work, to keep your eyes off the beauties of nature on this bright morning,' he continued.

She made no answer.

So he continued: 'Miss Ramsden, could you spare me a few moments?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you any feeling for me, Miss Ramsden?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; a most profound feeling.'

'That emboldens me'—he began.

'I really don't think it should,' she interposed.

Trent, unheeding the interruption, went on: 'I am a lawyer; but I can't beat about the bush in matters which pertain to a very different court from that of justice.'

Gillian merely raised her eyebrows, as if puzzled by his ambiguous mode of speech.

'Do you know that you are beloved very dearly?' he continued.

'Yes; I believe my father'—she began.

'No, no; I don't mean by your father,' said Trent warmly. 'Of course he loves you; it would be strange if he didn't; but some one else'—

Here Gillian, shutting her book, stopped short in her walk, and looking him straight in the face with her honest brown eyes, said: 'Mr Trent, you are going to tell me that you love me, and to ask me to be your wife. Please, spare yourself the trouble, for I have never loved you, and I never can. I want to tell you this as kindly and as gently as possible.'

For a moment the lawyer stood irresolute and silent. He was not crushed, for he had never expected any other answer from the girl, with whom every young squire in the neighbourhood was in love. But he said: 'Is that your final answer, Miss Ramsden?'

'Quite final.'

He stepped forward and caught her by the arm. 'Can't you unsay that, Miss Ramsden?'

'Mr Trent, I have answered you. If you really love me, you will take that answer, and release my arm.'

'I won't take the answer, and I won't let go your arm,' said the lawyer, with so marvelous a change of voice that a stranger might have been excused for doubting if it was the same person speaking as before. 'Look here!' he went on. 'If you refuse to marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace both you and your father.'

'Ruin and disgrace me—and papa!' repeated Gillian, amazed. 'What do you mean, Mr Trent?'

'What I say—every word of it.'

'Don't insult me, please, Mr Trent,' said the girl, struggling to be free. 'My father never was disgraced, and never can be. And now, let me go.'

She struggled hard; but the lawyer's grasp was firm, and only when his mocking laughter taunted her to greater efforts did she get loose, leaving a piece of her dress in his hand. Then she ran on, straight into the arms of a tall, soldierly man, whose bronzed face was furrowed with anger. 'Hillo!' he cried; 'what does this mean? Sweet Gillian and Lawyer Trent!—Why, man, what have you been doing?'

Edward Trent, so far from being abashed and confused, replied with perfect coolness: 'And pray, what is that to you, colonel?'

The old soldier made a step forward with uplifted cane. 'Why, you mean, petty, skulking attorney, how dare you make such an answer to me—to Colonel Adamthwaite of His Majesty's Service? I see this poor girl struggling to get away from you; I ask you what it means, and you tell me that it is no business of mine! Egad, man, I've a good mind to give you the soundest caning you ever had in your wretched career, and I daresay you've had several.'

'Yes,' said Trent quietly; 'and I made the performers pay for it.'

'O yes, of course, you're a lawyer; I forgot,' said the colonel. 'That, and that alone, prevents me from hiding you.' So saying, the colonel linked Gillian's arm with his own, and turned towards the Hall, leaving Edward Trent smiling, as if the interview had been of the pleasantest character possible, and saying softly to himself:

'All right, all right, my gray-haired veteran! All right, my haughty beauty! But it will be a strange thing if I'm not squire of Hingleton before long, nevertheless! What a neat little case it would have been, if he'd struck me.'

Colonel Adamthwaite and Gillian went straight to the Hall, the girl telling him, with the freedom of an old friend as they went, all that had taken place. The old soldier pushed into the squire's study, and without any preliminaries, launched out into characteristic invective against that 'rascally land-shark,' as he called Trent, and a denunciation in no measured terms of his conduct towards Gillian.

The squire listened without any remark or any token of astonishment. When the colonel paused, he rose, and said: 'John, we have been friends since boyhood. Don't say anything more

about this, because—because I wish Gillian to marry Edward Trent.’

The colonel uttered a forcible expression of amazement. Gillian uttered a cry, and sank upon the couch.

GLIMPSES IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THERE is at least one spot in this country in which I have always found the ‘intelligent foreigner’ respectfully disinclined to depreciate the surrounding evidences of our national good sense. I always like to accompany him thither and listen to his remarks. Underneath the Ionic portico of the noble building in Bloomsbury, through the entrance hall, past the watchful attendants, who exclude unauthorised intruders, through the swing-doors. Ah! The first sight of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not soon forgotten. How many thousand visitors from every part of the world must think so every year, when they stand on the threshold, just beneath the great dome—inferior in diameter by only two feet to the Pantheon of Rome—and catch sight of the eighty thousand volumes which line the walls, and suggest some idea of the space required to house the million and a half volumes stored in the library beyond.

There is much to be seen and much to be learnt in this centre of study and research. Authors and bookworms, compilers and scribblers, with students and observers from every quarter of the world, rub sleeves with each other in the studious silence beneath the dome. To my mind, there are few more interesting sights, and none calculated to leave a more vivid impression on the mind of the immense mental activity of the time. Consider that you are in the centre of one of the greatest collections of books which the world has seen; that you are in contact with an organisation which brings within your reach at a few minutes’ notice any book of importance which the world produces. Then watch the attendants at the platform in the centre of the room as they hand out the books on every subject under the sun which have been applied for by the long lines of readers, representing every important nationality in the world, and you will admit that the scene is an impressive one.

The history of the library itself is the history of a remarkable revolution which has taken place within the last two or three generations. One hundred and thirty years ago it originated in the purchase of Montague House to store the Sloane collection of antiquities, books, manuscripts, &c. purchased by the nation. Soon after, the trustees of the collection set apart the first reading-room for the accommodation of such as they chose to admit to the privilege of inspecting their treasures. The resolution in which this step is recorded is interesting to read at this date. It is dated December 8, 1778, and by it the trustees ordered ‘that the corner room in the base story be appropriated for the Reading-room, and that a proper wainscot table, covered with green bays in the same manner as those in the libraries, be prepared for the same, with twenty chairs of the same kind with those

already provided for the several departments of the house.’

In those days and for long afterwards, the company was very select. But few were admitted, or indeed cared to be admitted, to the Reading-room; and the twenty chairs for long continued to be more than sufficient for the accommodation of the distinguished persons to whom alone the trustees awarded tickets of admission. The poet Gray, in a letter dated July 23, 1759, gives an amusing account of a visit to this Reading-room. He says: ‘I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row, and though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement.’ Describing his first visit and the company he met there, he says: ‘We were—a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr Barton of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany or Dr Peacock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and only sold fourscore; that they have nine hundred pounds a year income, and spend thirteen hundred pounds, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in the winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.’

Things have greatly improved since Gray’s time. The present Reading-room, finished in 1857, was the result of a happy idea of the late Mr Panizzi. For many years previous to that date, it had become evident that the accommodation provided for readers was altogether insufficient. Various plans for enlarging the building had been proposed from time to time; but principally on account of the large expense which they would all entail, nothing had come of any of them. At last it occurred to Mr Panizzi to propose that a circular building should be erected in the inner quadrangle of the Museum to serve as the Reading-room. This admirable suggestion was immediately accepted; and parliament being at length induced to grant the necessary funds, it resulted in the present Reading-room. It would be difficult to conceive a more noble structure so entirely suited to the purpose to which it is devoted. The building was completed in a few years at a cost of about one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and it has undergone little alteration since. The dome of the room is one hundred and forty feet in diameter, being one foot in excess of that of St Peter’s at Rome. Of the eighty thousand volumes in the Reading-room, some twenty thousand are within immediate reach of the reader, and can be consulted at pleasure; they consist principally of the standard works in all the various branches of learning. For any other book in the library which the reader wishes to see, he has only to fill up a printed requisition form, taking the particulars from the catalogue of the library, and the book is brought to his seat in a few minutes by one of the attendants.

To my mind, by far the most interesting study in the Reading-room is the readers themselves.

Every one who writes much feels the need of being in or near a centre of books and information, such as London especially is; and there are few within the radius of London who write at all to whom the interior of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not familiar. Regard that studious-looking man in spectacles with the high cheek-bones and hair brushed back from his face. He is the most conspicuous member of his row, with his heap of manuscripts before him, and the floor and table around heaped with books. You fancy you have seen his face before somewhere. Very likely you have. That tall gentleman with his hat on, leaning against his table, and speaking to him with his hands in his pockets, is the head of one of the leading publishing houses in London. The chair opposite is occupied by a bilious-looking youth. He has a pile of manuscript before him too; but he is not adding to it; he is deep in the volumes before him. As he turns over his work, you notice a little collection of newspaper cuttings among his treasures. How self-confident he looks—even a little bit conceited, you think; but if you are an old *habitué*, you will not feel offended, for there may be a warm corner in your heart where you keep green the memory of a time when you felt somewhat like that yourself. Here at the end of the row is a swarthy visage underneath a fez cap, which is familiar to you. Where have you seen it before? Ah, yes—at Professor Brown's lectures on Roman Law. Its owner is, however, not engaged in the study of law at present; he is, like many of his compatriots who frequent the room, deep in familiar volumes in Telugu and Sanskrit. Here is a passing visitor, who has just looked in to consult some book of reference; and here is a humble follower of the law making copious notes from the law Reports which he has taken from the shelves beside him.

But all these are but the ordinary and scarcely interesting frequenters of the room. Here is a remarkable-looking old man, upon whom your eyes involuntarily linger. Every day for years he has elbowed his way to this seat. He is always here surrounded with his old volumes, all carefully marked in places, and kept for him from day to day. Poorly dressed, thin and worn he looks, his long damp wisps of hair straggling down his neck and over his shabby coat collar. What a face! one of those you do not forget; with the fine forehead, still handsome, despite the furrows in the pinched cheeks. The features might suggest those of George Eliot's Bardo de' Bardi. Watch the long thin fingers glide through the sheets of neatly written manuscript, some newly finished, but most of it yellow and faded. What is it all about? you wonder. He is going away now. He draws on his thin overcoat, carefully wraps his heap of papers with a brown sheet, and glides softly out, with his head bent, and the precious bundle under his arm. He is but one of many such which haunt the room. As you look after him, you begin to realise what such a figure might become under Dickens's wonderful hand; and it is with an effort that you check your fancy as it accompanies the old man on his lonely way down the main street, aside from the stream of humanity, up some dark staircase, to his cobwebbed den, where he toils on

in the belief that the rude, proud world, which has passed him by and forgotten him, will one day stop to listen to him.

How different is the vocation of many of the readers. Here is a youth taking notes from Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, who was a moment ago engaged on Herodotus and a classical atlas. He is only cramming for the London University examinations. Here is a dusky native pastor from Jamaica writing the history of his country amid the London fogs, and it will be all the better for that; and here is a student from Japan deep in the literature of the East, which he has unearthed in this treasure-house of the West.

There are pretty faces here too. How sweet those pouting lips and rosy cheeks look among the dusty tomes. How bewitching does yon fair worker look amid her papers and books. You cannot help reading the titles as you pass: Holden's *Anatomy*. Ugh! Why is it that when young ladies who have brains chance to be pretty, they are usually doctors or professors? and yet another question: why is it that the plain-looking spinsters who take possession of the row 'for ladies only,' are so unsociable to all the owners of pretty faces?

I like to watch certain books and study the persons who use them. A little while ago I was standing near the entrance as two foreigners came towards me. One of them at least was evidently a German; he might have been a professor from his appearance; and the smooth-faced youth who accompanied him looked like a pupil. He was evidently pointing out to the younger man the principal features of interest in the room. As they passed me, my interest was excited by over-hearing the remark in English: 'Now we will see where the English keep their national copy of the greatest book of the century.' I followed the strangers with my eyes as they went round the room past shelf after shelf until they stood still in front of the section devoted to philosophy and science. Then my curiosity got the better of me, and I followed them, determined to see what in the opinion of the German was the great book of the age. He was taking out the end volume in the fifth row from the top. I saw them look at it thoughtfully, and turn over the leaves without reading; then they put it respectfully back in its place. When they had gone, I drew the little volume from its resting-place, where it seemed lost in the immensity around. It was Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I took the book to my seat, for the remark of the German had given a new interest to its familiar pages. As I turned over the well-thumbed leaves of 'the national copy,' stained and worn by many fingers, there were many thoughts in my mind; and as I took it back to its place, I was thinking that if I were a poet, I might indeed choose many a meaner theme for inspiration than that same small item of the great national collection.

How the books accumulate here! The Museum is one of the five libraries in the kingdom to each of which is secured by law a copy of every publication the copyright of which is registered at Stationers' Hall; the other libraries being the Bodleian at Oxford, the public library at Cambridge, the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin. Authors and publishers often feel it a hardship to be compelled to present copies of their books to some or all of the other

libraries; but rarely do they grudge the copy which goes to the great national library. For the year 1883, the number of accessions to the library obtained in this way was ten thousand six hundred and twelve volumes, besides many parts of volumes, pamphlets, music, maps, &c. But this represents but a small proportion of the yearly additions to the library. For the same year there were presented, two thousand six hundred and ninety-two volumes; and purchased, twenty thousand three hundred and fifty volumes, these latter being principally publications in foreign countries. The gross total of additions of all sorts for the year was ninety-four thousand three hundred and six. Some idea of the extent of the library may be gained from the size of the general catalogue, consisting of over two thousand volumes, most of which are still in manuscript, although a beginning was made in 1881 with the labour of printing it. The amalgamation of the several catalogues from which it is compiled has taken years to complete. About a fifth of the task was finished when the present Reading-room was built, and now, nearly thirty years after, the work is only on the eve of being completed.

There are seats in the room for three hundred and sixty readers; but the number of persons who frequent the library continues to increase every year, and already on many days it is hard to find a vacant seat. In the year 1883, the number of books delivered for the use of readers—irrespective of those consulted at pleasure from the shelves of the Reading-room—was four hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of readers was one hundred and fifty-two thousand nine hundred and eighty-three.

There are few items in the national expenditure which can be regarded with such warm satisfaction as that for the support of the British Museum library. It is silently doing a great national work. It throws open its doors and its treasures to every comer; and the number of busy workers which it attracts, shows how keenly the privilege is appreciated. The gain to the nation must be correspondingly large.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THEY were talking of brotherhoods the other day at Lloyd Fenton's, and extolling the good deeds done by them, especially by that fraternity called in Italy the 'Misericordia.' Each one had some experience to relate—a tale of benevolence or courage—but I sat silent. At length Fenton asked me a direct question: 'Why do you say nothing, Cuthbert? You have been in Italy so long, you must have heard much of the brethren.'

'I have heard something of them,' was my answer, 'and indeed have had an experience of treatment at the hands of one of them; but as it is directly at odds with all of yours, it seems a pity I should mention it.'

'O no!—Tell us!—You must!—We want a shadow to all this light,' was the chorus raised immediately. And this is what I told them.

Five years ago I was poor enough, and was thankful to take what work came to hand; so,

when my rich cousin, John Harper, sent me to Florence to copy pictures for his great house at Eastmere, I gratefully accepted the munificent offer he made me, started off at once for Florence, and set up my easel in the 'city of flowers' early in October. By February I felt as if I had lived there for years, and had made acquaintance with nearly all its pictures, palaces, and churches. After making copies of some well-known works—'Madonna,' by Raphael; 'Madonna and Two Saints,' by Andrea del Sarto; 'Pieta,' by Fra Lippi—I thought I would change my ideas by having a face that was not a saintly one to gaze at; so I betook myself to the Sala di Venus in the Pitti Palace, and took up my brushes in front of the 'Bella Donna' of Titian. As the face and form grew under my pencil, I could not but learn from the favourable remarks continually made upon it in my hearing, that I had succeeded somewhat better than usual in transferring a portion of the beauty of the original to my canvas. The picture was all but finished, and I was one day adding a stroke here and there to the gold embroidery of the dress, when I heard the steps of two gentlemen pause behind me, and one of them exclaimed: 'Per Bacco, non c'è male!' He began to talk about my work; soon learned that I was English, and intending to go homewards shortly; and before our interview was over, he asked me to copy for him a picture in his gallery, the original of which he wished to part with. He was good enough to say that he had been seeking some one who would catch the intention of the painter sufficiently well to supply the copy he wanted; and he thought I might be able to render the meaning of the original without supplementing it by fancies of my own. He let me fix my own time for work, so I arranged to begin early in the following week. With the usual formal salutations, we parted; and on looking at the card left by my new patron, I found him to be the 'Principe Gherardo Schidone,' of whose small but exquisite collection of pictures I knew well the reputation.

On presenting myself at the Palazzo, I was shown into the library. The tall man in livery who opened the massive door moved so quietly across the thickly carpeted floor that the Prince did not hear his approach, and I had time to take note of the apartment and its inhabitant before he was informed of my presence. He was writing, and I observed his high narrow forehead and projecting chin almost unconsciously. His eyes were dark, and rather hard, the nose and mouth beautifully formed. When he raised his head and a friendly smile brightened his face, the Prince was decidedly a handsome man. He was about thirty; and I had heard of him as being extremely clever, somewhat of a *début*, and unquestionably poor. After a few minutes' chat, he proposed to conduct me to the gallery, whither he said my painting-things would have been already taken. We walked down a corridor hung with tapestry, and scantily furnished with ancient seats, dower chests, and antique vases, after the manner of such places; and turning sharply to the right, ascended a marble staircase, from the landing at the top of which a door on the left admitted us to the picture-gallery. The rooms I had already seen were

rather shabby, and looked as if a good round sum might be expended on their re-decoration with advantage; but the two apartments which contained the collection of paintings were in excellent preservation. The decorations of wall and ceiling were fresh and bright; the polished floor was covered in the centre with a thick carpet; huge logs flamed on the hearth; and the place had the cheerful air of being cared for, which in my experience was not usual in the Palazzi of Florence.

The Prince allowed me to look at the masterpieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor, and then paused before a striking picture—the one of which he told me he desired the most faithful copy in my power to produce. He further added that the subject of the portrait was an ancestress of his, and that it was by Morone, that prince amongst portrait-painters.

My admiration of the work seemed to make Prince Gherado think he should account for parting with it; and with something of a frown on his handsome face, he said: 'The lady was a Bandinelli; and her family having long wished for the portrait, I have at length decided they shall possess it.'

I bowed, and was soon left alone. Placing my easel in the most favourable position, I studied the portrait attentively for a good half-hour, and came to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned me. The picture represented a girl of about twenty, and was entitled simply 'Amaranthe.' It was of three-quarter length; and the lady's appearance fascinated me at first sight; but her charm became less the more the features were studied. She wore a dress of dark amethyst velvet, with curious gold ornaments. About the throat and wrists there was some lovely lace, and she carried a fan of feathers in her hand. The face was of a delicate paleness, and beautifully formed; the mouth rather large, and with firm, clearly-cut lips. A well-modelled nose and marked eyebrows gave it character. The forehead was broad and low; the eyes of an exquisite gray, with lashes so dark and long they seemed to give a violet shade to the pupils. And most noticeable of all was the magnificent wealth of golden hair, which hung down without band or ribbon, being loosely plaited from the shoulders. As I studied the picture, I came to believe that the lady had been one who would be more admired than beloved, and who would be a cold friend and a remorseless foe. I may have wronged 'Amaranthe;' but the portrait had all the life-like charm that the best pictures by Morone possess, and I believe revealed her character.

Prince Gherado took great interest in my work, coming often to watch its progress, and giving me hints which showed him to have a great knowledge of the technical part of the artist's profession. He used to come at all times, and never twice together entered by the same door, till at length I had an uncomfortable idea that he watched me, and that these unexpected appearances were to test my industry. He was, however, always extremely polite, and expressed nothing but satisfaction with my work.

One morning I chanced to be earlier than usual at the palace, and found the windows had

not been uncovered. The servant who followed me went to one of them, and I to the other, and when the heavy blind was raised, I remained a few moments looking out. The window was rather high in the wall, and standing on the floor, one could not see into the garden below. I knelt on the broad window-seat, and from my elevation looked down into the inclosure, gay with flowers, and with a fountain splashing in the centre. Facing me was a wall, then another garden, and a long low range of white buildings. As I watched, a door in the centre of these opened, and out trooped a bevy of nuns. They looked like merry school-girls as they frisked round and round the garden-walks. Their dress of black and white was oddly finished off by an enormous flapping straw hat, tied down with black ribbon, completely concealing the face, and as unlike as possible to the head-gear of any order of nuns when seen outside their dwelling.

'What convent is that?' I inquired.

'It belongs to the order of St. Caterina,' was the man's answer; and as he passed me to leave the room, he said in a subdued voice: 'It was from there that the Princess came.'

The Princess! I had not heard of her, and I found myself once or twice wondering what manner of lady she was.

That afternoon, as I was working away at the hair of Amaranthe, the door on my right opened, and the rustling of a dress betokened the presence of a visitor. I rose from my seat as the Prince entered with a lady, from whose face I could not withdraw my eyes, so strangely did she resemble the portrait I was copying. How well I knew the features! But the face of the living Amaranthe bore only a sweet, amused expression as she said: 'See Gherado; the Signor is struck with the likeness!' and advancing to me, she continued with a merry laugh: 'That Amaranthe Bandinelli was my ancestress. Are we not alike?'

I stammered some reply, but the words did not come quickly. To sit for days in front of a canvas copying the lineaments depicted thereon till you know every curve and line, and then to find beside you the picture come to life!—without a word of warning—this was so strange an experience that it took away my self-possession for the moment.

The Princess was about to tell me more, and began, saying: 'That Amaranthe was not a'—when the Prince interfered, saying: '*Basta!* you must not interrupt the Signor.—Do you like his work? Look at it.'

His voice was harsh, peremptory; and the young wife's face changed; a hard look came into it, and the likeness to the picture was intensified. She spoke no word, but gazed fixedly on my work for a few moments; then, with a stately step, crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, and disappeared. The Prince followed, and I was again alone.

My work was progressing well; and in the bright spring afternoons I began to leave it, and go to the Cascine to watch the crowds driving up and down—the Russians with their low carriages, spirited horses, with scarcely any harness, and fur-caped coachmen; the eccentric American with his team of fourteen ill-matched

steeds; the sober English, heavy Germans, and brilliant Italians, all driving or riding according to their various nationalities and in their special fashions. I sometimes saw Prince Schidone and his lovely wife; they were invariably alone; and the carriage was never drawn up at the side of the avenue with a crowd of loungers encircling it, as was the case with the other vehicles. One of my Italian friends, Luigi Savelli, told me the Prince was jealous, and that he allowed his wife no liberty, adding, that she had run away from her convent to marry him. I remembered the footman's words, and began to believe the statement, notwithstanding my knowledge of the watchful care with which the Church guards her children.

When I thought my work nearly done, Prince Gherado became fastidious about the dress, and objected to the colour of the fan and my treatment of the lace. It seemed as if he did not wish the picture finished. I began to weary of the alterations; and after repainting the portions twice, told him I did not consider the work improved, and that I must decline more changes.

I went one morning early to try for the last time at the lace, when, on taking up my palette, I noticed on it a large patch of green paint, which I certainly had not left there, and on it, traced in black letters, were the English words: 'Help me. Stay till six.—A.'

This was strange. It savoured of an adventure. Who was 'A.'? What did he or she want? Could it be the Princess? Her name perhaps was Amaranthe. I would certainly stay till six. Before that hour the door close to my right hand opened; the rustle of a dress again heralded the entrance of the Princess. I had a large open tin box by my side, and as the lady was passing it, she dropped her fan; it fell behind her, and the Prince stooped to pick it up. At that instant a tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box; and I perceiving it, closed the lid as I rose to salute my visitors. The Princess spoke no word to me, but made some rapid and not favourable criticisms on my work in Italian. I spoke to the Prince in the same language, as I feared his wife might not know I understood her remarks, which were not of the most polite description. She did not appear to heed this, in fact continued her strictures, the gist of which I found to be her displeasure with the hair; she thought it required much more careful finish. I reminded the Prince that I must leave for England in a fortnight; therefore, my work at the picture must soon cease, and that I did not think I could improve it. He was quite satisfied, and told his wife that when it hung in the place of the original she would confess it was well done.

I did not dare to read the note till I arrived at my rooms; but once there, I speedily made myself master of its contents. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:

I trust you, for your face is good and kind, and you are English. I am a most unhappy woman, a prisoner and a slave. I *must* return to the convent. There I shall be able to communicate with my uncle, Cardinal Bandinelli. Here, I can never speak to him of my wrongs, I am so watched. Will you help me? If so,

write 'Yes' on your palette, and I will tell you what to do.—A.

This was startling certainly. I pondered on the request, and was greatly disturbed. Why should I, peaceable Cuthbert Ainsley, mix myself up with the family troubles of an Italian household? Then, on the other hand, the lady might really be unhappy—ill-treated even; and at all events it did not seem very wrong of her to wish for free speech of her uncle, or even to go back to the convent for a time. I knew Cardinal Bandinelli well by sight and name; he was said to be a most amiable prelate, and he looked gentleness personified. Perhaps Amaranthe only wanted me to take him a letter. Anyhow, the love of adventure, the idea of succouring beauty in distress, combined to determine me to accede to the lady's request; and before leaving the Palazzo next day, I traced in small black letters on a red patch the word 'Yes,' which would not be noticed unless sought for, as it looked like idle touches of the brush.

The following day, on uncovering my canvas, I found pinned round the edge a little slip of paper, on which was written: 'Thank you. The day before you go, leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long, with a strong hook attached. Send by a safe hand the note you will find addressed to my uncle.'

I hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had I done so, when the door on my left opened and admitted the Prince. He was pleasant, as usual. I trusted he perceived no confusion in my manner. He crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, which faced one on my right hand, and went out. There was a quaint old-fashioned mirror hung rather high, which tipped slightly forward, and in which I could see the reflection of the wall behind me with its two doors. A few minutes after the Prince left, I bent to take something from my box, and as I raised my head, I saw in the glass above me the reflection of his face gazing fixedly at me through the open door, with so intense, wicked, and cruel an expression, that the features seemed transformed! I turned sharply; but he was gone.

TWO ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM AN OLD NOTE-BOOK.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, nearly one hundred years ago, the lieutenant-general of the police of Paris had upon his register the names of no fewer than two thousand suspected and depraved characters, whose pursuits were known to be of a criminal nature; yet by making the department of police the immediate object of the close and uniform attention of one branch of the executive government, crimes were much less frequent than in England, and the security extended to the public with regard to the protection of life and property against lawless depredation was infinitely greater. The following narratives were authenticated by an English magistrate at the time; and a record of them, written at the commencement of this century, is now in the possession of the present writer.

A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit Paris upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of the French metropolis, a genteel-looking man opened the door of the carriage and addressed him to this effect: 'Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine.'

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what M. de Sartine wanted with him, adding that he had never committed any offence against the laws, and that the police could have no right to detain him. The messenger declared himself ignorant of the cause of the detention, and said that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartine, he should have executed his orders. After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the police official.

M. de Sartine received him with great politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, to his astonishment described his portmanteau, and told him the exact amount in bills and cash which he had brought with him to Paris, where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which he had conceived were known only to himself. Having thus excited his attention, M. de Sartine asked him: 'Sir, are you a man of courage?'

The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of this interrogatory, demanded the reason why such a question was put, adding that no man had ever doubted his courage.

M. de Sartine replied: 'Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night. If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour. But be careful not to fall asleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed, or into the closet which is in your chamber. You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and betray no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure some one who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead.'

The merchant being convinced that M. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, refused to be personated, and resolved to follow literally the directions he had received. He accordingly drove to the hotel, and went to bed at his usual hour, eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve—the time mentioned by M. de Sartine—the door of his bedchamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark-lantern, daggers, and pistols. The merchant perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. Hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be supposed he was under great perturbation of mind during such an interval of suspense. When at the moment the villains were preparing to take the merchant's life, four police officers,

who were concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out, and seized the offenders with the property in their possession. The consequence was that the perpetration of the murder was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartine's intelligence thus enabled him to prevent many cases of murder and robbery.

The second story is as follows. The Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., having in the year 1787 formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil affairs, and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of M. de Sartine's police having been found superior to his own, notwithstanding the pains he had bestowed on that department of his government. A notorious Austrian offender, who had committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation in Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by His Majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice. M. de Sartine acknowledged to the imperial ambassador that the person he inquired after had been in Paris; that, if he wished it, he would inform him where he lodged, and the different gaming-tables and other places of resort which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambassador insisted that this offender must still be in Paris, otherwise the emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application.

M. de Sartine smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and replied to the following effect: 'Do me the honour, sir, to inform the emperor your master that the person he looks for left Paris about the 10th of last month, and is now lodged in a back-room, looking into a garden, in the third story of a house, No. 93 in — Street, in his own capital of Vienna; where His Majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him.'

It was literally as the French minister had stated. The emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the superiority of the French police.

A SONNET.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—
The large design, from which each trifling dole
But goes to make the long much-wished-for goal:
So do we seek to penetrate the doom
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece.
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completeness: here but God's eyes see
What death shall show us when our life shall cease.

J. E. PANTON.

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CELTIC SUPERSTITION.

DESPITE the existence of a Society for the collection of well-authenticated ghost-stories, dreams, omens, and such like, it is little better than a commonplace to remark that the age of superstition is for Europe well-nigh past. Doubtless, in remote nooks there yet linger fragments of eerie tradition; the fortune-teller yet meets with a credulous maid, or an isolated instance of revenge for supposed bewitchment or effects of the evil-eye may be recorded; but the educated mass of the people simply smile at or bewail such antiquated belief. No phantom dare remain to alarm and perplex the era of electricity. It is with races and nations as with man in the particular: in their early childhood there is a wondering awe of nature and her forces; the wind and the sea, the river and the waterfall, are either superior beings to be revered and worshipped in themselves, or they are the haunts of spirits and of gods. As for the children, of certain races, there exist fairies and gnomes; the world is inhabited by numberless denizens other than mortal; everything is regarded with strange amazement. These beliefs are doubtless affected by the surroundings and nature of the people. The character and the superstitions of the Saxons, for example, harmonise thoroughly; a savage, warlike race, mighty and pure, the product of the stern North. And so in the ancient legends we are told how, in the beginning, all sprang from two regions—Niflheim, the frozen, and Muspell, the burning. Into the chaotic chasm the giant Ymir, the frozen Ocean, is born; his children the whirlwinds and the barren mountains are the foes of the life-giving Sun. He is slain, and the earth is formed from his flesh. Then succeeds war between 'the monsters of winter and the luminous fertile gods.' It is all a personification of the tremendous struggle of man in those dreary northern regions against the elements. There follows a time of fairy tales, the time when deeds of heroic romance are performed, when such

legends as the Arthurian and Fingalian have their birth, and 'all the land is filled full of faerie.'

These particular legends are the vague and dim expression of some mysterious conflict, at the origin of which and of the combatants we can but guess. But for the British people, the wonderland of childhood has long been left behind; spirits no longer haunt the streams and the meres; the dryads were banished centuries ago from their forest homes in the sunny south; the fairies fled at the sound of the steam-whistle; the pixies of Cornwall died with the old speech. Only in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, and in the forlorn isles set 'far amid the melancholy main,' does a general acceptance of belief in the unseen appear at all possible.

It is a truism that the race which is brought into most direct contact with the mighty agencies of nature is more superstitious than that which inhabits a fertile and populous region. The least imaginative dweller in a great city probably feels something akin to awe in the solitude of the mountains or out on the vast ocean by night, with the dome of the throbbing sky above, and the heaving and tumbling waters beneath. Or passing through the pine-woods of Culloden in the gathering gloom, he might find come upon him with strange vividness and force the old Celtic belief—the belief which Ossian chanted in his lonely despair—that the souls of the heroes are abroad on the breeze that murmurs in the gloaming athwart the field where they fell. And so it is that fisher-folk and Highlanders were ever the most superstitious of human beings. Now that the phantoms are fleeing before the standards of the School Board, it is in those parts of the Highlands furthest removed from contact with the new order of things that the richest field lies open for inquiring into old-world legends and credulities. Those lonely isles amid which the tourist sails during his summer voyage on the western coast of Scotland are inhabited by a race as far apart from

his own as twilight is from the glare of noon-day. Familiarity with nature in her wildest moods never breeds contempt. Something of the desolation of the isles has entered into the islanders. There broods a silence there that is at first awful, broken only by the scream of the seabird. The sadness that envelops them like the mist on the hills is reflected in the pathos of the songs, such as that of *MacLeod of Dunvegan*! or in laments like that of *M'Crimmin*; it is present in the faces of the natives. The maidens croon ballads as old as Ossian, and as pathetic as his story. The tales that are told in the bothies around the peat-fires are of lights dancing on the waves where the boat is to go down; of shrouds appearing in the moonlight; of second-sight; of fairies and ghostly pipings; of water-snakes and kelpies. 'The dreamy grief of the gray sea' has entered into their nature. Yet the Celt fears death less than most. He has thought so much of it, that it has lost its terrors for him. It is a common salutation to wish one a decorous and peaceful departure, instead of the good health which in the Lowlands and the south country is the expression of courteous interest.

A tale of the supernatural loses or gains by its surroundings. That which is regarded as a jest in a brilliantly lit London drawing-room, becomes something very different when recapitulated in a thatched cottage by one for whom every word of the narration is as true as his New Testament. The glow from the peat-fire in the middle of the floor only serves to make the shadows lurk more duskily in the corners; the winds are raging without; a drop of rain is blown now and again upon the window. Nature wears her most awe-inspiring aspect in the Hebridean Isles. The mists drift in strange shapes along the hillsides, rifling and gathering capriciously, now revealing a yawning chasm, now hiding the torrent that roars from the linn. Mile upon mile of dreary moorland stretches away, untrodden by human foot, or without trace of human presence, save where a cairn tells of 'far-off old unhappy things and battles long ago.' The seas are as awe-inspiring as the isles. Between the islands of Scarba and Jura, boils and roars the Atlantic maelstrom—the whirlpool of Corryvreckin. Many a gruesome legend hangs over it, dating from the day when the Scandinavian Prince wagered to sail across, and was whirled round and round, then went down into the depths. Can there be any cause for astonishment at the superstition of the Gael? 'The Celt is the most melancholy of men; he has turned everything to supernatural uses, and every object of nature, even the unreasoning dreams of sleep, are mirrors which flash back death upon him. He, the least of all men requires the reminder that he is mortal. The howling of his dog will do him that service.' So wrote one who studied long and lovingly the Celtic character, and to whom the Isle of Mist was very dear.

The melancholy and superstition of the Celtic race may be due in part to the unsuccessful struggle which it has maintained against the advance of a slowly but surely conquering power. Speech, custom, the race itself is being slowly overcome; soon in its separate and distinct form it will have passed for ever. But incorporated with the other elements which go to make up the British people, its influence, ennobling and refining, will last with the English.

There is a similarity in the superstitions of all times and countries. The legend of Fraoch Eilan in Loch Awe, of the golden apples guarded by a dragon, is but the story of the fair Hesperides over again. It is curious also to note that the powers ascribed by Adamnan to St Columba, in his biography of the missionary of Iona, coincide with those attributed to witches, seers, and other intermediaries between the visible and the invisible in the Highlands. The Gaelic woman who divines the success of a mission by the direction which the smoke takes in issuing from the chimney of her cottage, is simply following the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The custom of opening the Bible at random to guide one in an enterprise or deliberation is but a repetition of the *sortes Virgilianæ*.

Gael and Cymri alike had intercourse with the fairies, whom they called by any other name than their own; hence the designation of 'the men of peace,' 'the hunters in green,' 'the good people,' &c. The fairies of the Highlands were not by any means the fairies of Shakspeare. There is little affinity with the revellers in the wood near Athens on midsummer night. Rather they were represented as a discontented and fretful folk, easily offended, delighted when opportunity afforded to annoy mortals, whom they seem to regard with envy and hate. On Friday, the Celt's aversion to naming them was increased tenfold, for on that day their powers are greatly augmented. To wear their favourite colour, green, was an unpardonable insult. Rites of a complex nature were gone through to protect the unbaptised infant and its mother from their clutches. Even as True Thomas of Ercildoune was spirited away to fairyland, so Ossian falling asleep on a *shian* (green fairy knoll) is kept a prisoner there for twenty years. One of our oldest ballads—as it chanced, a Lowland production—tells of the rescue of Tamlane from his fairy captors. A certain minister of Balquhiddier was less fortunate, for, if legend is to be credited, he remains still in the halls of his enemies, notwithstanding that an opportunity for obtaining his release was presented. Did space permit, hundreds of similar tales might be recounted. The flag of wondrous virtue which is kept in the castle of Dunvegan on the coast of Skye was given to MacLeod by the fairy whom he courted on the green braes by the sea, and whose story is similar to that of the mermaid, whom, on moonlight nights, the sailors still hear crooning sad laments on Colonsay. A Gaelic poem, one of many on kindred themes, tells how a maiden—a milkmaid—met in secret with the Hunter in Green. But on going to confession on the eve of St Agnes, she revealed her love, and received from her ghostly adviser instructions to slip under her lover's vest a cross that St Columba had blessed. She did so; and lo! instead of the Hunter in

Green, there was only 'a brown withered twig, so elf-twisted and dry.'

The urisks were a sort of intermediary race between spirits and mortals, and acted the part ascribed to the brownies of England and of Lowland Scotland. If kindly treated, they might render service to the family to which they had joined themselves. Often the guidwife found her kitchen put to rights, and the fire blazing cheerily when she awoke. But unkindness drove them away at once. A tale is told of an urisk whose customary bowl of milk was one morning forgotten, and who fled with a wild shriek never to return.

The urisks are not to be confounded with the ghostly retainers who guard the fortunes of many an old Scottish family. The phantom drummer of the Bonnie House o' Airlie, beating his blood-curdling roll, is well known. Like old castles and mansions everywhere, those of the north countries are mostly haunted. A spirit lingers in deserted Duntulm, for instance. The McDonalds dwelt there till the ghost of Donald Gorm drove them out. While yet his body lay in Edinburgh, his ghost wandered through Duntulm. Unearthly voices re-echoed along the passages, shadowy tartans waved, there were heard wailing and moaning. A rash youth dared to 'beard the lion in his den' with the aid of sword and Bible; but in vain, and so the eerie ruin crumbles away. The Highlanders are indeed constantly receiving messages from the unseen. Thus, it has been revealed to them that another conflict will be fought on dark Drummossie Moor; for often, while crossing it in the gloaming of a summer evening, has the Gael found himself in the midst of the smoke of battle. He has seen the tartans waving, he has seen the broadswords flashing, and though he cannot explain the reason, he still believes that his vision is prophetic.

But a hundred little incidents which by others would pass unheeded are for him fraught with the most solemn meaning. The cock which crows at midnight conveys the intelligence of a death in the neighbourhood. Itching of the nose or ringing in the ears bears the same message. If his cattle die, the evil-eye has gazed upon them. The boat that drifts empty out to sea has been pushed from its moorings by the fairies. Deeply confident in these beliefs is the Gael.

More even than in the Highlands of Scotland, is the influence of the age felt in Wales. 'They're changing everything nowadays, aren't they, sir?' was the remark addressed to the writer by an old Welsh woman in the oldest of churchyards in the oldest and quaintest of walled cities. The nineteenth and the thirteenth centuries come very close together in Conway. The train dashing out through the tube and under the walls of the castle is the spirit of utilitarianism; the mouldering towers and battlements of the mighty castle of Edward I. and Eleanor his queen embody the ancient chivalry. The sound of the old woman's words rings on like the voice of a passing bell; and as it tolls, lo! the stately dames and gallant knights pass out through the arched gateways into the mist, and return never more; the castle waxes old and crumbles; the navy comes with his pick and undermines it; snorting fire, a shrieking monster dashes up—as he comes, all the old beliefs, all the simple

manners and customs, fly disgusted into the mountains, there to linger.

But among the hills there are wondrous legends floating about: the nineteenth century has receded into the dim vagueness of a dream. Merlin chanting his incantations; Llywarch Hen singing sad dirges for Gwenn; Taliesin, the chief of bards: these are nearer you there. In the Cardigan mines, the knockers are still heard, indicating where a rich lode may be expected. It is yet believed that if you cut a turf from St David's and stand upon it, you will see the Islands of the Blessed. The stones of Hellog-ab-Cunog have their weird story; many a cottage in the lonely uplands is haunted. Witches were consulted and believed in so lately as 1826. The Cymri of Wales have their giant too, the good Foulkes Ty Du, who is always helping them. When evil, on the other hand, is about to overtake them, the Tybiath (=German *Ahnung*) or presentiment forebodes it. No singer can be a true bard unless the divine *Awen* has descended upon him. Cader Idris is famous for its inspiring influence. Legend has it that to sleep upon its summit makes a man a poet or a madman.

We cannot better conclude than in the words of one of Mary Howitt's Welsh heroines: 'I believe that there are two great realms in nature, the outward and the inward, the one being as real as the other. Science can and does penetrate the one, the outward, and will in time lay bare all its mysteries; but at present—whatever science or even intellect may do in time to come—they now lead away from and are antagonistic to the inward, which is the realm of spiritual life. We Welsh people, like all primitive and simple nations, as yet retain our hold upon the realm of spirit; it has not quite gone from us yet, and there are many living amongst us to whom more or less of the inward, the spiritual, is revealed.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANCES had not succeeded in resolving this question in her mind when Thursday came. The two intervening days had been very quiet. She had gone with her mother to several shops, and had stood by almost passive and much astonished while a multitude of little luxuries which she had never been sufficiently enlightened even to wish for, were bought for her. She was so little accustomed to lavish expenditure, that it was almost with a sense of wrong-doing that she contemplated all these costly trifles, which were for the use not of some typical fine lady, but of herself, Frances, who had never thought it possible she could ever be classed under that title. To Lady Markham, these delicacies were evidently necessities of life. And then it was for the first time that Frances learned what an evening dress meant—not only the garment itself, but the shoes, the stockings, the gloves, the ribbons, the fan, a hundred little accessories which she had never so much as thought of. When you have nothing but a set of coral or amber beads to wear with your white frock, it is astonishing how much that matter is simplified. Lady Markham opened her jewel-boxes to provide for the same endless

roll of necessities. 'This will go with the white dress, and this with the pink,' she said, thus revealing to Frances another delicacy of accord unsuspected by her simplicity.

'But, mamma, you are giving me so many things!'

'Not your share yet,' said Lady Markham. And she added: 'But don't say anything of this to your aunt Cavendish. She will probably give you something out of her hoards, if she thinks you are not provided.'

This speech checked the pleasure and gratitude of Frances. She stopped with a little gasp in her eager thanks. She wanted nothing from her aunt Cavendish, she said to herself with indignation, nor from her mother either. If they would but let her keep her ignorance, her pleasure in any simple gift, and not represent her, even to herself, as a little schemer, trying how much she could get. Frances cried rather than smiled over her pearls and the set of old gold ornaments, which but for that little speech would have made her happy. The suggestion put gall into everything, and made the timid question in her mind as to Lady Markham's generous forbearance with her sister-in-law, more difficult than ever. Why did she bear it? She ought not to have borne it—not for a day.

On the Wednesday evening before the visit to Portland Place, to which she looked with so much alarm, two gentlemen came to dinner at the invitation of Markham. The idea of two gentlemen to dinner produced no exciting effect upon Frances so as to withdraw her mind from the trial that was coming. Gentlemen were the only portion of the creation with which she was more or less acquainted. Even in the old Palazzo, a guest of this description had been occasionally received, and had sat discussing some point of antiquarian lore or something about the old books at Colla, with her father without taking any notice, beyond what civility demanded, of the little girl who sat at the head of the table. She did not doubt it would be the same thing to-night; and though Markham was always *nice*, never leaving her out, never letting the conversation drop altogether into that stream of personality or allusion which makes Society so intolerable to a stranger, she yet prepared for the evening with the feeling that dullness awaited her, and not pleasure. One of the guests, however, was of a kind which Frances did not expect. He was young, very young in appearance, rather small and delicate, but at the same time refined, with a look of gentle melancholy upon a countenance which was almost beautiful, with child-like limpid eyes, and features of extreme delicacy and purity. This was something quite unlike the elderly antiquarians who talked so glibly to her father about Roman remains or Etruscan art. He sat between Lady Markham and herself, and spoke in gentle tones, with a soft affectionate manner, to her mother, who replied with the kindness, easy affectionateness, which were habitual to her. To see the sweet looks which this young gentleman received, and to hear the tender questions about his health and his occupations which Lady Markham put to him, awoke in the mind of Frances another doubt of the same character as those from which she had not been able to get free. Was this

sympathetic tone, this air of tender interest, put on at will for the benefit of everybody with whom Lady Markham spoke? Frances hated herself for the instinctive question which rose in her, and for the suspicions which crept into her mind on every side and undermined all her pleasure. The other stranger opposite to her was old—to her youthful eyes—and called forth no interest at all. But the gentleness and melancholy, the low voice, the delicate features, something plaintive and appealing about the youth by her side, attracted her interest in spite of herself. He said little to her, but from time to time she caught him looking at her with a sort of questioning glance. When the ladies left the table, and Frances and her mother were alone in the drawing-room, Lady Markham, who had said nothing for some minutes, suddenly turned and asked: 'What did you think of him, Frances?' as if it were the most natural question in the world.

'Of whom?' said Frances in her astonishment. 'Of Claude, my dear. Whom else? Sir Thomas could be of no particular interest either to you or me.'

'I did not know their names, mamma; I scarcely heard them. Claude is the young gentleman who sat next to you?'

'And to you also, Frances. But not only that. He is the man of whom, I suppose, Constance has told you—to avoid whom, she left home, and ran away from me.—Oh, the words come quite appropriate, though I could not bear them from the mouth of Charlotte Cavendish. She abandoned me, and threw herself upon your father's protection, because of'—

Frances had listened with a sort of consternation. When her mother paused for breath, she filled up the interval: 'That little, gentle, small, young man!'

Lady Markham looked for a moment as if she would be angry; then she took a better way, and laughed. 'He is little and young,' she said; 'but neither so young nor even so small as you think. He is most wonderfully, portentously rich, my dear; and he is very nice and good and intelligent and generous. You must not take up a prejudice against him because he is not an athlete or a giant. There are plenty of athletes in Society, my love, but very, very few with a hundred thousand a year.'

'It is so strange to me to hear about money,' said Frances. 'I hope you will pardon me, mamma. I don't understand. I thought he was perhaps some one who was delicate, whose mother, perhaps, you knew, whom you wanted to be kind to.'

'Quite true,' said Lady Markham, patting her daughter's cheek with a soft finger; 'and well judged: but something more besides. I thought, I allow, that it would be an excellent match for Constance; not only because he was rich, but *also* because he was rich.—Do you see the difference?'

'I—suppose so,' Frances said; but there was not any warmth in the admission. 'I thought the right way,' she added after a moment, with a blush that stole over her from head to foot, 'was that people fell in love with each other.'

'So it is,' said her mother, smiling upon her. 'But it often happens, you know, that they fall in love respectively with the wrong people.'

'It is dreadful to me to talk to you, who know so much better,' cried Frances. 'All that I know is from stories. But I thought that even a wrong person, whom you chose yourself, was better than—'

'The right person chosen by your mother? These are awful doctrines, Frances. You are a little revolutionary. Who taught you such terrible things?' Lady Markham laughed as she spoke, and patted the girl's cheek more affectionately than ever, and looked at her with unclouded smiles, so that Frances took courage. 'But,' the mother went on, 'there was no question of choice on my part. Constance has known Claude Ramsay all her life. She liked him, so far as I knew. I supposed she had accepted him. It was not formally announced, I am happy to say; but I made sure of it, and so did everybody else—including himself, poor fellow—when, suddenly, without any warning, your sister disappeared.—It was unkind to me, Frances; oh, it was unkind to me!'

And suddenly, while she was speaking, two tears appeared all at once in Lady Markham's eyes.

Frances was deeply touched by this sight. She ventured upon a caress, which as yet, except in timid return to those bestowed upon her, she had not been bold enough to do. 'I do not think Constance can have meant to be unkind,' she said.

'Few people mean to be unkind,' said this social philosopher, who knew so much more than Frances. 'Your aunt Cavendish does, and that makes her harmless, because one understands. Most of those who wound one, do it because it pleases themselves, without meaning anything—or caring anything—don't you see?—whether it hurts or not.'

This was too profound a saying to be understood at the first moment; but Frances had no reply to make to it. She said only by way of apology: 'But Markham approved?'

'My love,' said her mother, 'Markham is an excellent son to me. He rarely wounds me himself—which is perhaps because he rarely does anything particular himself—but he is not always a safe guide. It makes me very happy to see that you take to him, though you must have heard many things against him; but he is not a safe guide.—Hush; here are the men coming up-stairs. If Claude talks to you, be as gentle with him as you can—and sympathetic, if you can,' she said quickly, rising from her chair, and moving in her noiseless easy way to the other side. Frances felt as if there was a meaning even in this movement, which left herself alone with a vacant seat beside her; but she was confused as usual by all the novelty, and did not understand what the meaning was.

It was balked, however, if it had anything to do with Mr Ramsay, for it was the other gentleman—the old gentleman, as Frances called him in her thoughts—who came up and took the vacant place. The old gentleman was a man about forty, with a few gray hairs among the brown, and a well-knit manly figure, which showed very well between the delicate youth on one hand and Markham's insignificance on the other. He was Sir Thomas, whom Lady Markham had declared to be of no particular interest to any one; but he evidently

had sense enough to see the charm of simplicity and youth. The attention of Frances was sadly distracted by the movements of Claude, who fidgeted about from one table to another, looking at the books and the nicknacks upon them, and staring at the pictures on the walls, then finally came and stood by Markham's side in front of the fire. He did well to contrast himself with Markham. He was taller, and the beauty of his countenance showed still more strikingly in contrast with Markham's odd little wrinkled face. Frances was distracted by the look which he kept fixed upon herself, and which diverted her attention in spite of herself away from the talk of Sir Thomas, who was, however, very nice, and she felt sure, most interesting and instructive, as became his advanced age, if only she could attend to what he was saying. But what with the lively talk which her mother carried on with Markham, and to which she could not help listening all through the conversation of Sir Thomas, and the movements and glances of the melancholy young lover, she could not fix her mind upon the remarks that were addressed to her own ear. When Claude began to join languidly in the other talk, it was more difficult still. 'You have got a new picture, Lady Markham,' she heard him say; and a sudden quickening of her attention and another wave of colour and heat passing over her, arrested even Sir Thomas in the much more interesting observation which presumably he was about to make. He paused, as if he, too, wanted to hear Lady Markham's reply.

'Shall we call it a picture? It is my little girl's sketch from her window where she has been living—her present to her mother; and I think it is delightful, though in the circumstances I don't pretend to be a judge.'

Where she has been living!—Frances grew redder and hotter in the flush of indignation that went over her. But she could not stand up and proclaim that it was from her home, her dear loggia, the place she loved best in the world, that the sketch was made. Already the bonds of another life were upon her, and she dared not do that. And then there was a little chorus of praise, which silenced her still more effectually. It was the group of palms which she had been so simply proud of, which—as she had never forgotten—had made her father say that she had grown up. Lady Markham had placed it on a small easel on her table; and Frances could not help feeling that this was less for any pleasure it gave her mother, than in order to make a little exhibition of her own powers. It was, to be sure, in her own honour that this was done, and what so natural as that the mother should seek to do her daughter honour? but Frances was deeply sensitive, and painfully conscious of the strange tangled web of motives, which she had never in her life known anything about before. Had the little picture been hung in her mother's bedroom, and seen by no eyes but her own, the girl would have found the most perfect pleasure in it; but here, exhibited as in a public gallery, examined by admiring eyes, calling forth all the incense of praise, it was with a mixture of shame and resentment that Frances found it out. It produced this result, however, that Sir Thomas

rose, as in duty bound, to examine the performance of the daughter of the house; and presently young Ramsay, who had been watching his opportunity, took the place by her side.

'I have been waiting for this,' he said with his air of pathos. 'I have so many things to ask you, if you will let me, Miss Waring.'

'Surely,' Frances said.

'Your sketch is very sweet—it is full of feeling—there is no colour like that of the Riviera. It is the Riviera, is it not?'

'O yes,' cried Frances, eager to seize the opportunity of making it apparent that it was not only where she had been living, as her mother said. 'It is from Bordighera, from our loggia, where I have lived all my life.'

'You will find no colour and no vegetation like that, in London,' the young man said.

To this Frances replied politely that London was full of much more wonderful things, as she had always heard; but felt somewhat disappointed, supposing that his communications to her were to be more interesting than this.

'And the climate is so very different,' he continued. 'I am very often sent out of England for the winter, though this year they have let me stay. I have been at Nice two seasons. I suppose you know Nice? It is a very pretty place; but the wind is just as cold sometimes as at home. You have to keep in the sun; and if you always keep in the sun, it is warm here.'

'But there is not always sun here,' said Frances.

'That is very true; that is a very clever remark. There is not always sun here. San Remo was beginning to be known, when I was there; but I never heard of Bordighera as a place where people went to stay. Some Italian wrote a book about it, I have heard—to push it, no doubt. Could you recommend it as a winter-place, Miss Waring? I suppose it is very dull, nothing going on?'

'Oh, nothing at all,' cried Frances eagerly. 'All the tourists complain that there is nothing to do.'

'I thought so,' he said; 'a regular little Italian dead-alive place.' Then he added after a moment's pause: 'But of course there are inducements which might make one put up with that, if the air happened to suit one. Are there villas to be had, can you tell me? They say, as a matter of fact, that you get more advantage of the air when you are in a dull place.'

'There are hotels,' said Frances, more and more disappointed, though the beginning of this speech had given her a little hope.

'Good hotels?' he said with interest. 'Sometimes they are really better than a place of one's own, where the drainage is often bad, and the exposure not all that could be desired. And then you get any amusement that may be going. Perhaps you will tell me the names of one or two? for if this east wind continues, my doctors may send me off even now.'

Frances looked into his limpid eyes and expressive countenance with dismay. He must look, she felt sure, as if he were making the most touching confidences to her. His soft pathetic voice gave a *faux air* of something sentimental

to those questions, which even she could not persuade herself meant nothing. Was it to show that he was bent upon following Constance wherever she might go? That must be the true meaning, she supposed. He must be endeavouring by this mock-anxiety to find out how much she knew of his real motives, and whether he might trust to her or not. But Frances resented a little the unnecessary precaution.

'I don't know anything about the hotels,' she said. 'I have never thought of the air. It is my home—that is all.'

'You look so well, that I am the more convinced it would be a good place for me,' said the young man. 'You look in such thorough good health, if you will allow me to say so. Some ladies don't like to be told that; but I think it the most delightful thing in existence. Tell me, had you any trouble with drainage, when you went to settle there? And is the water good? and how long does the season last? I am afraid I am teasing you with my questions; but all these details are so important—and one is so pleased to hear of a new place.'

'We live up in the old town,' said Frances with a sudden flash of malice. 'I don't know what drainage is, and neither does any one else there. We have our well in the court—our own well. And I don't think there is any season. We go up among the mountains, when it gets too hot.'

'Your well in the court!' said the sentimental Claude, with the look of a poet who has just been told that his dearest friend is killed by an accident, 'with everything percolating into it! That is terrible indeed.—But,' he said, after a pause, an ethereal sense of consolation stealing over his fine features—'there are exceptions, they say, to every rule; and sometimes, with fine health such as you have, bad sanitary conditions do not seem to tell—when there has been no stirring-up. I believe that is at the root of the whole question. People can go on, on the old system, so long as there is no stirring-up; but when once a beginning has been made, it must be complete, or it is fatal.'

He said this with animation much greater than he had shown as yet; then dropping into his habitual pathos: 'If I come in for tea to-morrow—Lady Markham allows me to do it, when I can, when the weather is fit for going out: will you be so very kind as to give me half an hour, Miss Waring, for a few particulars? I will take them down from your lips—it is so much the most satisfactory way; and perhaps you would add to your kindness by just thinking it over beforehand—if there is anything I ought to know.'

'But I am going out to-morrow, Mr Ramsay.'

'Then after to-morrow,' he said; and rising with a bow full of tender deference, went up to Lady Markham to bid her good-night. 'I have been having a most interesting conversation with Miss Waring. She has given me so many *renseignements*,' he said. 'She permits me to come after to-morrow for further particulars.—Dear Lady Markham, good-night and *à revoir*.'

'What was Claude saying to you, Frances?' Lady Markham asked with a little anxiety, when everybody save Markham was gone, and they were alone.

'He asked me about Bordighera, mamma.'
'Poor dear boy! About Con, and what she had said of him? He has a faithful heart, though people think him a little too much taken up with himself.'

'He did not say anything about Constance. He asked about the climate and the drains—what are drains?—and if the water was good, and what hotel I could recommend.'

Lady Markham laughed and coloured slightly, and tapped Frances on the cheek. 'You are a little satirical!—Dear Claude! he is very anxious about his health. But don't you see,' she added, 'that was all a covert way of finding out about Con? He wants to go after her; but he does not want to let everybody in the world see that he has gone after a girl who would not have him. I have a great deal of sympathy with him, for my part.'

Frances had no sympathy with him. She felt, on the other hand, more sympathy for Constance than had moved her yet. To escape from such a lover, Frances thought a girl might be justified in flying to the end of the world. But it never entered into her mind that any like danger to herself was to be thought of. She dismissed Claude Ramsay from her thoughts with half resentment, half amusement, wondering that Constance had not told her more; but feeling, as no such image had ever risen on her horizon before, that she would not have believed Constance. However, her sister had happily escaped, and to herself, Claude Ramsay was nothing. Far more important was it to think of the ordeal of to-morrow. She shivered a little even in her warm room as she anticipated it. England seemed to be colder, grayer, more devoid of brightness in Portland Place than in Eaton Square.

HERBS AND SOME OF THEIR USES.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSEWIFE.

WHEN I am busy with my herbs, I often think of the pretty name which was told me by a friend as a Polish title for the sweet old-world work of the herbalist, 'La Pharmacie du Ciel.' It is a pretty and appropriate description of the fragrant science. In olden days, when every great house had its 'still-room,' it was one of the principal occupations of the good 'huswife' to make remedies of all sorts, and for every ill, from herbs and flowers; and the ladies of those days were also clever in searching for the plants required in their useful work, and in gathering the rose-leaves and elder-flowers and other blossoms for making decoctions in the 'still.' I think that there are many who would take a double delight in their garden, and a keener interest in their country walks, if they knew some of the properties of the plants they see, and how to use them; indeed, the whole occupation, from the first search for the herbs to the final bottling and potting of one's various compounds, is so engrossing, that it needs no excuse in bringing the subject before my readers.

Oh, the delight of an afternoon spent, with one's basket and knife as sole companions, in a search for some precious plant—the all-pervading

sweet scent of bank and grove and tangled hedge! Not only the flowers seem sweet, but there is a strange fragrance in the very leaves as they unfold their tender sheaths; and from each red earthy bank, even where the green things will not grow under the thick beech-trees, there is sweetness; and there is over all in nature such a continual whisper of life, and promise of growth and beauty still to come, that the silent woods become at last like enchanted ground to those who will yield themselves to this sweet communion with nature.

I am not going to teach the art of making the strong potions and 'sovereign waters' that played such a large part in the household physics of two or more centuries ago; but am merely going to describe how to make simple things for external application, which may be safely used.

Any plant that is to be used should be gathered before its flowers expand, as then it possesses its qualities in the strongest degree. Flowers should be gathered the day they open, and, like leaves or herbs, should be plucked in the early morning, just as the dew dries off, and before the rays of the sun have had time to extract any of the virtues. From seven to nine is the best time for herb or flower gathering. Each fair pharmacist should provide herself with a basket, scissors, a good apron, one or two good-sized china bowls, some spatulas, and above all, some of those useful tin saucepans fitted with earthenware pots inside. They are the safest and best vehicle for heating oil or wax, and I never knew any accident happen when using them.

The first preparation I should like you to learn to make is called *Hypericum* oil and ointment. It is made from one of the numerous family of St John's wort. It is a difficult matter to identify the right flower until one becomes thoroughly acquainted with it, as there is another plant of the genus which flowers at the same time, and is generally found growing in the same locality, and is in many points similar to the one we require. The *Hypericum perforatum* is generally found growing on some tangled hedge-bank, a tall graceful plant, with its bright, starry-yellow blossoms peeping out from amongst the luxuriant growth of long grass and brambles. Pick off first a leaf. If it is the right plant, you will find, if you hold it against the light, that it is full of little holes, as if it had been pricked with a pin. To make assurance doubly sure, take one of the golden flowers and squeeze it with your fingers; the right sort will leave a deep purple stain. Pick as many blossoms as you can, for they are only to be got in July and August. The flowers should at once be put in a large open-mouthed bottle, and the best salad oil poured on them until they are covered. A bladder-skin should then be tied over the mouth of the bottle, which must be placed so that the rays of the sun will fall upon it until the oil becomes of a rich red colour. This does not generally take place until about December. If by that time the oil is not sufficiently coloured, place the bottle for a time by a fire. The oil should then be strained from the blossoms, and is fit for use. It is invaluable as a preventive of bedsores, and even for healing wounds. It should be applied with a feather.

In some cases, it is easier and preferable to

use an ointment made of the same, which should be made thus: Melt together in the little earthenware pot I have mentioned, two drachms of finely shred spermaceti; four drachms white wax; three and a half ounces of the red oil. When thoroughly melted, place the pot in a vessel of cold water, and stir with a spatula till it becomes cold. The ointment can then be put in pots for use.

A charming preparation to make is 'Bellis,' as a remedy for sprains, bruises, and contusions. The first blossoms of the common daisy should be picked. Probably in early summer we should get the most abundant supply. Pound the blossoms in a mortar until they are reduced to a mass of a yellowish-green colour, which mass must then be squeezed in muslin until the juice is extracted. Put this in a clear bottle, and add to it one-third of best spirits of wine. But if, after standing for a few hours, it is perceived that the sediment rises to the surface instead of sinking to the bottom, the quantity of spirits of wine must be increased. It is usually better to allow the bottle of the mixture to stand for some months with the sediment, as that adds considerably to the strength of the lotion. Before application, however, the Bellis should be strained off, and will remain of a clear brown colour. A linen rag steeped in the lotion and applied to the part affected, is the usual mode of application; or if it is preferred, the Bellis may be rubbed in. This lotion has many of the virtues of arnica, without the danger which in some cases accompanies the use of that plant.

We often find slight burns or scalds that demand a cooling application which can be made and used without delay. On many old roofs and walls in the country you will find growing large plants of the green fleshy-leaved stonecrop (*Sempervivum tectorum*). Take a handful of these; beat in a mortar; add a tablespoonful of cream; and if you have a coarse sieve, pass the mixture through it. Lay a thick covering of the soft cool mass on the hurt part; bind on gently, but carefully, with a bandage of linen. This quickly lessens the pain and abates inflammation.

The various 'green ointments' which were much in vogue at one time are many of them very cooling and healing. I will describe one which I have found very useful in many forms of cutaneous diseases. Take a handful of fresh groundsel, and the same of chickweed (*Stellaria media*), just as they are on the point of flowering; place these in a large iron saucepan with about four tablespoonfuls of best fresh lard. Stir and squeeze the juicy stalks with a wooden spoon into the lard as it gradually melts. When it is all dissolved, let the pan stand in a safe warm place for a couple of hours; then turn the mass into a coarse cloth, and squeeze quickly and carefully the green liquid ointment into a basin. This must be stirred a little as it cools, to prevent its getting too hard.

A useful ointment for external bruises may be made of the wild Solomon's seal (*Polygonatum*). This plant is not common; but you will find it sometimes growing in rather damp shady hedgesides, about eighteen inches high, with large oval leaves, and its great peculiarity, the little hollow flowers, hanging from *under* the long flower-stalk.

Gather the leaves; bruise them thoroughly in a mortar with half a pound of fresh lard; put them into a well-covered earthen jar, and set it in a warm place for five days. Take it out; boil it a little; strain and press it; then add to this liquor another handful of bruised leaves and a little more lard, and let it stand as before. If you want the ointment very strong, you can repeat this process several times. The last time of boiling, add while hot, to every pound of the ointment, two ounces scraped yellow beeswax.

A delightful fresh ointment can be made for cooling inflammations, from violets and their leaves; but I have found these more effectual when gently simmered in milk and used as a poultice, although that seems rather an unpoetic use to make of these lovely blossoms.

Every one must be acquainted with the common *Galium aparine*, that grows in every untrimmed hedge, with its long, weakly, clinging stalks, covered with whorls of green leaves, and so rough that if you pick it, it adheres to your gloves. This plant is known by many aliases—goosegrass, cleavers, bedstraw, &c., and is much prized in country districts for its virtues. The juice is a styptic for arresting bleeding; and the infusion, made with lukewarm water, is a valuable medicine. Its nature is so delicate that it must not be boiled nor subjected to great heat, or the goodness is destroyed. An ointment for removing swellings can be made by simply pounding and crushing the whole plant in a mortar with some cold fresh lard, and then expressing the juice with a little heat applied—just sufficient to melt the lard.

Amongst the plants which possess special virtues, I may name the mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), as being useful in almost every case where hot fomentations are called for. Chamomile for the same purpose is well known.

A favourite plant in many places for medicinal uses, both internal and external, is the pretty hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*). This plant is so useful in many ways, that it should be gathered every spring as it is beginning to flower, carefully dried, and kept for use. One old-world remedy for wounds was made from the green herb, bruised and made into ointment, with a little sugar added; but that I have never tried. It makes an invaluable gargle in quinsy, boiled with figs, and used warm.

Now we must have something sweet to make! and what so delicious as Pot pourri? There are numerous recipes in my old book of herbalists for making this; but I will only give two, which I have proved and found excellent. If placed about a house in large open china bowls, these will keep equally fragrant for two years, if occasionally stirred. None of our preparations depend more than does Pot pourri upon the ingredients being picked at the right time. If the leaves are the least wet, the Pot pourri turns mouldy; and if the rose-leaves are picked in the evening after the heat of the day, the best of their perfume is lost. Therefore, go out early on a fine morning to the garden, and bring in a basketful of freshly opened rose petals, and also from every flower the yellow stamens, as they contain a great deal of the perfume of the flower. Pick an equal quantity of lavender

blossoms, and put them all in a large earthen-ware bowl; add half a pound crushed orris-root, which can be bought at a chemist's; and then to every two pounds add two ounces of bruised cloves, and the same of cinnamon, allspice, and common salt. Let the whole stand for about a fortnight, turning it over carefully, and thoroughly mixing it every day with your hands, and then it will be ready for use.

A second recipe for Pot pourri, but which I do not like so well for keeping, though it is wonderfully fragrant at first, is made in the same way, but with equal parts of rose-leaves, violets, jessamine, and musk flowers. Naturally, the violets must be picked in the early spring, dried, and then mixed with the other flowers later. To this recipe also add the rind of two Seville oranges cut in slices and stirred amongst it.

If you want a really fragrant plant to lie amongst your clothes, so that they shall smell of new-mown hay and dried violets, come down with me to this deep woodland glade where the tall trees grow, making a dark still shade, mossy banks on either side, with ferns here and there growing in luxuriant beauty. Every old tree-stump in the cool shade bears lovely mosses and graceful fronds of ferns, mostly the *Polypodium vulgare*. One notices, too, the tall stiff spikes of the *Blechnum boreale*, with the low growing carpet of leaves that form the whole plant. Down here, where the wood is thick and the interlacing branches of the trees make pleasant shade in summer, you will find, in the early summer months, a slender delicate plant about a foot high, the leaves in whorls of six up the stalk, and an insignificant little white blossom; but oh, so sweet! This is the *Asperula odorata*, or sweet-scented woodruff, and has always been a favourite with housewives to lie amongst their stores of linen and to keep away moths.

In this slight sketch of herbalist's work, I have only just touched the borders of what is both a useful and an entertaining study; but I will gladly add another paper at a future time.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was only one passenger by the *Comet* coach, which condescended to stop at the little village of Hingleton on its way eastwards from the metropolis, one bright morning a few days after the occurrences related in the last chapter. This was a tall, stoutly-built, young man of five-and-twenty, clad in regimentals, with a corporal's chevron on his coat-sleeves, his face bronzed by foreign suns, and his general appearance bearing that stamp of smartness which is only to be remarked upon men who have seen service, and who have got to regard the habit of smartness as second nature. He seemed anxious to escape observation when the vehicle pulled up at the *Gaskell Arms*, and jumping down on the off-side, turned swiftly down the lane leading to the fields, and not until he was well clear of the houses did he pause to gaze around him. 'It seems

as if I had never left the old place,' he soliloquised, 'although it's six years almost to a day since I went away. There's the old church; and there's the parsonage, and the avenue of elms; and old Polly Grimmer's linen hanging out to dry, as if it had been hanging all this time. And there'—here he turned his face in the direction to which he was steering—'there's the old home. I don't suppose the old gentleman will be particularly glad to see me, for, heaven knows, I did little enough to win his affection. Yet his heart may warm when he sees the red coat, and knows that I've been trying to wipe out the disgrace by fighting my country's battles. So here goes.' Thus saying, he strode onwards towards where, amidst a pleasant stretch of tree-dotted green, a fine old Tudor mansion reared its gray, weather-beaten gables. There was no one about on this fair April morning, so that the young man, as he briskly stepped out on the well-known path, could indulge without interruption in the reveries natural to a man returning after long years of adventure and suffering to an old home. There was a new face at the window of the little lodge cottage, a fact which struck the young man at once with a faint foreboding that changes of one sort or another had taken place; but he walked resolutely in and asked if Squire Gaskell was at home.

'Squire Gaskell!' exclaimed the lodge-keeper, with a look of no great friendship at the young soldier. 'Squire Gaskell's been dead this four years or more.'

The young man turned pale—trees, lodge, distant house, and all seemed to swim before him, and he had to lean for support against the stone gatepost before he could utter a word. 'Squire Gaskell dead!' he murmured. 'Then—then who lives here now?'

'Why, Squire Ramsden sure-ly,' replied the man; 'and I'm thinking he wouldn't be over well pleased to see a soldier prowling about. We've had too many soldiers about since the war was stopped; and there ain't a man hereabouts who owns a chicken what wouldn't be precious glad never to see a red coat again.' So saying, he turned into the cottage and slammed the door after him.

A sickening feeling came over the young soldier as he stood there, irresolute what to do or where to go. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have resented practically the insolence of a menial at the very gate above, which were sculptured his own family bearings, and through which in past days he had never gone without respectful salutes and courtesies from all who met him. But the bitter thought came over him that he was an alien—that he had broken his father's heart by his extravagances and wild doings, and that he had been punished for so doing by disinheritance. He turned slowly and sadly up the lane which he remembered as being famous in old times for butterflies and birds' nests, unwilling to tear himself away from a spot endeared to him by a thousand memories of happy child-life, although he felt that he had no further practical interest in it. Clambering up the bank, rich with wild clematis, elder clusters, and bunches of nodding foxglove, when he had got well out of sight of the lodge and

its surly janitor, he peered over the fence for a moment, vaulted lightly on to the other side, and was amidst the fresh, sweet, flower-dappled grass of what he remembered as the Park Meadow. He had eyes simply for the old house away in front of him, externally the same old house he had left, yet sadly, utterly changed to him within the last ten minutes. And here, heedless of all else, of blue skies above, of glad, bright young foliage all around, he threw himself down, and recalled in his mind scenes and incidents associated with every window and every gable of the old house, from the earliest memories of childhood to that last fatal morning when, with angry words and a flushed face, he defied his father, and flung himself out of the house to tempt fortune in the service of his country. Perhaps he had been thus for a quarter of an hour, when he caught sight of a book lying open in the grass not many yards in front of him. He rose and picked it up. Turning naturally to the title-page, he saw that it belonged to John Ramsden. As he listlessly turned over the leaves, he was aware, by a hurried rustling through the grass, that some one was approaching, probably in quest of the forgotten volume; and looking up, he espied a young lady, with rosy cheeks, and an agitated expression on a very pretty face, that belonged to no other than Sweet Gillian. Astonished at the apparition of a red-coated stranger, she uttered a little cry, and seemed uncertain whether to advance or to retreat. Lionel, on his part, conscious that he was a trespasser, although upon his own property, coloured up, and stood with the book in his hand, looking first at the girl and then at the book, as much as to say: 'I expect you've come after this book; but, for the life of me, I don't know how to explain my presence here, or to return you your property gracefully.'

The girl, however, came to his rescue, for, although, from the number of disbanded soldiers then wandering over the kingdom in search of employment which none could give them, the appearance of a red coat in country districts was hailed rather with terror than with enthusiasm, poor Lionel looked so very sheepish and unmartial, that Gillian was assured; so she said: 'I left a book here about an hour ago'—

There was something in the tone of her voice which put the young soldier in turn at his ease, so, handing the book to her, he said: 'I'm very sorry; I believe I am trespassing, but I couldn't help it; and I found this book lying here. It belongs to'—

'To papa—that is, to my father, Squire Ramsden; and, thank you so much, for he is so particular about his books,' interposed Gillian.

'Then I am speaking to Miss Ramsden, I presume,' said the young soldier; 'and I'm glad to be able to explain why I am trespassing.'

'Yes, you certainly are trespassing,' she said, smiling. 'But—I—I don't think you look as if you would do much harm; only, if papa were to see you, he might be very disagreeable, for he can't bear the idea that any one should come on to his property.'

'Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much, if he knew who I was,' said the young man.

'Oh, it wouldn't matter a bit,' said Gillian;

'he turns anybody off, and has given instructions to all the men to do the same. Even the new clergyman got turned off, before papa knew who he was.'

'Well, I haven't much heart to do harm, Miss Ramsden,' said he. 'A man who is revisiting his home after an absence of long years, doesn't, as a rule, feel inclined to do harm; he's too glad to get back.'

'Is Hingleton your home, then?' asked Gillian. He shook his head, and replied: 'I haven't a home now anywhere; but when I had, it was at Hingleton.—No; I'm not giving hints for alms, Miss Ramsden; I've more money than I can possibly find use for.'

Gillian, who had pulled out her purse when Lionel had said that he was homeless, looked at him strangely at this remark.

'I wish you would allow me to ask you a few questions, without considering that I am taking a liberty, Miss Ramsden,' said the young soldier.

'Certainly.'

'Have you lived here very long?' he asked.

'About four years,' replied the girl.

'Squire Gaskell lived here before, did he not?'

'Yes; I believe so; but I really know very little about it. I was at school at the time; but I remember something being said about the house having been in the old family for three hundred years.'

'Then the squire died, I suppose, and there was nobody to succeed him?'

'I believe that was the case.'

'Did you never hear that he had a son?'

'No. We came here very suddenly; and papa never talks to me about business matters. But there is a lawyer here who knows all about it, a Mr Trent; he would give you all information.'

'Edward Trent, by Jove!' muttered the young man; 'the fellow I thrashed at Bonham fair.' He paced up and down for a few seconds in silence, then he stopped short and said: 'Miss Ramsden, I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I tell you that I am Lionel Gaskell, son and heir of the old squire?'

Gillian turned pale, and her eyes rested on the corporal's stripes on the young man's coat. 'You—a soldier, not an officer, the son of the squire whose family owned the Hall for three hundred years! Of course, if you tell me so, I should believe it. But is it not very extraordinary?' she asked.

'It is very extraordinary, perhaps; and it will seem all the more extraordinary to you when I ask you, as a favour, not to say a word about my being here. I have only one proof about me. Do you remember what the coat of arms over the gate over there is?'

'Yes,' replied Gillian; 'there are two boars' heads, then a bar, and a third boar's head underneath, and the motto is *Invieta Veritate*.'

Lionel quietly stripped up his sleeve, and displayed punctured on his arm the arms as described by Gillian, with the initials L. G. beneath.

The girl was evidently much agitated. 'Mr Gaskell,' she said, 'I must ask your pardon for behaving so strangely to you as I have; but

in truth I was rather frightened at first, as there are so many strange characters wandering about now, especially old soldiers; and naturally, perhaps, when I came suddenly upon you as I did'—

'Oh, please don't say a word,' said the young man. 'If you call your ready acceptance of what I have just told you as truth—and remember, Miss Ramsden, my proof is not very much after all—if you call that strange behaviour in the sense of being rude, I should be curious to see you when you are what you would consider amiable.' He was very little in the mood for bandying compliments with any one just then; but the fascinating manner of Gillian, which had won for her the epithet 'Sweet,' had even driven temporarily from his mind the sudden blow he had received in the news of his father's death, and he was drawn towards her by an unaccountable, inexpressible magic.

She, in turn, believed all that he said about himself, for in the course of the conversation which ensued upon the avowal of his identity, he displayed an intimate acquaintance with every nook and corner of the old Hall and its neighbourhood, such as could not have been picked up by an impostor. Moreover, she asked herself what object could he have in falsely passing himself off as the son of the late Squire Gaskell? Most of all, perhaps, she was won over to belief in him by his manner and bearing, which, although he had lived six years in rough company, were eminently those of a gentleman; and although her woman's penetration saw that he admired her, she observed that even after he had declared and proved himself to be Lionel Gaskell, he treated her as the mistress of Hingleton Hall, and in no single speech or gesture seemed to forget that he was a trespasser and interloper.

The sound of mid-day booming from the stable clock warned her that it was time for her to return homewards.

'Miss Ramsden,' said Lionel as he took her proffered hand, 'before we part, I have but two favours to ask of you—one is, that you remember your promise not to say a word about my presence here; the other is, to give me permission to see you again.'

'Consider both favours, if they are favours, as granted, Mr Gaskell.'

The young man pressed her hand; and in a few seconds was wandering slowly back over the fields, his heart full of conflicting emotions, prominent amongst which was admiration for this fair alien, who was mistress of the Hall, which had known no owner but a Gaskell during three hundred years. And yet, alien as she was, he seemed to know the name of Ramsden; he seemed to remember having heard his father speak of 'poor Jack Ramsden;' but of Gillian herself he had never heard. Perhaps she did not belong to the neighbourhood. He resolved, however, to see Edward Trent at the first opportunity, not so much with an idea of finding out if he had been actually disinherited, but to learn about his father's death and about Gillian.

The notion was in his mind, when the man himself came along the path in the direction of the Hall; he did not appear to recognise Lionel, and would have passed on, had not the young

soldier sung out: 'Hillo, Trent! So you've forgotten an old friend!'

The lawyer stopped, looked at Lionel keenly under his black brows, and said: 'I have no friends to forget, and never had; you're making a mistake; good-morning,' and hurried on, in spite of Lionel's declaration of his identity.

'Don't want to see me—that's about it,' thought Lionel, as he resumed his way, not towards the village, but across the fields parallel with it, for he was unwilling to return before dusk.

But Edward Trent had recognised him, and his feelings may be imagined as he knew now, unless he was rapid and sure in the blow he dealt, all that he had plotted and planned and worked for during the past six years would be discounted. Indeed, he had now to re-arrange matters entirely, and instead of turning in to the lodge gate, he walked slowly up the lane, meditating deeply as to how affairs, now thrown out of the channel he had carefully scooped out for them by the sudden re-appearance of Lionel Gaskell, could be readjusted. His resolution was soon taken, and suddenly changing his slow step for a brisk stride, he regained the fields, and looked about for the conspicuous red coat of Lionel. The quick eyes which could be quite blind if occasion required, and which took in every inch of a man's person without apparently looking at it, soon descried the young soldier. Trent coming up with him, greeted him with well-affected heartiness. 'Why, Lionel, old fellow, I am glad to see you! I really didn't recognise you just now; but I immediately afterwards recollected you.'

'Well, Trent,' said Lionel, 'so many sad changes have taken place here, that I was hardly surprised that my old friends shouldn't know me.—So the poor old father's dead, and there are new folk at the Hall, and I almost wish that I hadn't come back to so much misery.—But you're looking thriving, Trent!'

'Yes, I can't complain; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Hall connection is of course a very valuable one for me.'

Lionel could have knocked him down for this speech; but his object in seeing the lawyer would have been defeated by such a summary proceeding; so he said quietly: 'Were you not my father's solicitor at the time of his death?'

'Yes; I succeeded my senior in the firm, old Tom Blennerhasset, whom you remember. It was a painful business.'

'What was?' asked Lionel. 'Remember, you're speaking to a man who has been away for six years, and who knows nothing more of what has happened since his absence than that the poor old father was dead.—What was there painful about it?'

'Why,' said Trent, putting his leg over a stile, leaning his elbow upon it, and looking at the ground, 'the way the poor old gentleman went on about you.'

'Grief or anger?' asked Lionel.

'Anger. Vowed that you'd broken his life and his hopes; and finally added the codicil to his will which cut you adrift from the inheritance.'

'Well,' said Lionel, 'I suppose it was a just punishment.—But tell me, Trent, who are these Ramsdens?'

'Old Ramsden was a sort of cousin of your father's, poor as a church-mouse, and lived in a dingy hole in London. All of a sudden he learned that the Hall and twenty thousand pounds had been left him.'

'Lives here all alone with his daughter then?' said Lionel.

The lawyer gave the young soldier one of his keen penetrating looks at the mention of the word daughter. 'Yes,' he answered. 'Girl's engaged to be married.' Lionel's heart sank, and his face flushed just in time for Trent to see it. The lawyer went on: 'Why, have you seen her?'

'Yes; I met her by accident this morning.—Well, Trent, I've nothing more to say, except that I don't wish my presence here to be known. But, pray tell me, who witnessed the codicil to my father's will?'

The lawyer was a little confused for a second, but immediately recovering himself, he replied: 'Who witnessed the alteration? Why, Colonel Adamthwaite of the Grange, and Simson the steward.'

'Thanks.—Good-bye. We may meet again; but as my interests here are so small, I shall be on the move again soon.'

They shook hands with apparent cordiality, and parted, each occupied with strange thoughts, which took the shape of muttered remarks—Lionel's, to the effect that he believed Trent was a liar and a rascal; Trent, a strong expression of disgust that the young soldier had added to the crime of returning to his native village, that of having seen and spoken to Gillian Ramsden; and, for reasons of his own, a determination to prevent the squire from knowing that Lionel Gaskell had reappeared on the scene.

From motives best known to himself, Lionel Gaskell did not choose to sleep in Hingleton, so he walked the three miles between that place and Bonham, the nearest market town, and having purchased a suit of civilian clothes, settled down at the famous *Cock Inn and Posting-house*, where nobody remembered him, and where his movements were free and unobserved. He had a good deal to think over after this, perhaps the most eventful day of his life; and to facilitate the operation, he lit his pipe after his evening meal, and, attired in his new clothes, sauntered forth into the town. What Trent had told him about Sweet Gillian's engagement was naturally uppermost in his mind. For some reason or other, he did not believe it; for, in the eyes of Lionel, who had had some experience in the ways of the fair sex, she had not the air of a girl who was betrothed; and, strangest evidence of all in the young man's mind, she had granted willingly the favour he had asked her of being allowed to see her again.

Edward Trent's momentary confusion when asked about the added codicil to Squire Gaskell's will, had struck Lionel as remarkable. Of course, it was not impossible that the poor old gentleman, irritated, grieved, and insulted by his son's behaviour, and especially by the disgrace he had brought upon the family by openly enlisting as private in a marching regiment, should have taken such a step; yet Lionel remembered his

father to be a very different man; indeed, the recollection of his patience and forbearance under great provocation added in no small degree to the sting which the young man felt at the news of his death.

The idea suddenly flashed across his mind, what if Edward Trent himself was an aspirant for the hand of Miss Ramsden? He was roused from the train of thought by the sounds of excited voices and the trampling of many feet. Looking in the direction whence the sounds came, he beheld, in the dim light of the oil-lamps, a soldier in uniform, bareheaded, his coat torn and bespattered, dragged along by four officers of the law, and followed by a small crowd, amongst whom were half-a-dozen men who looked like gamekeepers. In answer to his inquiry, a bystander told him that the man was one of a gang of poachers who had long been the terror of the neighbourhood, and who had been taken literally red-handed by Squire Ramsden's watchers.

'And,' added the man, 'he won't get off under two years, if the colonel's on the bench and Lawyer Trent has anything to do with it.'

Encouraged by his informant's respectable manner and appearance, Lionel asked him some questions about Trent, and learned what was then the popular report, that the young lady at Hingleton Hall was going to be made Mrs Trent before long, hence the reason that the lawyer was so active and eager in his persecution of poachers on the Hingleton estate.

With a sad heart, the young man turned in to his inn, resolved, however, that he would be in the Park Meadow early the next morning, and that, if possible, he would learn the truth from Miss Ramsden herself.

WITH THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

So few people nowadays are without relatives or friends who, crowded out of the fierce race for wealth in this country, are tempting fortune in the colonies, that the following extracts from a letter giving certain incidents in the life of a private in the Canadian mounted police, will doubtless be read with considerable interest, especially by those who have friends in that force. After some remarks on the slowness of promotion and the difficulty of getting a commission, certain of the writer's personal experiences are given.

'And now I will tell you,' he writes, 'a few of my experiences in this country. I joined the force some eighteen months ago, and was immediately forwarded to this post, where I had, as a recruit, to work with the others for two months from nine A.M. to five P.M. building the present barracks. The thermometer all that time registered between forty and fifty degrees below zero. However, with the exception of a few frost-bites, I stood the intense cold very well. Directly we had finished building the barracks, I was forced to go with another man to cook for the troop for a month. You may imagine they did not live very well, for I had never cooked a thing in my life before. At the end of the month, it happened that the sergeant-major required a clerk; and my writing having been seen, I obtained the position,

which I held for four months. I was then ordered to go on the R— Detachment, which consists of three men, of whom, being the senior, I had the charge. Beer or alcoholic liquor of any kind is not allowed in the Territories except by permit from the lieutenant-governor, so our duties consisted chiefly in putting down the illicit liquor traffic, which is carried on to a great extent. I remained on the Detachment for eight or nine months, and during the first six months, made many important arrests.

'The worst time I had was about a month before I left the Detachment, when I received orders to proceed to a place called M— Creek, a distance of three hundred miles. On this trip there were one officer and two men besides myself, escorting the Indian treaty money—ninety thousand dollars, all in one-dollar bills—to be handed to the officer in charge at M— Creek. There are so many "rough" characters in the country, that these expeditions are always attended with great danger. As we almost expected, on the second night of our journey, towards midnight, when we had pitched our tent, posted a man as sentry, and turned in, we were alarmed by a challenge from our sentry. The next moment a shot was fired, and we had only time to get out of our tents, when we were charged by a body of ten mounted men. We had no time to get to our horses, and had to open fire immediately upon the gang. We carry the Winchester repeating rifles, which hold nine cartridges; we also had revolvers, so we managed to pepper them. In less than five minutes, eight of the marauders were out of their saddles; the remaining two made their escape. Our sentry was shot through the thigh at the first onset, and was a long time before he recovered. At the commencement of the fight, I took up a kneeling position near the tent, and never moved until the last man had disappeared. On attempting to rise, I fell; and when the officer came up, I discovered I had been shot in my right leg, about three inches above the ankle. The officer—who was uninjured—set off at daybreak to the nearest spot for assistance, and by mid-day returned with a wagon and some men, who lifted us in, and despatched us on our return journey to R—. I was laid up for three weeks, but got all right again, with the exception of a scar, which will never disappear.

'These skirmishes are so frequent in the force, that this one was not looked upon as anything particular. Beyond being complimented for our behaviour, the matter dropped. When I was able to get about again, I managed to obtain the position in the supply store which I have kept since. I could give you numerous incidents of minor importance that occurred to me during my stay on the Detachment, but I am afraid you will be tired of reading these particulars of my adventures in the north-west.'

In a postscript, the writer adds: 'A terrific storm just ceased here; wind travelled at the rate of sixty-one miles per hour, and temperature thirty degrees below zero. Imagine it, if you can.'

Another passage gives us an idea of the pay, &c., of the Canadian mounted police: 'Should I be fortunate enough to obtain the rank of a quarter-master sergeant, I should be in a comparatively good position, for it would entitle me

to private quarters, use of stoves, coal, and light, clothing and rations all free, together with forty-five dollars per month (about nine pounds), out of which, as a single man, I should certainly be able to save something.'

There is one point in the letter well worthy of notice: By the aid of Winchester repeating rifles—weapons which can be fired nine times without stopping to reload—three men, though taken by surprise, were able to defeat a gang of ruffians ten in number and presumably well armed. The result of the skirmish is certainly strong evidence of the value of the weapon in cases where the enemy is in overpowering numbers, and the fighting quite, or almost, hand to hand.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE day before I was to give up work at the Palazzo, I took with me a coil of rope, wrapped as a parcel, much wondering what Amaranthe would do with it. The incident of the reflected face of her husband haunted me, and determined me to have no hesitation in fulfilling the Princess's request, as I felt that he possessed undoubtedly great capacity for cruel deeds. He came to talk to me in the afternoon, and conversed with his usual urbanity; but with my recollection of what his face *could* be, I wondered I had ever thought him handsome, the eyes were so hard, and the long chin and massive jaw betokened obstinacy; still, when he smiled, or when, as to-day, he spoke of the ennobling effect of religion on art, he looked almost saintly. Standing before a 'Pietà' of Sassoferrato's, he said: 'Why have we no painters now who can so bring before us the realities of our faith?'

'Perhaps because we ourselves are faithless,' I answered lightly.

'Ah, no; faith is not dead,' he replied seriously. 'She only slumbers in our hearts, and it needs but little to rouse her to active life.'

Surely this man was a strange compound of good and evil! I wished I had been able to study his character more, and half repented of the coil of rope, the notes, the promise to his wife. As if in answer to my unuttered wish for his acquaintance, he said: 'Will you drive with me to-morrow? I am going to inspect some antique jewels I hear are for sale, and I should like you to see them.'

'Willingly. I shall have finished my work here at four, and shall be quite at your service.'

'At half-past four to-morrow, then,' he said, 'I will call for you at the Palazzo Macchiavelli—that is where you live, I think?'

'Yes,' I answered; but I was a little surprised, for I had only told him I lodged in the Via Santo Spirito, and had not given him the name or number of my residence. I thought a good

deal about the increased friendliness of the Prince, while I was putting the finishing touches to my work, and felt uneasy as to my share in the doings of his wife; but nevertheless I placed the parcel of rope in my box, which of course I did not lock. Leaving little but the varnishing to do to my picture on the morrow, I took my departure.

Once again I strolled to the Cascine, drinking in the gaiety of the scene and watching the gay throng of passers-by; and on my way home, gazing with fresh wonder at the beauty of the Campanile, touched at its top with the lovely hues of sunset, and standing out against the clear sky more like some exquisite building in a dream, than one that has watched the changes of the city below for five hundred years and more. At the *Cafe Rossini*, where I went for dinner, I heard the friendly voice of Savelli calling me to go to his table, and promising to order a proper meal for me, a feat he never considered me capable of performing for myself.

'You are leaving us soon, I hear,' he said. 'How have you succeeded with your picture?'

'Tolerably well; but it was a difficult one to copy, as all Morone's are.'

'Have you made acquaintance with the Princess?' was his next query.

'I have seen her once or twice, when the Prince has brought her to look at my work. How lovely she is! and how like the "Amaranthe." She told me the lady of the portrait was her ancestress; but I understood Prince Gherado to say she was *his*. How is that?'

'The families of Bandinelli and Schidone have intermarried for three centuries, I believe, so the lady may easily be the ancestress of both Prince and Princess,' was his answer. 'They were cousins, I know; but not of course within the degree prohibited by our Church. Their marriage was notorious enough without that!'

'Notorious! How?'

'Why, all Florence knows that the Princess was at the convent of St. Caterina, the garden of which joins that of the Palazzo Schidone. The Bandinelli are poor; and the Princess had many brothers and sisters; she was destined for the cloister. During her probation, however, she became in some manner acquainted with the Prince; and as her father declined to alter his family arrangements and allow her to leave the convent, Gherado took the matter into his own hands, and persuaded her to elope with him.'

'Was there not a great scandal?'

'The cardinal's influence was invoked; by his aid the affair was hushed up and the young people forgiven; but I have heard that not only did the Prince forego any claim to dowry with his wife, but that he has consented to part with some of the treasures brought into the family by former Bandinelli, now to be returned as peace-offerings. Your picture perhaps?'

'Perhaps,' I replied, not liking to say I knew it was so.

'I doubt if the Princess is happy,' pursued Luigi, for whom the subject seemed to possess an interest. 'Gherado comes of a hard and cruel race; and in spite of his piety and his devotion to the poor, there are many tales afloat of his tyranny when thwarted, and he has never been supposed to be a *cavalier des dames*.'

'Does the Princess appear often in society?'

'Very seldom, and *never* without her husband. It has been remarked that she is never out of his sight in the presence of a third person. She must find it dull.'

'Not so dull as the convent, I imagine,' was my reply.

We soon left the dinner-table and sauntered towards the Ponte Vecchio on the way to my rooms, where Savelli wanted to see some of my sketches. As we came to the Via Condotta, a company of the 'Misericordia' were passing along it bearing a covered litter, in which they were taking some poor wretch to the hospital. We waited to let them pass before we crossed the road, and raised our hats as the captain of the company advanced. The figure in the strange black garments, bearing his taper, turned towards me; and with the thrill that is always given by a look from eyes behind the two pierced holes in the brother's mask, came to me the idea that the leader of the band was Gherado Schidone. I mentioned this to my companion.

'Likely enough,' was his careless answer. 'Gherado is one of the fraternity, I know. He never shirks his turn of duty.'

The weird procession went on. It was past nine and an exquisite night. The moon had not long risen, and the tapers of the receding brethren made patches of yellow in the soft moonlight. Savelli and I sat talking far into the night, and I made a sketch of the little scene that had so impressed itself on my mind.

Next morning, I prepared for my last visit to the Palazzo with a slight fluttering of the nerves, and an idea that 'something might happen' before I returned to my rooms. The picture-gallery, however, bore its usual aspect of peace and comfort; a splendid fire lent cheerfulness to the apartment, and everything was as quiet as heretofore. On opening my tin box I found a sign of Amaranthe's presence, not only in the absence of the rope, but also in a square letter sealed with a large coat of arms, and directed to 'His Eminence the Cardinal Bandinelli.' This I put carefully in my pocket-book; and in the afternoon I placed my now finished picture on a dower chest; and with a farewell glance around the room, and specially at the 'Amaranthe,' whose face I had studied so long, I summoned the attendant to carry my impedimenta, and jumped into the carriage he called for me.

At the appointed time the Prince's little English groom called for me at my lodgings and informed me that his master awaited me; and I descended to the street. Here I found a little low carriage drawn by a pair of ponies; and during our somewhat long drive, I admired the way in which Gherado guided the spirited little animals through the crowded streets, till, after passing down the Lung' Arno and crossing the river by the Ponte alle Grazie, we skirted the Duomo, then turned in the direction of S. Maria Novella, and finally, in a small

street leading out of the Via del Giglio, paused in front of a large Palazzo, where we halted.

After being conducted through the usual dreary saloons and galleries, we came to the room in which were the antiques for sale; and they were shown us by their owner. I did not think much of the display, and found very few things I could advise the Prince to purchase. It seemed to me that he must have been misinformed as to the value of the collection. He expressed no disappointment, however, chose one or two bits of inlaid jewellery, and we prepared to leave. I had noticed a lovely chased cup by Benvenuto Cellini, and recommended the Prince to buy it; but he refused, and as we were on our way to his carriage, he explained that he did not believe it to have been worked by Cellini, but copied by one of his pupils; and he added: 'The original, I claim to possess; and if you can spare the time, I should like to show it you. Will you return with me?'

I gladly acquiesced; and we were speedily driving into the courtyard of the Palazzo Schidone. The Prince ran lightly up the broad staircase, and entering the library in which I had first seen him, led me through it to a small but exquisitely furnished apartment, where he said he kept his few treasures. Here I spent, I think, the most enjoyable hour I had passed in Florence. The collection was small; but the tazzi, intaglios, cameos, and enamels were perfect of their kind, and to each a tale of interest was attached. I was fascinated by the charm of Gherardo's manner, as he directed my attention to them and told their histories. At length he brought me the Cellini vase: it was a cup shaped like a nautilus-shell, of exquisitely chased gold. On the rounded portion of the back was a winged Mercury poised on a ball of onyx. In the one we had previously seen, the figure was placed on a silver globe, which spoilt the effect, and it was, besides, of far inferior finish. The Prince asked me if I would like to make a sketch of the vase, as I was so much impressed by its beauty; and I took out my little pocket-book for the purpose. The Prince gave me a cigar, rang for some coffee, and while returning his treasures to their various stands and cabinets, also began to smoke. The servant entered with the coffee, which he placed on a table behind me, and retired. My companion rose to replace in a jewel-case a ring left out, while I went on with my sketch. Presently he handed me my coffee, and drinking some himself, sat down and continued his delightful talk, to which I listened eagerly. The delicious coffee was in a cup of rather larger size than those in which the beverage is usually served. I was tired, and sipped it gladly.

Gradually I found a curious sensation stealing over me. I was strangely unable to go on with my sketch, and dropping the pencil, listened to the Prince. I felt contented, satisfied—but stilled. My head fell gently back against the cushioned chair, and languidly I watched the Prince. His talk appeared to grow more rapid, then he paused. Presently he laughed—a low wicked laugh, and his face assumed the evil expression I remembered so well; but I was incapable of the smallest effort. Suddenly he rose from his chair, leaned over me, and hissed in my ear:

'Fool! I know all! Death is thy doom!' Then he crossed the room, pushing the furniture out of his way, rang a bell violently, and came back to my side. When the servants rushed in, he cried: 'See, Giovanni; the Signor is ill—dying, I fear. He just now put his hand to his heart, sprang from his chair, and fell back like this! Go instantly and fetch il Dottore Monte. —Meanwhile, you bring me a cordial, water, a fan,' he continued, turning to another servant; and then to his valet: 'Unfasten his collar.'

While the terrified footmen were hurrying hither and thither, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I was now in the hands of a remorseless foe, who meant that I should die. Still I seemed not specially distressed or grieved, but more as if I were outside my body as a spectator. Slowly even this recognition of outward things failed me; and while Gherardo and the valet were trying to unfasten my tie and placing cordial on my lips, their faces and voices receded, and became fainter and dimmer, till all things faded from my consciousness, and I remembered no more.

COMPRESSED AIR.

THE employment of compressed air in sinking foundations has considerably extended of late years, and has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in the construction and manipulation both of pneumatic appliances and pneumatic apparatus. The sensations experienced on first entering a chamber charged with compressed air, and the impressions, both mental and physical, produced by such novel conditions, deserve some passing notice.

A rough sketch of the end in view and the means employed in its attainment will be readily followed. Over the site of the proposed structure—harbour-wall, bridge-pier, or light-house—which has to be founded beneath the surface of the water, a 'caisson' is floated out and sunk. Constructed indifferently of wood or iron, and varying in shape and size with the requirements of the work in execution, it is not easy to define with accuracy what is meant by a 'caisson.' Suffice it, therefore, to fall back on the literal translation from the French, 'a box or coffer;' adding, that the floor is placed several feet above the bottom, and divides the structure into an upper and lower compartment. The latter, filled with air, pumped in by machinery, forms nothing less than a large diving-bell. In this chamber, the workmen are employed, excavating the material beneath their feet; the caisson gradually sinking by its own weight into the hollow excavated beneath it. A sufficiently firm bottom having been reached, nothing remains to be done save to fill the air-chamber with masonry, the men building their way upwards till high-water level is reached, when the works can proceed as if they were on dry land. The caisson is sometimes left in position, forming part of the permanent structure; at other times it is removed.

Ingress and egress to the air-chamber are obtained by means of an air-lock, which prevents the escape of the air, and is similar in its mode of action to that on a canal. The air-lock entered

and the door closed, communication with the outer air is cut off. A valve is now opened, admitting compressed air from the chamber below, which rapidly fills the air-lock. This enables the door leading into the shaft to be opened. The visitor can now descend to the air-chamber, where the task of excavation is being carried on.

On the admission of the compressed air to the air-lock, the visitor will experience a sharp sensation of pain in the ears, which will continue to increase with the pressure. He must at once, swallowing the air, force it into the nostrils, which should be closed by the hand. This will drive the air into the ears, and afford considerable relief, due to the equalisation of pressure on both sides of the drums. This should be repeated as the pressure increases, and until the peculiar sensation of oppression in the ears has abated. If the pain increases, the visitor should leave the air-lock, rather than expose himself to the pain and risk to which he is unsuited; for one of the most marked characteristics of compressed air is the immunity enjoyed by some persons inhaling it, as compared with the inconvenience it causes to others.

One or two curious effects resulting from a denser atmosphere may now be noted. On one occasion, a visitor to the air-chamber of a caisson, anxious to compensate for any loss of tissue occasioned by his exertions, opened and emptied his flask, carefully screwing on the stopper. On coming to the surface, he came again under ordinary atmospheric conditions, and the flask at once exploded, owing to the removal of the outside pressure. Whistling can be performed only with difficulty in compressed air; whilst effervescing wines, as champagne, though they are as palatable as ever, open flat and insipid.

PROTECTION AGAINST CHOKE-DAMP.

After a colliery explosion at Unsworth in March last, Mr C. S. Lindsay showed great endurance and heroism in endeavouring to save the lives of two fellow-explorers who were overcome by choke-damp. Mr Lindsay is said to have carried iron nails in his mouth, which he sucked, and was thus enabled to resist the effects of the choke-damp longer than his companions. The explanation given was, that the carbonic acid gas coming into contact with oxide of iron, formed insoluble carbonate of iron, and so was rendered innocuous. F. R. S., writing to the *Times* with reference to this explosion, says that the quantity of carbonic acid absorbed by the adoption of this plan is inappreciable, as might indeed be expected, and suggests a respirator filled with cotton-wool and slaked lime or caustic soda, to absorb the carbonic acid gas or choke-damp; 'or, better still, a cylinder filled with the same material, carried on the back, with a flexible breathing tube and mouthpiece, will enable an explorer to remain for some time in an atmosphere charged with choke-damp which would be at once fatal if inspired directly.' The foregoing is precisely on the principle of the Fleuss apparatus, by means of which divers can remain below for hours and move about freely; or by which firemen can penetrate dense smoke with impunity.

SISTERLY SYMPATHY.

WHAT shall I say to soothe thee, sister mine,
Now that stern Death has robbed thy little nest
Of the sweet bird, whose every song was thine,
Whose downy wings thy loving bosom prest?
How shall I soothe thee, now those wings are crushed,
Now that the pleasant, twittering voice is hushed?

Lift the stray locks from off the dear, dead face;
Let the bright wavelets with their mates unite;
These lovely snowdrops in her fingers place,
Like to her dimpled bosom, pure and white;
Deck well the casket round our rare white pearl,
Our sweet, sweet Margaret, our baby girl.

Weep not so bitterly, O sister dear;
Cling not so blindly to that wee dead hand;
Think of it, worn and cramped with toiling here,
Smear'd, like the shells beneath the ocean sand.
Think, had she lived, Care would have lined that
brow;
Those eyes would weep, as thine are weeping now.

Not as in troubled sleep our darling lies;
No cruel dreams disturb her calm repose.
The blue-veined lids that veil her peaceful eyes,
'Neath thy fond kiss may never more unclose;
Nor shall the lisping accents plead in vain
To her that may not ease the racking pain.

Dear, let this thought alone console thy heart—
Such grief as thine, thy child shall never know.
Think, how the tears unto thine eyes would start,
As moved the feverish fingers to and fro,
Lovingly creeping 'neath the kerchief, where
They burned the breast that loved to feel them there.

We almost trace upon the cottage floor
The faint impressions of her pretty feet;
Young voices wander through the open door;
Some are discordant; some are low and sweet;
And some are like the voice we cannot hear,
Only not half so sweet—not half so dear.

The crumpled pillow where her fair head lay
Like sunbeam glinting on a seagull's wings,
Thy hand shall fondle when the gloaming gray
On thy bowed head its tender shadow flings;
Her pillow oft thy loving lips shall seek,
Because it nestled 'neath her soft, round cheek.

Let the blue ribbons that she wore the last
In loops, coquettish, on her shoulders tied,
With other relics of the hallowed past,
Be neatly folded, kissed, and laid aside.
Look, they are tangled! Shall we loose them? No!
Tangled *she* left them—we will leave them so.

The daisy meek shall fold its crimson tips
In modest beauty on her humble grave,
Pouting for kisses, like her smiling lips!
Lifting its bonny head, as if to brave
The scorn of sculptured tombs, that seem to lower
On the poor earth where blooms the simple flower.

Her soul, dear sister—as the captive bird
Longs for the sunshine, panteth to be free—
Yearned for such music as *we* never heard,
Dreamed of such beauty as *we* never see.
Mourn we that she has broken her prison bars,
Knowing that, free, she soars beyond the stars?

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WHAT IS PRIVATEERING?

MANY people were and still are of opinion that privateering, as between European powers at least, was abolished many years ago, and it may be of interest to see on what foundation this opinion rests.

In 1856, the plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris sat in conference, and on the preamble that 'maritime law in time of war had long been the subject of deplorable disputes,' they adopted a solemn Declaration, which has since been known as the 'Declaration of Paris,' and of which the first article is the following: 'Privateering is and remains abolished.' By this Declaration, those states who signed it were of course bound; and all civilised states have since acceded to it, except the United States, Mexico, and Spain. One might think that nothing could be more explicit than the terms of this article; yet subsequent events have proved that the want of a definition of the first word in it has raised grave doubts as to what operations at sea are actually abolished.

A privateer is a vessel which belongs to a private owner, but sails under a commission granted by a responsible government, and carrying authority to the grantee to wage war according to the usages of naval warfare against the power specified in the commission. With the commission there are issued instructions for the guidance of the holder; and the government may require the deposit of a certain sum or the delivery of a bond as security against the violation of those instructions. The government may further withdraw the commission, if it has been misused, or if the instructions it contains have been disregarded; and when such commissions were wont to be issued by this country, our law held that the owners of the vessels commissioned might also be held liable in damages for the consequences of such misuse or disregard. The war-ships of neutral powers are entitled to visit a privateer and demand exhibition of her commission, in order that they may satisfy

themselves of its legality; and the reason for this exception to the rule of international law which declares that vessels of war cannot be visited, obviously is, that a privateer does not bear a public character, as a war-ship does. All these safeguards have been devised, or at least all these usages have gradually become recognised by civilised nations, with a view to the prevention of very obvious risks. So long as naval discipline is exercised on board a ship, and so long as her movements are really controlled by the state to which she belongs, some security is afforded that the laws of war as understood between the belligerent powers will be observed. But neither of these conditions has been fulfilled in the case of privateers. The annals of the eighteenth century tell terrible tales of the excesses committed by privateers on the high seas. These vessels having got beyond the reach of any control which the war-ships of their own country could exercise over them, and being manned often by desperate men, spared neither life nor property, and sometimes made but small discrimination between the ships of the enemy and those of neutral countries. Hence the article of the Declaration of Paris which has been quoted was hailed at the time as a humane regulation, and has ever since been regarded as a canon of international law.

But an incident of the Franco-German war showed that there might arise very nice questions as to what 'privateering' exactly is, and that the decision of these questions would determine whether that article was as comprehensive and effectual as it appeared to be. In July 1870, a Prussian Decree ordered the creation of a voluntary naval force, and appealed to private individuals to place themselves and their ships at the disposal of the government. The Decree stated shortly the conditions under which these vessels and their crews would be accepted for the service of the Fatherland. The vessels were to be owned by private individuals; the crews would indeed enter the federal navy for the duration of the war, but were to be hired

by the owners; the officers were to receive a patent of their rank, and were assured that in case of extraordinary service rendered, their ship might at their request be permanently established in the navy. The object of the force was to attack and destroy French ships of war; and as a reward for this service, premiums were to be granted according to the importance of the vessels. The distribution of these premiums in proper proportions amongst the crew was to be intrusted to the owners. The French Minister, stating in a *note verbale* that his government viewed the German proposal with great apprehension, as being virtually a return to privateering in a disguised form, laid the matter before the English government for consideration. The advice of our Crown lawyers was taken on the point, and they gave an opinion which justified Lord Granville in making to the French government the reply that there were 'substantial distinctions between the proposed naval volunteer force sanctioned by the Prussian government and the system of privateering which the Declaration of Paris was intended to suppress.' The inference to be drawn from this reply of course was, that England could not undertake to represent to Prussia that the execution of her scheme would be regarded as a violation of the Declaration. In the end, the proposal of the Prussian government was not carried out, and the volunteer navy was never formed.

Now, it is perfectly true that, at the outset at anyrate, these vessels were to be employed against war-ships only; but this restriction of their operations would have been but temporary, because the announcement made at the commencement of the war, that Prussia would not capture private property at sea, was afterwards withdrawn. It has been well pointed out that the reason for this announcement being made at all was obviously that Prussia hoped thereby to induce France to adopt a similar policy, and that by this step the commerce of the former, which she was powerless to protect, would be spared, and the strength of the latter on the sea in a great degree rendered useless.

Now that a cool judgment may be formed on the subject, it may be said with safety that it is difficult to see any real difference between the volunteer vessels as proposed to be organised and the privateers which it was intended to eliminate from European warfare. Both classes of vessels are owned and equipped by private persons for the sake of gain; in both, the crews and officers are employed by private persons; and in both cases the result of this practice will inevitably be, that the acquisition of that gain which prompts the enterprise will be pursued even though it involve the disregard of the rules of naval war. Besides this, the French government pointed out, with great acuteness, that the clause in the Decree which provided for the distribution of the premiums by the owners effectually stamped the enterprise as essentially private. It is to be admitted, indeed, that a volunteer navy is under naval discipline, while privateers are not; but this is a difference of degree only, for even a privateer would recognise the authority of the admiral,

at least while within his reach; and the scheme of the Prussian government does not show that the naval control of these volunteers would be so close and complete as to guarantee obedience to naval commands.

It is improbable that a similar attempt will be made by any of the states who acceded to the Declaration of 1856 to evade the execution of its first article; but it is not unlikely that one of them may boldly assert that, like another famous international agreement, this Declaration has suffered 'the modifications to which most European transactions have been exposed;' and with that preliminary justification, may proceed to open violation of the stipulations which it has undertaken to observe. In such a case, it is probable that the governments of Europe would join in remonstrance against such a proceeding; and it is certain that the power to whose special prejudice the violation was committed would take an early opportunity of considering how far she on her part was bound by agreements entered into with a state so faithless.

It has been seen, then, that the essential characteristic of a privateer is that, though owned by private individuals, she is commissioned by a responsible government; and it is scarcely necessary to apply that description so as to distinguish her from pirates on the one hand and from merchant-vessels incorporated in the navy on the other. Pirates are those who, without any authority from any sovereign or state, commit depredations by sea or land; and as no single state is responsible for their acts, so every nation may seize and punish them. The incorporation of part of the mercantile marine of a nation in its regular navy is of course wholly legitimate; the vessels are as much subject to naval control as regular war-ships, and are in just the same intimate connection with the state itself.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANCES went to Portland Place next day. She went with great reluctance, feeling that to be thus plunged into the atmosphere of the other side was intolerable. Had she been able to feel that there was absolute right on either side, it would not have been so difficult for her. But she knew so little of the facts of the case, and her natural prepossessions were so curiously double and variable, that every assault was painful. To be swept into the faction of the other side, when the first impassioned sentiment with which she had felt her mother's arms around her had begun to sink inevitably into that silent judgment of another individual's ways and utterances which is the hindrance of reason to every enthusiasm, was doubly hard. She was resolute indeed that not a word or insinuation against her mother should be permitted in her presence. But she herself had a hundred little doubts and questions in her mind, traitors whose very existence no one must suspect but herself. Her natural revulsion from the thought of being forced into partisanship gave her a feeling of strong opposition and resistance against everything that might be

said to her, when she stepped into the solemn house in Portland Place, where everything was so large, empty, and still, so different from her mother's warm and cheerful abode. The manner in which her aunt met her strengthened this feeling. On their previous meeting, in Lady Markham's presence, the greeting given her by Mrs Cavendish had chilled her through and through. She was ushered in now to the same still room, with its unused look, with all the chairs in their right places, and no litter of habitation about; but her aunt came to her with a different aspect from that which she had borne before. She came quickly, almost with a rush, and took the shrinking girl into her arms. 'My dear little Frances, my dear child, my brother's own little girl!' she cried, kissing her again and again. Her ascetic countenance was transfigured, her gray eyes warmed and shone.

Frances could not make any eager response to this warmth. She did her best to look the gratification which she knew she ought to have felt, and to return her aunt's caresses with due fervour; but in her heart there was a chill of which she felt ashamed, and a sense of insincerity which was very foreign to her nature. All through these strange experiences, Frances felt herself insincere. She had not known how to respond even to her mother, and a cold sense that she was among strangers had crept in even in the midst of the bewildering certainty that she was with her nearest relations and in her mother's house. In present circumstances, 'How do you do, aunt Charlotte?' was the only commonplace phrase she could find to say, in answer to the effusion of affection with which she was received.

'Now we can talk,' said Mrs Cavendish, leading her with both hands in hers to a sofa near the fire. 'While my lady was here, it was impossible. You must have thought me cold, when my heart was just running over to my dear brother's favourite child. But I could not open my heart before her; I never could do it. And there is so much to ask you. For though I would not let her know I had never heard, you know very well, my dear, I can't deceive you.—O Frances, why doesn't he write? Surely, surely, he must have known I would never betray him—to her, or any of her race.'

'Aunt Charlotte, please remember you are speaking of'—

'Oh, I can't stand on ceremony with you! I can't do it. Constance, that had been always with her, that was another thing. But you, my dear, dear child! And you must not stand on ceremony with me. I can understand you, if no one else can. And as for expecting you to love her and honour her and so forth, a woman whom you have never seen before, who has spoiled your dear father's life'—

Frances had put up her hand to stay this flood, but in vain. With eyes that flashed with excitement, the quiet still gray woman was strangely transformed. A vivacious and animated person when moved by passion is not so alarming as a reserved and silent one. There was a force of fury and hatred in her tone and looks which appalled the girl. She interrupted almost rudely, insisting upon being heard, as soon as Mrs Cavendish paused for breath.

'You must not speak to me so; you must not—you shall not! I will not hear it.'

Frances was quiet too, and there was in her also the vehemence of a tranquil nature transported beyond all ordinary bounds.

Mrs Cavendish stopped and looked at her fixedly, then suddenly changed her tone. 'Your father might have written to me,' she said—'he might have written to me. He is my only brother, and I am all that remains of the family, now that Minnie, poor Minnie, who was so much mixed up with it all, is gone. It was natural enough that he should go away. I always understood him, if nobody else did; but he might have trusted his own family, who would never, never have betrayed him. And to think that I should owe my knowledge of him now to that ill-grown, ill-conditioned—O Frances, it was a bitter pill! To owe my knowledge of my brother and of you and everything about you to Markham—I shall never be able to forget how bitter it was.'

'You forget: Markham is my brother, aunt Charlotte.'

'He is nothing of the sort. He is your half-brother, if you care to keep up the connection at all. But some people don't think much of it. It is the father's side that counts.—But don't let us argue about that. Tell me how is your father? Tell me all about him. I love you dearly, for his sake; but above everything, I want to hear about him. I never had any other brother.—How is he, Frances? To think that I should never have seen or heard of him for twelve long years!'

'My father is—very well,' said Frances, with a sort of strangulation both in heart and voice, not knowing what to say.

'"Very well!"—Oh, that is not much to satisfy me with, after so long! Where is he—and how is he living—and have you been a very good child to him, Frances? He deserves a good child, for he was a good son. Oh, tell me a little about him. Did he tell you everything about us? Did he say how fond and how proud we were of him? and how happy we used to be at home all together? He must have told you.—If you knew how I go back to those old days! We were such a happy united family. Life is always disappointing. It does not bring you what you think, and it is not everybody that has the comfort we have in looking back upon their youth. He must have told you of our happy life at home.'

Frances had kept the secret of her father's silence from every one who had a right to blame him for it. But here she felt herself to be bound by no such precaution. His sister was on his side. It was in his defence and in passionate partisanship for him that she had assailed the mother to the child. Frances had even a momentary angry pleasure in telling the truth without mitigation or softening. 'I don't know whether you will believe me,' she said, 'but my father told me nothing. He never said a word to me about his past life or any one connected with him; neither you nor—any one.' Though she had the kindest heart in the world, and never had harmed any one, it gave Frances almost a little pang of pleasure to deliver this blow.

Mrs Cavendish received it, so to speak, full

in the face, as she leaned forward, eagerly waiting what Frances had to say. She looked at the girl aghast, the colour changing in her face, a sudden exclamation dying away in her throat. But after the first keen sensation, she drew herself together and regained her self-control. 'Yes, yes,' she cried; 'I understand. He could not enter into anything about us without telling you of—others. He was always full of good feeling—and so just! No doubt, he thought if you heard our side, you should hear the other. But when you were coming away—when he knew you must hear everything, what message did he give you for me?'

In sight of the anxiety which shone in her aunt's eyes, and the eager bend towards her of the rigid straight figure not used to any yielding, Frances began to feel as if she were the culprit. 'Indeed,' she said, hesitating, 'he never said anything. I came here in ignorance. I never knew I had a mother till Constance came—nor any relations. I heard of my aunt for the first time from—mamma; and then to conceal my ignorance, I asked Markham; I wanted no one to know.'

It was some minutes before Mrs Cavendish spoke. Her eyes slowly filled with tears, as she kept them fixed upon Frances. The blow went very deep; it struck at illusions which were perhaps more dear than anything in her actual existence. 'You heard of me for the first time from— Oh, that was cruel, that was cruel of Edward,' she cried, clasping her hands together—'of me for the first time.—And you had to ask Markham! And I, that was his favourite sister, and that never forgot him, never for a day!'

Frances put her own soft young hands upon those which her aunt wrung convulsively together in the face of this sudden pang. 'I think he had tried to forget his old life altogether,' she said; 'or perhaps it was because he thought so much of it that he could not tell me—I was so ignorant! He would have been obliged to tell me so much, if he had told me anything.—Aunt Charlotte, I don't think he meant to be unkind.'

Mrs Cavendish shook her head; then she turned upon her comforter with a sort of indignation. 'And you,' she said, 'did you never want to know? Did you never wonder how it was that he was there, vegetating in a little foreign place, a man of his gifts? Did you never ask whom you belonged to, what friends you had at home?—I am afraid,' she cried suddenly, rising to her feet, throwing off the girl's hand, which had still held hers, 'that you are like your mother in your heart as well as your face—a self-contained, self-satisfying creature. You cannot have been such a child to him as he had a right to, or you would have known all—all there was to know.'

She went to the fire as she spoke and took up the poker and struck the smouldering coals into a blaze with agitated vehemence, shivering nervously, with excitement rather than cold. 'Of course that is how it is,' she said. 'You must have been thinking of your own little affairs, and not of his. He must have thought he would have his child to confide in and rely upon—and then have found out that she was not of his

nature at all, nor thinking of him; and then he would shut his heart close—oh, I know him so well! that is so like Edward—and say nothing, nothing! That was always easier to him than saying a little. It was everything or nothing with him always. And when he found you took no interest, he would shut himself up.—But there's Constance,' she cried after a pause—'Constance is like our side. He will be able to pour out his heart, poor Edward, to her; and she will understand him. There is some comfort in that at least.'

If Frances had felt a momentary pleasure in giving pain, it was now repaid to her doubly. She sat where her aunt had left her, following with a quiver of consciousness everything she said. Ah, yes; she had been full of her own little affairs. She had thought of the mayonnaises, but not of any spiritual needs to which she could minister.—She had not felt any wonder that a man of his gifts should live at Bordighera, or any vehemence of curiosity as to the family she belonged to, or what his antecedents were. She had taken it all quite calmly, accepting as the course of nature the absence of relations and references to home. She had known nothing else, and she had not thought of anything else. Was it her fault all through? Had she been a disappointment to her father, not worthy of him or his confidence? The tears gathered slowly in her eyes. And when Mrs Cavendish suddenly introduced the name of Constance, Frances, too, sprang to her feet with a sense of the intolerable, which she could not master. To be told that she had failed, might be bearable; but that Constance, Constance! should turn out to possess all that she wanted, to gain the confidence she had not been able to gain, that was more than flesh and blood could bear. She sprang up hastily, and began with trembling hands to button up to her throat the close-fitting outdoor jacket which she had undone. Mrs Cavendish stood, her face lit up with the ruddy blaze of the fire, shooting out sharp arrows of words, with her back turned to her young victim; while Frances behind her, in as great agitation, prepared to bring the conference and controversy to a close.

HOW TO REGULATE A PATIENT'S DIET.

ALMOST of equal importance with the administration of remedies to a patient is the question of his feeding and diet; indeed, sometimes this becomes the point of consideration, and the amount of nourishment taken may make the difference between life and death. Unhappily, it is just such cases that are beset with difficulty. The patient may be exhausted, and refuse food; or he may be unconscious, and hardly able to swallow; or delirious, and violently averse to being fed. If the nurse is not impressed with the vital importance of getting the prescribed amount of food down, she is very likely to give up the attempt, and let her patient sink; yet patience, perseverance, and tact can often conquer what look like insurmountable obstacles. I remember one case where the family doctor, after consultation with a physician, had only this

comfort to give: 'If he can take nourishment, he may pull through;' but so great was the weakness, nausea, and aversion to food, that it seemed a hopeless case. But the patient's nurse had taken in the situation, and by dint of teaspoonfuls of milk and beef-tea, with occasional doses of brandy and pieces of ice, she succeeded in getting the prescribed amount taken, and retained; and it is not difficult to picture the satisfaction of thus rescuing a dear one from the very gates of the grave.

In another case, the patient, a heavy, powerful woman and violently delirious, absolutely refused to touch the stimulants on which the doctor declared her life depended. On leaving at night, he remarked to a friend who had come to inquire: 'I can do no more. If she cannot be got to take a certain [and large] amount during the next twenty-four hours, she must die.' The friend, a frail little woman, quite unable to cope with the patient in strength, hit upon the device of putting a small quantity of brandy in beef-tea into a teacup. As she approached the bedside, the patient shrieked out: 'Go away! I've told the doctor and nurse, I won't take any of their nasty beef-tea or brandy. Go away! I tell you.'

'Very well,' was the quiet answer. 'But you know I would not give you anything nasty; and what I have in this cup is particularly nice; but if you don't want it, I can take it myself.'

'Oh, you needn't do that. If it's really nice, I don't mind a taste.' Then, after a sip: 'That's the queerest coffee I ever tasted, but it is not bad; I don't mind finishing it.' In a little while came the welcome remark: 'I don't mind having a little more of that coffee; only I won't have her [the nurse, who had given up in despair] come near me.'

This kind of thing continued through the night; and by the morning, the patient had taken a new lease of life, thanks to the tact and perseverance of a woman of wit.

It so happens that in both these instances success was achieved by amateurs; but as a rule, such grave cases need professional care, and the inexperienced nurse will only have to battle with milder forms of difficulty, and by keeping to the following simple rules, much of the difficulty will vanish:

1. *Try to be punctual.*—I say try, because it is not always possible to keep exactly to specified times; but as far as practicable, regularity in meals should be observed. In convalescence especially, it is important that the patient should never be kept waiting. All should be ready at the proper time, and the meal served without any questioning as to whether the invalid is 'inclined' for food. If asked, the chances are ten to one he will refuse, when, if given as a matter of course, he will take it without grumbling. Breakfast should be served as soon after the patient's waking as possible, and before the tidying-up process commences.

2. *See that the food is properly served.*—By this I mean that china, plate, and linen should be spotlessly clean, and free from smear or stain, and that everything likely to be wanted should be ready to hand. If the patient is fond of flowers, two or three laid on the cloth will be welcome; and a nurse should bear in mind that a daintily served meal is far more likely to be

attractive than a tray of food put together 'anyhow.' That the cooking shall be good, is of course a necessity; and whatever is put before a delicate appetite should be either cold or hot, never in the lukewarm state that demands hunger as sauce.

3. *Never give much food at a time.*—This is a point on which an inexperienced nurse is very liable to make mistakes; in her anxiety to induce the patient to take the nourishment so essential to his recovery, she is very apt to offer him a heaped-up plateful, which he contemplates with a shudder; whilst a small quantity of the same food would be received without a murmur. It follows, therefore, that in such cases the number of meals must be increased in proportion to the amount of nourishment to be taken. In severe cases, it is sometimes necessary to give food every half-hour, or even oftener; and it is then advisable to make a list of the amount of nourishment, medicine, and stimulant to be taken in the twenty-four hours, and of the times at which they should be given. If each item is scored through as taken, and a mark put against the things omitted, the doctor will be able to see at a glance how far his orders have been carried out. Of course this plan is only needful in bad cases.

4. *Vary the diet.*—This is another of the many points frequently neglected, and unfortunately, not by the home-nurse only. It is wonderful how seldom even the professed nurse remembers that it is possible to have too much of such a good thing as beef-tea made only in one way; yet I should say there are few people who pass through a lengthy illness without thoughts anything but friendly towards the inventor of that beverage.

Space prevents our dwelling on the subject of invalid cookery, important as it is; but beef-tea is in such universal request, that every nurse should remember that it may be made with water in at least four or five ways, each having its specific flavour; it may also be varied by using half-beef, half-veal, or by combining beef, veal, and mutton. Some invalids will take it more readily as jelly, which may be varied in strength and flavour to almost any extent. In convalescence, the addition of rice, lentils, or fresh vegetables (as allowed) will make a pleasant change; and by taking a little thought and care, a nurse can save her patient from the loathing of food, and consequent irritability, so frequently associated with the nourishing treatment. Should the patient be unable to finish a meal, the remains must be at once removed, and not allowed to stand about, on the chance of being taken later on. The chances are greatly more in favour of what remains being finished, if it is taken away immediately and freshly served on the next occasion. Indeed, no food of any kind must be allowed to remain in the sickroom, for the patient will be constantly throwing off impurities, readily absorbed by both solids and liquids, which, if allowed to remain any length of time, become actually poisoned and quite unfit for use. At the same time, a nurse should be able to lay her hand on food and drink at a moment's notice; and for this purpose it is of advantage to have a slab or shelf outside the door. If this convenience is not to be had, a small table or ordinary bedroom chair may be used, and the

food covered with a piece of gauze or muslin. Stimulants must be given only under medical orders, and should be as carefully measured as medicine. When a certain amount is ordered, the nurse should be particular in ascertaining whether it is to be taken through the night, and whether with food. As a rule, stimulants are given diluted with water according to the patient's taste; brandy may be put into either milk or beef-tea if liked, and in warm weather, ice will be found a welcome dilutant.

If the patient is well enough to sit up, he will be more likely to take kindly to food if he is comfortably propped up with pillows and the meal daintily served on a bed-table, a simple and very useful contrivance, which any carpenter will make for a few shillings. If the patient is too weak to sit up, his food had better be given in a feeder, a sort of covered cup with a curved spout; and the nurse will best be able to support him by passing her arm under the pillow and raising his head on that, instead of merely putting her hand at the back of his neck. It is curious how some patients will object to a feeder, in spite of its cleanliness and comfort. Unreasonable as is the fancy, it had better be humoured, and a china tea-pot with an upright spout substituted. If this fails to give satisfaction, a tumbler or tea-cup may be tried; but it must not be more than half-filled, and even then, some portion of the contents will very likely get spilled, so that a clean napkin should always be tucked under the patient's chin before commencing.

In cases of extreme exhaustion, it is better not to let the patient raise his head. He must then be fed with a teaspoon, and the food given slowly and with care. If much milk is being taken, it is a good plan to put it in a tumbler, and let the patient suck it through a glass tube bent to the right angle. These tubes can be procured at any chemist's, and are a comfort equally to patient and nurse.

Such are the general rules for sickroom diet and feeding; but each case will have its special features, and the good nurse will always be ready to adapt herself to circumstances, and to yield implicit obedience to the doctor, in this as in all things, even though he give instructions that cut at the root of all her preconceived ideas.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY the next morning, Lionel was off on his quest. He found Gillian already at the appointed spot, and although at a distance she did not know him in his civilian garb, when she recognised him, he felt a thrill to see what he naturally fancied to be a flush of pleasure cross her face. Still, she was Miss Ramsden of the Hall; and he, whatever he might have been before, was but a corporal in a line regiment, so that, although he was already smitten by her grace and beauty, he maintained the demeanour of a privileged inferior.

'You must have thought it very presumptive of me, Miss Ramsden,' he said, 'to ask you to give me another interview; but I know no one else here on whom I can depend to give me the

information I want. I met Trent after I left you yesterday. All he could tell me was that my father died in great anger with me, and disinherited me in favour of your father.'

'And I fear I can add very little to what Mr Trent has told you,' said Gillian. 'Simply, Mr Gaskell, I would warn you against him, if any old grudge still exists between you; and although I avoid speaking ill of any one as a rule, I do not think I should believe all he said.'

A feeling of joy thrilled through Lionel. If this bright-eyed, honest-speaking girl was really engaged to Edward Trent, most assuredly she would not speak of him in this manner.

'I know, or, rather, I remember enough about him,' said Lionel, 'to be enabled to place a correct value on what he says, Miss Ramsden; for instance, he told me one thing which I did not believe, about you.'

'About me? What did he say?'

'He said you were engaged to be married.'

'I am glad you did not believe it, Mr Gaskell,' said Gillian. 'But you will hear it often. Indeed, I believe it is regarded as a fact by many people who ought to know me better than to think that I should swear to love, honour, and obey a man for whom I have the greatest contempt.'

'I am so glad to hear you say so!' exclaimed Lionel, unable to repress his feelings. 'I mean, I should be so sorry to think that you should throw yourself away on him.'

'But,' said Gillian, 'where there is smoke there is fire. I don't know why it is, Mr Gaskell, but I feel that I may confide in you.'

'Oh, that you may, Miss Ramsden!' enthusiastically exclaimed the young soldier.

'He is ceaseless in his efforts to get me to accept him,' continued the girl. 'I have no peace from him, although I have firmly refused him, and the worst of the matter is that papa himself wishes me to marry him.'

'Squire Ramsden wishes his daughter to marry a pettifogging country attorney, who ten years back was sweeping out an office in Lincoln's Inn!' exclaimed Lionel. 'How can he possibly think that such a marriage would be happy and in keeping with your position here? You amaze me, Miss Ramsden!'

'You will be amazed still more, Mr Gaskell,' continued Gillian, 'when I tell you that, to strengthen himself and to weaken my resistance, Mr Trent told me that unless I accepted him, he would ruin and disgrace us.'

'How could he do that?' asked Lionel. Then, after a pause: 'Miss Ramsden, if he says he can ruin and disgrace you, and your father urges you to accept him, depend upon it that there is some secret between them—please, do not interpret my words into derogation of your father—which is at the root of the whole affair. But I feel certain that in course of time something will be found out that will astonish us and every one but the principal agent. I cannot believe that as a punishment for what were mere boyish excesses at the worst, my father, who loved me as being the nearest human tie which bound him to earth, should have disinherited me; and I cannot believe that his last feelings towards me were of anger. I should not have suspected anything at all, I think, if you had not told me

that your father wished you to marry Edward Trent. Why should you be doomed to a man who, unless he has improved out of recognition of late years, has not a single attractive feature in his character?'

They were sitting side by side on the fallen trunk of a huge oak, and as the cheery sun slanted through the trellis-work of young leaves upon the graceful figure of the girl, Lionel felt that what seemed to be merely an accident was in reality a merciful intervention of Providence, which had sent him here to shelter from coming evil so fair a creature.

'Did you never hear of me, Miss Ramsden, before you came to Hingleton?' he asked.

'Never. I was at school when this great change in our station occurred; and although I had heard my father speak of "old Tom Gaskell," I hardly knew who he was or where he lived.'

'Hush! Miss Ramsden. I hear voices close by. I would not have you discovered here with me for worlds. You must return home, and—May I see you again to-morrow? I feel, somehow or other, as if I had been sent to ward off a terrible evil from you; and I don't know how to thank you for your kindness in making a confidant of me.'

'Mr Gaskell, I am only a simple country girl,' said Gillian, 'yet I intuitively know whom I can trust and whom I cannot.—Good-bye, until to-morrow.'

This time, Lionel Gaskell raised the girl's hand to his lips. He watched her active form disappear in the plantation, then listened. The voices seemed to be in the lane immediately underneath him, and one of them he recognised to be that of Edward Trent. Creeping noiselessly along, he arrived at the paling which separated the meadow-land from the lane, and which stood at the top of a high, thickly grown bank, and peering through a fissure, he saw Edward Trent talking to a rough-looking man clad in a velvet coat, and corduroy trousers tucked into leggings. Trent was saying: 'Very well, Nehemiah. Mind, the risk is all mine, and the gain yours. The squire and the colonel are determined to stop poaching; and they both, finding that keepers and watchers are of no good, have given me full powers to act. Of course, I know you and all your lot well enough; I know all your haunts, where you sell the game, even your gibberish and watchwords.'

'Blest if I don't think you know 'most everything, Master Trent,' said the man.

'No; I'm not so perfect as that; but I know that a poacher fears a lawyer more than he does all the keepers in the county.'

'That's true for you,' mumbled the man.

'Well,' continued Trent, 'if you manage what I say, it will be worth your while, and not a bit of harm shall come to you. Don't be up to any jobs until you hear from me. I'll write to you at the old place.'

Then they separated; the rough-looking man taking the field-path in the direction of Hingleton, Edward Trent going towards the park gate. He went straight to the squire's study, and found the colonel with a London paper in his hand, holding forth to his friend the squire about the situation in Europe.

'Well, Mr Trent,' said Colonel Adamthwaite, 'so those blackguards the poachers are still at it, in spite of all your sharpness and activity. However, I'm determined to put a stop to it, and I will, even if I keep a company of my regiment on the watch all night with loaded muskets.'

'I admit that my efforts haven't as yet met with much success, colonel,' said Trent; 'but if in a short time I don't bring the ringleader before you at petty sessions, I'll throw up the job and admit myself beaten. I've had my eye on him for some time, although he doesn't belong to these parts, and I've got the trap nicely adjusted for him to walk into.'

'Well, I wish you success,' said the colonel; 'and you may depend upon it that if I'm on the bench, he'll get a sentence that will frighten his mates for some time to come.—Hillo! It's eleven o'clock, and the *Comet* calls at the *Arms* at half-past. I must be off.' So, after shaking hands cordially with the squire and nodding slightly to Trent, the old soldier left the room. Outside, he met Gillian, fresh-cheeked from her run across the park. 'Well, Sweet,' he said, 'how go things? Your precious adorer is inside. Nice man he is! Trying to worm himself round the poor old squire by turning poacher-trapper. Almost hope he'll fail in some new dodge he's up to, although I am hot against the vagabonds. Has he been bothering you lately?'

'Yes, colonel; he doesn't give me much peace.'

'Impudent scoundrel!' exclaimed the colonel. 'I've half a mind to haul him out and give him a thrashing. Some day I will, and risk the consequences of hammering a lawyer.—Well, I'm off to London; Bonaparte's at his old tricks again.'

'Oh, and then there will be more battles and killing!' sighed Gillian. 'How horrible! But, colonel, you won't go?'

'I must go if I'm under orders,' said the old soldier. 'But good-bye; I've got to catch the coach; and when I return, I'll bring you all the news and something pretty from London town.' As Gillian watched him striding down the avenue, she thought not only of the blank which would be caused in her life if misfortune should overtake him in case of war, but of another who would be obliged to go across the sea to fight his country's battles—of the poor corporal, who already occupied so large a place in her heart.

Edward Trent and the squire meanwhile were talking earnestly.

'You say she is still firm in her refusal, Trent?' asked the latter.

'Yes,' replied the lawyer, almost savagely. 'She avoids me when she can, and treats me like an utter stranger.'

'Very well, then,' said the squire, rising and plunging his hands deeply into his breeches' pockets; 'matters must take their course. I'm not going to force the girl against her will. Rather than do so, I would leave Hingleton to-morrow, and face the ruin and disgrace with which you threaten me.'

The lawyer stared at the squire with mouth and eyes wide opened for a few seconds; but

he quickly recovered himself, and said: 'Think again, squire, before you decide upon such a course. Mind, I want to do things as pleasantly as possible; but a bargain's a bargain. Remember, also, I have your letter dated during Mr Gaskell's illness, in which you say: "I am the next of kin to Thomas Gaskell, now that his son is as good as dead. If you can get Hingleton for me—and as a lawyer, you will not find much difficulty in doing so by proving to the old gentleman that his son is dead—you may name your own terms."—Very well. You came here with Gillian, who was then sixteen. I fell in love with her at first sight, and I determined that the price of my efforts on your behalf should be her hand. I was successful, and I claim my reward. Mind, no one but you and I knows anything about the certificate of death. The colonel and Simson only witnessed the new will. I give you a week to decide, squire.—Good-morning.' So saying, he left the room.

The squire stood against the mantel-piece the very picture of misery and despair. Either of the courses open to him was fraught with unhappiness. If he persuaded his daughter to marry Trent, he sacrificed her to his own mean and selfish motives. If he stuck to his last resolution of letting matters go, Trent would expose him as one who had in fact ousted the rightful heir from his property by working on the disturbed mind of a dying man. He would be disgraced and ruined. But if Gillian and Trent were married, the secret would remain buried for ever; and in the now improbable event of the appearance of Lionel Gaskell upon the scene, he would simply be told what was the universal belief, that he had been disinherited for his extravagances and escapades.

John Ramsden was a weak man, and although, in ordinary mundane matters, a generous, honourable man, the conflict between duty and inclination was severe within him. As often as he decided on the side of duty, the hideous phantoms of disgrace and ruin rose before him. Finally, his weakness prevailed, and he resolved that Gillian should marry Trent.

When Lionel met Gillian the next morning, he told her of what he had overheard in the lane. She could offer no explanation of it, and did not appear to attach particular importance to it, remarking that Trent was constantly engaged in mysterious operations about the place, and that in all probability he was laying a plot for another poacher, upon the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

A week passed—the happiest week of Lionel's life, for he saw Gillian every day. Every day their intercourse became less strained and formal, every day ripened the mutual respect and admiration into a firm bond of intimacy. At the end of the week they were 'Gillian' and 'Lionel' to each other; and yet, what was to be the issue of it all? On the twentieth day of their acquaintance, on a bright sweet morning in mid-May, they were sitting together on the trunk of a fallen tree. For the first time during their acquaintance they seemed to have nothing to say to one another, the fact being that the one knew well how much the other had to say. Then Lionel broke the ice, and without any preliminary fanfaronade of rhetoric and eloquence, asked

Gillian if she could give him her heart. The girl had no words to form into an answer, but simply threw her arms round his neck and nestled her face against his; and in this appropriate position they remained for some exquisite moments, whilst a blackbird piped out a pæan of joy from a bough hard by, and a straining, horrified human face peering over the fence drank in the scene greedily. The face, of course, belonged to Mr Edward Trent, who had for some days suspected the regular daily absences of Gillian from home, and who, after many fruitless attempts, had at length hunted down his prey. He watched the happy, blind couple for some moments, then slipping quietly down, hastened away towards Hingleton. And the happy, blind couple remained there long after he had gone, until the old clock chimed mid-day, and Gillian rose to return home. 'And now, Sweet,' quoth Lionel, 'I am going to call you Sweet, as every one else does—we are bound together, and the one question remains, what is to be done? Certainly, I shall proclaim myself to your father; but before I do so, I must have an interview with your good old friend the colonel, who, I am sure, from what you say, will help us through all difficulties.'

A parting embrace, and they went unwillingly their separate ways, their hearts filled with the greatest happiness, in spite of the prospect of difficulty and delay which was open before them.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, a note was handed to Lionel as he was at breakfast. As the address was written in a delicate female hand, his heart bounded within him. Then he opened it gently and read:

MY DEAREST LIONEL—Edward Trent has found out all about us; and I am in momentary expectation of being summoned to an interview with father in the study. It may be better, perhaps, to keep the affair quiet for a little time, so I will ask you to meet me to-night at eight o'clock at the White Coppiece stile, which you know well, instead of at our usual time and place, and we can then arrange our plans, secure from interference. I have so much to tell you.—Ever your affectionate,
GILLIAN RAMSDEN.

The young man read this note a dozen times, and a dozen times imprinted his lips upon the paper, then folded it away carefully next his heart, and waited for the long weary hours to pass until he should again be side by side with the being he loved most in the world. It was a little strange, he thought, for Gillian to make an appointment at such a time and place, but he had such implicit confidence in her sense, that he knew she must have some sufficient reason for so doing.

In the meanwhile, tremendous news had shaken Europe from one end to the other. On the night of the 19th of March, Louis XVIII. had fled from Paris to Lille before the advance of Bonaparte from the south. On the 20th, Napoleon entered the Tuileries; and by the middle of May, had, by incredible efforts, gathered around him an army of one hundred and thirty thousand men. The

British Cabinet had met in hot haste; recruiting officers were hard at work plying their vocation throughout the British empire, for the cream of the army, the veterans of the Peninsula, were frittering away their strength in unproductive campaigns against the Americans. Bonham was in a state of great excitement, for the headquarters of the county regiment were there, and the one topic of conversation on everybody's lips was its probable instant departure for the seat of war. Every one indeed was smitten with the war-fever, although prayers for peace had been universal for long months past, and the difficulty the sergeants had to contend with was, not the bringing of recruits, but the selection of the best men amongst the hundreds who presented themselves. Lionel had seen enough of war, and this abundance of fighting material gave him hope that his services with the Fenshire Regiment might be dispensed with; for, with so dangerous an enemy as Edward Trent about, he dare not leave Gillian alone with a father prejudiced against her.

The long day at length drifted into night, and Lionel, full of joy and hope, started for the White Coppice to meet his beloved. He had not felt so careless and light-hearted since he had trod this same road, in the reverse direction, at the same hour of night, six years before on his way to enlist; and never before had nature seemed so beautiful as now, when the rising moon cast all sorts of weird shadows over fields and hedges. White Coppice he remembered well as being reputed haunted, and therefore the goal of many a secret expedition undertaken by him and other adventurous youths in quest of the gray spirit of a murdered tramp. It was a great deal more than a coppice, being, in fact, an extensive corner of thick wood, almost impenetrable by daylight, absolutely Cimmerian at night, a favourite haunt of poachers, and, for the reason above stated, generally shunned by the superstitious country-folk.

When Lionel arrived there a few minutes before eight, he could not help wondering why Gillian should have named such a spot for a trysting-place, so weird and uncanny it seemed in its absolute stillness and almost impenetrable gloom, rendered perhaps more solemn by the pale light of the moon shining on the tall white columns of scattered beech-trees. However, he swung himself on to the stile which announced a faint path through the coppice, and sat listening for any sound which might herald the arrival of his love. Eight o'clock boomed simultaneously from the Hall stables and old Hingleton belfry. No Gillian. A quarter-past, half-past. Lionel grew impatient and suspicious, and was on the point of plunging boldly into the wood in the direction of the Hall, when a slight noise amongst the bushes arrested him. He remained motionless. The sound continued; but Lionel knew the coppice to be a happy hunting-ground for rabbits, and went forward; then he heard a distinct low whistle, and muttering the word 'Poachers,' he stooped, as if to screen himself from observation. Scarcely had he done so, when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and recognised in the moonlight the face of the man he had seen talking to Edward Trent in the lane. His first impulse was to shake him off roughly

and demand his business; but when he saw appear from the gloom like so many phantoms half-a-dozen other wild-looking figures, he felt that, as he was unarmed, discretion was the better part of valour.

'Ha!' said the man; 'so you're the chap as sneaks about and watches of us, and gets us lagged without showin' hisself, is you? Just caught you proper, my young buck. And now, you'll jes' be one of us, and if we're lagged, you'll be lagged too, and get a taste of what you've caused a score o' better men than you to get.'

'I assure you'—began Lionel, but was stopped short by a broad, unsavoury hand being clapped over his mouth.

'Hush, you fool! Don't yer twig the watchers! Down you go!'

Lionel looked in the direction indicated by his captor, and espied in the bright moonlight four men, clad as keepers and armed with guns. His idea was to shout for help; but he was forced down behind a bush by his powerful captor. Such precaution, however, was useless so far as the poachers were concerned, and with a loud shout the keepers bore down on the group. In a very few seconds, what was apparently a desperate fight was kept up. One of the poachers, probably mistaking Lionel for a keeper, commenced a violent attack upon him; and in self-defence, Lionel was compelled to pick up a gun lying by and return blow for blow. This he did with some success, until a tremendous blow on the head, seemingly from behind, stretched him on the ground, and he fell senseless. When he recovered, he was in a rough cart, in company with two keepers, joggling painfully along the road to Bonham. He was conscious of a throbbing pain in the head, and the moonlight shone upon great dark patches on his clothes, which could only be blood.

'What am I brought like this for?' he asked. 'Where are you taking me?'

'What are yer brought along here for, and where are we a-taking of you?' repeated the keeper addressed in a surly voice. 'Why, you've been caught poachin', and we're a-takin' of you to Bonham lock-up. You're a deep un, you are, and you've given us a dance for some weeks; but you're done for this time.'

'But I'm not a poacher,' said Lionel. 'I'm Lionel Gaskell, son of Squire Gaskell, who died five years ago.'

'Well, you'd better tell all that to the justices to-morrow at the sessions, and see if they'll believe it,' said the man. 'That ain't our business. We've found you with this yer gun about you, along with Nehemiah Buck's gang; and if you can get out of it, yer can.'

So Lionel had to submit to be pushed into a dark, damp, evil-smelling hole known as Bonham lock-up. During the long hours of that night, the young man had ample leisure to put two and two together, and attribute the whole affair, not to accident, but to a mature plot of Edward Trent's. The missive he had so fondly kissed and pressed as coming from Gillian, no doubt was a forgery prepared by Trent. The consolation he had was that he would at any rate get justice done him on the morrow, and a fitting opportunity would be afforded him for proclaiming his identity. Then, wearied with

pain and loss of blood, he fell asleep in the small-hours of the morning, and was only awakened by the opening of his cell-door and the gruff announcement that he was wanted at the Sessions House. The market-place as he passed through was full of soldiers; and that further news of great import had arrived was evident from the excitement everywhere prevalent, the unusual crowds, and the universal absence of all signs of business. He recognised a great many of his old companions in arms, but nobody noticed him, and he passed through the crowd in the custody of a stalwart constable, and followed by the two keepers, without even attracting a remark concerning his woful appearance.

The Sessions House was almost empty, and there were but two justices on the bench. One of them he did not know; the other was Squire Ramsden, whom he recognised from Gillian's description. Two or three cases of theft and drunkenness were disposed of, and he was placed at the bar.

'So you're one of those rascals who can find no better means of gaining a livelihood than by stealing other people's game, are you?' said Squire Ramsden; 'and I'm instructed that you're the leader of a desperate gang, after whom we've been for weeks past.'

'I'm nothing of the kind,' said Lionel, colouring up. 'I'm Lionel Gaskell, son of the late Squire Gaskell of Hingleton.'

The other justice smiled, and said something about 'brazen-faced impudence to pass off for a man who had been long dead'; but Mr Ramsden turned for a moment deadly pale, although he managed to stammer out: 'Nonsense, my man. Don't try to come that gibberish over us.—Keeper, detail the circumstances of his arrest.' So the keeper related what we already know; and when he had finished, Squire Ramsden, without giving Lionel a chance to reply, said: 'Well, the case is clearly proved. This gun was found in your hand, and you had been using it violently. My brother justices and I are determined to stamp out this wholesale system of poaching, which has too long remained unchecked all about here; and as a warning, you are sentenced to two years' imprisonment.—Remove the prisoner. Next case!'

'Sir, Mr Ramsden!'—began Lionel.

'Remove the prisoner immediately, jailer,' thundered the squire; and Lionel was about to be forcibly taken away, when an officer in uniform stepped up to the bench, saying: 'One moment, sir, if you will pardon my intrusion. This man whom you have just sentenced I recognise as John Hall, a corporal in my company. He is one of the smartest non-commissioned officers we have, and we sadly want non-coms. If you will allow him to exchange the jail for foreign service, I shall deem it a favour.'

'Well, sir,' said the squire, 'as you know, it's an interference with the course of justice; but under the circumstances, I accede to your request.—Prisoner, you are discharged.'

The regiment was ordered to parade after dinner, at one o'clock, and to start soon after en route for London and Dover. Lionel would just have time to arrange matters at the inn, and to send off a note to Gillian, but no more. With

another hour to spare, he could have posted over to Hingleton and contrived to bid her farewell; as it was, he could only inform her of his position, so that at anyrate she might get a passing glimpse of him. Before they left the court, Lionel went up to the captain who had extricated him from his predicament, and said: 'Captain, I have to thank you for your opportune kindness. If we arrive home again, I hope that you will not deem it presumption if I ask you to bear witness about my enlistment, in case I should wish to establish my identity as Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton.'

The captain looked astonished at such an announcement from a man who ten minutes before had stood convicted of poaching.

Lionel continued: 'I was wrongfully arrested, through the agency of Lawyer Trent, who has conceived a deadly hatred to me because I love the girl he wants to make his wife.'

'Why,' said the officer, 'Lawyer Trent is engaged to Miss Ramsden of the Hall.'

'No, sir; he is not, and never has been. But I am.'

'You—a corporal in a line regiment, engaged to Miss Ramsden!' exclaimed the captain.

'Why not, sir? I am as well born as she is, although I am but a corporal in a line regiment,' said Lionel. 'At anyrate, sir, if we have the good-luck to come back, I hope you will bear out my assertion, which I intend to make publicly, about the circumstances of my enlistment.'

'Certainly I will.'

Lionel saluted, and hastened to pay his reckoning at the inn, and once more to don his regimentals.

There was such excitement in Hingleton as had not been for many years, when it was known that the regiment would pass through the village on its way to the seat of war. Flags and decorations were brought out from closets and lumber-rooms; the country-folk came pouring in from all directions; such business as the little place boasted was suspended, and long before the expected hour, every coign of advantage was occupied by a chattering, excited crowd. At the first crash of distant music, the excitement swelled into a loud murmur of 'Here they come!' and when a crowd of urchins, keeping step to the famous old air of *The Girl I left behind me*, swept round the corner of the street, popular feeling culminated in a tremendous rolling volley of cheers. Long Tom of Chelmsford, brandishing his tremendous gold-nobbed staff, led the way, and was by no means, in his own estimation, the most insignificant feature of the pageant. To him succeeded the fifes and drums; then the gray-haired colonel on horseback; and then the regiment, seven hundred strong, the sergeants with their pikes on the flanks, the tattered regimental colours, upon which were just distinguishable the Sphinx and the word 'Badajos' in the midst, borne by two beardless youngsters, who had seen more service than their appearance warranted. Young men, the rank and file certainly were; many of them mere boys; but their square shoulders and sturdy limbs showed that they were of the right stuff, and every face bore an expression of joyful

enthusiasm at the prospect of having another hit at the French.

The squire, Gillian, and Edward Trent were on the steps of the parson's house; all three were looking for the same corporal of the same company, but with very different feelings. Lionel saw Sweet Gillian long before she saw him; and as he marched past, his earnest salute of departure was eagerly and tearfully returned by his betrothed. She saw no more: the brave young faces glowing in the bright May sun passed by rank after rank, the bayonets glistened and swayed, the music grew fainter and fainter; and when the last red coat was dimly visible in the cloud of dust raised by the tramp of many hundreds of feet, and the regiment had passed, she realised for the first time in her young life a sense of utter loneliness.

AN HOUR AMONG THE COLLIERIES.

THROUGH the earth's crust into a coal-mine! Will you come? Take first a glance round the pit-top; peer down the black hole you are to descend; look up at the huge wheels overhead, and comfort yourself with the thought that the ropes, though they seem so like spiders' threads, are made of steel and will bear thirty tons. Take this lamp, unless you prefer a candle stuck in your hat, collier-fashion; and as the cage—so the platform is called in which men and coal alike are conveyed—clicks on the catches, step in, clutch the iron rod which runs along its top to steady yourself, and prepare to drop a quarter of a mile in no time! A bell rings, and we are off. Before the qualmy sensation, so suggestive of sea-sickness, is fully realised, with a rattle and jerk the cage stops, and you find yourself bewildered and helpless; for the candles cast so dim a glimmer as merely to render the darkness visible. We will sit on this bench for a minute, till—as the phrase is—we 'get our pit eyes;' and then start, escorted by the courteous manager, to see such objects of interest as naturally attract a novice's attention.

First of all—while we are waiting for our carriage to drive up—let us pay a visit to the stables; capital stalls, cut out in the solid rock, at present untenanted, save by swarms of mice, which scamper off in all directions as we bring our lamps to bear on the well-stored mangers. Surprise number one. Wondering, we ask: 'How did mice get here?'

'Brought down in the hay, you know; and they multiply so alarmingly, that we keep cats, and pay them weekly wages, that they may wash down with milk their monotonous mousy diet. We shall see some of the horses as we go our rounds.' So our guide informs us, and adds: 'Come now; it is time we started for our drive.'

Accordingly, we return to the spot, whence divers small tunnels of impenetrable blackness radiate; each of us crams himself into an oblong box on wheels; and a train of a dozen or so of 'trams,' as they are called, is at once set in motion by a plump powerful horse. He

has not seen daylight for eight years, we learn in answer to our questionings. The uniform temperature—warmer in winter, cooler in summer than on the surface—suits the equine constitution wonderfully; and then there is no rain underground. Dark as it is, our Dobbin has sense enough to step outside the tram-rails at any stoppage, and so the trams pass without touching him. Doubtless, many a whack on the heels has taught him this lesson, for the string of carts is drawn by a loose trace-chain only.

Don't omit, while going along this road cut through rock and coal, to keep a good lookout for any curiosities we may pass; only hold your head well down, or it will come in painful contact with the timber props which support the roof, and which rest at each side on stout upright posts. See! there is a perfect *Lepidodendron*, standing just as it grew, when these dark places of the earth constituted a swampy forest, densely covered with reeds and ferns, and trees of which the ornamental Monkey-shrub (*Aracaria imbricata*) is perhaps the best representative among our country's present-day growths. How many thousands of years have elapsed since this trunk—a core of stone within, but without, the actual bark with its seal-like markings stamped out in solid coal—waved its spiky branches beneath the open canopy of heaven! And yet, through all these æons, pressed as in a girl's album, fern fronds of most fragile and exquisite forms, delicate as lacework, as if photographed on stone, lie beneath the enormous mass of superadded strata, perfect as when they shot their graceful stems up into the steaming air in which our coal-measures were laid down in such lavish profusion. Verily, there be 'sermons in stones.'

'Show us where they are digging out the coal,' is naturally our first request as we leave our uncomfortable vehicle.

But if riding was bad, walking is worse; if that can be called walking, where, with bent neck and stooped shoulders, tall men progress with frequent head-bumpings along a road of a painfully low pitch. Soon we come where, by the dusky light of a flickering 'dip,' we see a half-naked collier lying on his side, the better to drive his pick into a narrow seam of coal; while, near by, others are hard at work on thicker veins, hewing out big blocks of shiny blackness, interspersed with cataracts of small coal, which other men shovel rapidly into trams, for conveyance to the upper regions. It is a busy scene, for all these honest fellows are on piecework.

As we go on to visit other workings, our guide stops at a point where a disused road runs down to the right, 'deeper and deeper still,' to tell us this odd story: 'This spot is believed by the miners to be haunted. They are, you know, very superstitious, and now, none of them will come this way without company. It seems that a carter, whose duty it was to push trams of coal along here to the horse-road we have just left, one day heard footsteps as of a man approaching him from the opposite direction. He stopped, to avoid a collision, and distinctly heard the stamping of heavy boots, and a sound as of some one scraping mud off them on the rails. He shouted to him to hurry up, but got no reply.

He held out his candle at arm's length—but saw nothing. He went on to the spot whence the sounds had proceeded; but there was no one there. Incontinently, he bolted to the nearest workings and told his weird tale to sympathising ears. The story has been corroborated again and again by strangers, who had never heard of it.—Hush! there it is! Can't you hear it?"

(Our lamps had been taken from us under the pretence of trimming them, and at this instant they went out, and we were in the blackness of darkness. Few people know what absolute darkness is.)

'Yes,' we faltered; 'we do hear a strange noise. How do you account for it?'

'I can't,' was the reply. 'It may be water in the abandoned road there. It may be an unexplainable echo. Sounds are audible at enormous distances underground. We had a similar scare years ago.' (Here the bailiff succeeded in relighting the lamps, to our great relief.) 'In another part of the mine, the men were constantly hearing mysterious knockings, which they quickly put down to Satanic agency. So I took careful measurements of the spot, and found it to be just under an iron foundry, where a steam-hammer was at work four hundred yards overhead. But the colliers stick to their own theory still.'

A little farther on we were told to climb on all-fours up a steep, low, and narrow cutting, technically called a 'gug,' up and down which a small boy was dragging, apparently with the greatest ease, a wicker basket, fastened by a chain to a rope round his waist. At the top, he filled it with the coal which a collier was hewing; at the bottom, he emptied it into a tram such as we have described.

'This was the work which the last woman who worked underground had to do. Her son is employed here now. Just think what a change has taken place in the last thirty or forty years. At the present time, there is not, so far as I know, a single woman at colliery-work either underground or at the surface in the west of England, though, in other parts of the country, female labour is still used at the pit top.' Such was the manager's comment.

Again we march on in Indian file, stopping here and there to watch some swarthy giant—the dim light makes them look immense—drive in his pick with a dull thud and bring down avalanches of 'black diamonds;' or to notice how, with sledge-hammer and drill, holes in the rock are bored to receive the charge of powder; or hurry past, half choked by the pungent smoke, where the shot has just been fired, and the pleased workmen are shovelling up the copious results of their skilful blasting.

We have already noted some of the fossils of the vegetable life of long-past ages. Here we catch sight of living, and apparently thriving, spiders; though they are colourless and diaphanous, presumably from lack of light, and perhaps also through insufficient nutriment—for what can they find to eat? Not so the fungi, which hang, like huge puff-balls, from long threads rooted in the roof. But they, too, are pale and almost substanceless, so that if you hold a candle, or even clap your hands, against them, they crumble to powder. Looking at this strange

growth, we think of that imprisoned miner, who, when he was rescued, after many days of starvation, well-nigh dead, was found to be covered all over—face and hands and all—with a kindred plant. Oh, the horror of the quietness and stillness in which a fungus could thus root itself, and flourish on a living man!

'Now for an adventure, if you are venture-some,' our guide cries, as we reach the top of a long steep 'incline' worked by a steam-engine and an endless rope. 'Did you ever try "tobogganing" on snow? This is a good substitute—these bits of plank I have had made with a groove to run on one of the rails. Sit on it so, and off we go!'

'Off we go,' exactly described what happened; for we kept tumbling over, either on the rope at one side, or else against the rough, rocky wall of this narrow passage. If the charm of 'tobogganing' consists in a judicious mixture of speed and danger, this method of going down a colliery incline doubtless resembles it closely. But for all that, I should prefer to walk another time.

Arrived at the bottom, bruised and shaken, we find ourselves in a sort of dome of coal. Its height is perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet; and, in our inexperience, we at once exclaim: 'Ah, this is more like the real thing!'

'No!' the manager answers; 'you are mistaken. This is only a "fault," and will soon narrow down again to its normal thickness of five or six feet. You fancy it is easier to hew the coal here; quite otherwise. There are narrow bands of "shale" every here and there in these walls of coal; and it requires considerable skill and care to keep *this* out of the trams. While, if the "hewer" fails to send up his coal reasonably clean, it is condemned, and he gets no pay for it. Then there is greater danger from falling stones when the roof is so high. For example, not long ago we had an accident here, not without a comic side to it. One of the colliers was endowed with an immensely long nose. While he was at work, a sharp stone fell in front of him. It fortunately missed his head, and would have dropped clear of any ordinary mortal; but the projecting feature came in the way, and from *it* a good, thick slice was cut clean off! The man suffered much pain, and was laid aside for a long time; but on his return to work, he was complimented on the vast improvement in his appearance, and his nickname, "The Beak," fell into disuse.'

But for all that, we agreed we would choose this open, well-ventilated, and roomy place to work in, if we were colliers; especially after we had been exposed to the faint, close odour which another vein hard by gives out.

When we complained of nausea and begged to be taken away, we were told that strangers had been known to vomit, after standing by the face of this seam of coal for a few minutes.

'The smell serves one useful purpose, in indicating at once what strata we are working; for, as far as I know,' our guide informed us, 'this is the only stinking vein in the district. It is quite safe; there is no choke-damp or other noxious gas. I can't explain how it is so; it is only one of the many puzzles that confront the mining engineer. Another of them is, where

the water comes from we constantly have to contend with. Look at that hole, about big enough for a hen to go through. You'll hardly believe me, when I tell you that a few weeks ago there was a road five feet high running down there. One Sunday evening the deputy-bailiff was going his rounds, to see that all was right for the night-men—who repair the roofs and keep the roads good—to come down, when he found this five-foot way contracted to a height of only *two* feet. He crawled through to see what had happened, and fortunately got back safely before a flood of water burst through the spongy, fireclay floor, which it had crushed up in such a remarkable manner. All the workings below this point were flooded, and are not yet in a fit condition for coal-getting. How much worse it must be in fiery mines, where gases rush out in the same, or rather in a far more, sudden manner, dealing death to scores of hapless colliers, you may now easily realise. We have no such awful perils in this pit, thank God! Yet our men have ample hardships and dangers to face. Now that you have seen them at work, don't omit, when occasion serves, to say a good word for those who do so much for England's prosperity—our colliers.'

With which parting words, our obliging cicerone put us under the care of a subordinate, who led us back safely by the way we had come, and brought us up out of the horrible pit into the cheerful light of day.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

A STRANGE droning noise, an atmosphere heavy with incense, and a feeling of imprisonment, are the memories that come back to me when I recall the first moment of returning consciousness. A dull heavy pain in my head, a sensation of numbness, a feeling that I did not care to know where I was or how I came there, are the next things I remember. Then suddenly and with a bound I seemed to regain control of my brain, and gazed about me with full awakening. My surroundings gave me ample food for thought. I was in the chapel of the Misericordia; the priest was chanting a mass for the dead, and six of the brethren in their black dresses were kneeling round me holding tapers in their hands. I was dressed in grave-clothes, and in the coffin, which, with a curious recollection of detail, I knew to be a gorgeous one, and remembered that it would, when I reached the burial-ground, be exchanged for a wretched shell, resembling an elongated egg-box, and be sent back to serve for the repose of other still forms, whilst I should be sleeping under the sod. The bier was a low one, and as the head of my coffin was somewhat raised, I commanded a view of the altar, where stood the officiating priest, and the acolytes swinging censers.

An agony of horror possessed me. My first impulse was to cry out and warn the worshippers that this mockery must cease. Then one of the brothers stirred, and the certainty that my would-be murderer was there, watching till I should be safely entombed, made me restrain the sound that rushed to my lips. I closed my

eyes and tried to grasp my position. From what I knew of Italian customs, I was aware that not more than twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse since my supposed death; and as it was dark, and I must have been with Schidone till nearly seven in the evening, I surmised it to be some time between midnight and dawn, and that the brethren were waiting for daylight to convey me to the cemetery. They watched all night, I knew, and celebrated midnight mass for those whose friends were able and willing to pay for the ceremony, and I guessed that Prince Gherado had charged himself with these cares on my behalf. Slightly unclosing my lids, I gazed at each kneeling figure in turn. They were of course facing the altar, and my only clue to their identity would be gathered from the hand of each as he held his taper, and from what I could see of his feet. Of the six, four displayed rough, coarsely made shoes, and hands accustomed to labour; one had new boots, but his hands, though white and shapely, were heavy and large. The sixth figure, the one on my left, nearest the altar, was, I knew, Schidone. He was as still as a carved image, his head bowed, his hands grasping a heavy candle; but it did not need the gleam of a great stone in a ring he habitually wore, to tell me it was my enemy. I recognised at once the long thin fingers of his white hands, and felt I could trace the shape of his head beneath the black drapery. How helpless I was—how entirely in his power! If I interrupted the service and for the moment escaped, I knew I should not leave Italy in safety; a man so unscrupulous and so powerful for evil as he was, would not be balked of his prey so easily. A cold sweat bedewed my body, as grim thoughts chased each other through my brain. I was so weak, and every now and then a strange dizziness overpowered me, I felt as though I could not regain my liberty unaided.

The minutes as they passed seemed hours; and yet they flew all too fast, for I could invent no scheme for escape. A moonbeam shone through one of the upper windows, and I thought how lovely it must be outside, how the soft light would be glorifying the Campanile, how deep would be the shadow in the Bigallo, how black would show the inlaid marble of the Duomo! Should I ever see it all again? My eyes wandered round the chapel; I gazed at the picture of St Sebastian over the altar; then at the acolytes and murmuring priest; and then at the long lace-trimmed altar-cloth, which touched the ground on either side. Surely my eyes were at fault, or was that black spot a smouldering cinder from out the censor the boy had swung so carelessly? With rapt intensity I watched the linen with the coal on it, and the little puff of smoke arising therefrom. A few seconds more, and a red line of fire ran up and along the cloth, and the artificial flowers on the altar were ablaze! A shout from the brethren, who seemed to rise simultaneously from their knees, and confusion reigned. Then the voice of Gherado arose calm and clear. 'Save the picture!' was the command to two of his companions, who immediately obeyed.—'Call the firemen,' he said to another.—'Quick, put the treasures and relics into a place of safety,' was

his command to the priest. But his coolness only availed for a few minutes; for as the flames seemed to take possession of the building, priest, acolytes, and brethren disappeared in a panic, leaving their black robes on the floor.

Gherardo stood for a moment with the ghastly light of the flames shining on his face, and then advanced to my side. I feared his piety would cause him to carry me out for proper burial, and with a sickening dread I held my breath and allowed no muscle to quiver; but he only muttered: 'E meglio così—fire hides as well as earth,' and walked out of the flaming building.

As his receding footsteps died away, and with the noise of the advancing crowd in my ears, I sat up, then crept from the coffin, and seizing one of the long robes of the brethren, put it on, drew the hood closely over my face, and escaped by the door leading into the Via Calzaioli, whence I sped, barefooted as I was, across the bridge and down the street of the Santo Spirito. The excitement of the numerous people I met was great; but after the first few minutes, I dreaded attracting attention, and had the sense to refrain from running, trusting that the sight of a 'Misericordia' walking barefoot would not excite remark. Several persons gazed at me curiously, but no one spoke; and I arrived at the door of my dwelling in safety. Then I paused. If I entered, there would be danger of questions and inquiries, much talk and confusion, and my escape would certainly reach the Prince's ears. It would be better for me to go elsewhere, and I determined to seek Savelli.

When he was aroused, and had listened to my tale, he promised every aid in his power, but strongly advised me not to return to my lodgings, or to remain in the city longer than was necessary. Together we made plans for my safety and for the help of Amaranthe, for whose welfare I had the greatest anxiety, and for whom I had grave fears. Savelli gave me food and wine and a much needed change of raiment; and I thankfully flung myself on a sofa for a few hours' repose. At the appointed time my friend aroused me; and by nine o'clock we were on our way to the dwelling of Cardinal Bandinelli, in pursuance of our design to invoke his aid in our difficulty. The old porter was hard to persuade that we ought to be admitted; but it occurred to Savelli to request him to send for the cardinal's secretary, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Then we were allowed to go up the great staircase, and pass behind the heavy curtains at the top, whence we were ushered into a plainly furnished apartment, semicircular in form, and with three open windows, commanding a glorious prospect. Here, after waiting a few minutes, we were joined by the secretary, to whom Savelli told enough of the truth to enable him to judge that an interview with the cardinal was imperative. He conducted us to the study, where we found His Eminence seated in a huge armchair and clad in his purple cassock. His little red cap and the large ring he wore were the only indications that his rank was higher than that of a 'Monsignor.' A cup of chocolate was on a table beside him, and a little book of devotion open on his knee.

'Your Eminence will pardon me,' said the

secretary as we advanced, 'but these gentlemen have news for your private ear.'

'Ah, my children, the tidings are bad, I fear, since you come so early; good news can always wait,' said the amiable old man.

We unfolded our tale. It was grievous to speak of the evil deeds of one near him to this benevolent personage; but he showed the ready acumen of a man of the world in dealing with the subject.

'I presume you have no wish to bring an accusation of attempted murder against the Prince?' he said.

'No,' I answered, somewhat unwillingly.

'You must be aware that your interference in the affairs of the Prince's household was most unwarrantable,' he said severely; 'and besides, you would, I think, be unable to bring any proof of such an attempt that would satisfy a judge. The servants would bear witness to his great anxiety about you, and to the statement he made to them as to your illness.—See,' he added, 'here is the newspaper with an account of the affair.'

I took the sheet he handed me, and read that an English artist, 'Cuthberto Anslej,' had died suddenly of heart-disease at the Palazzo Schidone, after returning from a long drive with the Prince, during which he appeared to be in excellent health. Doctor Monte was mentioned as having been in attendance soon after the event.

'To-morrow,' said the old prelate, 'there will be another paragraph stating that the body of the before-mentioned artist was burned in the fire at the chapel of the Misericordia.'

'Will the Prince believe that?' I asked.

'What matters it? He will not care to question it; and as for you, your departure from the city had best be speedy. I will see that Signor Savelli has unquestioned liberty to pack your effects and forward them to you.'

'Did your Eminence receive a letter from the Princess? I posted one to you from her just before my drive with the Prince,' I ventured to say.

'*Davvero!*' returned he, 'I had the envelope. There was nothing in it but a sheet of blank paper.'

We did not dare to insist on the unhappiness of his niece and the danger she might be in. He promised to take immediate steps for her welfare; but his manner forbade further speech on the subject, and we were dismissed with his Eminence's blessing, a grace craved by Savelli.

Two days afterwards, I arrived, wearied, exhausted, dazed, but safe and sound, at the hospitable house of my cousin at Eastmere. My adventure interested him immensely, and he warmly seconded my wish that Luigi Savelli, to whom I felt so greatly indebted, should be invited to come to England and stay with us for a while. The invitation I wrote procured the following response:

AMICO MIO—I thank you with all my heart for your amiable letter, and your cousin for his most kind invitation. I will come! Yes, my friend, I will visit your green island when your fogs are gone and your sun is come. I will look in your face once more, as I did the night

you came to me from the tomb, like another Ginevra degli Amieri, and we will talk of the pleasant days in Florence.

Since you left us, we have had a tragedy. The Prince Schidone is dead—died by his own hand, say some; died by his wife's hands, say others. It is true he is dead; how, I know not. His valet found him lifeless in the early morning, and there was an empty chloroform phial beside him, and also a lady's kerchief. Amaranthe is also dead, one may say, for she is gone into the convent of the 'Sepolte Vive' in Rome, which is indeed a living death.

Of more cheerful subjects we will speak when I grasp your hand in the summer.—*Sempre a te.*
LUIGI SAVELLI.

A NEW PROTECTIVE AGAINST TORPEDOES.

WHEN, some years ago, the masonry of the quays in the Seychelles Islands was found to be constantly needing repairs at great expense, in consequence of the deterioration due to violent seas, a plan was devised of protecting the portions exposed to the action of the waves by a palisade of bamboo-canes, the space between which and the structure of the quay itself was filled in with the fibre forming the husk of the cocoa-nut. This cellulose, or cofferdam, as it is called, was found to behave like a sponge, and offer the most effectual shield to the masonry of the quays. The great success of this expedient has led to some experiments, which have just been conducted at Toulon, with a view of utilising cofferdam as a protective against projectiles, shells, and torpedoes in naval warfare, and with a result that seems to indicate what may become a very extensive employment for the cocoa-nut fibre, which has already found so many uses in commerce, and the trade in which has recently been largely developed in the South Sea Islands.

Cofferdam, copra, or coir are various commercial terms for the ligneous envelope of the cocoa-nut. This is disintegrated and comminuted by various mechanical processes, which we need not here describe. The cellulose itself is one of the lightest substances known, weighing about five times less than cork. The material used for the experiments was in every case a mixture of fourteen parts of pulverised cellulose and one part of fibres, the latter acting like hair in mortar or cement as a binder. This mixture was compressed so as to form a kind of felting, of the density of one hundred and twenty kilogrammes to the cubic metre, and thus condensed was placed in a case, which was covered with boarding about five inches thick, the depth of the cofferdam being about two feet. These particular thicknesses were chosen as of dimensions practically applicable to vessels which it might be desired to protect by this means.

The first experiment was designed to test the effect of an ordinary projectile which was fired from a cannon of nine inches calibre, at a distance of only sixty yards, against the case of cofferdam above described. The projectile pierced the case through and through, carrying away a quantity of the cellulose, but a remarkably small quantity,

when the cubic content of the projectile is considered. The most important feature, however, of this experiment was that, immediately after the shot, the perforation was found to be filled up by the cofferdam, so that it was impossible for a man to thrust his arm through the place penetrated by the projectile. It was then attempted to force water through the place where the shot had passed; but even after several minutes, only drops were found to ooze through. In proportion as it absorbs liquid, the cellulose augments in volume and density, and tends thereby to withstand the further entrance of water.

The next experiment was made with a view to show the incombustibility of the cofferdam, and its power to resist or extinguish explosive projectiles and shells. First, a portion of its contents was removed from the above-mentioned case, and a large quantity of burning charcoal was placed in it, and covered with the cellulose to the depth of from three to four inches, when the charcoal was speedily extinguished. Next, from the former distance of sixty yards, shells of nine inches in diameter were shot into the case of cofferdam and burst there—the fragments nearly all remaining in the cellulose, into which no water was found to have entered. Moreover, the material is said to have offered such obstruction to the few splinters of the shell which passed through it, that they would scarcely retain velocity enough to be dangerous. The third experiment was one for testing the resistance of the cofferdam to the effects of torpedoes. Here the case used to contain the cellulose was of sheet-iron. The torpedo was attached to it on the under side, and exploded. In this instance the effects were more violent—a side was blown off the case, and the mass of the cofferdam was found to have been pierced through and through with a small longitudinal perforation. But even in this case it is considered that the force of the blow inflicted by the torpedo was considerably attenuated. The question is now under serious consideration, whether vessels of war should not have a protecting envelope of this cofferdam, which, in conjunction with water-tight compartments, would, it is thought, prove the best defence against all kinds of artillery.

BEE AND ANT PHENOMENA.

VERY important and highly interesting discoveries have been lately made on this subject, which enable us easily to account for hitherto unexplained phenomena in bee-life. It is well known that the honey of our honey-bees when mixed with tincture of litmus acquires an unmistakably red tint, a fact no doubt owing to the subtilised formic acid it contains; the presence of which acid likewise imparts to the raw honey its power of 'keeping' for a considerable length of time. Honey which has been clarified by means of water and exposure to heat—the so-called 'sirup of honey'—spoils more easily than the ordinary kind, because the formic acid in it has in a great measure been expelled. The honey of very fierce tribes of bees has a peculiarly acrid taste and pungent smell; this is

due to the excess of formic acid contained in such honey.

Till lately, complete ignorance prevailed as to the manner in which this so essential component of honey, formic acid, found its way into the substance secreted from the stomach or 'honey-bag' of the busy workers; recent discoveries have, however, enlightened us on this point. These show us that the sting serves the bee not only as a means of defence, and sometimes of offence, but possesses likewise the almost more important power of infusing into the stored-up honey an antiseptic substance, not subject to fermentation. It has been lately observed that bees in hives, even when left undisturbed, from time to time rub off against the honey-comb, from the point of their sting, a tiny drop of 'bee-poison'; in other words, formic acid. This excellent preservative is thus little by little introduced into the honey. The more irritable and vicious the bees are, the greater the quantity of formic acid conveyed into the honey by them; a sufficient admixture of which is essential to the production of good honey.

The praise, therefore, that has been so often lavished by adepts in such things on that indolent member of the bee-tribe, the Ligurian bee, which hardly ever stings, is in point of fact misplaced. The observation just made above will explain, too, why the stingless honey-bee of South America collects but little honey; for it is notorious that when trees have been felled which have been inhabited by the stingless 'Melipone,' but little honey has been found in them. And indeed, what inducement have the bees to store up honey that will not keep, since it contains no formic acid? Of the eighteen different kinds of North Brazilian honey-bees known to the naturalist, only three possess a sting.

A very striking phenomenon in the habits of a certain species of ant is now amply accounted for. There exist, as is well known, various tribes of grain-collecting ants. The seeds of grasses and other plants remain stored up by them, often for years in their little granaries, without germinating. In India there is a very small red ant which drags into its cells grains of wheat and oats. But the creatures are so tiny, that, with their utmost efforts, it takes from eight to ten of them to carry off even one single grain. They move along in two separate rows, over smooth or rough ground, as the case may be, and even up and down stairs, in steady regular progression. They have often to traverse more than a thousand metres to carry their booty into the common storehouse. The celebrated naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their granaries, the seeds in the granaries began to sprout. The same thing happened in storehouses that had been abandoned by them. We must infer, then, that ants possess the means of suspending or arresting the action of germination without destroying or impairing the actual vitality of the grain, or without impairing the vital principle that lies latent in the grain.

The famous English scientist, Sir John Lubbock, in his work entitled *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, relates these and similar facts, and adds that it was not yet known how the ants prevented their provision of grain from sprouting. But now it

has been proved that this is due simply to the preservative power of the formic acid, the effect of which is so powerful that it can either arrest the process of germination, or destroy it altogether in the seed.

We will further mention that there exists among us a kind of ant that lives on seeds and stores them up. This is our *Lasius niger*, which, according to the statement made by Wittmack at the meeting of amateur naturalists at Berlin, carries seeds of violets, and likewise of ground ivy (*Veronica hederæfolia*), into its cells. In his description of an Indian ant (*Pheidole providens*), Sykes relates that the above-mentioned kind collects large stores of grass-seeds. He notices likewise that after a monsoon storm, the ants bring their stores of grain out of their granaries, in order to dry them. It seems, therefore, that excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of the formic acid; hence this drying process.

We see, then, that the winter provision of honey for the bees, and the store of grain which serves as food for the ants, are preserved by means of one and the same fluid—namely, formic acid. The use of formic acid as a means of preserving fruit, and the like, was first suggested by Feierabend in the year 1877.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Life may hold sweetness yet : I would not die ;
For He might come with smiles upon his lip ;
Then from my heart the weary years would slip,
And I should greet him with a joyous cry,
Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of love come back at last.
Oh, life may yet be sweet : I would not die.

Child, Fate has not been kind to you and me ;
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain ;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be.
Often I drew away your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp.
No ; life has not been kind to you and me.

And Death is coming. Ah, will Death be kind ?
Will he, some day, bring me my truant love ?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse ?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or worse ?
Ah, Death is coming fast : will he be kind ?

Love, have you never known one bitter hour ?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower !—
Had chained your roaming fancy ? What a chain !
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly worn to kill an idle hour.

Child, listen to me : Love is worse than Death ;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and bloom,
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom.
It takes the crown from life ; the weary breath
Must labour on until Death brings relief,
And blots out all the weariness and grief.
Ah, Love is cruel : merciful is Death.

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NORTH ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

In the daily papers, at intervals, more or less widely separated, we may see notices of icebergs passed by ships on their passages to and from the ports of North America. Not unfrequently a thrilling account reaches us of shipwreck, suffering, and sad loss of life, caused by some ill-fated vessel colliding with an iceberg and sinking in mid-ocean. Occasionally, some noble ship, replete with all modern improvements, under the command of a skilful navigator, carrying a precious freight of eager hearts and willing hands to their Eldorado of the Far West, sails from our shores. Nothing more is heard of her. In a little while she is posted at Lloyd's as missing, and a total loss. Her insurance is paid; and except to a few hearts at home bemoaning their loss, her fate fades away in oblivion.

Few landmen would, however, be able to infer from these necessarily crude and fragmentary paragraphs of the newspapers the great risks which are run in all seasons of the year by passengers and crews in the North Atlantic. The most important dangers are icebergs, fogs, and derelict vessels. Icebergs are more especially to be met with in this ocean from the middle of February to the commencement of July. The barrier of northern ice is broken up by the increasing power of the sun's rays as he marches onwards in his apparent path towards the summer solstice, attaining day by day a greater northern declination. Far to the north, in those awful ice-bound regions within the arctic circle where so many brave men have perished, each glacier protrudes an icy mass beyond the land and resting on the water. In course of time the extremity is wrenched violently off by the upward-bearing pressure of the sea. After a few convulsive somersaults, the resulting iceberg, in all its grandeur, floats placidly in its new element, and is now free to be acted on by the forces of wind and current. The bergs are borne southward by the Great Arctic

or Labrador current, which vast body of water washes the east coast of North America from Labrador to Florida, and constitutes what is known to meteorologists as the 'cold wall.' Huge masses of ice or ice-islands are borne along on its broad bosom, mixed with smaller icebergs and field-ice. Icebergs and field-ice are formed in quite distinct ways. A berg, as we have seen, has its origin as a glacier probably far inland, and moves downward to the sea as a component part of the glacier; whereas field-ice is formed on the surface of the sea during the polar winter. Side by side with the arctic current flows the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. The direction of the Gulf-stream is, however, opposite to that of the arctic current, and it is more remote from the American coast. So sudden is the change in the temperature of the sea-surface when crossed by these currents, that the temperature of the water at the extreme ends of a vessel has been found to differ by from twenty to thirty degrees.

The influence of these two great rivers in the ocean is very noticeable when we compare the climates of two places, both equally distant from the equator, but separated from each other by the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The Americans have the cold current hugging their coast, thus increasing the severity of their winter; while the warmer water of the Gulf-stream stretching across in a north-easterly direction from about Cape Hatteras towards the west coast of Ireland, tends directly or indirectly to ameliorate the rigour of our climate. In March 1883 the Dundee whalers reached a point in latitude seventy-four degrees thirty minutes north, longitude four degrees thirty minutes east; while at the same time the harbours of America were impenetrable by reason of ice even as low down as the latitude of Bordeaux. Icebergs have been observed aground on the Banks of Newfoundland where the deep-sea sounding lead showed that bottom had been reached at a depth of six hundred and fifty feet.

During the past two or three years, many large icebergs and much field-ice, hundreds of miles in extent, have been met with in latitude forty-two degrees north. Many of these bergs attained a height of three hundred feet above the level of the sea. When we remember that but one-ninth of the volume of a berg is exposed to view, it would appear that the total altitude may have been, roughly speaking, about two thousand seven hundred feet. They have been fallen in with in the North Atlantic as early as January and as late as September. In March, a vessel has been jammed so firmly in the ice in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude forty-five degrees west, as to enable her master to enjoy the luxury of a walk on the ice in mid-ocean. Icebergs have been seen richly laden with stones, earth, and other substances, which they deposit gradually on the bed of the ocean, perhaps for geologists of future ages to ponder over.

Occasionally, icebergs are the carriers of more interesting objects. In June 1794, Her Majesty's ships *Dædalus* and *Ceres* passed a very high and dangerous ice-island on which a ship was stranded. In June 1845, in latitude forty-six degrees north, longitude forty-seven degrees west, the *Perthshire* passed an ice-island thirty miles long, and on the north end was a ship high and dry with her crew; but no assistance could be afforded them. In April 1851, the *Renovation*, in latitude forty-five degrees thirty minutes north, on the edge of the Grand Bank, passed a very large berg, on which were two three-masted ships high and dry. They had apparently been made snug and secure at some previous time for winter-quarters in the arctic regions. These two vessels were supposed by some to have been the *Erebus* and *Terror* of Franklin's long-lost expedition, though later tidings do not support this supposition. In May 1853, the *City of Lincoln* passed twenty-seven large bergs in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude forty-eight degrees west, with many polar bears on them. The *Magdalene*, ten days previously, but two degrees farther to the eastward, had passed tremendous bergs, like islands, with many arctic animals on them. In April, a large berg was seen with a hut on it; and on the 28th of the same month, the *Glamorgan* passed more than one hundred bergs with numerous bears on them. The ice was two hundred and sixty miles in width. Probably, these animals would exist on fish and seals. Dr Scoresby once counted five hundred bergs at one time in the polar seas. A steamer has passed as many as three hundred during her passage across the Atlantic.

There is scarcely anything more grandly beautiful and majestically impressive than a large berg seen under favourable conditions. It is a sight hardly to be reproduced on the canvas of the painter or to be portrayed in words. Its stately domes, its glittering pinnacles, its fairy-like architecture, its peculiar sea-green tint, the

miniature cascades, all conspire to hold captive the senses with a feeling of awe. They are, however, as treacherous as beautiful, being extremely dangerous to approach except at a respectable distance. Owing to the constant melting of the ice, the bergs are always changing their form. Their centre of gravity becomes displaced; they topple over, and woe betide the unfortunate vessel close at hand! If the bergs were easily distinguishable, the mariner would have little to fear. This is not the case. They are generally shrouded in mist, and are met with in latitudes where dense fog is prevalent. The thermometer gives but imperfect indications of the presence of ice. With the utmost vigilance, bergs are close to the ship before being seen. The passenger in his warm berth can hardly realise the intense strain on the senses of the captain and officers at such times.

The Meteorological Office is informed, by telegram from America, of the exact position of bergs passed by steamers on their outward passage to New York. This information is published in the daily papers for the immediate benefit of the mariner. The Admiralty place on their charts the limits within which ice is likely to be met; whilst the American government publish monthly charts in which they embody all the reports of ice met with up to date of going to press. It is a matter of wonder and sincere thankfulness that in this iron age, when time is more than ever money, out of the large number of vessels carrying passengers across the tracks of these unwelcome pests of the deep, so few casualties occur.

This year, icebergs have been unusually numerous and very far east for the time of year. At Quebec, on the 10th of May, as many as three steamers were behind time, owing to the fact that the unprecedentedly heavy ice had blocked the entrance to the Gulf of St Lawrence. Such an occurrence has hitherto been unknown in the annals of the port. Six sailing-ships bound for Quebec were totally lost, and eight steamers seriously damaged, by collision with icebergs. The barque *Maranee* foundered with all hands except the captain and two seamen. The survivors, with a few biscuits to sustain life, were eighteen days in an open boat, surrounded by icebergs, and exposed to the inclemency of an almost arctic sky. The screw steamer *Sarmatian* got in the ice on the 1st of May, and remained fast till the 6th. The ice was solid as far as the eye could see, extending completely across the entrance of the Gulf of St Lawrence. The screw steamer *City of Berlin*, at thirty-five minutes past three A.M. on the 19th, ran stem on to an immense berg, doing damage estimated at five thousand pounds. Many tons of ice fell on her deck, crashing through into the hold. A dense fog prevailed at the time. On the 28th, the screw steamer *Brooklyn* collided with a large iceberg in a thick fog, when much ice fell on deck, though happily no one was injured.

Some hours after, the fog being still dense, it was discovered that the ship had passed between two large bergs. The whole of these steamers escaped foundering, owing to their being divided into water-tight compartments.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

'If that is what you think,' she said, her voice tremulous with agitation and pain, pulling on her gloves with feverish haste, 'perhaps it will be better for me to go away.'

Mrs Cavendish turned round upon her with a start of astonishment. Through the semi-darkness of that London day, which was not much more than twilight through the white curtains, the elder woman looked round upon the girl, quivering with indignation and resentment, to whom she had supposed herself entitled to say what she pleased without fear of calling forth any response of indignation. When she saw the tremor in the little figure standing against the light, the agitated movement of the hands, she was suddenly brought back to herself. It flashed across her at once that the sudden withdrawal of Frances, whom she had welcomed so warmly as her brother's favourite child, would be a triumph for Lady Markham, already no doubt very triumphant in the unveiling of her husband's hiding-place and the recovery of the child, and in the fact that Frances resembled herself, and not the father. To let that enemy understand that she, Waring's sister, could not secure the affection of Waring's child, was something which Mrs Cavendish could not face.

'Go—where?' she said. 'You forget that you have come to spend the day with me. My lady will not expect you till the evening; and I do not suppose you can wish to expose your father's sister to her remarks.'

'My mother,' said Frances with an almost sob of emotion, 'must be more to me than my father's sister. Oh, aunt Charlotte,' she cried, 'you have been very, very hard upon me. I lived as a child lives at home till Constance came. I had never known anything else. Why should I have asked questions? I did not know I had a mother. I thought it was cruel, when I first heard; and now you say it was my fault.'

'It must have been more or less your fault. A girl has no right to be so simple. You ought to have inquired; you ought to have given him no rest; you ought'—

'I will tell you,' said Frances, 'what I was brought up to do: not to trouble papa; that was all I knew from the time I was a baby. I don't know who taught me—perhaps Mariuccia, perhaps, only—everything. I was not to trouble him, whatever I did. I was never to cry, nor even to laugh too loud, nor to make a noise, nor to ask questions. Mariuccia and Domenico and every one had only this thought—not to disturb papa.—He was always very kind,' she went on, softening, her eyes filling again. 'Sometimes he would be displeased about the dinner, or if his papers were disturbed. I dusted them myself, and was very careful; but sometimes that put him out. But he was very kind. He always came to the loggia in the evening, except when

he was busy. He used to tell me when my perspective was wrong, and laugh at me, but not to hurt.—I think you are mistaken, aunt Charlotte, about papa.'

Mrs Cavendish had come a little nearer, and turned her face towards the girl, who stood thus pleading her own cause. Neither of them was quick enough in intelligence to see distinctly the difference of the two pictures which they set before each other—the sister displaying her ideal of a delicate soul wounded and shrinking from the world, finding refuge in the tenderness of his child; the daughter making her simple representation of the father she knew, a man not at all dependent on her tenderness, concerned about the material circumstances of life, about his dinner, and that his papers should not be disturbed—kind, indeed, but in the easy, indifferent way of a father who is scarcely aware that his little girl is blooming into a woman. They were not clever enough to perceive this; and yet they felt the difference with a vague sense that both views, yet neither, were quite true, and that there might be more to say on either side. Frances got choked with tears as she went on, which perhaps was the thing above all others which melted her aunt's heart. Mrs Cavendish gave the girl credit for a passionate regret and longing for the father she loved; whereas Frances in reality was thinking, not so much of her father, as of the serene childish life which was over for ever, which never could come back again with all its sacred ignorances, its simple unities, the absence of all complication or perplexity. Already she was so much older, and had acquired so much confusing painful knowledge—that knowledge of good and evil, and sense of another meaning lurking behind the simplest seeming fact and utterance, which when once it has entered into the mind, is so hard to drive out again.

'Perhaps it was not your fault,' said Mrs Cavendish at last. 'Perhaps he had been so used to you as a child, that he did not remember you were grown up. We will say no more about it, Frances. We may be sure he had his reasons. And you say he was busy sometimes. Was he writing? What was he doing? You don't know what hopes we used to have, and the great things we thought he was going to do. He was so clever; at school and at college, there was nobody like him. We were so proud of him! He might have been Lord Chancellor. Charles always says so, and he is not partial, like me; he might have been anything, if he had but tried. But all the spirit was taken out of him when he married. Oh, many a man has been the same. Women have a great deal to answer for. I am not saying anything about your mother. You are quite right when you say that is not a subject to be discussed with you.—Come down-stairs; luncheon is ready; and after that we will go out.—We must not quarrel, Frances. We are each other's nearest relations, when all is said.'

'I don't want to quarrel, aunt Charlotte. O no; I never quarrelled with any one. And then you remind me of papa.'

'That is the nicest thing you have said. You can come to me, my dear, whenever you want to talk about him, to ease your heart. You can't do that with your mother; but you will never tire me. You may tell me about him from

morning to night, and I shall never be tired.—Mariuccia and Domenico are the servants, I suppose? and they adore him? He was always adored by the servants. He never gave any trouble, never spoke crossly. Oh, how thankful I am to be able to speak of him quite freely! I was his favourite sister. He was just the same in outward manner to us both; he would not let Minnie see he had any preference; but he liked me the best, all the same.

It was very grateful to Frances that this monologue should go on; it spared her the necessity of answering many questions which would have been very difficult to her; for she was not prepared to say that the servants, though faithful, adored her father, or that he never gave any trouble. Her recollection of him was that he gave a great deal of trouble, and was 'very particular.' But Mrs Cavendish had a happy way of giving her the information she wanted, and evidently offered to tell Frances a thousand things in stead of being told by her. And in other ways she was very kind, insisting that Frances should eat at lunch, that she should be wrapped up well when they went out in the victoria, that she should say whether there was any shopping she wanted to do. 'I know my lady will look after your finery,' she said; 'that will be for her own credit, and help to get you off the sooner; but I hope you have plenty of nice underclothing and wraps. She is not so sure to think of these.'

Frances, to save herself from this questioning, described the numberless unnecessaries which had been already bestowed upon her, not forgetting the pearls and other ornaments, which, she remembered with a quick sensation of shame, her mother had told her not to speak of, lest her aunt's liberalities should be checked. The result, however, was quite different. Mrs Cavendish grew red as she heard of all these acquisitions, and when they returned to Portland Place, led Frances to her own room, and opened to her admiring gaze the safe, securely fixed into the wall, where her jewels were kept. 'There are not many that can be called family jewels,' she said; 'but I've no daughter of my own, and I should not like it to be said that you had got nothing from your father's side.'

Thus it was a conflict of liberality, not a withholding of presents, because she was already supplied, which Frances had to fear. She was compelled to accept with burning cheeks, and eyes weighed down with shame and reluctance, ornaments which a few weeks ago would have seemed to her good enough for a queen. Oh, what a flutter of pleasure there had been in her heart when her father gave her the little necklace of Genoese filigree, which appeared to her the most beautiful thing in the world. She slipped into her pocket the cluster of emeralds her aunt gave her, as if she had been a thief, and hid the pretty ring which was forced upon her finger, under her glove. 'Oh, they are much too fine for me. They are too good for any girl to wear. I do not want them, indeed, aunt Charlotte!'

'That may be,' Mrs Cavendish replied; 'but I want to give them to you. It shall never be said that all the good things came from her and nothing but trumpery from me.'

Frances took home her spoils with a sense of humiliation which weighed her to the ground. Before this, however, she had made the acquaintance of Mr Charles Cavendish, the great Q.C., who came into the cold drawing-room two minutes before dinner in irreproachable evening costume, a well-mannered, well-looking man of middle age, or a little more, who shook hands cordially with Frances, and told her he was very glad to see her. 'But dinner is a little late, isn't it?' he said to his wife. The drawing-room looked less cold by lamplight; and Mrs Cavendish herself, in her soft velvet evening-gown with a good deal of lace—or perhaps it was after the awakening and excitement of her intercourse with Frances—had less the air of being like the furniture, out of use. The dinner was very luxurious and dainty. Frances, as she sat between husband and wife, observing both very closely without being aware of it, decided within herself that in this particular her aunt Charlotte again reminded her of papa. Mr Cavendish was very agreeable at dinner. He gave his wife several pieces of information indeed which Frances did not understand, but in general talked about the things that were going on, the great events of the time, the news, so much of it as was interesting, with all the ease of a man of the world. And he asked Frances a few civil and indeed kindly questions about herself. 'You must take care of our east winds,' he said; 'you will find them very sharp after the Riviera.'

'I am not delicate,' she said; 'I don't think they will hurt me.'

'No, you are not delicate,' he replied, with what Frances felt to be a look of approval; 'one has only to look at you to see that. But fine elastic health like yours is a great possession, and you must take care of it.' He added with a smile, a moment after: 'We never think that when we are young; and when we are old, thinking does little good.'

'You have not much to complain of, Charles, in that respect,' said his wife, who was always rather solemn.

'Oh, nothing at all,' was his reply. And shortly after, dinner by this time being over, he gave her a significant look, to which she responded by rising from the table.

'It is time for us to go up-stairs, my dear,' she said to Frances.

And when the ladies reached the drawing-room, it had relapsed into its morning aspect, and looked as chilly and as unused as before.

'Your uncle is one of the busiest men in London,' said Mrs Cavendish with a scarcely perceptible sigh. 'He talked of your health; but if he had not the finest health in the world, he could not do it; he never takes any rest.'

'Is he going to work now?' Frances asked with a certain awe.

'He will take a doze for half an hour; then he will have his coffee. At ten he will come up-stairs to bid me good-night; and then—I dare not say how long he will sit up after that. He can do with less sleep than any other man, I think.' She spoke in a tone that was full of pride, yet with a tone of pathos in it too.

'In that way, you cannot see very much of him,' Frances said.

'I am more pleased that my husband should

be the first lawyer in England, than that he should sit in the drawing-room with me,' she answered proudly. Then, with a faint sigh: 'One has to pay for it,' she added.

The girl looked round upon the dim room with a shiver, which she did her best to conceal. Was it worth the prize, she wondered? the cold dim house, the silence in it which weighed down the soul, the half-hour's talk (no more) round the table, followed by a long lonely evening. She wondered if they had been in love with each other when they were young, and perhaps moved heaven and earth for a chance hour together, and all to come to this. And there was her own father and mother, who probably had loved each other too. As she drove along to Eaton Square, warmly wrapped in the rich fur cloak which aunt Charlotte had insisted on adding to her other gifts, these examples of married life gave her a curious thrill of thought, as involuntarily she turned them over in her mind. If the case of a man were so with his wife, it would be well not to marry, she said to herself, as the inquirers did so many years ago.

And then she blushed crimson, with a sensation of heat which made her throw her cloak aside, to think that she was going back to her mother, as if she had been sent out upon a raid, laden with spoils.

(To be continued.)

A SHIP-RAILWAY.

PROBABLY at no period of the world's existence has a greater feat of engineering been attempted than that of enabling ships to pass across the Isthmus of Panama. Every one has heard of the Panama Canal, which has been commenced under the direction of the great French engineer, M. de Lesseps; but it is not generally known that there exist two rival schemes: a canal across the Nicaraguan portion of the Isthmus, and a ship-railway from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific. A few words as to the first of these, namely, the Panama Canal, will not be altogether out of place.

Many conflicting statements have been made as to the time when we may reasonably expect it to be completed. A few months ago, at a public dinner, M. de Lesseps fixed 1888 as the date of completion; but at the present rate of progress it would take thirty-three years to connect the two seas. One of the greatest difficulties in connection with this particular scheme is the Chagres River, which frequently floods the surrounding country for miles. To meet this difficulty, a dam some hundred and fifty feet high will probably be erected, and in connection with it a large canal several miles in length. It is not difficult to comprehend the severity of the floods in that country, when we remember that the rainfall sometimes reaches six inches in twenty-four hours. The original estimate for the canal was thirty millions sterling; but as, owing to the badness of the climate, the men have refused to work except for considerably increased wages, it is highly probable that the total cost of the undertaking will reach fifty million pounds. When finished, the canal will certainly bring a large revenue to the Com-

pany; and so much money has been already spent on the works, which would be lost were they abandoned, that there can be but little doubt the canal will be ultimately completed.

With regard to the Nicaraguan scheme, little need be said. It was probably started on political grounds, which are not suitable for discussion here; and not long since, the United States Senate refused to ratify the treaty which it was proposed to conclude with the republic of Nicaragua with reference to the construction of the canal.

The Ship-railway, which may appear the greatest and most difficult undertaking of all three, will, it is said, cost but fifteen million pounds—just half the sum originally estimated for the canal. Though the scheme is only now coming to the front, so long ago as 1881, Captain James Eads, the well-known engineer of the Mississippi navigation works, secured from the Mexican government, on favourable terms, the right to construct a ship-railway and to hold it for ninety-nine years. Should the railway ever be completed, Captain Eads, for his services to the country, will receive a grant of one million acres of land. The lifting of large ships out of the water is no novelty, and is done in the docks of most or all maritime nations. For this purpose, a number of pontoons are placed round the vessel to be lifted, and filled with water to such an extent that they sink below the level of the ship's keel. Strong beams are then placed under the vessel, their ends resting on the pontoons, after which pumps are set to work; and as the water is exhausted from the pontoons, they rise, and with them the great ship, until it is high and dry, with every part from bulwarks to keel above the water. By a system such as this, Captain Eads proposes to raise vessels and place them on a huge 'trolley,' running on twelve parallel rails. On these twelve lines of metal, six engines, each capable of drawing two thousand tons, will work, and the six, or fewer, according to the burden, will—so it is anticipated—slowly drag huge ships from one sea to another, across the hundred and thirty-four miles of land. Perhaps the greatest difficulty will be in providing against any straining or breakage of the ship, owing to the weight of the cargo or ballast. When a vessel is in the sea, the pressure of the water supports the sides of the hull, and enables it to contain a heavy cargo; but out of water, the condition is changed, and some artificial support must be provided. As the ships are raised, therefore, they will have to be placed in cradles, and a great number of these will be required, to accommodate the varying size of vessels.

The scheme is a bold one, but is certainly not a mechanical impossibility. As to the question whether it will be remunerative or not, that would depend to a great extent on the Panama Canal. Should the ship-railway be successfully completed many years in advance of the canal, it will during these years produce a large revenue. Even after that period, presuming that much less capital is spent on the railway than on the canal, the former would no doubt successfully compete with the latter, and the rivalry which would exist would greatly benefit ship-owners. It has been expressly agreed

between America and England, that if any canal should be made across the isthmus, England should have an equal voice with America in its control. This treaty would probably not apply to the ship-railway, of which America would, it is believed, have the sole control. America being greatly interested in the matter, there is little doubt that in a few years' time this piece of engineering will be an established fact.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

At six o'clock on the evening of the famous 18th of June 1815, just as the setting sun was for the first time penetrating the heavy masses of rain-clouds, Lionel's regiment formed one of the thirteen red-coated squares of English infantry which had for nearly half an hour been steadily receiving the furious charges of Milhaud's cuirassiers on the plateau of Mont St Jean. Of these thirteen squares, seven were but mere fragments, groups of desperate men round a tattered standard fighting over a breast-high rampart of dead bodies. Lionel's regiment, although it had had plenty of work, was still comparatively intact, and the enthusiastic flush which had lightened up the faces of the young recruits as they tramped through Hingleton village three weeks before, was still as vivid, although fury and excitement had taken the place of the joy which was then on every face. At one moment, indeed, matters had looked bad for them. A squadron of the enemy's dragoons had driven the side of the square in until it formed a semicircle. Some of the youngsters were losing their heads, were striking wildly, and breaking the rank. Lionel, smoke-begrimed, bleeding, his shako torn off, and one of his buff epaulettes hanging by a shred, saw an officer cut down by a blow aimed at him, and only the thundered commands of the old colonel prevented the temporary confusion from being something worse. Suddenly, a ringing cheer was heard above the roar of battle: the cuirassiers heard it too, and turned bridles; the semicircle straightened itself again, and but one word was wanted to send the impetuous youngsters rushing down the terrible hill upon the discomfited foe.

The smoke lifted, and Lionel for the first time saw something of what had been going on around him. He had seen Badajos, Salamanca, and Vittoria, but nothing to equal in horror the scene which was spread before his eyes along the undulating ridges of the plateau. The square on his right had suffered more severely than his own; indeed, the number of bodies seemed to exceed the number of survivors; but his attention was diverted from the contemplation of horrors by the appearance of the commanding officer, a gray-haired veteran like his own, whose face seemed familiar to him. He had, however, but a few seconds to look about him, for the blare of bugles again broke the lull, and the word was passed that the retreat of the enemy had been but a feint, and that the two squares were to reunite.

Scarcely had the movement been effected, before the hurricane of horses and men was on them again; but the recruits had had breathing-time; now, it was no mere passive, wall-like resistance; they dashed out in spite of commands and entreaties, met the enemy half-way, discharged their muskets, and fell to with butt-end and bayonet, only pausing to open back and allow the artillery to fire. In ten minutes the finest cavalry of France—Kellermann's dragoons and Milhaud's cuirassiers—were in flight, for, in addition to the red-coated infantry in front, Somerset with his heavy cavalry had burst on their flank. The squares rushed forward with such a cheer as had not been heard that day. Nothing could hold them in, nothing could hold against them; here and there, some of the enemy's horsemen made a desperate plunge to recover lost ground; but it was of no avail—they were shot, dragged down, bayoneted, trampled under hundreds of feet. In the midst of the fury of pursuit, Lionel felt a sharp sting in the left shoulder, and at the same moment a huge French cuirassier with a smoking pistol in hand fell pierced to the brain, and crushed young Gaskell in the fall.

Extricating himself with difficulty, and suffering intense pain, Lionel saw the regiment sweep past him, bugles sounding, drums beating, men cheering wildly, into the deepening dusk after the flying foe. Suddenly he heard a voice exclaim: 'Help! Englishmen, help!'

Straining his eyes in the direction whence the shout came, Lionel saw an officer on horseback sorely beset by three French dragoons, who had doubtless ridden through the squares and were striving to return. Seizing the sabre of the dead cuirassier, Lionel shouted with all his strength: 'All right, sir! Keep on a minute!' and dashed into the midst of the assailants, who, imagining that a formidable rescue had come, put spurs to their horses and fled. Lionel was just in time; for the poor old soldier, whom he now recognised as the colonel of the next square, whose face seemed familiar to him, was exhausted, and sank into his arms.

'Thanks, thanks!' murmured the colonel. 'Can't see your face; what's your name? I'll remember you. Go on; leave me here; I shall be all right.'

'I am Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton,' replied the young soldier.

The colonel raised his eyebrows. 'Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton!' he said faintly. 'Why, I thought he was dead long ago!'

Lionel remained beside the colonel on that awful field until evening became night, and a faint, watery moon threw a weird light upon the ghastly scene. In spite of his own pain, he contrived to bandage the colonel's arm, which had been slashed to the bone, and at intervals to moisten his lips with the contents of his water-bottle. In an hour's time, the country carts came and carried away the wounded into Brussels.

As the bell of St Gudule boomed midnight, one of these carts, into which the colonel had been lifted together with a dozen other groaning, writhing, mangled human beings, rolled through the Namur Gate into the city, Lionel walking by its side. Although midnight, there was more movement and noise than at mid-day; every

house was illuminated, from the hotels—now converted into hospitals—to the poorest beershops, wherein groups of native soldiers, who had rushed away at the first onset from the field of battle, were endeavouring to explain away the news they had brought of the utter overthrow of Wellington and Blücher! The streets were crowded with eager, excited, chattering, gesticulating townsfolk, amongst whom were soldiers of every branch of the English service, wandering about in search of their regiments, from which they had been separated in the rush and excitement of the final pursuit.

The cart in which was the colonel stopped at the church of the Augustines, now the post-office. Here the lamps and candles, which had been lighted for a grand thanksgiving mass, threw a soft glow upon a strange impressive scene—upon writhing forms, upon ghastly upturned faces, upon the figures of black-draped Sisters, who moved noiselessly amongst the heaps of ensanguined straw; and of surgeons busy at their dreadful work. Eleven hundred men, who had marched out at daylight full of hope and enthusiasm to the inspiring strains of military music, lay crowded here in every conceivable attitude of agony—moaning, shouting in their delirium strange battle-cries, sobbing like children, striking out as if in actual conflict—some of whom would sob and shout and strike no more. The scene at the Augustines was being enacted in every other public building of the city, for the long lines of country carts still rolled in, bringing friend and foe, Englishman and Frenchman, Prussian and Hanoverian; the boy recruit and the grizzled veteran, the humble drummer and the medalled staff officer, the gigantic Guardsman and the light *voltigeur*, until there was no room for more, and the dead man whose last breath had just been gasped, was hustled away to make room for the mangled living.

Lionel asked the colonel, who had somewhat recovered, if he had friends in Brussels, and receiving a faint negative shake of the head in reply, placed him gently on a heap of straw just vacated by a French lancer, and directing the attention of a Sister to him, went to the surgeon's table and had the ball extracted from his own shoulder. He was returning to the colonel's side, when a gentle hand was placed on his arm, and a soft voice uttered his name. Turning round with a start, he beheld—Gillian! There was no time for more than an astonished exclamation; but the eyes of the lovers thus strangely brought together spoke more eloquently than the most burning words.

'I am at the *Hôtel du Parc*,' she said hurriedly. 'I have been driven from home; but we shall meet again.'

Lionel could not speak. He felt that the girl had come hither for him, and for him alone; his heart was full, and tears blinded his eyes. But duty having recalled him to a sense of what was due to others, he conducted the girl to where the colonel was lying, and bidding her a whispered *au revoir*, hurried away to discover the whereabouts of his regiment.

Early the next morning, he called at the *Hôtel du Parc*, and found Gillian. On the sunlit veranda they sat and talked with all the glad

enthusiasm of lovers re-united after a long sickening suspense. Gillian told him how since the departure of the regiment Edward Trent had been unceasing in his persecution, and how he had persuaded the squire to force a marriage—how she had fled from home, and alone had made her way to Brussels as a Sister of Mercy. Lionel, in turn, told her about the poaching affair and the trial, and asked who the old colonel was whose life he had saved, although he of course made no allusion to the act. And when Gillian replied that he was Colonel Adamthwaite, an old friend of the dead squire's, and her own protector and champion, the young man felt that, after all his weary waiting and ill-luck, the clouds were rifling.

'You will return home with him, Gillian, will you not?' asked Lionel. 'But do not allude to me. Edward Trent must be brought to justice; and if the colonel should mention my name, he would be warned, and enabled to escape. We are already under orders to return home, I believe; but you will probably be there before me. One more thing, dearest. You will hear of our arrival, and on the first day after, will you be at the old place at the old time?'

'I faithfully promise.'

Then they separated—Gillian to her work of mercy, Lionel to his regimental duties.

Three weeks after these events, Edward Trent and the squire were together in the study at Hingleton Hall. Matters between them were evidently not of an amicable nature, for the squire was striding up and down the little room, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, as was his wont when annoyed, his usually beaming genial face dark as thunder; whilst the lawyer, with a quill-pen crushed between his fingers, was standing with his teeth set and his eyes flashing.

'Very well, Trent,' said the squire, stopping short; 'you've heard my answer. Now clear off, and do your worst; or I shall risk the consequences, and put you out. You've driven my daughter away. God knows where she is!' Just as he said these words, through the open windows came the sounds of cheering, growing more and more distinct. Edward Trent turned pale. The squire's angry look brightened into one of joy; he rushed to the door. In a few moments there was a sound of many feet on the gravel-path and the roar of deafening cheers; and a carriage, dragged by a score of stalwart rustics, appeared, in which were seated Sweet Gillian and Colonel Adamthwaite.

There is no need to detail the scene which followed: how it was with the greatest difficulty that the squire could make his way through the crowd of enthusiastic villagers, all eager to shake hands with the squire's daughter and the old colonel; how the appearance of Edward Trent was greeted with a volley of hisses and groans; how, when silence was with difficulty restored, the colonel made a short, vigorous speech, thanking the folk for their reception, and informing them that it was by the merest chance that he was there to do so; how he described the gallantry of the old regiment in general, and of one hero, whom he dared not name yet, in particular. Then Sweet

Gillian, flushed with excitement and pleasure, but seeming ill and fatigued, leaning on the squire's arm, had to make a speech; and the steward brought out barrels of ale; and the cheering and health-drinking went on until some one with sharp ears declared that he heard distant music, whereupon a general rush was made for the village just in time to meet the head of the returning regiment as it swept round the parsonage corner.

Early the next morning, Gillian, who was unusually flushed and excited, said to the colonel, who was staying at the Hall for a few days: 'Colonel, shall we take one of our old walks together across the Park Meadow and back by the stables?'

'Yes, my dear, with all my heart,' replied the old gentleman. 'It will be quite a treat to smell a little pure, fresh English country air, and to see green hedges, after the atmosphere of Brussels.'

So they linked arm in arm, and crossing the lawn, struck straight down to the Park Meadow.

'I daresay the poachers have had some fine games since you've been away, colonel,' said Gillian.

'Confound them! Yes; I daresay they have, although at this time of the year there's precious little to be had worth the risk of two years in jail.—Why, dash my straps and buttons, if there isn't—— But I won't be hard on him.' So saying, he clenched his cane, and strode off straight to where a man clad in red uniform was reclining on the grass. Gillian followed, her heart almost leaping within her, for she knew very well who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had come.

At the colonel's appearance, the man, instead of bolting over the fence, arose, sprang to attention and saluted.

The colonel's old anti-poacher feeling was too strong for him to treat with calmness this cool impertinence. In spite of the generous sentiments he had just expressed concerning poachers, he walked up to Lionel Gaskell—for he of course it was—and in a voice of thunder said: 'Confound you, sir, what do you mean by trespassing on other people's property—and in uniform too, and with a sergeant's stripes! Why, you can't have been in the place half a day, and yet you are up to your old tricks again! Look here; I'll'—

'I beg your pardon, colonel,' interposed the intruder with a smile. The smile irritated the colonel beyond measure, and he again uplifted his cane.

'Hear what he has to say, colonel,' whispered Gillian, who was longing to spring forward into the arms of her lover.

'I was only going to remark, sir, that you don't appear to remember me,' said Lionel calmly.

'Remember you! Not likely, when I've sent scores of sham soldiers like you to prison for poaching!' said the colonel.

'Ah; it was quite dark when you left the field of Waterloo,' said Lionel.

The colonel started, and the cane dropped from his hand. 'Why—what—how—explain yourself!' he stammered. 'Surely you can't be'—

'Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton, at your service,'

said the young sergeant, again bringing his hand to the salute.

'Why, I'm in a dream. Lionel Gaskell was killed at Talavera; I've seen his death certificate,' said the colonel. 'Yet, the brave fellow who saved my life said his name was Lionel Gaskell.'

Gillian could restrain herself no longer, but rushed forward and threw herself into Lionel's arms, whilst the colonel looked from one to the other with the utmost perplexity.

'Yes, colonel,' she said, 'this is Lionel Gaskell, and he it was who saved your life; and, colonel, I may as well admit that I am betrothed to him.'

'Well, it's a most wonderful world,' exclaimed the old soldier. 'First of all, a man who has been killed at Talavera comes to life again; and then a girl who used not to stir from home, declares she's betrothed to him!'

'Oh, but I've known Lionel a long time, colonel,' said Gillian; 'and this is the very spot where we met and fell in love with each other.'

'But how about that death certificate?' asked the colonel.

'Perhaps Mr Trent can tell you more about it than I can,' said Lionel. 'At anyrate, I'm Lionel Gaskell, and Miss Ramsden is my betrothed.'

'Well, sir,' said the colonel, 'all I can say is that I heartily congratulate you, not only upon winning such a good, true, kind-hearted lass, but upon having saved her from the clutches of that sneaking, soft-speaking, double-dealing rascal of a lawyer. I owe you a debt that I can never repay; but if you never have another friend in life, you'll have one in me.—And now, let's go home and astonish the squire.'

'One moment, colonel,' said Lionel. 'You said just now that you owed me a debt you could never repay. If you will not broach the subject of my father's will to the squire, I shall consider it as full payment, if I can call a return made for doing what any other man would have done under the circumstances, payment.'

'But, my dear sir, justice must be done. That rascally lawyer has deceived the squire and all of us.'

At that moment, a dark figure came between the talkers and the sunlight, and Squire Ramsden stood before them. 'No, colonel,' he said, 'Trent did not deceive me. Now that all is over, I may unburden myself of a terrible weight, which has oppressed me unceasingly during the past five years, and yet which I have not had the moral courage to throw off. I have been all this time a wretched impostor, occupying a position which is no more mine than it is yours. The man before you is the original Lionel Gaskell, who was reported dead. I have only seen him once since his return from the Peninsula, and that was a month ago, when I sentenced him to two years' imprisonment for a crime he did not commit.—Don't spare me. Trent is wicked, but I have been as bad. It was he who suggested to me, when I was a poor struggling clerk, that I might succeed to the inheritance of Hingleton if I allowed him to pull the wires. He named his price—the hand of Gillian—and I agreed. He produced a certificate of the death of Lionel

Gaskell. The news almost broke the heart of the poor old squire, who had been fretting about his only son ever since he enlisted and went abroad; and he altered his will in my favour. That is the whole of the disgraceful story, except that the poaching affair was a trap laid by Trent to get Lionel into our hands. I've no more to say. My Gillian will be happy with the good brave husband she has chosen, and I can go away and hide myself from the world.' As he spoke these words, his stalwart frame shook with emotion, and tears filled the eyes that had never been dimmed since the death of his wife long years before.

'No, no, papa!' said Gillian, embracing him. 'We all forgive you. No one need know any more about the matter, and we can all be happy together.'

'Amen!' cried the colonel. 'But that black-guard lawyer—he mustn't be allowed to get off. I should never cease reproaching myself, if he didn't get his deserts.'

'Don't trouble about him, colonel,' said Lionel; 'it isn't worth his while to show himself in Hingleton. They half-killed him last night by drenching him under the pump and pelting him through the streets.'

That the wedding of Lionel Gaskell with Sweet Gillian was celebrated with such festivities and rejoicings as the oldest Hingleton inhabitant could not recall, need not be said. Edward Trent disappeared from the place, and was never seen or heard of again in these parts; and although the squire could not be the same man that he was, he showed himself as affectionate a father to the young married couple as Colonel Adamthwaite proved himself a trusty friend. Lionel's name appeared in the papers as gazetted to a commission 'for distinguished gallantry in the field'; but his future military duties were confined to work with the Fenshire militia, and he settled down as a country gentleman of the most popular type.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ANY thoughtful visitor to the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington will soon perceive that it fulfils a great want. There are hundreds of useful inventions which are patented every year, but which the majority of persons only read of in paragraphs in the daily journals. It is true that much more can be learnt about them by reference to the technical periodicals; but after all, the readers of such papers are comparatively few, and fewer still are they who seriously take the trouble to understand what they read, unless the matter be of particular importance to their own welfare. But at an Exhibition like this, the various inventions are seen, and in most cases in actual operation. People are interested in spite of themselves, and in this way an Exhibition like the present becomes a powerful aid to that kind of solid education which is seldom acquired until long after school-days are past.

It is a melancholy sign of the times that one of the first things to arrest attention upon

entering the doors of the Exhibition is a collection of weapons of war. Here we see huge guns of the latest construction, together with specimens of their deadly charges. Gunpowder in its various forms is here, from the polished grain as fine as mustard-seed, to the heavy lumps, nearly as large as an egg, which are used as food for Woolwich 'infants.' As we look upon these things, we remember with something approaching to awe that they are infants indeed compared with the giant guns now being constructed for naval warfare. There are now being manufactured at Woolwich some one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns for Her Majesty's ship *Benbow*, the projectile of which will be sixteen and a quarter inches in diameter, and will weigh nearly two thousand pounds. The charge which will be employed to send this enormous mass of metal on its terrible mission will be nearly one thousand pounds of powder. These new guns will be the most powerful ever made, and will considerably eclipse the celebrated one-hundred-ton guns made some time ago for the Italian navy.

Among the far more pleasant inventions to contemplate—those relating to the arts of peace—may be noticed a working model of the Telferage System. The object of this invention, as stated in the prospectus, is to convey minerals, ores, slate, grain, roots, manures, or in general any goods easily divisible into parcels of from two to five hundredweight, at a speed of about five miles an hour, and at a cost greatly less than that of cartage. In this system a wire-rope is suspended on uprights at short intervals. Hanging to it and resting upon it by grooved wheels is an electric motor, drawing a train of vehicles, whose principal feature is a metal-receiver for the reception of the material conveyed. In the model, the little train runs round hour after hour on its endless railway, and demonstrates most effectually the efficiency of the system. We understand that an experimental line of about a mile in length is in course of construction, and we shall look forward with much interest to the results obtained by it.

We have before referred to the Patent Agricultural Engine for burning straw and other vegetable substances as fuel. In addition to this engine, Messrs Ransomes, of Ipswich, exhibit an apparatus for chopping, bruising, and softening the straw for hot countries, adapted to a steam thrashing-machine. We may explain that in all hot countries, hay is but little grown, and the cattle are fed almost entirely upon straw, which, being much harder than that grown in colder countries, cannot be converted into fodder in the usual way by a chaff-cutter, as the sharp edges produced injure the mouths of the animals. Until the introduction of this invention, it was therefore found impossible to use steam thrashing-machines in these countries, and farmers had to adhere to the process of thrashing out the grain from the straw by driving cattle over the sheaves placed upon the earth. The results produced by this invention enable the farmer to obtain all the advantages attending the employment of steam for thrashing, in point of speed and economy, in addition to which he secures a better price for his corn, owing to its being perfectly

clean; the cattle also thrive better on the straw bruised by this apparatus, on account of its freedom from dirt, which cannot be obtained by the old process of treading out the grain with horses or cattle.

An interesting feature of the Exhibition is the prominence given to various new methods of burning gas. Several of the new burners are on the regenerative principle, first introduced by Dr Siemens, in which the gas and air are heated before being consumed, and the products of combustion are also consumed. The light given is beautifully pure and white. The heat given off by some of these burners we fancied was rather excessive; but it is a heat uncontaminated with any noxious fumes, and would be an advantage during that time of the year when gas is most required. We some months ago commented in this *Journal* upon the advantage of placing an ordinary gas-burner at an angle, so that its flame should be almost horizontal instead of vertical. It is noticeable that most of the new burners adopt the principle of the inverted flame, thereby securing a better light and doing away with troublesome shadows cast by the fittings.

One little unpretending contrivance called the 'Air-brush' particularly attracted our attention. It is intended as an aid to artists, and it gives with very little manipulation the same effect that would require much work with the stump and chalk. It consists of a foot-blower to maintain a steady stream of air, attached to which is an india-rubber tube in connection with the brush. This last contains a receptacle for liquid Indian-ink, which is blown upon the drawing-paper in a fine stream, which can easily be regulated by the pressure of the finger upon a loose plate. The work done with this brush is very soft and beautiful; and we can only regret that we failed in obtaining the name of the inventor, or any other particulars regarding his ingenious production.

An Italian doctor has lately asserted that the workmen in borax factories appear to possess a charm against the attacks of cholera. During the terrible epidemic of 1864-65, the workmen in seven contiguous factories in Italy were quite free from the disease which killed off one-third of the population of a village in their immediate neighbourhood. He recommends the internal administration of borax as a specific for cholera in doses of five grammes (seventy-seven grains) each day. He believes that it not only destroys the microbes in the intestinal canal, but also in the blood.

An old subscriber maintains that in cases of cholera one of the best disinfectants known is the oil of tar, which is obtained by distillation from the tar of the pine-tree, and is that portion of the oil that contains medicinal creosote, having the property of preventing putrefaction. The tar in the crude state is used in the fever hospitals on the continent, and as it is neither poisonous nor unhealthy, no one need fear to use it. If during the early stages of cholera, a mixture of laudanum, catechu and kino is administered, in most cases the patient recovers.

According to a writer in the *Scientific American*, the casting of oil upon troubled waters can often be seen in some districts as an operation of nature.

There is a fish called the 'Menhaden,' which is, like the pilchard of Cornwall, of an extremely oily nature. It forms the food of the blue-fish, the shark, and many other denizens of the ocean. These will follow their prey for miles, and as the victims are bitten through, the oil rises to the surface of the sea, and makes large patches of smooth water. The fishermen are thus advised where to cast their nets; and the writer asserts that he has seen more than one thousand fish taken at a single haul from one of these patches of oil-covered water. He also states a case in which a stranded whale, rubbed by the action of the breakers against the sand and shingle, has parted with enough oil to make a smooth track out seawards more than a mile in breadth.

A curious discovery is said to have been made in the heart of the town of Dumfries. Some workmen excavating the ground at the gas-works came upon a bed of peat containing various trunks of trees, including a Scotch fir six feet in height, with the bark still upon it. Nuts, cones, broken antlers, and other remains were also found in the peat. Some of the smaller plants have been placed in moss under glass, and have actually begun to germinate after being hidden for untold centuries. The peat rests upon a bed of conglomerate in which large pieces of red granite have been found, although no rock of that description is common to the neighbourhood. It is believed that in past ages the spot was the site of a loch.

Two scientists at St Petersburg have published the conclusions at which they have arrived relative to the augmentation of the earth's mass by the meteors which are attracted to it from space. They assert that a single observer will see on an average ten meteors every hour; but as such an observer only can review a very small portion of the sky above his horizon, this number must be but a fraction of the entire quantity which reach the earth. They place the total number at four hundred and fifty thousand per hour, and the weight at nearly five thousand pounds. According to this estimate, the earth is receiving hourly a present of more than two tons of foreign material; an addition indeed, which, when compared with the mass of the globe itself, is quite inappreciable.

The correspondent of a New York paper gives an instructive account of the manner in which a steam-boiler may be seriously injured by the presence of certain kinds of grease within it. In the case alluded to, a comparatively new boiler was found suddenly to exhibit a bulge in one of its plates. The matter was at once inquired into. It was found that the boiler had been cleaned the previous week, and that in the process a quantity of black oil of unknown composition had been thrown into it. Examination showed that the boiler was saturated with grease produced from this oil, and that the grease had caused the bulge, which would have been a fracture if the plates had not been made of first-class material. The theory suggested is this: the oil did not dissolve, nor did it mix with the water, neither did it remain floating on the surface. But it formed into thick masses of sticky material, which eventually attached themselves to the boiler-plates, and made a varnish-like coating upon them. The plates, therefore,

not being touched at all by the water, became overheated and softened. The pressure of the steam then caused one of the plates to exhibit an outward bulge, which was luckily detected before an accident occurred.

Some special apparatus has been constructed at the Paris Observatory for obtaining celestial charts by means of photography. The results of preliminary trials of this apparatus have been reported to the Academy of Sciences; and it is said that the problem of making celestial charts of undoubted accuracy, which will include all stars down to the fifteenth magnitude, has been most satisfactorily solved. It will interest many to know the different times of exposure of the gelatine plate necessary for stars of different magnitude. Thus stars visible to the naked eye will impress their image on the sensitive plate in less than one second of time. This period is gradually increased for the fainter orbs, until we reach those of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitude, which require the photographic lens to remain uncovered for about an hour and a half.

In Mr Sophus Tromholt's new and interesting work on Lapland, *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis*, may be found the best and most exhaustive account of auroral phenomena which has yet been published. He tells us that Southerners have the most exaggerated idea of the light emitted by the aurora, and that it is quite a mistake to suppose that it greatly assists the dwellers in northern climes either on their journeys or in their work. The greatest amount of light emitted by the aurora may be compared to that of the moon two days and a half after full when twenty-five degrees above the horizon and the sky clear. Bearing this in mind, it will excite no surprise to learn that every attempt made by Mr Tromholt to photograph the aurora utterly failed. Although he used the most sensitive dry plates and exposed them for long periods of time, he did not succeed in obtaining the very faintest trace of a negative. The author of this well-written book is a skillful photographer, and his work is abundantly illustrated with pictures taken direct from his photographs by a process that does not need the intervention of the engraver.

Professor Milne, of the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio, Japan, has once more published the results of some of his valuable observations concerning the effects of earthquakes upon buildings, together with some suggestive remarks upon the type of building which should be adopted in earthquake countries to withstand earthquake shocks. In a recent number of this *Journal* (page 224) we gave some results of his observations for the past year. He has now published the results of some additional observations, in which he noted the effects produced upon an experimental earthquake-proof house, the chief feature in which was the peculiarity of its foundations. At each corner of the house was a plate of iron with a depression in it like an inverted saucer. Underneath these four depressions were four large cannon-balls, which formed feet for the house to stand upon. For many reasons, one of which was the movement produced by a high wind, Professor Milne has abandoned this model, and

has now had his house so arranged that at each contact with the earth it rests upon a handful of cast-iron shot, the size of buck-shot. The result gained is that during an earthquake shock the motion to which the house is subjected is only one-tenth of what is experienced by its surroundings.

We have already alluded to the praiseworthy attempts which have been made during the past year to stimulate the invention of original designs for the different fabrics which come under the head of Irish lace. We are now glad to report that prizes to the value of seventy guineas are offered for a competition at South Kensington Museum. The prizes are to be given for seven different classes of Irish lace or linen-work, and the whole scheme is under such distinguished patronage that the worthy object for which it was devised is likely to be fully realised.

Mr W. Powell's account of *New Britain and the Adjacent Islands*, recently read before the Society of Arts, London, was full of information about a part of the world of which few people knew even the existence, until annexation by Germany made it famous. According to the lecturer, we need not envy a friendly power her acquisition, for the climate of the islands is such as to forbid Europeans making a residence there without contracting malarious fevers. The chief interest of the paper centred in the details given concerning the manners and customs of the inhabitants. A husband has there absolute command over the wife he has purchased; and a case was related in which the wife of a chief who would not work was killed, cooked, and eaten by her affectionate spouse! The native doctors bleed for every ailment, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a native covered all over with memorials of their work. When sufficient blood has been drawn, the gashes in the flesh are stopped up with burnt lime!

Another paper of a very different kind was brought before the Royal United Service Institution by Mr Gower, who is well known in connection with the form of telephone which bears his name. The object of Mr Gower's paper was to show that the torpedoes which form such an important part of naval warfare can be used by armies in the field. For this use they must be transferred from the water to the air; and balloons are the means suggested for carrying them over and dropping them into an enemy's lines. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, the lecturer's ideas did not meet with much encouragement. Sir F. A. Abel, whose duty it was as chairman to sum up the pros and cons of the system advocated, showed that the area of destruction of the explosives recommended was exceedingly limited; and as a proof of the truth of this, he pointed to the recent dynamite outrages in London.

In the *American Chemical Journal*, Messrs Chittenden and Cummins describe some experiments which they have been making with a view to determine the relative digestibility of various foods. They employed as a digester an artificial gastric juice composed of hydrochloric acid and pepsine. Expressing the digestibility of beef by one hundred, the other meats

experimented upon have the following figures attached to them: mutton, ninety-two; veal, ninety-five; chicken, eighty-seven; salmon, ninety-two; mackerel, eighty-six; haddock, eighty-two; trout, seventy-eight; lobster, eighty-eight; cod, seventy-two. The experiments showed that raw meat was more digestible than cooked, and that, with few exceptions, light meat was more so than dark meat.

We have to record the establishment of a new association which has been formed under the title of 'The Society of Medallists,' to encourage and cultivate the art of making medals. The Committee include several well-known gentlemen whose names are familiar at the Mint, the Royal Academy, and the British Museum. The Society will shortly contribute an exhibit of Modern Machinery and Appliances for making Medals to the Inventions Exhibition, where space has been placed at their disposal.

Last February, the steamer *Alphonse XII.* struck on a reef of rocks at Las Palmas (Canary Islands) and became a total wreck. The ship, which carried the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds in specie, now lies in thirty fathoms of water. An attempt will presently be made by divers to recover the precious freight. A number of English divers have left Liverpool for the scene of the wreck, and every hope is entertained that they will be successful in their work. Their great difficulty will be the enormous pressure to which their bodies will be subjected at the depth of one hundred and eighty feet, a distance from the surface of the water considerably greater than that to which divers usually descend.

The extension of business likely to accrue to the Post-office from the introduction of sixpenny telegrams is estimated to be thirty per cent. for the first year. The change of tariff has called for additional lines, which have already been laid at a cost of half a million of money; but this sum includes the erection of sundry buildings and plant of various kinds. The increase of the staff throughout the kingdom will amount to more than two thousand, half being messengers, and the other half telegraphists.

The Report of the Committee appointed to consider the law relating to telegraph and telephone lines has been received. The Committee consider that the alleged danger of overhead wires has been greatly exaggerated, but admit that such wires should be placed under better supervision. They fear hampering the extension of telephonic communication, which is of such great public importance, by recommending any course which would interfere too greatly with the present system of fixing wires. Here they are undoubtedly right; for it is clear to every impartial mind that telephonic communication is already so hampered with restrictions, that the numbers of persons availing themselves of it are few in comparison to what they might be. 'There are more subscribers to the telephone system in New York and its neighbourhood than in the whole United Kingdom, notwithstanding that the charge in New York is about double what it is here.' This is an extract from the evidence of Mr Preece given to the above-named Committee. It needs no comment, for it

shows most conclusively that there is a screw loose somewhere which requires adjusting.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr William Sturrock, jeweller and watchmaker, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, exhibited an automatic twenty-four hour dial for clocks and watches, invented by himself and Mr John Meek, his assistant. It showed the disc of an ordinary dial, having slots and a movable disc behind, on which were the hours from 0 to 24 alternately. It was explained that during the first part of the day 0 to 12 were shown on the dial, which then changed automatically, and the hours from 12 to 24 were shown. When the end of this second period of time was reached, the dial went back to its original position; and it was claimed that this simple arrangement prevented confusion in reading the time. A new escapement for electric time-indicators was also shown by Mr Sturrock.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen has just been enriched by a remarkable discovery, made at a small place near Thisted, on the west coast of Jutland, Denmark. Two men digging in a gravel pit in the neighbourhood of an old burial-mound, called Thor's Mound, struck an earthen vessel with their picks, disclosing a number of gold pieces. On examination, it was found that an earthen vessel, of about seven inches diameter at the rim, and covered with a flat stone, had been buried about a foot and a half below the surface, and this had contained about a hundred little golden boats, curiously worked, varying in size from three to four and a half inches. A gunwale and frames of thin strips of bronze had first been formed, and these had been covered with thin gold plates, some of which were further ornamented with impressions of concentric rings. The boats, of which only a few are in a fair state of preservation, are tapered at both ends, and resemble the Danish fishing-craft of the present day.

This discovery, which may be regarded as a deposited treasure of votive offerings, and belongs doubtless to the close of the Bronze Age, proves that frame-built vessels were already known at that time, and that man was not satisfied with the hollowed-out trunks of trees. The gold of which these little fishing-models are composed was valued at twenty-seven pounds sterling, which amount, together with a gratuity, has been forwarded to the finders, who are both poor men.

An ingenious invention is reported from the Cleveland Machine Company, United States, and that is an auger which will bore two-inch square holes. This machine works on the same principle as the auger used for round holes. Instead of having a screw or bit at the end, it has a cam-motion which oscillates a cutter mounted on a steel rocking-knife which cuts on both sides. The ends of the cutter are provided with small semicircular-shaped saws, which help the cutting out the square corners, and prevent the splintering or splitting of the wood. Much time and labour will be saved by this clever process, for a square mortise can be cut by this plan in no more time than was required to cut a round one.

The *Standard* correspondent at Madrid says:

'The defence of Dr Ferran and his inoculation as a preventive of cholera has been very warmly taken up by a majority of the newspapers and by some medical men, who consider the conduct of the government arbitrary. Dr Ferran began inoculation in March, and operated upon six thousand five hundred persons; other surgeons inoculated a large number. He believes that a single inoculation is often a sufficient preservative, but he recommends a second, and even a third experiment, as not a single person who has been inoculated has died of cholera. The greatest care must be taken to examine the virus used, with a microscope, to ascertain if it is sound, and if no other element or microbe has got mixed with the cholera vaccine. Dr Ferran expressed the belief that the incorrect local reports, and his well-known opposition to antiquated sanitary rules and quarantines, had led the Home Office and the Supreme Board of Health for the present to suspend inoculation; but he will accompany the Royal Commission when it is sent to Valencia. Should further experiments be stopped, Dr Ferran will visit Paris and London. His earnest desire is to be allowed to go to the East, and especially to British India and the Ganges Valley, to try his experiments in the cholera-stricken districts in those lands.'

MY VEILED CLIENT.

At the time of the incident I am about to relate, I was a young solicitor, with no very considerable practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been, had I been able to pick and choose my clients. My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five; but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office-door. In fact, it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came; and though I can say I refused many a time the agency of some shady business, still, I must confess with regret that once or twice I found myself unwittingly involved in transactions which I would have much rather left alone. One of these I have occasion to remember too well, and I can never think of it but I thank Providence for saving me from becoming an accomplice unwittingly in a most audacious piece of imposture.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me. Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room. As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy, and remained standing. I begged her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid somebody else was present. I saw that, although she was dressed in good style, she had not the air of a lady; but as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a gray hair here and there.

'I suppose I had better explain who I am

and what I want,' she began. 'I am Miss Howard of Graham Square, and I want you to make out my will.'

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbours. She was reported to be very wealthy; but had apparently abandoned the world, for, during the last five years, she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants. My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will. Taking up a pen, I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

'That is very simple,' she said. 'I wish my whole property to go to Mr David Simpson of Stafford Street here. I have never been married; and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me. I also wish you to act as my executor in seeing my will carried into effect.'

I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her to call and sign the deed.

'If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor present to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible.'

'Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time will suit, and I will arrange about a doctor being present.—Is there nothing else you wish mentioned in the will?'

'No; nothing,' she said, rising. 'But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations.'

I assured her everything would be as she desired; and after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my study to frame the will in accordance with my instructions. Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was consigned to my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was startled one morning by receiving a note from Mr Simpson the legatee in the will, informing me that Miss Howard was dead. I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in such circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary. After the funeral, I had a meeting with Mr Simpson, and explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor. He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realised as soon as possible. Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strong feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

Acting within the duties of my executorship, and also with a desire to find out if possible the relations the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom. This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few

days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, who informed me he was a nephew of the late Miss Howard, and had called upon me, having got my name and address from the office of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement. During my interview with Mr Howard, I was much impressed with his bearing on my telling him the position of affairs, as he was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will. He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognise his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply. He thanked me for my information, and said he would likely see me again, as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

Some weeks after this, as I was returning home in the evening from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me. She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation; but there was something in her style and the limp which she had, that struck me as familiar, though I could not remember where I had seen her. Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look round, and the face I saw at once explained to me the familiarity of her figure—both face and figure being an exact counterpart of my late client's, Miss Howard! Somehow or other, a suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to. Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels when she suddenly turned into a public-house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say in answer to an inquiry by her, 'Number thirteen, ma'am;' and I saw her disappear into the back premises. I immediately followed, heard the door of number thirteen shut, and glancing at the numbers, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a hasty look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition, which did not reach the ceiling, and that, by remaining perfectly quiet, I could hear that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room. The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigations; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation. I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman. The latter I at once recognised, or at least my imagination led me to believe to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will. The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognising the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will. The whole thing flashed upon me at once, and I saw I had been made the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture. I, how-

ever, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger: 'I told you young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business.'

'Well, well,' said Simpson, 'that is all right now. But the present question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realisation of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we all get away from this, the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing's certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately, or she's sure to get recognised. She's been keeping pretty close lately; but I daresay she's getting tired of it.—Aren't you, old lady?'

'Indeed,' was the reply, 'I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow, if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr Edward, instead of burning the will, when you found it was to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave to denounce us all.'

'Keep that cant for another occasion, old woman; it's no use getting religious now.—But I'll tell you what—I've got an idea.'

Here the conversation got so low, that I could not catch more than an occasional word, and what that idea was I never found out, as he never got the chance to try it on me, for I had heard enough to know that next door to me were three of the most daring conspirators I had ever come across, who had duped me, and made me, though unwittingly, the chief actor in the conspiracy. My first idea was to lock the door of the room they were in, and go for help; but as that was likely to cause a disturbance, I determined to slip out and trust to being back in time for their arrest. As luck would have it, nearly the first man I met outside was a detective, whom I had known very well in connection with some criminal trials in which I had been engaged. A few words explained my purpose; and signalling to the nearest policeman, he placed him at the door of the shop, and both of us walked in. He nodded familiarly to the bar-tender, and leaning over the counter, whispered in his ear. The shopman started, and gave vent to a long low whistle.

'You'll do it as quietly as you can, for the credit of the house,' said he.

'Of course,' said the detective. 'Show us in.'

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of steel bracelets and nodding smilingly round the room. The woman fainted. We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on, we had worked out the whole story. The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs Simpson, Miss Howard's housekeeper, the mother of Simpson in whose favour the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who

had suggested to them the feasibility of such a scheme. The fact of Miss Howard's self-confinement and my own imprudence had nearly made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the housekeeper. Each of the prisoners offered to turn Queen's evidence; but as we had no difficulty in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude. I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, made me his agent.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business. I have had many good clients since then, but I have often thought that my Veiled Client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence, and my first start in life.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIQUID FUEL FOR MARINE PURPOSES.

LIQUID fuel, in the shape of petroleum waste, is extensively used instead of coal on Russian railways, and the steamships in the Caspian use nothing else. Crude petroleum, after a few days' exposure to the air, can be used with safety for the same purpose. At Baku, on the Caspian, there are about four hundred petroleum wells; and this waste fuel can be delivered at Batoum at twenty-six shillings a ton. Weight for weight, petroleum goes nearly three times as far as coal; the latter being dear and the former cheap, is good reason for its extended use in the neighbourhood of the Caspian. Petroleum and its products have been successfully used in the United States as fuel in the manufacture of iron; and in the valley of the Euphrates near Mosul, petroleum is used in burning lime. Illuminating oil and naphtha stoves are in common use; owing to their dangerous character, however, some are of opinion that naphtha stoves should be prohibited. Mr Marvin, in his account of the petroleum region of the Caspian (*The Region of the Eternal Fire*, 1884), says 'so simple is the fuel to use, and so reliable is the action of the pulveriser (a jet of superheated steam), that the English and Russian engineers running the steamers from Baku to the mouth of the Volga, having turned on and adjusted the flame at starting, concern themselves no more about the fires until they reach their destination in a couple of days' time.'

Recently, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, a paper was read by Admiral J. H. Selwyn on the subject of the substitution of liquid fuel for coal on ships at sea. Admiral Selwyn reminded the older members of the Institution that twenty years ago he drew attention to the enormous value of liquid fuel for the royal and mercantile marine, and said that he had the mortification of seeing the subject,

which was neglected by this country, taken up by other nations, especially Russia. He stated that by the use of liquid fuel a vessel could carry twice as much power of propulsion as a vessel with coal; and he commented on the disadvantages which would arise to British vessels in having to meet opponents which could use double powers in escaping without the aid of resorting to a fuel station. He related the results of experiments, and proceeded to state that his object was to enforce a greater economy of fuel, which could be effected without any of that large expenditure often a necessary concomitant of radical changes. To burn liquid fuel instead of coal required no change in engines or boilers, and only such adaptation of the furnaces as could be readily carried out in each ship by her own artificers and engineers. At the same time, it removed the necessity for a whole army of stokers and coal-trimmers. It enabled a ship to receive her fuel with the greatest facility at sea or in harbour, while proceeding under steam or even sail; was without nuisance of dust or ashes; and was not liable either to spontaneous combustion or deterioration by time, heat, or moisture. If the ship got on shore, it could be run out to lighten her, or pumped out into lighters with a speed and facility unapproachable with coal; and lastly, if, as he believed, forty-six pounds of water could be evaporated with one pound of fuel, full steaming for twenty-four days could be carried on where now it was limited to four. Thus each ship would be six times as effective as now. In conclusion, he pointed out that the annual vote for the navy amounted to about eighteen millions, of which six millions would be devoted to the ships and their crews. If each ship was made twice as efficient—that was to say, could remain on her station twice as long as before, by reason of a change in her fuel which gave her that power—this might be considered as affecting the value of the whole fleet to the extent of twelve millions per annum.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

The use of photography (says a correspondent of the *Times*) by the astronomer may be said to have begun in 1850, when G. P. Bond took pictures, by the daguerreotype process, of the moon and some of the brighter stars with the large refractor of the Harvard College Observatory in America. Within the last eight years, the great improvement in photographic processes, resulting in the gelatine dry plate, and the perfection to which this dry plate has been brought, have so changed and increased the power of photography, that the astronomer has now within his reach a new method of observation and record of such marvellous power, that had it been suddenly brought forward, instead of being the growth of years, it would have been hailed with almost as much delight and enthusiasm as the invention of the telescope itself.

There are many ways in which this new method could be most advantageously used. All the existing nebulae might be photographed; direct enlargements of the planets and many double stars and of the whole surface of the

moon might be made on a large scale that would be most valuable. There are also investigations that could be undertaken, and there is one very interesting question that photography might be able to answer—that is, whether those spaces in the heavens where the eye and most powerful telescopes cannot see any stars, are really quite devoid of stars or not. By suitable means not very dissimilar to the ordinary camera and lens, or by a proper arrangement of reflectors to the same end, it would be possible to take pictures covering five degrees square, and including with the naked eye stars—all those that have yet been catalogued or charted—at such a rate that the whole heavens could be done in a few years. Experiments already made have shown that on a very small scale stars of 9·8 magnitude are distinctly shown with fifteen minutes' exposure with a relation of focal length to aperture of eight to one.

A comparison of the old and the new method can only be imagined. Professor Peters, of Clinton, has lately published some twenty charts, each covering about five degrees square. These charts have cost years of labour of the hardest kind, and it was during their construction that he found so many of the minor planets. Now, these charts could be made, and more accurately made, in as many hours as Professor Peters has taken years; and by repeating the photographs at intervals of time, and by direct comparison of the pictures with each other, *the minor planets would discover themselves by their motion in the interval.*

IRON AS FIRE-RESISTING.

Some interesting and instructive experiments have been lately undertaken by Professor Bauschinger, of Munich, in reference to the safety of cast-iron columns when exposed to the action of great heat. The professor, having arranged some cast and wrought iron columns heavily weighted, exactly as they would be if supporting a building, had them gradually heated, first to three hundred degrees, next to six hundred degrees, and finally to red-heat; then suddenly cooled them by a jet of water, just as might happen when water is applied to extinguish a fire. The experiments showed that the cast-iron columns, although they were bent by the red-heat, and exhibited transverse cracks when the cold water was applied, yet they supported the weight resting on them; whilst the wrought-iron columns were bent before arriving at the state of red-heat, and were afterwards so much distorted by the water, that re-straightening of them was out of the question. In fact, if supporting a real building, they would have utterly collapsed under the weight they had to sustain. The professor therefore concludes, as the result of his experiments, that cast-iron columns, notwithstanding cracks and bends, would continue to support the weights imposed upon them; whilst wrought-iron columns would not. In experimenting on pillars of stone, brick, and cement-concrete, the last was found to be the best. Cement-concrete pillars withstood the fierce action of the fire for periods varying from one to three hours; brick pillars, as well as those of clinkers set in cement mortar, displayed great resistance; whilst natural stone—granite, limestone, and

sandstone—were not fireproof. It would therefore appear that, of the several materials for pillars supporting weights, the best for fire-resisting purposes were the cast-iron and cement-concrete.

POISONS.

Regarding an article on Poisons that recently appeared in our pages, a correspondent writes: 'Too frequently, it seems to me, death from poisoning occurs for want of the proper remedy being quickly applied. Those on the spot are ignorant of it, and while excitedly hunting for it in some medical book, or waiting for the doctor's arrival, the chance of saving life is lost. I would suggest that no poison should be retailed without being accompanied by clear indications of the appropriate remedies to be used in case of mishap, and the treatment to be adopted during or prior to their administration. These instructions might form an integral part of the label in some cases, and where the bottle was too small, could be folded in a small cardboard pill-box sort of appendage, to fit like a cap—or, rather, like a shoe—on the base of the bottle, and which could be made to fit very tightly, or be gummed on the bottle itself. I have heard of the effects of certain poisons being neutralised by swallowing the mortar scraped from the walls, and others by swallowing white of egg; but in too many cases these expedients are known nothing about until it is too late.'

We agree with our correspondent in deeming it expedient that their antidotes, or amelioratives, ought in every case to accompany poisons that are vended to the public. It should be imperative.

LOVE'S SLEEP.

DEEP within my lady's eyes
Sleeping Love in ambush lies;
Ne'er before have been invented
Means to make him so contented.
Dost thou dare the lad awake
At thy peril? He will take
Vengeance for his broken sleep,
And thy heart for ever keep.
He hath found a fitting nest,
Let the world awhile have rest.
Have a care, and turn away,
Lest he seize thee for his prey;
If thou rouse him, thou wilt rue it,
And a single glance will do it:
He who meets those wondrous eyes,
By Love's shaft that moment dies.

J. WILLIAMS.

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